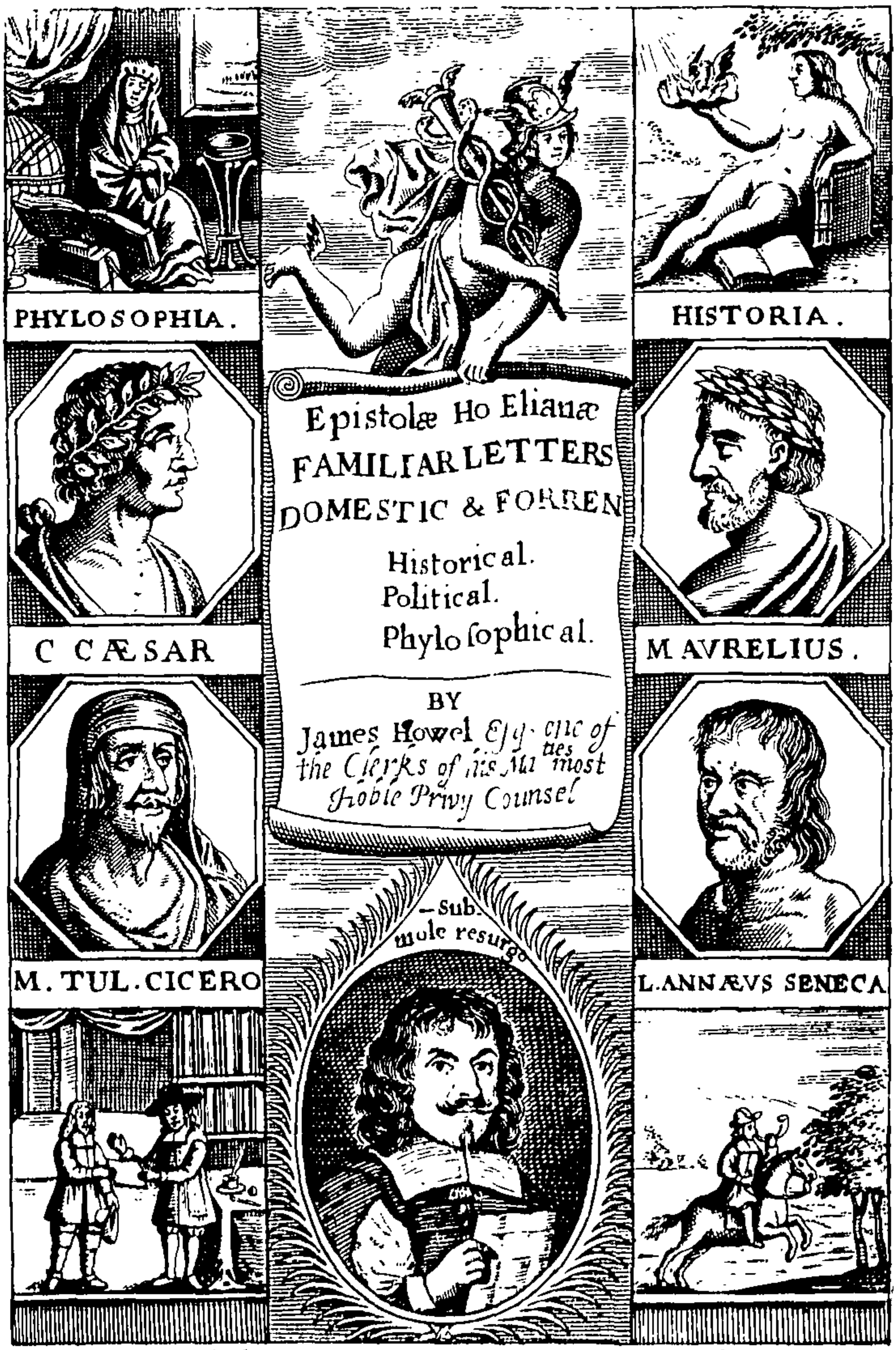

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Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.

FAMILIAR

LETTERS,

Domestick 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 Seventh Edition.

Ut clavis portam, *sic pandit* Epistola pectus.

LONDON:
Printed for T. G. and sold by *S. Crouch* at the Corner of *Popes-head Alley*, and *William Davis* at the *Black Bull*, both in *Cornhill.* 1705.

TO
His Majesty.

SIR,

THese Letters *Address'd (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 stiles You the* Fountain *of* Honour *and* Grace, *so You should 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 Soveraign Princes use only to Authorize: 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.*

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 authentick Regiſters, and ſafe Repoſitaries of Truth as any Story whatſoever.

This brings them to lye proſtrate at Your Feet, with their Author, who is,

SIR,

Your Majeſty's moſt Loyal Subject and Servant,

HOWELL.

The

The Vote or a Poem-Royal,

PRESENTED

To His MAJESTY for a *New-Years-Gift*, by way of Discourse, 'twixt the *Poet* and his *Muse*.

Calendis Januarii, 1641.

POEMA.

Στρηνιστικόν.

THE Worlds bright Eye, Times measurer, begun
Through watry *Capricorn* his Course to run;
Old *Janus* hasten'd on, his Temples bound
With Ivy, his gray 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 Soveraign) bring,
Which might supply a *New-Years* 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 in Shells, were trusted under Lock;
No piece which *Angelo*'s strong Fancy hit,
Or *Titian*'s Pensil, or rare *Hillyards* Wit;
No Ermins, 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 *Moreno*'s Hands;
No Arras or rich Carpets freighted o're
The surging Seas, from *Asia*'s doubtful Shore;
No Lions Cub or Beast of strange aspect,
Which in *Numidian*'s fiery Womb had slept;
No old *Toledo* Blades, or Damaskins;
No Pistols, or some rare-spring Carrabins

No *Spanish* Ginnet, or choice Stallion sent,
From *Naples*, or hot *Africks* Continent :
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
(Nine of the Quire, but such as they do use
For Laundresses or Handmaids of mean rank,
I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Isis* Bank)
Did softly buz,———

Muse.

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

Poet.

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly Thing,
Which 'mongst the Shrubs and Reeds do'st use to Sing ;
Dar'st thou perk up, and the tall Cedar clime,
And venture on a King with gingling Rhime?
Though 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.

Muse.

I'le try and hope to pass without disdain,
In *New-Year*-Gitts, the Mind stands for the *Main*.
The Sophy, finding 't was well meant, did daign
Few drops of running-Water from a Swain :
Thea lure, t'will please my Liege, if I him bring,
Some gentle Drops from the *Castalian* Spring ;
Though Rarities I want of such account,
Yet have I something on the forked *Mount*.
'Tis not the first, or third access I made
To *Cæsars* Seat, 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 quickned by the glance
Of His benign Aspect and Countenance,
It makes me pregnant and to superfœte;
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 belt of Trees, whereof (it is no vant)
The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.

There

There you also shall find Dame (a) *ARHETINE*,
Great *Henrys* Daughter, and Great *Britains* Queen,
Her Name engraved in a Lawrel-Tree,
And so transmitted to Eternity.
For now I hear that *Grove* speaks besides mine
The Language of the *Loir*, 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 Oyl, I may compile
The *Modern Annals*, of Great *Albion*'s Isle;
To vindicate the Truth of *CHARLES*'s Reign,
From scribling Pamphletors who Story stain
With loose imperfect passages, and thrust
Lame things upon the World, ta'ne up in trust.
I have had audience (in another strain)
Of *Europes* greatest Kings; when *German* Main,
And the *Cantabrian* Waves I cross'd, I drank
Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and sate at *Tybers* Bank;
Through *Scylla* and *Charibdis* I have steer'd:
Where restless *Etna*'s belching Flames appear'd;
By *Greece*, once *Palla*'s Garden then I pass't,
Now all o're-spread with ignorance and wast;
Nor hath fair *Europe* her vast bounds throughout,
An Academe 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, every ground
May be ones Country, for by Birth each Man
Is in this world a *Cosmopolitan*,
A free-born Burgess, and receives thereby
His Denization from Nativity:
Nor is this lower World but a huge Inn,
And Men the rambling Passengers, wherein
Some do warm 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 easie pace some climb *Promotions-Hill*,
Some in the Dale, do what they can, stick still;
Some through false Glasses, Fortune smiling spy,
Who still keeps off, though she appears hard by,

Some

Some like the Oſtrich with their Wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or ſoar above the Gutter.
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hopes Cape* ;
Some ne'er can't do't, though the ſame courſe they ſhape.
So that poor Mortals are ſo many Balls
Toſs'd ſome o're Line, ſome under Fortunes Walls.
And it is Heavens high Pleaſure, Man ſhould lye
Obnoxious to his partiality,
That by induſtrious ways he ſhould contend
Natures ſhort pittance to improve and mend :
Now, Induſtry ne'er fail'd at laſt t' advance
Her patient Sons above the reach of Chance.

Poet.

But whither rov'ſt thou thus——— ?
Well ; ſince I ſee thou art ſo ſtrongly bent,
And of a gracious Look ſo confident,
Go and throw down thy ſelf at *Cæſars* Feet,
And in thy beſt Attire thy Soveraign greet.
Go, an auſpicious and moſt bliſsful Year
Wiſh Him, as e're ſhin'd o're this Hemiſphear.
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 Debter,
And every Morn ſtill uſher in a better :
May the ſoft gliding *Nones*, and every *Ide*,
With all the *Calends* ſtill ſome good betide ;
May *Cinthia* 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 ;
Chearful and vacant thoughts, not always bound
To Counſel, or in deep Idea's drown'd,
(Though ſuch late Traverſes, and Tumults might
Turn to a *lump of Care*, the airieſt 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 *Sanguin* o're 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

Like the rich Olive or Falernian Vine,
Swell with more *gems* of *Sions* masculine;
And as her Fruit sprung from the Rose and Luce,
(The best of Stems Earth yet did e're produce)
Is tied already by a sanguine Lace,
To all the Kings of *Europe*'s high born Race;
So may they shoot their youthful branches o're
The surging Seas, and graff with every shore.
May Home-commerce and Trade encrease from far,
That both the *Indies* meet within his bar,
And bring in Mounts of Coin his Mints to feed,
And *Banquers* (*Traficks chief supporters*) breed,
Which may enrich his Kingdoms, 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 distrest
With Storms, their holds are lightly trimm'd, the Keel
Can run no steddy 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 (*b*) Grand Senate, with the Subjects Right
Put in the Counter-scale the Regal Might,
The Flowers 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 Passion make the Reason rome,
Yet Passions have their turns to rouse the Soul,
And stir her slumbring Spirits, not Controul;
For as the Ocean besides Ebb and Flood,
(Which (*c*) Natures greatest Clerk ne'er underflood)
Is not for Sail if an impregning Wind
Fill not the flagging Canvals, so a mind
Too calm is not for Action, if desire
Heats not it self at Passions quickning Fire;
For Nature is allow'd sometimes to Muster
Her Passions so they only blow, not Bluster.
May Justice still in her true Scales appear,
And Honour fix'd in no unworthy Sphear;
Unto whose Palace all access should have
Through *Vertues* Temple, not through *Pluto's* Cave.

May his true Subjects Hearts be his chief Fort,
Their Purse his Treasure, and their Love his Port,
Their Prayers as sweet Incense, to draw down
Myriads of Blessings on his Queen and Crown.
And now that his glad Presence did asswage
That fearful Tempest in the *North* did rage.
May those fro: Vapours in the *Irish* Sky
Be scatter'd by the beams of Majesty;
That the *Hybernean* Lyre give such a sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful Ecchoes bound.
And when this fatal Planet leaves to lour,
Which too to long on Monarchies doth pour
Her direful influence, may Peace once more
Descend from Heaven on 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 entire,
Which he received from *(d) 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 prayeth,

The worst of Poets,
to
The best of Princes,
yet
The most loyal of
His
Votaries and Vassals,

JAMES HOWELL.

Comment.
Arhetine *id est, vertuous.*
Anagram of Henrietta.
Parliament.
Socrates.
James.

For

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 *Poſtillions* that can fly.
From the Antartic to the Artic 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 *Preſter John*
Doth with his *Camels* in the torrid Zone;
Which made the *Indian Inca* think they were
Spirits, who in white Sheets the Air did tear.
The lucky Gooſe ſav'd *Joves* beleagred *Hill*,
Once by her *Noiſe*, but oftner by her *Quill*:
It twice prevented *Rome*, was not o'rerun
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.
Letters can *Plots*, though mouldred 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 Chappel, and had dryed
The *Thames*, though ſwelling in her higheſt pride,
And parboil'd the poor Fiſh, which from her Sands
Had been toſs'd up to the adjoyning Lands.
Lawyers as *Vultures* had ſoar'd up and down:
Prelates like *Magpies*, in the Air had flown,
Had not the Eagles *Letter* brought to Light,
That ſubterranean horrid work of Night.
Credential *Letters*, States and Kingdoms tye,
And Monarchs knit in Ligues of Amity;
They are thoſe golden Links that do enchain
Whole Nations, though diſcinded by the main;
They are the ſoul of Trade, they make Commerce,
Expand it ſelf throughout the Univerſe.

Letters

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, the whole World meet.
In *Seneca*'s rich *Letters* is inshrin'd,
What e're the Ancient Sages left behind:
Tully makes his the secret symptoms tell
Of those Distempers which proud *Rome* befel;
When in her highest Flourish she would make
Her *Tyber* from the *Ocean* Homage take.
Great *Antonin* the Emperor did gain
More Glory by his *Letters* than his *Raign*:
His *Pen* cut-lasts his *Pike*, each golden Line,
In his Epistles doth his Name inshrine:
Aurelius by his *Letters* did the same,
And they in chief Immortalize his Fame.
Words vanish soon, and vapor 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
Falter, and fear some unadvised slips,
May boldly Court his Mistress with the Quill,
And his hot Passions to her Breast instill:
The *Pen* can furrow a fond Females Heart,
And pierce it more than *Cupid*'s feigned Dart:
Letters a kind of *Magic* Vertue have,
And like strong *Philtres* humane Souls inslave.
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 Chrystal Mould,
They serve the Dead and Living, they become
Attorneys and Administers in some,
Letters like *Gordian* Knots, do Nations tye,
Else all Commerce, and Love 'twixt Men would dye.

J. H.

These

These ensuing Letters *contain for their principal Subject, a faithful relation of the privatest Passages that happen'd at Court, a good part of King* James's *Reign, and that of his late Majesty. As much also of forreign 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 House 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 'tween 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 interladed.

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 *Authors* Life, and of his several Employments, with an account of his forreign Travels and Negotiations; wherein he had occasion to make his Address to these Personages, and Persons under-written.

Letters *to Noble Men.*

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 L. Vicount *Conway*, Secretary.
To the L. Vicount *Savage*.
To the L. *Herbert* of *Cherberry*.
To the L. *Cottington*.
To the L. *Mohun*.
To the L. *Digby*.
To the Lady Marchionesss of *Winchester*.
To the Lady *Scroope*.
To the Countess of *Sunderland*.
To the Lady *Cornwallis*.
To the Lady *Digby*.
To the Vicountess of St. *John*.
To Bishop *Usher* Lord Primate of *Ireland*.
To B. *Field*.
To B. *Duppa*.
To the B. of *London*.
To B. *Howell*.
To the B. of *Rochester*.

To

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 *Will 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 *Rub le Theolall.*
To Sir *Alex. Ratcliff.*
To Sir *Philip Manwayring.*
To Sir *Bevis Theolall.*
To Doctor *Mansel.*
To Dr. *Howell.*
To Dr. *Prichard.*
To Dr. *Wicham.*
To Dr. *J. Day.*
To Mr. Alder. *Clethro.*
To Mr. Alder. *Moulson.*
To the Town of *Richmond.*
To Mr. *R. Altham.*
To Mr. *D. Chaldwall.*
To Capt. *Francis Bacon.*
To Mr. *Ben. Johnson.*
To Mr. *End.* and Capt. *Thomas Porter.*
To Mr. *Simon Digby.*
To Mr. *Walsingham Gresley.*
To Mr. *Thomas Gwyn.*
To Mr. *John Wroth.*
To Mr. *William Blois.*
To Mr. *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 Leat.*
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 Mr. *Arthur Hopton.*
To Mr. *Thomas Jones.*
To Mr. *John Price.*
To Capt. *Ol. Saint-Geon.*

With divers others.

Episto-

Epiſtolæ Ho-Elianæ.

Familiar LETTERS.

I.

To Sir J. S. *at* Leeds *Caſtle.*

SIR,

IT was a quaint difference the Ancients did put 'twixt a *Letter*, and an *Oration*; that the one ſhould be attir'd like a Woman, the other like a Man: the latter of the two is allow'd large-ſide Robes, as long Periods, Parentheſis, Similes, Examples, and other parts of Rhetorical flouriſhes: But a *Letter* or *Epiſtle* ſhould be ſhort-coated, and cloſely couch'd; a Hungerlin becomes a *Letter* more handſomly 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 falter 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 laſt two of *Counſel* and *Joy*: There are ſome who in lieu of Letters write *Homelies*, 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 expos'd their *Letters* to the World, but moſt of them, I mean among your Latin Epiſtolizers, go fraighted with meer *Bartholomew* ware, with trite and trivial Phraſes only, lifted with Pedantic ſhreds of School-boy Verſes. Others there are among our next tranſmarine Neighbours Eaſt-

ward, who write in their own Language, but their ſtile is ſoft and eaſy, that their *Letters* may be ſaid to be like Bodies of looſe fleſh without ſinews, they have neither joynts 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 complements 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 inlarge 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 *Eccho*, *That ſhe is a meer ſound and nothing elſe.*

I return you your *Balzac* by this bearer, and when I found thoſe Letters, wherein he is ſo familiar with his King, ſo flat; and thoſe to *Richelieu*, ſo puff'd with prophane 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 forbore him further: So I am

Your moſt affectionate ſervitor,

Weſtminſter, 25. Julii, 1625.

J. H.

II.

To my Father upon my firſt going beyond Sea.

SIR,

I Should be much wanting to my ſelf, 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 cours and quality of my affairs and fortunes, ſpecially 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 induc'd 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 *laſhing*) 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,

I now

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 this, either by Shipwrack, or Pyrats at Sea, nor by Robbers, or Fire, or any other Caſualty aſhore: and at my return to *England*, I hope at leaſtwiſe I ſhall do my endeavour, that you may find this Patrimony improved ſomewhat to your comfort.

The main of my imployment, is from that gallant Knight, Sir *Robert Manſell*, who, with my Lord of *Pembrook*, and divers other of the prime Lords of the Court, have got the ſole Patent of making all ſorts of Glaſs with Pit-coal, only to ſave thoſe huge proportions of Wood which were conſumed formerly in the Glaſs 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 Glaſs-houſe in *Broad-ſtreet*, where Captain *Francis Bacon* hath ſucceeded me, I ſhould in a ſhort time have melted away to nothing, amongſt thoſe hot *Venetians*, finding my ſelf too green for ſuch a Charge; therefore it hath pleaſed God to diſpoſe of me now to a condition more ſutable 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 Favorit, tapers up apace, and grows ſtrong at Court: His Predeceſſor the Earl of *Somerſet* hath got a Leaſe of ninety 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 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 ſubſervient inſtruments, the leſſer flyes could not break thorow, but lay entangled in the Cobweb; amongſt others Miſtris *Turner*, the firſt inventreſs of *yellow Starch*, was executed in a Cobweb Lawn Ruff of that colour at *Tyburn*, and with her I believe that *yellow Starch*, which ſo much disfigured our Nation, and ren-

dered them so ridiculous and fantastic, will receive its Funeral. Sir *Gervas Elways*, Lieutenant 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*-Hill: 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-Countryes, and much given to Gaming, he once made a solemn Vow, (which he brake afterwards) that if he plaid above such a Sum, *he might be hanged.* My Lord *(William)* of *Pembrook* 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 pound *per an.* 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-Countreys. 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 vertue to make the Child prosperous.* In this opinion I shall ever rest,

Broad-street in *London, this* 1. of *March*, 1618. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

III.

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

SIR,

BEing to take leave of *England*, and to lanch out into the World abroad, to breath forcign Air awhile, I thought it very handsom, 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 cours of life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my

my employment, to ſtudy *Men* as well as *Books*. The ſmall time I ſupervis'd the Glaſſe-houſe, I got amongſt thoſe *Venetians* ſome ſmatterings of the *Italian* Tongue, which beſides the little I have, you know, of *School-languages*, is all the Preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to *Graveſend*, and ſo embarque for *Holland*. I have got a Warrant from the Lords of the Councel to travel for three years any where, *Rome* and *St. Omers* excepted. I pray let me retain ſome room, though 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 apprecation of as much happineſs to you at home, as I ſhall deſire to accompany me abroad, I reſt ever,

London, this 20. of *March*, 1618.

Your Friend to ſerve you,
J. H.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight at S.* Olith.

SIR,

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 Myne 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 Myne is proved a meer *Chymæra*, an imaginary airy Myne: 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 Mynes, but Mountains of Gold, for Liberty? and 'tis pitty ſuch a knowing well-weigh'd 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 *Shipwrack* of their Eſtates by this Voyage. Sir *Walter* landed at *Plymouth*, whence he

he thought to make an escape; and some say he hath tampered with his Body by Physick, to make him look sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lye 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 wondring what might be delivered in one word; when he came before him, he said only, *Pyrats, Pyrats, Pyrats*, and so departed.

'Tis 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 Sentence 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 cryes out, that he hath broke the sacred Peace 'twixt the two Kingdoms, That he hath fired and plundered *Santo Thoma*, a Colony the *Spaniards* had planted with so much blood, near under the *Line*, 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 Magazin of *Tobacco* only, besides other things in that Town, something mought have been had to countervail the charge of the Voyage. *Gondamar* alleadgeth further, That the enterprise of the myne 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 *Remish*, who was the main instrument for discovery of the myne, pistoled himself in a desperate mood of discontent in his Cabin, in the *Convertine*.

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

for *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting upon the King at Supper, the King call'd for his Journal, and askt what he had observed that day; thereupon he produced his Table-Book, and amongst 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 Countrey) 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 marr'd, 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 extreamly, 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. of *March*, 1618.

Your humble and ready Servant,
J. H.

V.

To my Brother, after Dr. Howel, *and now Bp. 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 untoward; and at the mouth of the *Texel* we were surprised 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 passed, as the Skipper told me, there grew a fair Forest in that Channel where the *Texel* makes now her Bed. Having bin so rocked and shaken at Sea, when I came ashore, 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 seem'd 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 Marſh and Mooriſh, lyes not only level, but to the apparent ſight of the eye far lower than the Sea, which made the Duke of *Alva* ſay, That the Inhabitants of this Country were the neareſt Neighbours to Hell (the great Abyſſe) 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 penn'd out by high Dikes, which are preſerved with incredible charge; inſomuch that the chief *Dike-Grave* 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 part of his Letany, *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 it ſelf, 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 incompaſs'd with Water, which by Sluces 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 born 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 Monſieur *De la Cluze*, not far from the Exchange, to make an Introduction into the *French*: becauſe I believe I ſhall ſteer my cours 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 hapdy as often as your conveniency will ſerve with yours: you may ſend or deliver them to Captain *Bacon* at the Glaſs-Houſe, who will ſee them ſafely ſent.

So

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

Amsterdam, April 1. 1617. *Your loving Brother,* J. H.

VI.

To Dan. Caldwall *Esq*; *from* Amsterdam.

My Dear Dan.

I Have made your Friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my Life, that Happiness it self 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 breath 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 sweetneth it, it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more precious*: Let this be verified in us; let that Love which formerly us'd 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 entercours of Spirits. Therefore amongst 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 enjoyn him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my Love plentifully amongst our Friends at the Inns of Court: Let *Jack Tolderwy* have my kind Commends, with this *Caveat*, *That the Pot which goes often to the water, comes home crack'd at last*: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the *Fleece* in *Cornhill* his thorow-fare too often. So may my dear *Daniel* live happy, and love his

From *Amsterdam, April* the 10. 1619. J. H.

VII. To

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 encrease of Commerce and Navigation, to be one of the greatest Marts of *Europe*: 'Tis admirable to see what various sorts of Buildings, and new Fabricks are now here erecting every where; not in Houses only, but in whole Streets and Suburbs; so that 'tis thought she will in a short time double her proportion in bigness.

I am lodg'd in a *French-man*'s House, who is one of the Deacons of our *English Brownists* Church here; 'tis not far from the *Synagogue* of *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 it self as long as it will, the *United Provinces* one way, I am perswaded in this point, there's no place so *Disunited*.

The Dog and Rag Market is hard-by, where every Sunday morning there is a kind of publick Mart for those commodities, notwithstanding their precise observance of the Sabbath.

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

This City, notwithstanding her huge Trade, is far inferiour to *London* for populousnes; 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 'twixt 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 it self here in a strange kind of equality, not one of the Bourgers being exceeding rich, or exceeding poor: Insomuch, that I believe our four and twenty Aldermen, may buy a hundred of the richest Men in *Amsterdam*. It is a rare thing

thing to meet with a Begger 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 strictnes 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, though not so magnificent in their Buildings, specially in their Frontispieces and first Rooms; and for Cleanlines,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 Kitchin, there will be scarce appearance of any thing, but a few covered Pots upon a Turf-fire, which is their prime feuel; after dinner they fall a scowring of those Pots,so that the outside will be as bright as the inside, and the Kitchin suddenly so clean, as if no meat had bin 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 unto them by Boats; besides they have Cesterns to receive the Rain-water, which they much use: So that my Laundress bringing my Linnen 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.

'Twere cheap living here, were it not for the monstrous Excises which are impos'd upon all sorts of Commodities, both for Belly and Back; for the Retailer payes the *States* almost the one Moity as much as he payed for the Commodity at first, nor doth any murmur at it, because it goes not to any Favourit, or privat 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 Garisons at home and abroad, both here and in the *Indies*, and defray all other publick charges besides.

I shall hence shortly for *France*, and in my way take most of the prime Towns of *Holland* and *Zealand*, specially *Leyden* (the University) where I shall sojourn some days. So humbly craving a continuance of your Blessing and Prayers, I rest

May the 1. 1619.

Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

VIII. To

VIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, *at* Jesus *Colledge in* Oxford: *from* Leyden.

SIR,

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 though you be in *Oxford*, and I at *Leyden*, albeit you be upon an Island, and I now upon the Continent, (though the lowest part of *Europe*) yet those swift Postilions, 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 enjoyes you often in my sleep, when all my Senses are lock'd 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 rous'd up sometimes to find me out, and summon me to attend you in *Jesus* Colledge.

I am now here in *Leyden*, the only Academy besides *Franiker* 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-Inne* in counterscale with *Christ-church* Colledge, or the Alms Houses on *Tower Hill* to *Sutton*'s Hospital. Here are no Colledges 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 *Opidanes*: 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 Schollars, with other Encouragements; in so much, 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 pingue cœlum, 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 subtile Wits*,

Wits, (some of them) witness else *Heinsius*, *Grotius*, *Arminius*, and *Baudius*; of the two last I was told a Tale, that *Arminius* meeting *Baudius* one day disguis'd with drink (wherewith he would be often) he told him, *Tu Baudi dedecoras nostram Academiam; Et tu Armeni nostram Religionem.* Thou *Baudius* disgracest our University; and thou *Arminius* our Religion. The Heaven here hath always some Cloud in his Countenance, and from this grossenes and spissitude of Air proceeds the slow Nature of the Inhabitants; yet this slownes is recompenc'd with another benefit, it makes them patient and constant, as in all other actions, so in their Studies and Speculations, though they use

——— *Crassos 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, May the 3. 1619. *Yours J. H.*

IX.

To Mr. Richard Altham, *at his Chamber in* Grayes-Inne.

Dear SIR,

THough 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 bound less as that of the Imagination; and where the Imagination rangeth, the Memory is still busy to usher in, and present the desired object it fixeth upon: it is *Love* that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the higheſt sphear whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear unto 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 lie) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like *Ployden*; 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 practise. This (I think) made *Jack Chaundler* throw away his *Littleton*, like him that when he could not catch the Hare, said, *A pox 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 crab-

bed

bednesſ and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midſt of them, and arriv'd to ſo excellent a perfection; I believe it is not in the power of *Ployden*, to Daſtardize or Cowe your Spirits, until you have overcome him, at leaſtwiſe have ſo much of him as will ſerve your turn. I know you were always a quick and preſſing 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 ineptitude 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 incertain 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. of *May*,
1619. J. H.

X.

To Sir James Crofts: *from the* Hague.

SIR,

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 bin pleas'd to have always, ſince I had the happineſs to know you, of the cours of my Fortunes.

I am now newly come to the *Hague*, the Court of the ſix (and almoſt ſeven) *Confederated* Provinces; the Councel 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 cours and carriage of his Life, of any that I have ever heard or read of; for whoſoever knows the cuſtoms of the Prince of *Orange*, may tell what he is a doing here every hour of the day, though he be in *Conſtantinople*. In the morning he awaketh about ſix in Summer, and ſeven in Winter; the firſt thing he doth, he ſends one of his Grooms or Pages, to ſee how

how the Wind ſits, and he wears or leaves off his Waſcot 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 privat or public Letters to write, or any other diſpatches to make, he doth 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 Countrey, and he ſeldom hears 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 uſeth to ſit down at it: after dinner he ſtayes 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 Counſel, which is ſeldom; he goes either to make ſome viſits, or to take the Air abroad, and according to this conſtant method he paſſeth his Life.

There are great ſtirs like to ariſe 'twixt the *Bohemians*, and the elected King the Emperour, and they are come already to that height, that they conſult of depoſing him, and to chuſe ſome Proteſtant Prince to be their King, ſome talk of the Duke of *Saxony*, others of the *Palſgrave*; 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 more through the *Zodiac*, before thoſe comely gray hairs of yours go to the grave, I reſt

Your very humble ſervant,

June the 3. 1619. J. H.

XI.

To Captain Francis Bacon, *at the Glaſſe-houſe in* Broadſtreet.

SIR,

MY laſt to you, was from *Amſterdam*, ſince which time I have travers'd the prime parts of the *United* Provinces, and I am now in *Zealand*, being newly come to this Town of *Middleborough*, which is much creſt-fallen ſince the Staple of

Engliſh

English Cloth was removed hence, as is *Flishing* also her next Neighbor, since the departure of the *English* Garison: A good intelligent Gentleman told me the manner how *Flishing* and the *Brill*, our two cautionary Towns here were redeem'd, which were thus: The nine hundred and odd Soldiers at *Flishing* and the *Rammakings* hard-by, being many weeks without their pay, they borrow'd divers sums of mony 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 favorable Instrument unto them in this busines, as also in the Match with the *Palsgrave*) sent Instructions to the Lord *Caroon*, to acquaint the Earl of *Suffolk* (then L. Treasurer) herewith; and in case they could find no satisfaction there, to make his address to the King himself, which *Caroon* did: His Majesty being much incens'd, 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 Mony 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 Confederats, 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 desir'd 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 serv'd 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 pass'd to *Heydelberg*.

The Bearer hereof, is Sigr. *Antonio Miotti*, who was Master of a Cristal-Glass Furnace here a long time; and as I have it by good Intelligence, he is one of the ablest, and most knowing Man for the guidance of a Glass-Work in Christendom: therefore according to my Instructions, I send him over, and hope to have done

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

Your affectionate Servant,

June the 6. 1619. J. H.

XII.

To Sir James Crofts: Antwerp.

SIR,

I Presume that my last to you from the *Hague* came to safe hand: I am now come to a more cheerful Country, and amongst a People somewhat more vigorous and mettal'd, being not so heavy as the *Hollander*, or homely, as they of *Zealand*. This goodly ancient 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 Ramparts, 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 Statelinesse and Strength of the Town, yet it serves as a shrew'd 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 Councel at *Prague* fell to such a hurliburly, that some of those Senators who adher'd to the Emperor, were thrown out at the Windows, where some wer emaim'd, 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

Your obliged Servant,

July 5. 1619. J. H.

XIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard *at* Oxford: *from* Roüen.

I Have now taken firm footing in *France*, and though *France* be one of the chiefest Climats of Complement, yet I can use none

towards you, but tell you in plain down-right 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 mark'd with the whitest Stone: If you have gain'd such a place amongst the choicest Friends of mine, I hope you will put me somewhere amongst yours, tho' 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 *Roüen*, 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 *Isis*, 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 *should be quiet:* But some think this Calm will not last long; for the Queen-Mother (late *Regent*) is discontented being restrain'd from coming to the Court, or to the City of *Paris*, and the Tragical death of her Favorite (and Foster-Brother) the late Marquis of *Ancre*, lieth yet in her Stomach undigested: She hath the Duke of *Espernon*, and divers other potent Princes, that would be strongly at her devotion (as 'tis thought) if she would stir. I pray present my Service to Sir *Eubule Theloal*, 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 *Owen*.

Uno non possum quantum te diligo 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 Sirname *Anagram*,

Yours whole

Aug. 6 1619. J. Howel.

XIV.

To Dan. Caldwall *Esq; from* Roüen.

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 'twas a *She-Letter*, for two more were enwomb'd 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

Mother can be of 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 needs 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 Kid-skin Gloves the *Royal-Exchange* can afford; as alſo two pair of the pureſt white worſted Stockings you can get of Women-ſize, together with half a dozen of pair of Knives. I pray ſend your Man with them to *Vacandary* the *French* Poſt upon *Tower-hill*, who will bring them me ſafely. When I go to *Paris*, I ſhall ſend you ſome curioſities, equivalent to theſe; I have here inclos'd return'd an anſwer to thoſe two that came in yours. I pray ſee them ſafely delivered. My kind reſpects to your Brother *Serjeant* at Court, to all at *Batterſay* or any where elſe, where you think my Commendations may be well 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.

Roüen, Auguſt 13. 1619. *Yours J. H.*

XV.

To my Father: from Roüen.

SIR,

YOurs of the third of *Auguſt*, came to ſafe hand in an enclos'd from my Brother; you may make eaſy conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a height of comfort it rais'd my Spirits, in regard it was the firſt I received from you ſince I croſs'd 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* chieſeſt Barns for Corn; one

of *Bacchus*'s prime Wine-Cellars, and of *Neptune*'s best Salt-pits; a compleat Self-sufficient Country, where there is rather a superfluity than defect of any thing, either for Necessity or Pleasure, did the *Policy 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 *Danzic*, 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 Demeasns as any one of the rest; the Lower *Norman* hath *Syder* for his common drink; and I visibly observed that they are more plump and replet in their Bodies, and of a clearer Complexion than those that drink altogether Wine. In this great City of *Roüen* 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 of *GOD* ingraved in huge golden Characters every one almost as long as my self, to make them the more visible. In this Steeple hangs also the greatest Bell of Christendom call'd *d'Amboise*, for it weighs near upon forty thousand poun weight. There is also here St. *Oen*, the greatest Sanctuary of th City, founded by one of our Compatriots, as the Name imports This Province is also subject to *Wardships*, and no other part c *France* besides: but whether the *Conqueror* translated that La to *England* from hence, or whether he sent it over from *Englan* hither, I cannot resolve you. There is a marvailous quick Trad beaten in this Town, because of the great Navigable River *S quena* (the *Seine*) that runs hence to *Paris*, whereon there stanc a strange Bridge that ebbs and flows, that rises and falls wit the River, it being made of Boats, whereon Coach and Carts ma pass over as well as Men: Besides, this is the nearest Mercant City that stands 'twixt *Paris* and the Sea.

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

I begin more and more to have a sense of the sweetness, a advantage of foreign Travel: I pray when you come to *Lond* to find a time to visit Sir *Robert*, and acknowledge his great F

vours unto 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,

Your dutiful Son,

Septemb. the 7. 1619. J. H.

XVI.

To Capt. Francis Bacon: *from* Paris.

SIR,

I Received two of yours in *Roüen*, with the Bills of Exchange, there inclos'd, and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to *Paris*, this huge Magazin of Men, the Epitome of this large populous Kingdom, and rendevouz of all Foreigners. The Structures here are indifferently 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 serpentin 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 those Coaches, Carts and Horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross-way; so that often times it will be an hour or two before they can dis-intangle. In such a stop the Great *Henry* was so fatally slain by *Ravillac*. Hence comes it to pass, that this Town (for *Paris* is a *Town*, a *City*, and an *University*) is always dirty, and 'tis such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such beaten black unctuous oyl, 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 a strong sent, 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 call'd as once *Scythia* was *Vagina populorum*, or (as Mankind was call'd 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

from being round (as the whole Kingdom is) the Passengers wheel about, and meet oftner than they use to do in the long continued 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. 'Tis under one hundred years that *Paris* is become so sumptuous, and strong in Buildings; for her Houses were mean, until a Myne of White-stone was discover'd hard-by, which runs in a continued Vein of Earth, and is digg'd out with ease being soft, and is between a white Clay and Chalk at first, but being pullied 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 lodg'd 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

Your humble Servant,

Paris, the 30. of *March*, 1620. 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 seem'd to contend for Mastery which was the strongest: I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisit Strains and Raptures of *Love*, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the motions, from the *Diastole* and *Systol*

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 doze, nor a scruple of this precious *Love* of yours is lost, but is safely treasur'd up in my Breast, and answer'd 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 wandring course of life a while; I never enjoy'd 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 surprized by a crew of *Filous* of night Rogues, who drew upon us, and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleas'd God the *Chevalier du 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 thrusts in my Cloak. There's never a night passes, but some robbing or murther is committed in this Town; so that it is not safe to go late any where, specially about the *Pont-Neuf*, the New Bridge, though *Henry* the Great himself lies Centinel 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. *Germains* to Supper, left order with one of his Laquays to bring him his Horse about nine; it so happen'd that a mischance befel the Horse, which lam'd him as he went a watring 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 Laquay carrying a Torch before him, he might over-hear a noise of clashing of Swords, and fighting, and looking under the Torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bad his Laquay go on; they had not made many paces, but two armed Men with their Pistols cock'd and Swords drawn, made pushing 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 desir'd the Secretary to read it, with a great deal of complement, the Secretary took out his Spectacles, and fell a reading of the said Paper, whereof the substance was, *That it should be known to all Men, that whosoever did pass over that Bridge after nine a clock at night in Winter, and ten in Summer, was to leave his Cloak behind him, and in case of no Cloak, his Hat.* The Secretary starting at this, one of the Camerades told him, That he thought that Paper concern'd him; so they unmantled him

of a new plush Cloak, 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 give 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* strengthneth himself more and more in his Minionship; but he is much murmured at in regard the access of Suiters to him is so difficult, which made a Lord of this Land say, That three of the hardest things in the World were, *To quadrate a Circle, to find out the Philosophers-stone, and to speak with the Duke of* Luines.

I have sent you by *Vacandary* 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.

Farewell dear Child of Vertue, and Minion of the Muses, and continue to love

Your J. H.

Paris, 1. of *May*, 1620.

XVIII.

To Sir James Crofts: *from* Paris.

SIR,

I Am to set forward this Week for *Spain*, and if I can find no commodity of imbarkation at *Saint Malo*'s, I must be forc'd to journy 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 Croft* at *St. Germains*, 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 happen'd 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 'twixt *Spain* and the *Hollander*) was in a profound Peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when *Henry* the Fourth fell upon some great Martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heap'd up in the

Bastile

Bastile a mount of Gold that was as high as a Lance) he levied a huge Army of 40000 Men, whence came the Song, *The King of France with forty thousand Men*; and upon a sudden he put this Army in perfect Equipage, and some say he invited our Prince *Henry* to come unto him to be a sharer in his Exploits: But going one afternoon to the *Bastile*, to see his Treasure and Ammunition, his Coach stopp'd 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 watch'd an opportunity to do the act) put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the Coach, and with a long Knife stretch'd himself over their shoulders who were in the Boot of the Coach, and reach'd the King at the end, and stabb'd 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 cry'd out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt) and suddenly the Blood issued out at his Mouth: The *Regicide* villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserv'd for the Law, and some exquisite Torture. The Queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been Crown'd 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 scap'd only with this, His Body was pull'd 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 Murther; and in the place where the act was done, it was cut off, and a Gauntlet of hot Oyl was clap'd upon the stump, to stanch the Blood, whereat he gave a doleful shrick, then was he brought upon a Stage, where a new pair of Boots was provided for him, half fill'd with boyling Oyl, then his Body was pincer'd, and hot Oyl pour'd into the holes; in all the extremity of this torture, he scarce shew'd any sense of pain, but when the Gauntlet was clap'd upon his Arms to stanch the flux, at which time of reaking blood, he gave a shrike 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 embroil'd all Christendom in an endless War.*

A fatal thing it was, that *France* should have three of her Kings come

come to such violent deaths, in so short a revolution of time. *Henry* the Second running at Tilt with Monsieur *Montgomery*, was kill'd by a splinter of a Lance that pierc'd his eye: *Henry* the Third, not long after, was kill'd by a young Fryar, who in lieu of a *Letter* which he pretended to have for him, pull'd 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 dispatcht him; but that *Regicide* was hack'd to pieces in the place by the Nobles: The same destiny attended this 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 Statutes up and down *France*, and there's scarce a Market-Town, but hath him erected in the Market-Place, or o're some Gate, not upon Sign-posts, as our *Henry* the Eighth; and by a public Act of Parliament, which was confirmed in the Consistory at *Rome*, he was entitled *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 *Reparty*, 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 charg'd by the Duke of *Bouillon* to have chang'd his Religion, he answer'd, *No, Cosin, I have chang'd no Religion, but an Opinion*: And the Cardinal of *Perron* being by, he enjoyn'd him to write a Treatise for his Vindication; the Cardinal was long about the Work, and when the King ask'd 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 happen'd, 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 bin a long time begun, but left unfinish'd. The King ask'd the chief *Mason* 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 clap'd it on his Bald-Sconce, saying, *Ah, Cosin, you thought once to have taken 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

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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 stirrop, but he should find me on Horseback.*

By these few you may guess at the *Genius* of this sprightful 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 imployment from you, shall be welcome to

Your much obliged Servant,

Paris, 12. of *May*, 1620.

J. H.

XIX.

To my Brother Dr. Howell.

BROTHER,

BEing to morrow to part with *Paris*, and begin my journy for *Spain*, I thought it not amiss to send you this, in regard I know not when I shall have opportunity to write unto 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 confin'd; and I know not what it may come unto in time, for she hath a strong Party, and the murthering 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 pleas'd to relate unto me the particulars of it, which was thus: When *Henry* the Fourth was slain, the

Queen

Queen Dowager took the Reins of the Government into her hands during the young King's Minority; and amongst others whom she advanc'd, Signior *Conchino*, a *Florentin*, and her Foster-Brother was one; Her Countenance came to shine so strongly upon him, that he became her only Confident and Favorite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of *Ancre*, one of the Twelve Marshals of *France*, Governour of *Normandy*, and conferred divers other Honours and Offices of Trust upon him, and who but He. The Princes of *France* could not endure this domineering of a Stranger, therefore they leagu'd together, to suppress him by Arms: The Queen Regent having intelligence hereof, surprized the Prince of *Condé*, and clap'd 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 Monsieur *de Vitry*, Captain of his Guard to Arrest him, and in case of resistance to kill him; This business 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 entred, he told him, that he had a Commission from the King to apprehend 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 dispatch'd him. The King being above in his Gallery, ask'd what noise that was below, one smilingly answered, Nothing, Sir, but that the Marshal 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 *Blois*: *Ancre*'s Body was buried that night in a Church-yard by the Court, but the next Morning, when the Laquays and Pages (who are more unhappy here than the Apprentises in *London*) broke ope his Grave, tore his Coffin to pieces, rip'd the Winding-sheet, and tied his Body to an Ass's Tail, and so dragg'd him up and down the Gutters of *Paris*, which are none of the sweetest; they then slic'd off his Ears, and nail'd them upon the Gates of the City, they cut off his Genitories (and they 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

to the New-Bridge, and hung him his Heels upwards, and Head downwards upon a new Gibbet, that had bin 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 *Condemn'd 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 embrewing 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 journy, 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 Enterview.

Your loving Brother,

Paris, 8. *Sept.* 1620. J. H.

XX.

To my Cousin W. Waughan *Esq*; *from* Saint Malo.

COUSIN,

I Am now in *French-Britany*, I went back from *Paris* to *Roüen*, and so through all Low *Normandy*, to a little Port call'd *Granville*, were I embark'd for this Town of *Saint Malo*, but I did purge so violently at Sea, that it put me into a Burning Feaver for some few days, whereof (I thank God) I am newly recover'd, and finding no opportunity of shipping here, I must be forc'd 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 'tis 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; as that Arch-heretic was call'd *Pelagius*, *à Pelago*, his Name being *Morgan.* I was a little curious to peruse

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 *Saint Malo* hath one rarity in it, for there is here a perpetual Gariſon of *Engliſh*, but they are of *Engliſh* Dogs, which are let out in the night to guard the Ships, and eat the Carrens 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 conveniency 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 incertain 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 of Sept. 1620.

Τουτς χρήσει κ̀ χλήσει
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 paſs'd, ſhe play'd 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*) induc'd the *Engliſh* Governour 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 rendred themſelves to the *French* King, who ſent them a Blank to write their own Conditions. I think they have the ſtrongeſt Ramparts by Sea of any place of Chriſtendom, nor have

have I seen the like in any Town of *Holland*, whose safety depends upon Water. I am bound to morrow for *Bourdeaux*, then through *Gascogny* to *Tholouse*, so through *Languedoc* o're the Hills to *Spain*; *I* go in the best Season of the year, for I make an *Autumnal* journy of it. I pray let your Prayers accompany me all along, they are the best Officers of Love, and Fruits of Friendship: So God prosper you at home, as me abroad, and send us in good time a joyful conjuncture.

Rochel, 8. of *Octob.* 1620. *Yours*, J. H.

XXII.

To Mr. Tho Porter, *after Capt.* Porter: *from* Barcelone.

MY dear *Tom*, I had no sooner set foot upon this Soyl, 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 breath out your Name, and blow it on me; you seem'd 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 imployes all the Faculties of the Soul, so that not one Cell in the Brain is idle, it busieth the whole inward *Man*, it affects the Heart, amuseth the Understanding, it quickneth the Fancy, and leads the will as it were by a silken thread to cooperate with 'em all: I have felt these motions often in me, specially at this time, that my Memory fixed upon you: But the reason that I fell first upon you in *Spain*, was that I remembred I had heard you often discourfing 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 pleas'd 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 further, for I make account to Winter there. The Duke of *Ossuna* pass'd by here lately, and having got leave of Grace to release some Slaves, he went aboard the *Cape-Gallies*; and passing through the *Churma* of Slaves, he ask'd divers of them what their offences were, every one excus'd himself;

one

one saying, That he was put in out of Malice, another by Bribery of the Judge, but all of them injustly; amongst the rest, there was one sturdy little 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 mony, 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 remain'd still *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the Oar.

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

Yours J. H.

Barcelona, 10. of *Novemb.* 1620.

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*, call'd of old *Hispania Tarraconensis:* I had much ado to reach hither, for besides the monstrous abruptness of the way, these parts of the *Pyreneys* that border upon the *Mediterranean*, are never without Thieves by Land (call'd *Bandoleros*) and Pyrats on the Sea-side, which lye sculking in the hollows of the Rocks, and often surprize 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 stupendous 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 Tann'd, it seems when she went to *Egypt*; and to this Picture, a marvailous confluence of People from all parts of *Europe* resort.

As I pass'd 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 within their Houses a Bottle of Vinegar, and another of Oyl, and when Dinner or Supper-

time

time comes, they go abroad and gather their Herbs, and so cast Vinegar and Oyl upon them, and will pass thus two or three days without Bread or Wine, yet they are strong lusty men, and will stand stifly under a Musket.

There is a Tradition, that there were divers Mines of Gold in Ages past'd amongst those Mountains: And the Shepherds that keep Goats then, having made a small fire of Rosemary-stubs, with other combustible stuff to warm themselves, this fire graz'd along, and grew so outragious, that it consum'd 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 Valleys, 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 bin a notable havock made of them this year; for in divers Woods as I pass'd, I might spie some Trees laden with dead Carcases, a better Fruit far then *Diogenes* Tree bore, whereon a Woman had hang'd her self, which the *Cynic* cryed 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 Maritim Town, and one of the greatest in *Spain*; her chiefest Arsenal for Gallies, and the Scale by which she conveys her Moneys to *Italy*; but I believe the reason is, that there is no commodious Port here for Ships of any burthen, but a large Bay. I will inlarge my self no further at this time, but leave you to the guard and guidance of God, whose sweet hand of protection hath brought me through 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, 24. Novemb. 1620.

Yours to dispose of,
J H.

XXIV.

To Dr. Fr. Mancel; *from* Valentia.

SIR,

THough 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 Pomgranats; 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 guild your Honey-suckled fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soyl, 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 of all *Spain*, situate in a large Vega or Valley, above threescore miles compass; here are the strongest Silks, the sweetest Wines, the excellent'st Winds, the best Oyls, and beautiful'st Females of all *Spain*, for the prime Courtisans in *Madrid* and else-where are had hence; The very brute Animals make themselves Beds of Rosemary, and other Fragant Flowers hereabouts; and when one is at Sea, if the Wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soyl 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 temperat'st Clime of all *Spain*, and they commonly call it the second *Italy*, which made the *Moors*, whereof many thousands were disterr'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 *Sagunto*, call'd now *Morviedre*, through 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

Your J. H.

Valentia, 1. of March, 1620.

XXV.

To Christopher Jones, *Esq*; *at* Grayes Inn.

I Am now (thanks be to God) come to *Alucant*, the chief Rendezvouz I aym'd at in *Spain*; for I am to send hence a commodity call'd *Barillia* to Sir *Robert Mansel*, for making of Crystall Glass, and I have treated with Signior *Andriotti* a *Genoa* Merchant for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000 pound, by Letters of credit from Master *Richant*, and upon his credit, I might have taken many thousand pounds more, he is so well known in the Kingdom of *Valentia*. This *Barillia* is a strange kind of Vegetable, and it grows nowhere upon the surface of the Earth, in that perfection, as here. The *Venetians* have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this Maritim-Town doth partly subsist, for i

is an ingredient that goes to the making of the beſt caſtile-ſoap. It grows thus, 'tis a round thick Earthy ſhrub that bears Berries like Barberies, but 'twixt blew and green, it lies cloſe 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 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 *Azure* 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 turn'd to a Blew ſtone, ſo hard, that it is ſcarce Malleable, it is ſold at one hundred Crowns a Tun, but I had it for leſs: there is alſo a ſpurious Flower call'd *Gazuil*, that grows here, but the Glaſs that's made of that is not ſo reſplendent and clear. I have bin 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 nourriture this deep Sanguin *Alicant* Grapes gives. I have not receiv'd a ſyllable from you ſince I was in *Antwerp*, which transforms me to wonder, and engenders odd thoughts of Jealouſie 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 Piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I reſt

Your conſtant Friend

Alicant, March 27. J. H.
1621.

XXVI.
To Sir John North, *Knight.*

SIR,

HAving endur'd the brunt of a whole Summer in *Spain*, and tryed 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 to direct my courſe for *Italy*; I hoped to have embark'd 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* the ſecond, 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 rui-

ful accident had happen'd there a little before I came, for whereas five ships had gone thence laden with Souldiers for *Naples*, amongst whom there was the Flower of the Gentry of the Kingdom of *Mercia*; those ships had hardly sail'd three leagues, but they met with sixteen sails of *Algier* men of War, who had laid skulking in the Greeks 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 to safe Harbor; 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 hang'd at the Court gate, because he did not fight: Had I come time enough to have taken the opportunity, I might have bin made, either food for Hadocks, or turn'd to Cinders, or have bin by this time a slave in the Bannier at *Algier*, or tugging at an Oar; but I hope God hath reserv'd 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 pass'd by *Majorca*, and *Minorca*, the *Baleares Insulæ*, by some Ports of *Barbary*, by *Sardinia*, *Corsica*, & all the Islands of the *Mediterranean* Sea, we were at the mouth of *Tyber*, and thence fetch'd our course for *Sicily*; we passed by those Sulphureous fiery Islands, *Mongibel*, and *Strombolo*, and about the dawn of the day we shot through *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, 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 a shore, 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*, specially the *Venetian*, though their Neighbors 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 y'on Maiden-City, which lieth before us, you shall hear farther from me: So leaving you to his holy protection who hath thus graciously vouchsaf'd to preserve this ship, and me, in so long and dangerous a Voyage. I rest

Malamocco April the 30. 1621.

Yours, J. H.

XXVII. To

XXVII.

To my Brother Dr. Howell: *from a 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 bin shaken at Sea in divers Tempests near upon forty days, I mean natural days, which include the nights also, and are compos'd of four and twenty hours, by which number the *Italian* computes his time, and tells his Clock, for at the writing hereof, I heard one from *Malamocco* strike one and twenty hours: When I shall have saluted yonder Virgin City that stands before me, and hath tantaliz'd me now this sennight, I hope to cheer my Spirits, and settle my *Pericranium* again.

In this Voyage we pass'd thorow, at least touch'd, all those Seas, which *Horace* and other Poets sing of so often, as the *Ionian*, the *Ægean*, 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 pass'd also by *Ætna*, by the *Infames Scopulos*, *Acroceraunia*, and through *Sylla* and *Charibdis*, about which the antient Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, keep such a coyl, 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 oppos'd, 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 above the reality of truth; *Ætna* was very furious when we pass'd by, as she useth to be sometimes more than other, specially 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 of us; but they would make us believe in *Syracusa*, now *Messina*, that *Ætna* in times pass'd, hath eructated such huge gobbets of Fire, that the sparks of them have burnt Houses in *Malta*, above fifty miles off, transported thither by a direct strong wind. We pass'd hard by *Corinth*, now *Ragusa*, but I was not so happy as to touch there, for you know

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum:

I convers'd with many *Greeks*, but found none that could understand, much less pratically speak any of the old Dialects of

the priſtin *Greek*, it is ſo adulterated 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 *Morea* ſeven Pariſhes call'd *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 'twixt *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, though 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 conveniency every week of receiving and ſending; when you write to *Wales*, I pray ſend advice, that I am come ſafe to *Italy*, though not landed there yet: So my dear Brother, I pray God bleſs us both, and all our Friends, and reſerve me to ſee you again with comfort, and you me, who am

May the 5, 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 apply'd my ſelf to diſpatch your Buſineſs according to Inſtructions, and Mr. *Seymor* was ready to contribute his beſt furtherance. Theſe two *Italians* who are the Bearers hereof, by report here, are the beſt Gentlemen-Workmen that ever blew Cryſtal; one is allied to *Antonio Miotti*, the other is Couſin to *Mazalao*; 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. *Symns*: Herewith I have ſent a Letter to you from Sir *Henry Wotton* the Lord Ambaſſador here, of whom I have receiv'd 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 worthieſt things in Chriſtendom; they ſay there are as many Gallies and Galeaſſes of all ſorts, belonging to Saint *Mark*, either in Courſe, at Anchor, in Dock, or upon the Carine, as there be days in the year: here they can build a compleat Gally in half a day, and put her afloat in perfect Equipage, having all the Ingredients fitted before-

before-hand, as they did in three hours, when *Henry* the Third pass'd this way to *France* from *Poland*, who wished, that besides *Paris*, and his Parliament-Towns, he had this *Arsenal* in exchange, for three of his Chiefest Cities: There are three hundred People perpetually here at work; and if one comes young, and grows old in Saint *Mark*'s Service, he hath a Pension from the State during Life: Being brought to see one of the *Clarissimos* that governs this *Arsenal*, this huge Sea Store-House, amongst other matters reflecting upon *England*, he was saying, That if *Cavaglier Don Roberto Mansell* were now 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 the Duke of *Ossuna*, 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 Crystal-Glass is made, and 'tis a rare sight to see a whole Street, where on the one side there are twenty Furnaces together at work: They say here, that although one should transplant a Glass-Furnace from *Murano* to *Venice* her self, 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 Crystal-Glass in that perfection, for beauty and lustre, as in *Murano*; some impute it to the quality of the circumambient Air, that hangs o're the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of so many fires that are in those Furnaces night and day perpetually, for they are like the *Vestal-fire*, which never goes out: And it is well known, that some Airs make more qualifying impressions than others, as a *Greek* 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 serene and clear, not one Egg in a hundred will miscarry.

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

I shall attend your Commands herein by the next, and touching other particulars, whereof I have written to Captain *Bacon*: So I rest

Your most humble and ready Servant,

Venice, *May* the 30, 1621. J. H.

XXIX.

To my Brother: from Venice.

BROTHER,

I Found a Letter of yours that had lain dormant here a good while in Mr. *Symn*'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 inriched me with the knowledge of my Father's health, and your own, with the reſt of my Brothers, and Sifters in the Country, with divers other paſſages of contentment; beſides, ſhe went alſo ballaſted with your good Inſtructions, which as Merchants uſe 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 Mercantil 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 Mauſel*, 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 Chryſtal-Glaſs 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, though you uſe it never ſo long: When I ſaw ſo many ſorts of curious Glaſſes made here, I thought upon the Complement 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 Complement proceeds it ſeems from a ſaying they have here, *That the firſt handſom Woman that ever was made, was made of* Venice *Glaſs*, which implies *Beauty, but Brittleneſs* withall (and *Venice* is not unfurniſh'd with ſome of that mould, 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 perſwaded, but he was an *Urinal*, ſurely he deſerv'd to be piſs'd in the Mouth: But when I pry'd into the Materials, and obſerv'd the Furnaces and the Calcinations, the Tranſubſtantiations, the Liquefactions that are incident to this Art, my Thoughts were rais'd to a higher Speculation, that

that if this ſmall Furnace-fire hath vertue 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 my ſelf no further to you at this time, but conclude with this *Tetraſtic*, which my Brain ran upon in my Bed this Morning.

Vitrea ſunt noſtræ commiſſa negotia curæ,
Hoc oculis Speculum *mittimus ergo tuis:*
Quod Speculum? *eſt inſtar Speculi mea litera, per quod*
Vivida fraterni cordis imago nitet.

Adieu my dear Brother, live happily, and love

Ven. the 1. of *June* 1621.

Your Brother,
J. H.

XXX.

To Mr. Richard Altham *at* Grays-Inn: *from* Venice.

Gentle Sir,

——— O dulcior illo
Mille quod in ceris Attica ponit Apis.

O thou who doſt in ſweetneſs far excell
That Juice the Attic *Bee flores in her cell.*

My dear Dick,

I Have now a good while ſince taken footing in *Venice*, this admired Maiden-City, ſo call'd, becauſe ſhe was never deflowred by any Enemy ſince ſhe had a Being, not ſince her *Rialto* was firſt erected, which is now above twelve Ages ago.

I proteſt unto you at my firſt landing, I was for ſome days raviſhed with the high Beauty of this Maid, with her lovely Countenance, I admired her magnificent Buildings, her marvailous ſituation, her dainty ſmooth neat Streets, whereon you may walk moſt days in the year in a Silk Stokin and Sattin Slippers, without ſoiling them, nor can the Streets of *Paris* be ſo foul, as theſe are fair. This beauteous Maid hath bin often attempted to be vitiated, ſome have *courted* her, ſome *bribed* her, ſome would have *forc'd* her, yet ſhe hath ſtill preſerv'd her Chaſtity intire; and though

she hath lived so many Ages, and passed so many shrew'd brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very day without the least wrinkle, of old Age, or any symptomes of decay, whereunto Political Bodies as well as Natural, use 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 *Cambray* 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 though he could not have his will of her, yet he took away the richest Jewel she wore in her *Coronet*, 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 though she clos'd with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her Maiden-head, 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 Mony once a year to lie with her, which she minceth by the name of *Present*, though 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 *Grays-Inn*, though I hold your Walks to be the pleasant'st 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* 1621. *Intirely yours,* J. H.

XXXI.

To Dr. Fr. Mansell: *from* Venice.

Give me leave to salute you first in these *Sapphics.*

Insulam tendens iter ad Britannam
Charta, de paucis volo, Siste gressum,
Verba Mansello, *bene noscis illum,*
talia perfer.
Finibus longe patriis Hoellus
Dimorans, quantis Venetum superba
Civitas leucis Doroberniensi
distat ab urbe;
Plurimam mentis tibi vult salutem,
Plurimum cordis tibi vult vigorem,
Plurimum sortis tibi vult favorem
Regis & Aulæ.

These

These Wishes come to you from *Venice*, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; Renowned *Venice*, the admiredst 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 perform'd 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 preserv'd St. *Peter*'s Bark from sinking: for which by way of Reward, one of her Successors espous'd her to the Sea; which Marriage is solemnly renew'd every year in solemn Procession by the *Doge* and all the *Clarissimos*, and a Gold Ring cast into the Sea out of the great Galeas, called the *Bucentoro*, wherein the first Ceremony was perform'd by the Pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same Vessel still, though often put upon the *Carine*, and trim'd: 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 succession of decayes, and consequently requiring ever and anon a restauration of what it loseth of the vertue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into blood and fleshly substance, which as in all other sublunary Bodies that have internal Principles of heat, useth to transpire, breath out, and waste away through invisible Pores by Exercise, Motion, and sleep, to make room still for a Supply of new Nouriture: fell, I say, to consider whether our Bodies may be said to be of like condition with this *Bucentoro*: which though it be reputed still the same Vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that Timber remaining which it had upon the first Dock, having bin, as they tell me, so often plank'd and ribb'd, caulk'd and piec'd: In like manner our Bodies may be said to be daily repair'd by new Sustenance, which begets new Blood, and consequently new Spirits, new Humours, and I may say new Flesh, the old by continual deperdition 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 Manhood 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 Sashel to School in *Hereford*, as when I wore a Lambskin Hood in

Oxford,

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 vertue 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-hair'd out of *England*, but you ſhall find me return'd 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 heterogeneal parts: but I will preſs no further at this time this Philoſophical notion, which the ſight of *Bucentoro* infus'd into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a Letter, and I fear me 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 aſſur'd I bear ſtill the ſame Mind, and therein I verify the old Verſe

Cœlum 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,

The very ſame, J. H.

Ven. June 25, 1621.

XXXII.

To Richard Altham, *Eſquire*.

Dear Sir,

I Was plung'd in deep a fit of Melancholly, *Saturn* had caſt his black influence o're all my Intellectuals, methought I felt my Heart as a lump of Dough, and heavy as Lead within my Breaſt; when a Letter of yours of the third of this Month was brought me,

me, which presently begot new spirits within me, and made such strong impressions upon my intellectuals, that it turn'd and transform'd me into another man. I have read of a Duke of *Milan* and others, who were poyson'd by reading of a Letter, but yours produc'd contrary effects in me, it became an antidote, or rather a most Sovereign Cordial to me, more operative then *Bezoar*, of more vertue then 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, strew'd here and there, which did cast such an Odoriferous sent, that they reviv'd all my sences, and dispell'd those dull fumes which had formerly ore-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 vertue, 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 *Grayes-Inn* Walks for Saint *Marks place* for a time. Farewell dear child of Vertue, and minion of the Muses; and love still

Ven. 1. *July* 1621. *Your* J. H.

XXXIII.

To my much honoured friend Sir John North *Knight, from* Venice.

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 endeavor a requital, for this last office, it is in vain for me to attempt it; specially 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 bin 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 Magazin of your favours you have bin pleas'd to do me present and absent safely stor'd up and coacervated; to preserve them from mouldring 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

memory, I can contribute any other act of body or mind, to enlarge my acknowledgments towards you; you may be well assured that I shall be ever ready to court any occasion, whereby the world may know how much I am

Ven. 13. Jul. 1621. *Your thankful Servitor.* J.H.

XXXIV.

To Dan. Caldwall *Esq*; *from* Venice.

My Dear Dan.

COuld *Letters* flie with the same Wings as *Love* useth to do, and cut the Air with the like swiftness of motion, this Letter of mine should work a miracle, and be with you in an instant; nor should shei fear interception or any other casualty in the way, or cost you one penny the Post, for she should pass invisibly; but 'tis not fitting, that *paper* which is made but of old Rags wherewith Letters are swadled, should have the same priviledge as *Love*, which is a spiritual thing, having something of Divinity in it, and partakers in celerity with the *Imagination*, then 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 Macrocosm, 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 allow'd 'twixt *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 imployed, for I esteem it at the highest degree, I value it more than the *Treasury of Saint Mark*, which I lately saw, where among other things, there is a huge Iron Chest as tall as my self that hath no Lock, but a Crevice through which they cast in the Gold that's bequeath'd to Saint *Mark* in Legacies, whereon there is ingraven this proud Motto.

Quando questo scrinio S' apria,
Tutto'l mundo tremera.

When this Chest shall open, the whole World shall tremble: the Duke of *Ossuna* late Vice-Roy of *Naples*, did what he could to force them to open it; for he brought Saint *Mark* to waft 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.

Amongst

Amongst the rest of *Italy*, this is call'd the *Maiden*-City (notwithstanding her great number of Courtisans) 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 observ'd not to love her so *deeply* as he did, for he begins to shrink, and grow 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.

Farewell gentle soul, and correspond still in pure love with

Ven. 29. of *Jul.* 1621. *Your* J. H.

XXXV.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight, from* Venice.

SIR,

I Receiv'd one of yours the last week, that came in my Lord Ambassador *Wottons* 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 *Padoua*, 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 ancient 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 threescore; and in tract of time, they conjoyn'd and leagu'd them together by Bridges, whereof there are now above 800. and this makes up the City of *Venice*; who is now above 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. Though this City be thus hem'd in with the *Sea*, yet she spreads her Wings far and wide upon the shore; She hath in *Lombardy* six considerable Towns, *Padoua*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *Brescia*, *Cremna*, and *Bergamo*, she hath in the *Marquisat*, *Bassan* and *Castelfranco*, she hath all *Friuli* and *Istria*; she

command-

commands the ſhores of *Dalmatia* and *Sclavonia*; ſhe keeps under the power of Saint *Mark* the Iſlands of *Corfu* (antiently *Corcyra*) *Cephalonia*, *Zant*, *Cerigo*, *Lucerigo*, and *Candy* (*Jove*'s Cradle;) ſhe had a long time the Kingdom of *Cypres*, but it was quite rent from her by the *Turk*, which made that high-ſpirited *Baſſa*, being taken priſoner at the Battel 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 pairing of his Nails; but the taking of* Cypres *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 forc'd to comply with him, and give him an Annual Preſent in Gold: She hath about thirty Gallies moſt part of the year in courſe to ſcowre and ſecure the *Gulph*; ſhe entertains by Land in *Lombardy*, and other parts 25000 Foot, beſides ſome of the Cantons of *Suiſſes* whom ſhe gives pay unto; ſhe hath alſo in conſtant pay 600 Men of Arms, and every of theſe muſt keep two Horſes apiece, for which they are allow'd 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 ſupervis'd by two *Proveditors*, without whom he cannot attempt any thing.

Her Great Counſel conſiſts of above 2000 Gentlemen, and ſome of them meet every Sunday and Holiday, to chuſe Officers, and Magiſtrates, and every Gentleman being paſs'd 25 years of Age, is capable to ſit in this Counſel: 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 Miſdemeanors are puniſhable in his Heirs: There is a Surintendent Counſel 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, though addreſs'd to himſelf, which makes him to be call'd by other Princes, *Teſta di legno*, *A Head of wood.*

The Wealth of this *Republic* hath bin 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 us'd to fetch all thoſe Spices and other *Indian* Commodities, from the *Grand Cairo* down the *Nile*, being formerly carry'd to *Cairo* from the *Red-Sea* upon Camels and Dromedaries backs, threeſcore day's journey: And ſo *Venice* us'd 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

out

outward appearance at all of poverty, or any decay in this City, out 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 ancient 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. of *Auguſt*, 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 I am to go further into *Italy*; for though I have been a good while in *Venice*, yet I cannot ſay I have bin hitherto upon the Continent of *Italy*; for this City is nought elſe but a knot of Iſlands in the *Adriatic* Sea, joyn'd 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 amongſt our ſelves, that our Diſcourſe be always in the Language of the Country, under penalty of a Forfeiture, which is to be indiſpenſably pay'd: *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 farewell behind it. I have ſent you a Runlet of it in the Ship *Lion*, and if it come ſafe, and unprick'd, I pray beſtow ſome Bottles upon the Lady (you know) with my humble Service. When you write next to Mr. *Symns*, I pray acknowledg 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*.

Engliſh'd and Rim'd thus (though I know you need no Tranſlation, you underſtand ſo much of *Italian*.)

Venice, Venice, *none* Thee *unſeen can prize*,
Who hath ſeen too much will Thee *deſpiſe*.

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

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus *in undis*
Stare Urbem, & toti ponere jura Mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, *Arces*
Objice, & illa tui mœnia Martis *ait,*
Sic Pelago Tibrim *præfers, 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's *proud Walls: this were for to extol*
Tiber *beyond the* Main, *both Towns behold,*
Rome *Men thou'lt say*, Venice *the Gods did mould.*

Sanazzaro had given him by Saint *Mark* a hundred *Zecchins* for every one of these Verses, which amounts to about 300 pounds 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 through 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 imploy me in any thing that may conduce to your Contentment; because

Ven. 12. *Aug.* 1621. *I am your serious Servitor,* J. H.

XXXVII.

To Capt. 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 you 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-dispos'd Body there be above 4000 Pulsations every hour, and some Pulses have bin known to beat above 39000 times an hour in acute Feavers.

I'm

I understand you are bound with a gallant Fleet for the *Mediterranean*, if you come to *Alicant*, I pray commend me to *Francisco Marco* my Land-lord, he is a merry 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 ask'd 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 search'd 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, which was much importuned by her Parents to the Match, because their Family should be thereby ennobled, he being a Cavalier of Saint *Jago*: the young Maid having understood that *Don Beltran* had bin in *Naples*, and had that Disease about him, answered wittily, *En verdad por adobar me la Sangre, no quiero dannarmi la Carne*: Truly, Sir, *To better my Blood, I will not hurt 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 Saint John, *Knight: from* Venice.

SIR,

HAving seen *Antenor*'s Tomb in *Padoüa*, and the *Amphitheater* 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 compass 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 cause that for one Native, there be five Strangers that sojourn in this City, and without any distinction, or mark of strangeness, 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 her ſelf ſince ſhe was made a *Chriſtian*, and deſcended from thoſe Hills to *Campus Martius*, with *Traſtevere*, and the Suburbs of St. *Peter*; ſhe hath yet in compaſs about fourteen miles, which is far ſhort of that vaſt circuit ſhe had in *Claudius* his 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 millions 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 Marquiſat of *Ancona*, *Umbria*, *Sabina*, *Perugia*, with a part of *Toſcany*, the *Patrimony*, *Rome* herſelf, and *Latium*: In theſe there are above fifty Biſhopricks, the *Pope* hath alſo the Dutchy of *Spoleto*, and the Exarchate of *Ravenna*; he hath the Town of *Benevento*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and the Country of *Veniſſe*, call'd *Avignon* in *France*, he hath title alſo good enough to *Naples* it ſelf, but rather than offend his Champion the King of *Spain*, he is contented with a white Mule, and Purſe of Piſtols 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 *Maſſeran*, of *Norway*, *Ireland*, and *England*, ſince King *John* did proſtrate our Crown at *Pandelfo* his Legate's Feet.

The State of the Apoſtolic See here in *Italy* lies 'twixt two Seas, the *Adriatic* and the *Tyrrhene*, and it runs through the midſt of *Italy*, which makes the *Pope* powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an Empire or an Enemy: His authority being mixt 'twixt Temporal and Spiritual, diſperſeth it ſelf 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 aſſiſts 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, ſuperiorem Ducibus, & fratrem noſtrum: We create thee a Companion to Kings, ſuperior to Dukes, and our Brother.* If a Cardinal-Biſhop ſhould be queſtioned for any offence, there muſt be twenty four Witneſſes produc'd againſt him:

The

The Bishop of *Ostia* hath most priviledg of any other, for he consecrates and instals the *Pope*, and goes always next to him: All these Cardinals have the repute of Princes, and besides other incomes, they have the Annots of Benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the *Pope* is able to put 50000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in Galliss. We read how *Paul* the third sent *Charles* the third twelve thousand Foot, and 500 Horse. *Pius* the fifth sent a greater ayd to *Charles* the ninth: and for riches, besides the Temporal Dominions he hath in all the Countreys before named, the Datary or Dispatching of *Bulls*; the Triennial Subsidies, Annats, and other Ecclesiastick Rights, mount 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* the fifth, notwithstanding his expences in Buildings left four Millions in the Castle of Saint *Angelo*, in less then five years, more I believe then this *Gregory* the fifteenth will, for he hath many Nephews; and better it is to be the *Popes* Nephew, then to be favorite to any Prince in Christendom.

Touching the Temporal Government of *Rome*, and Oppidan Affairs, there is a Pretor, and some choice Citizens, which sit in the Capitol: Amongst other pieces of policy, there is a Synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of *Italy*) under the *Popes* nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats, they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the *Jews* are wonderful dextrous, though most of them be only Brokers and Lombardeers; 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 *Popes* long life, in regard the oftner the change is, the more advantagious it is for the City, because commonly it brings strangers, and a recruit of new people. This Ayr of *Rome* is not so wholsom as of old; and amongst 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 *Vespatians Amphitheater*, where fourscore thousand people might sit; The Stoves of *Anthony*, divers rare Statues at *Belveder* and Saint *Peters*, specially that of *Laocoon*, the *Obelisk*; for the genius of the *Roman* hath always bin much taken with Imagery, Limning and Sculptures, insomuch, that as in former times, so 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 ancient *Column* erected as a Trophey for *Duillius* the *Consul*, after a famous Naval Victory obtain'd against

the *Carthaginians* in the second *Punic* War, where these words are ingraven and remain legible to this day. *Exemet lecoines Magistrates Castreis exfocient pugnandod capet enque, navebos marid Consul, &c.* And half a dozen lines more it is call'd *Columna restrata*, having the Beaks and Proes of Ships ingraven up and down, whereby it appears, that the *Latin* then spoken was much differing from that which was us'd in *Cicero's* time 150 years after. Since the dismembring of the Empire, *Rome* hath run through many Vicissitudes and turns of Fortune: and had it not bin 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* pass'd, when she was in that flourish that Saint *Austin* desired to see her in: She who tam'd the World, tam'd her self 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 though 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 Ecclesiastic Courts, which is the sole cause of her peepling now: So that it may be said, When the Pope came to be her Head, she was reduc'd 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'amenda pour aller à Rome.

Ne'er Horse, or Man did mend,
That unto Rome *did wend.*

Truly I must confess, that I find my self much better'd by it; for the sight of some of these ruines 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

Your faithful Servitor,

Rome, Septemb. 13. 1620.

J. H.

XXIX. To

XXXIX.

To Sir T. H. *Knight : from* Naples.

SIR,

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 Greatness appears here more eminently, than in *Spain* it self: 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 is no less here than twenty thousand Cortizans registred in the Office of *Savelli*. This Kingdom with *Calabria*, may be said to be the one moyitie of *Italy*, it extends it self 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 Presidial Castles in this City; and though the Kingdom abound in rich Staple commodiies, as Silks, Cottons, and Wine, and that there is a 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 'twixt Governors, Garisons, and Officers, He is forc'd to maintain 4000 *Spanish* Foot, call'd the *Tercia* of *Naples*; in the Castles he hath 1600 in perpetual Garison; he hath a thousand Men of Arms, 450 Light-Horse; besides there are five Footmen enroll'd for every hundred Fire: And he had need to do all this, to keep this voluptuous People in aw; for the Story musters up seven and twenty famous Rebellions of the *Neapolitans* in less than 300 years; but now they pay soundly for it, for one shall hear them groan up and down under the *Spanish* Yoak: And commonly the King of *Spain* sends some of his *Grandees* hither to repair their decay'd Fortunes; whence the Saying sprung, *That the Viceroy of* Sicily *Gnaws, the Governor of* Milain *Eats, but the Viceroy of* Naples *Devours:* Our *English* Merchants here be at 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 Sattins, and wear good *Spanish* Leather-shooes, while their Master's shooes upon our *Exchange* in *London* shine with blacking. At *Puzzoli* not far off amongst the *Grotes* there are so many strange stupendous things, that Nature her self seem'd to have studied of purpose how to make her self there admir'd: I reserve the discoursing of them

with the nature of the *Tarantola* and *Manna*, which is gather'd here and no where 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.

Napolitani
Largo di boca, stretto di mano.
The Neapolitans
Have wide Mouths, but narrow Hands.

They make strong Masculin Promises, but Female Performances (*for Deeds are Men, but Words are Women*) and if in a whole *flood* of Compliments one find a *drop* of Reality, 'tis 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 excepting one only Invitation to a Dinner. So desiring to be preserv'd still in your good opinion, and in the rank of your Servants, I rest always most ready

At your disposing,

Naples, Octob. the 1, 1622. J. H.

XL.

To Christopher Jones *Esquire, at* Grays Inne: *from* Naples.

Honoured Father,

I Must still stile 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 Solœcism, if amongst 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 bin toss'd from shore to shore, and pass'd 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 Perigrination, but he who actually enjoys, and puts it in practise; believe it Sir, that one year well imploy'd 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

Univer-

Universities: You know *Running waters are the purest*, so 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 pass'd through some parts of *Lombardy*, amongst other things, I observ'd 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 bin near upon three hundred years amongst 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 need 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*. Amongst other resemblances, one was in their Prosody, and vein of Versifying or Riming, which is like our *Bards*, who hold Agnominations, and enforcing of Consonant Words or Syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest Elegance. As for Example, in *Welsh*, *Tengris*, *Iedyrrx ry'r derryn*, *gwillt*, &c. So have I seen divers old Rimes in *Italian* running so; *Donne*, *O danno*, *che Febo affronto affronta*: *In selva salvo a me*. *Piu caro cuore*, &c.

Being lately in *Rome*, amongst other *Pasquils*, I met with one that was against the *Scot*, though it had some gaul in't, yet it had a great deal of Wit, specially towards the Conclusion: so that I think if King *James* saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember some years since there was a very abusive *Satyr* 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 preserve the King, the Queen, the Peers,
And grant the Auther long may wear his Ears.

This pleas'd his Majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, *By my sol 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 'twixt us in *Oxford*, I rest

Your constant Son to serve you,

Naples, 8. Octob.
1. 2 1.

J. H.
M.D.C.

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* the Fifth) said, *That she was fitting to be shewn and seen only upon Holidays*: She marvailously flourisheth with Buildings, with Wealth and Artisans; 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 commence 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 *Toscany*, being a Maritim and a great Mercantil Town, hath mightily inrich'd this Country, by being a Frank Port to all comers, and a safe rendezvous to Pyrats, 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 inroll'd, train'd up and pay'd, and none but they can carry Arms; he hath four hundred Light-Horse in constant pay, and a hundred 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 Galeons, and six Galeasses besides; and his Gallies are call'd *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 *Toscany* is fenc'd by Nature her self, I mean with Mountains, except towards the Territories of the Apostolic See, and the See it self, therefore it is call'd *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 Grounds of a Duke's, it reacheth not to the Magnificence of a King's. The Pope was sollicited to make the Grand Duke a King, but he answered, That he was content he should be King in *Toscany*, not of *Toscany*; whereupon one of his Counsellors replied, That

That it was a more glorious thing to be a Grand Duke, than a petty King.

Among other Cities which I desir'd to see in *Italy*, *Genoa* was one, where I lately was, and found her to be the proudest for Buildings of any I met withall, yet the People go the plainest of any other, and are also most parsimonious in their Diet: they are the subtilest, I will not say the most subdolous dealers: they are wonderful wealthy, specially in Mony. In the year 1600, the King of *Spain* owed them eighteen 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 bin 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 Woolls, and other Commodities (prohibited to others) out of *Spain* she hath improved extreamly in Riches, and made Saint *George*'s Mount swell higher than Saint *Mark*'s in *Venice*.

She hath bin 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* the Eleventh of *France*; at which time, when she would have given her self up to him for Protection, King *Lewis* being told that *Genoa* was content to be his, he answer'd, *She should not be his long, for he would give her up to the devil, and rid his hands of her.*

Indeed the *Genouefes* have not the fortune to be so well be-lov'd, as other People in *Italy*, which proceeds I believe from their Cunningness, and Over-reachings in bargaining, wherein they have something of the *Jew*. The Duke is there but Biennial, being chang'd every two years: He hath fifty *Germans* for his Guard. There be four *Centurions* that have two Men apiece, which upon occasions, attend the *Signory* abroad, in Velvet Coats; there be eight Chief Governors, and four hundred Counsellors, amongst whom there be five Sovereign *Syndics*, who have authority to censure the Duke himself, his time being expir'd, and punish any Governor else, though after Death, upon the Heir.

Amongst other Customs they have in that Town, one is, That none must carry a pointed Knife about him, which makes the *Hollander*, who is us'd to *Snik* and *Snee*, to leave his Horn-sheath and Knife a shipboard when he comes a shore: I met not with an *Englishman* in all the Town: nor could I learn of any Factor of ours that ever resided there.

There is a notable little active Republic towards the midst of

Toscany,

Tuscany call'd *Lucca*, which in regard she is under the Emperours protection, he dares not meddle withal, though she lie as a Partridg under a Faulcons Wings, in relation to the grand Duke; besides there is another reason of the State, why he meddles not with her, because she is more beneficial unto him now that she is free, and more industrious to support this freedom, then if she were become his vassal; for then it is probable, she would grow more carelessness and idle, and so could not vent his commodities so soon, which she buys for ready mony, wherein most of her wealth consists: There is no State that winds the peny more nimbly and makes quicker returns.

She hath a Council call'd the *Pecoli*, which pryes 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 paralell'd 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, though the pronuntiation be a little more guttural, then that of *Siena*, and that of the Court of *Rome*, which occasions the Proverb,

Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana,
The Tuscane tongue sounds best in a Roman mouth.

The people here generally seem to be more generous and of a higher comportment then elsewhere, very cautious and circumspect in their negotiation; whence ariseth the Proverb,

Chi ha da far con Tosco,
Non bisogna che sia Losco.
Who dealeth with a Florentine,
Must have the use of both his Eyn.

I shall bid *Italy* farewel 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*, amongst whom the sight of your self will be as gladsome to me, as of any other; for I profess my self, and purpose to be ever

Your thrice affectionate
Servitor, J. H.

Florence, 1 *Novemb.* 1621.

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 learned,

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 Governour of *Milan* is always Captain General of the Calvary to the King of *Spain* throughout *Italy*. The Duke of *Feria* is now Governour, and being brought to kiss his Hands, he us'd me with extraordinary respect, as he doth all of our Nation, being by the 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 Dutchy also, though seated in the richest Soyl of *Italy*, hardly countervails the Charge. Three things are admir'd in *Milan*, the *Dome* or great Church (built all of white Marble, within and without) the Hospital, and the Castle, by which the Cittadel of *Antwerp* was trac'd, and is the best condition'd Fortress of Christendom; though *Nova Palma* a late Fortress of the *Venetian* would go beyond it, which is built according to the exact Rules of the most Modern Enginry, being of a round form with nine Bastions, and a Street level to every Bastion.

The Duke of *Savoy*, though he pass for one of the Princes of *Italy*, yet the least part of his Territories lie there, being squander'd 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 Ancientest and purest Extraction of any Prince in *Europe*, and his Knights also of the *Annunciade*, to be one of the ancientest Orders; though this present Duke be little in Stature, yet is he of a lofty Spirit, and one of the best Soldiers now living; and though he be valiant enough, yet he knows how to patch the Lion's skin with a 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 my self 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 wordea 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; which made one say, *That when the confusion of Tongues happen'd 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, wherewith the Country abounds; insomuch, that in some places, Nature may be said to be *Lena sui, A Bawd to her self.* The Cardinal *de Medecis*'s Rule is of much authority amongst them, *That there is no Religion under the Navill.* And some of them are of the opinion of the *Asians* who hold that touching those Natural Passions, Desires, and Motions, which run up and down in the Blood, God Almighty and his Hand-maid Nature, did not intend they should be a Torment to us, but to be used with comfort and delight. To conclude, in *Italy* there be *Virtutes magnæ, nec minora Vitia*; *great Vertues, and no less Vices.*

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

Your humble Servitor,
Turin, 30. *Novemb.* J. H.

XLIII.
To Sir J. H. *from* Lions.

SIR,

I Am now got o're 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 *Alpes*; but for our *Mountains* in *Wales*, as *Eppint* and *Penwinmaur*, which are so much cried up amongst us, they are *Mole-hills* in comparison of these, they are but *Pigmeys* 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 mounstrous 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 Valleys, drinking for want of other, this *Snow-water*, are subject to a strange Swelling in the Throat, called *Goytre*, which is common amongst them.

As I scaled the *Alps*, my Thoughts reflected upon *Hannibal*, who with *Vinegar* and *Strong-waters*, did eat out a Passage through those Hills, but of late years they have found a speedier way to do it by *Gun-powder*.

Being at *Turin*, I was by some disaster brought to an extream 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 Country-

man

man of ours, one Mr. *Lewis*, whom I knew in *Alicant*, lives Factor, so that now I want not any thing for my accomodation.

This is a stately rich Town, and a renowned Mart for the Silks of *Italy*, and other Levantin Commodities, and a great Bank for Mony, and indeed the greatest of *France*; before this Bank was founded, which was by *Henry* the First, *France* had but little Gold and Silver, insomuch that we read how King *John* their Captive King, could not in four years raise sixty thousand Crowns to pay his Ransom to our King *Edward*: And Saint *Lewis* was in the same case 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 Mony; 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, though it be now much lower.

In this great Mercantil Town, there be two deep Navigable Rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Soane*; the one hath a swift rapid cours, the other slow and smooth; and one day as I walked upon their Banks, and observed so much difference in their cours, 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 my self unto you for a speaking Letter, which I shall do as soon as I may tread *London* Stones.

Your affectionate Servitor,

Lions, 6. *Novemb.* 1621. 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 withall formerly; they have one Policy, lest that their petty Republic should be pester'd 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 govern'd 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, for fear the other two would flie upon him. But they say the *Savoyard* hath the justest Title, for there are Imperial Records extant, *That although the*

the Bishops of Geneva *were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, yet they should acknowledge the Duke of* Savoy *for their Superiour.* This Man's Ancestors went frequently to the Town, and the Keys were presently tender'd to them. But since *Calvin*'s time, who had bin once banish'd, and then call'd in again, which made him to apply that Speech unto himself, *The Stone which the Builders refused, is become the head-stone of the corner:* I say, since they were refin'd by *Calvin*, they seem to shun and scorn all the World besides, being cast as it were into another mould, which hath quite alter'd their very natural disposition in point of Moral Society.

Before I part with this famous City of *Lions*, I will relate unto you a wonderful strange accident that happened here not many years ago. There is an Officer called *Le Chevalier du Guet*, which is a kind of Night-guard here, as well as in *Paris*; and his Lieutenant, call'd *Jaquette*, having supp'd one night in a rich Merchant's House, as he was passing the round afterwards, he said, *I wonder what I have eaten and drunk at the Merchant's House, for I find my self so hot, that if I met with the* Devil's *Dam to night, I should not forbear using of her:* Hereupon a little after he overtook a young Gentlewoman mask'd, whom he would needs usher to her Lodging, but discharg'd 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 enjoy'd her, he desired, that according to the custom of *French* Gentlemen, his two Camerades 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 well who she was, none of them would have ventur'd upon her; thereupon she whistl'd three times, and all vanish'd: The next morning, the two Soldiers that had gone with Lieutenant *Jaquette* were found dead under the City Wall, amongst the ordure and excrements, and *Jaquette* himself a little way off half dead, who was taken up, and coming to himself again, confess'd all this, but died presently after.

The next week I am to go down the *Loire* towards *Paris*, and thence as soon as I can for *England*, where amongst the rest of my Friends, whom I so much long to see after this Triennal 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

Truly yours,

Lions, 5. *Decem*. 1621.

J. H.

Familiar

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION II.

I.

To my Father.

SIR,

IT hath pleased God after almost three years peregrination by Land and Sea, to bring me back safely to *London*; but although 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 *Vvula* 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*. Doctor *Harvy* 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 twelvemonth: 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 pass'd the brunt of it, and am recovering, and picking up my crums 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 Monsieur *Cadenet* expressly to visit our King, he had Audience two days since, where he with his Train of ruffling long-hair'd Monsieurs appeared himself in such a light garb, that after the Audience, the King ask'd my Lord Keeper *Bacon* what he thought of the *French* Ambassador; he answer'd, That he was a *tall* proper Man; *I*, 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 late re-

 covery

turn to *England*, and that you would pleaſe to let me hear from you by the next Conveniency, I reſt

Your dutiful Son
J. H.

Lond. 2. *Febr.* 1621.

II.

To Rich. Altam, *Eſq*; *at* Norberry.

S*Alve, 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 ſmoak of this Town, but my Memory ran ſuddenly on you; the *Idea* of you hath almoſt ever ſince ſo fill'd up and ingroſs'd 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 long'd more after any thing by reaſon of her growing *Embryon*, than I do for your preſence. Therefore I pray you make haſte to ſave my Longing, and *Tantalize* me no longer, ('tis 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. Feb. 1. 1621. *Your* J. H.

III.

To D. Caldwall *Eſq*; *at* Batterſay.

MY dear *Dan.* I am come at laſt to *London*, but not without ſome danger, and through 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 *Roüen* where I grew firſt indiſpoſed; and in good faith, I cannot remember any thing to this hour how I came from *Graveſend* hither I was ſo ſtupified, and had loſt the knowledg of all things; but I am come to my ſelf 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 unto me more reſtorative than exalted Gold, more precious than the powder of *Pearl*; whereas your abſence, if it continue long, will prove unto me like the duſt of *Diamonds*, which is incurable poyſon: I pray be not accettary to my death, but haſten to comfort your ſo long Weather-beaten Friend,

Lond. Feb. 1. 1621. *Yours* J. H.

IV. *To*

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, at the *L.* Darcy's *in* S. Osith.

SIR, I am got again safely to this side of the Sea, and though I was in a very sickly case when I first arrived, yet thanks be to God I am upon point of perfect recovery, whereunto the sucking in of *English* air, & the sight of some friends conduc'd not a little.

There is fearful news come from *Germany*; you know how the *Bohemians* shook off the Emperors yoke, and how the great Council of *Prague* fell to such a hurly burly, that some of the Imperial Counsellors were hurl'd out at the windows, you heard also, I doubt not, how they offer'd the Crown to the Duke of *Saxony*, and he waving it, they sent Ambassadors to the *Palsgrave*, whom they thought might prove *par negotio*, & to be able to go through stitch with the work, in regard of this powerful alliance, the King of great *Brittain* being his Father in Law, the King of *Denmark*, the Prince of *Orange*, the Marq. of *Brandenberg*, the Duke of *Bouillon* his Uncles, the States of *Holland* his Confederates, the *French* King his friend, and the Duke of *Bavaria* his near allye: The Prince *Palsgrave* made some difficulty at first, and most of his Counsellors opposed it, others incited him to it, and amongst other hortatives, they told him, *That if he had the courage to venture upon a King of* Englands *sole Daughter, he might very well venture upon a Soveraign Crown when it was tendred 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 Grand-Children. What his Majesty will do hereafter, I will not presume to foretell, but hitherto he hath given little countenance to the business, nay, he utterly misliked it at first; for whereas Doctor *Hall* gave the Prince *Palsgrave* the Title of King 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 amongst Kings, which obligeth them, though there be no other interest or particular engagement to stick unto, and right one another upon an insurrection of Subjects; Therefore he had more reason to be against the *Bohemians*, then to adhere to them in the deposition of their Soveraign 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 *Palsgrave* had a well appointed Army of about 25000 horse and foot near *Prague*, but the Duke of *Bavaria* came with scarce half the number, 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 forc'd to flie with his Queen and Children: and after many difficulties they write, that they are come to the Castle of *Castrein*, the Duke of *Brandenburg*'s Country his Uncle: This news affects both Court and City here with much heavinesse.

I send you my humble thanks for the noble correspondence you 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.

March *the* 1. 1619. *Your true Servitor*, J.H.

V.

To Dr. Fr. Mansell, *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, though not so much as I should; for I find that Peregrination (well us'd) 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 Mansell* who is now in the *Mediterranian* hath bin very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my education from him. He hath melted vast sums of mony in the glass business, a business indeed more proper for a Merchant, than a Courtier. I heard the King should say, That he wondred *Robin Mansell* being a Sea-man, whereby he hath got so much honour, should fall from *Water* to tamper with *Fire*, which are two contrary Elements: My Father fears that this glass 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 your self a great deal of good reputation by the voluntary resignation you made of the principality of *Jesus College*, to Sir *Eubule Thelwall* 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 *Landloper*, as the *Dutchman* saith, a wanderer, and subject to incertain removes, and short sojourns in divers places before. So with apprecation of all happiness to you here and hereafter, I rest

March 5. 1618. *At your friendly dispose*, J. H.

VI.

To Sir Eubule Theloall, *Knight, and Principal of* Jesus Coll. *in* Oxford.

SIR, I send you most due and humble thanks, that notwithstanding I have play'd the truant, and been absent so long from *Oxford*, you have been pleas'd 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 purchac'd 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 use to be crown'd withall; it is the apprecation of

Your truly devoted Servitor, J. H.

London, idibus Mar. 1621.

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 *Saint Osith* in *Essex* to the Lord *Darcy*. Queen *Anne* is lately dead of a Dropsy 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 Astronomers 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 *Bohemians*, which is like to be a war without end; for the whole House of *Austria* is interess'd in the Quarrel, and it is not the custom of that House to sit by any affront, or forget it quickly. Queen *Anne* left a world of brave Jewels behind, but one *Piero* an outlandish Man, who had the keeping of them embeazl'd 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 lessen'd something of her Affection towards her ever since, so that she would often call her Goodly *Palsgrave*, nor could she abide Secretary *Winwood* 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-Countrys*, *Flushing* and *Brill*, with the *Rammakins*. I was lately with Sir *John Walter* and others of your Counsel about Law Business, and some of them told me that Master *J. Lloyd* your Adversary, is one of the shrewdest Sollicitors in all the 13 Shires of *Wales*, being so habituated to Law-sutes and Wrangling, that he knows any of the least starting hole in every Court: I could wish you had made a fair end with him; for besides the cumber and trouble, specially to those that dwell at such a huge distance from *Westminster-Hall* as you do, Law is a shrewd pickpurse, and the Lawyer as I heard one say wittily not long since, is like a *Christmass 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 rest

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

March 20. 1621.

VII.

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

My dear D.

THough considering my former condition of Life, I may now be called a Country-Man, 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 vertuous and regular a House as any I believe in the Land both for *oeconomical* 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 order-

orderly and punctual attendance 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 kitchin and gutters and other Offices of noise and drudgery are at the fag-end, there's 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 Browsings for the Deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any for its highness 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 gardning 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 *Bon Christian Pear* and *Bergamot* in perfection, your *Muscadel 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 bin long abroad, makes good store in his Vintage. Truly this House of *Long-Melford* though 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 Mannor of *Sheriff* in *Essex*, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be only to see him, who would think it a short journey to go from *Saint Davids* Head to *Dover* Cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion: If you would know who the same is; 'tis

Yours J. H.

20. *May*, 1621.

IX.

To Robert Brown *Esquire.*

SIR,

Thanks for one Curtesy, is a good usher 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 third of this present, which abounded with such variety of news, and ample well-couch'd 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 *Spinola* should in a hogling way, change his Master for the time,

and taking Commission from the Emperor, become his servant for invading the *Palatinat* 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 for *Worms*, and then perceiving the forces of the *United Princes* 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't, and that the Marquis of *Ansback* the General was o'recome by Pistols made of *Indian* Ingots, rather than of Steel, else an Army of 40000 which he had under his command, might have made its party good against *Spin l's* less than 20000, though never such choice Veterans, but what will not Gold do? it will make a Pigmey too hard for a Gyant, there's no fence or fortress *against an Ass 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 sigh'd there were no more Worlds to conquer, though he had never one of the three old parts of the then known World entirely 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 turn'd, 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 adjoyning 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 Ile of *Paul's*, another *Westminster-Hall*: 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 pleas'd to send me, I rest

24. *March*, 1621. *Yours* J. H.

X.

To R. Altham, *Esq*; *from* Saint Olith.

SIR,

Life it self is not so dear unto me as your Friendship, nor Vertue in her best colours as precious as your Love, which was lately

lately so lively pourtray'd unto me in yours of the fifth of this present: Methinks your Letter was like a piece of Tissue richly embroider'd 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 *Pallavie* ware from me, for you must not expect from us Country-folks such *Tabinnies* and quaint Invention, that you, who are daily conversant with the Wits of the Court, and of the Inns of Court, abound withall.

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 *Hall Rivers*, a noble and great knowing Lord, who hath been much of the World abroad; My Lady *Savage* his Daughter is also here with divers of her Children: I hope this *Hillary* Term to be merry in *London*, and amongst others to re-enjoy your conversation principally, for I esteem the society of no Soul upon Earth more than yours: till then I bid you farewell, and as the Season invites me, I wish you a merry *Christmas*, resting

Yours while
Decemb. 20. 1621 Jam. Howell.

XI.

To Captain Tho. Porter, *upon his return from* Algier Voyage.

Noble Captain,

I Congratulate your safe return from the *Streights*, but am sorry you were so *streightned* 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 *Algiers* Ships, when I lived lately in *Alicant* and other places upon the *Mediterranean*, we should every Week hear some of them chas'd, 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 [illegible] the promised supply for furtherance of that noble adver[illegible] design you had to fire the Ships and Gallies in *Algiers* [illegible] according to the relation you pleas'd to send me, it [illegible] bravest Enterprises, and had prov'd such a gloriou[illegible]

ſtory could have parallel'd; but it ſeems their *Hoggies*, *Magicians* and *Maribots* were tampering with the ill Spirit 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 Fire-works; ſuch a diſaſter the Story tells us befell *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 eight Men only, and *Algier* is anothergets thing now, than ſhe was then, being I believe a hundred degrees ſtronger by Land and Sea, and for the latter ſtrength we may thank our Countryman *Ward*, and *Danskey* the Butterbag *Hollander*, which may be ſaid to have bin two of the fatalleſt and moſt infamous Men that ever Chriſtendom bred; for the one taking all *Engliſhmen*, and the other all *Dutchmen*, and bringing the Ships and Ordnance to *Algier*, they may be ſaid to have bin the chief Raiſers of thoſe *Picaroons* to be Pyrats, which are now come to that height of ſtrength, that they daily endamage and affront all Chriſtendom. When I conſider all the circumſtances and ſucceſs 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 ſecured the Seas and Traffick 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 judgements than mine, that you did what poſſibly could be done: let thoſe that repine at the one in the hundred (which was impos'd upon all the Levant Merchants for the ſupport of this Fleet) mutter what they will, that you went firſt to *Graveſend*, *then to the Lands end, and after to no end.*

I have ſent you for your welcome home (in part) two barrels of *Colcheſter* Oyſters, which were provided for my Lord of *Colcheſter* himſelf, therefore I preſume they are good, and all green-finn'd; I ſhall ſhortly follow, but not to ſtay long in *England*, for I think I muſt over again ſpeedily to puſh on my Fortunes: ſo my dear *Tom*, I am *de todas mis entranas*, from the center of my heart I am,

St. Oſith, Decemb. *Yours* J. H.

XII.

To my Father, upon my ſecond going to travel.

SIR,

I Am lately return'd to *London*, having bin all this while in a very noble Family in the Country, where I found far greater rights than I deſerv'd; I was to go with two of my Lord *Savage's*

Sons

Sons to travel, but finding my self too young for such a Charge, and our Religion differing, I have now made choice to go over Camerade to a very worthy Gentleman, Baron *Altham's* Son, whom I knew in *Stanes*, when my Brother was there. Truly I hold him to be one of the hopefullest 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 bin tied to have staid three years abroad in the other Imployment at least, but I hope to get back from this by God's grace before a twelvemonth 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 *Palsgrave* 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 Duke of *Bavaria* his Uncle is chosen Elector and Arch-sewer of the *Roman* Empire in his place (but as they say, in an imperfect *Diet*) and with this *Proviso* that the transferring of this Election upon the *Bavarian* shall not prejudice the next Heir. There is one *Count Mansfelt* that begins to get a great Name in *Germany*, and he with the Duke of *Brunswick* who is a Temporal Bishop of *Halverstade*, have a considerable Army on foot for the Lady *Elizabeth*, which in the *Low-Countrys*, and some parts of *Germany* is caleld the *Queen of Boheme*, 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 Vere*, which should have bin greater, or none at all.

My Lord of *Buckingham* having bin long since Master of the Horse at Court, is now made Master also of all the *Wooden-horses* 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 betray'd their greatest Secrets, which he was capable to know more than another, having bin formerly a Merchant.

I think I shall have no opportunity to write to you again till I be t'other 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 [illegible]

March 19. 1621.

XIII.

To Sir John Smith, *Knight.*

SIR.

THe first ground I set foot upon after this my second transmarine voyage was *Tenere* (the *Scots* Staple) in *Zealand*, thence we sail'd 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 mixt of both like the *Hippocentaure* who was half man and half horse; this Engin hath wheels and sails that will hold above twenty people, and goes with the wind, being drawn or mov'd 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 Bisons which they were Christned 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 mention'd, which is not yet 200 years ago; and the Story is this: That the Countess walking about her door after dinner there came a Begger-woman with 2 Children upon her back to beg alms, the Countess asking whether those Children were her own she answer'd, she had them both at one birth, and by one Father who was her husband: The Countess would not only give her any alms but reviled her bitterly, saying, It was impossible for one man to get two children at once: The Begger-woman being thus provok'd 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 deliver'd, there comes out of the womb a living creature besides the child, call'd *Zuchie*, likest a *Bat* of any other creature, which the Midwives throw into the fire, holding sheets before the chimney left it should fly away. Mr. *Altham* desires his Service be presented

to

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 pleas'd to favour me withal, I left at Mr. *Sells* the 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. of *April*, 1622. *Your humble Servitor*, J. H.

XIV.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord Vicount Colchester, *after Lord* Rivers.

Right honourable,

THe commands your Lordship pleas'd 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 torren Travel: Marquis *Spinal* is return'd from the *Palatinat*, where he was so fortunate, that like *Cæsar* he came, saw, and overcame, notwithstanding that huge Army of the Princes of the Union, consisting of 40000 men, whereas his was under twenty, but made up of old tough blades, and veteran Commanders. He hath now chang'd his coat, and taken up his old Commission again from *Don Philippo*, whereas during that Expedition, he call'd himself *Cæsars* Servant. I hear the Emperor hath transmitted the upper Palatinate to the Duke of *Bavaria*, as caution for those moneys he hath expended in those wars: And the King of *Spain* is the Emperors Commissary for the lower Palatinate: they both pretend that they were bound to obey the Imperial summons to assist *Cæsar* in these wars, the one as he was Duke of *Burgundy*, the other of *Bavaria*, both which Countrys are feudetary to the Empire, else they had incurr'd the Imperial ban. st is feard this *German* war will be as the *Frenchman* saith, *de longue halaine* long breath'd, for there are great powers on both sides, and they say, the King of *Denmark* is arming.

Having made a leasurely sojourn in this Town, I had spare hours to couch in writing a survey of these Countrys which I have now traversd the second 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

Antwerp, May 1. 1622. *My Lord*,

Your ever 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 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. Amongst the rest the Earls of *Flanders* and *Holland*, were most considerable; but of them two he of *Holland* being homegeable to none, and having *Friesland* and *Zeland* added, was the more potent: in process 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* the fifth they all met as so many lines drawn from the circumference to the centre, who Lording as supreme head not only over the fifteen temporal, but the two Spiritual, *Leige* and *Utrecht*, had a design to reduce them to a Kingdom, which his Son *Philip* the second 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 wch they are so eager to maintain, and whereof some cannot stand with a Monarchy without incongruity. *Philip* the second at his inauguration was sworn to observe them, and at his departure he oblig'd 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 Forren Souldiers 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 *Distaff* an unweldy woman to govern, he came not only short of his promise, but procur'd a Dispensation from the *Pope*, to be absolv'd of his Oath, and all this by the council of the Cardinal *Granvill*, 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 compos'd of the natives of the Land, by making it appealable to the Council of *Spain*, and by adding to the former Oath of Allegeance, (all which conduc'd to settle the inquisition, and to curb the conscience) the broyls began; to appease which Ambassa-

dors were dispatch'd to *Spain*, whereof the two first came to violent deaths, the one being beheaded, the other poison'd. But the two last *Egmond* and *Horn* were nourish'd still with hopes until *Philip* the Second had prepar'd an Army under the conduct of the Duke of *Alva*, to compose the difference by Arms. For as soon as he came to the Government, he establish'd the *Bloet-rad*, as the Complainants term'd it, *a Counsel 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 alter'd. This powr'd oyl on the fire formerly kindled, and put all in combustion: The Prince of *Orange* retires, thereupon his Eldest Son was surpriz'd, and sent as Hostage to *Spain*, and above 5000 Families quit the Country, many Towns revolted, but were afterwards reduc'd to obedience; which made the Duke of *Alva* say, That the *Netherlands* appertain'd to the King of *Spain* not only by *Descent*, but *Conquest*; and for cumble of his Victories, when he attempted to impose the tenth Penny for maintenance of the Garisons in the Cittadels he had erected at *Grave*, *Utrecht*, and *Antwerp*, (where he caus'd his Statue made of *Canon-brass* to be erected, trampling the *Belgians* under his feet) all the Towns withstood this Imposition, so that at last matters succeeding ill with him, and having had his Cosin *Pacecio* hang'd at *Flushing*-gates, after he had trac'd out the Platform of a Cittadel in that Town also, he receiv'd Letters of Revocation from *Spain*: Him succeeded *Don Luys de Requiseus*, who came short of his Predecessor in Exploits, and dying suddenly in the Field, the Government was invested for the time in the Counsel of State, the *Spanish* Soldiers being without a head, gather'd together to the number of 1600, and committed such outrages up and down, that they were proclaim'd Enemies to the State: Hereupon the Pacification of *Gant* was transacted, whereof amongst other Articles one was, That all foreign Soldiers should quit the Country: This was ratified by the King, and observ'd by *Don John* of *Austria*, who succeeded in the Government, yet *Don John* retain'd the *Lands knechts* 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 proclaim'd Enemy to the State: So the Archduke *Matthias* was sent for, who being a Man of small performance and improper for the times, was dismis'd, 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

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 *Luxenburg* and *Henault* had revolted, he reduc'd *Ghent*, *Tournay*, *Bruges*, *Malins*, *Brussels*, *Antwerp*, (which three last he recover'd at one time) and divers other great Towns to the *Spanish* obedience again, he had sixty thousand 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* the Second, 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 Cosen the Emperor. Hereupon the business 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 bin at for so many years, and that matters began to exalperate 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 infranchisement, and finding him inexorable, being incited also by that Ban which was published against the Prince of *Orange*, that whosoever kill'd 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 unto them by the Queen of *England*, to whom he was a Sutor) for their Prince, who attempted to render himself absolute, and so thought to surprize *Antwerp*, where he receiv'd an ill favor'd repulse; yet nevertheless the *United Provinces*, for so they term'd themselves ever after, fearing to disturb their next great Neighbor *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 far stronger and stronger, he answer'd 'em, That his *Shot* was nearer to him than his *Doublet*: Then had they recourse to Q. *Elizabeth*, who partly for her own security, partly for interest in Religion reacht them a supporting hand, and so sent them Men, Money and a Governour the Earl of *Leicester*, who not symbolizing with their humour, was quickly revok'd, yet without any outward dislike on the Queen's side; for she left her Forces still with them, but upon their expence: She sent them afterwards some considerable sums of monies, and she receiv'd *Flushing* and the *Brill* for caution: Ever since the *English* have bin the best friends to their war, and achievers of the greatest exploits amongst them; having thus made sure work with the *English*, they made

your,

young Count *Maurice* their Governour, who for 25 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 unto *singly* with the King of *Spain*, unless the *Provinces* that yet remain'd under him, would engage themselves for the performance of what was articled; besides they would not treat either of Peace or Truce, unless they were declar'd *Free States*, all which was granted; so by the Intervention of the *English* and *French* Ambassadors, a Truce was concluded for 12 years.

These Wars did so drain and discommodate the K. of *Spain*, by reason of his distance (every Soldier that he sent either from *Spain* or *Italy* costing him near upon a hundred Crowns before he could be rendred in *Flanders*) that notwithstanding his Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*, it plung'd him so deeply in debt, that having taken up Monies in all the chief Banks of *Christendom*, he was fore'd to publish a *Diploma*, wherein he dispens'd 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 wrastling thus with his own Subjects, the *Turk* took his opportunity to get from him *Tunis* and the *Goletta*, the Trophies of *Charles* the Fifth his Father. So eager he was in this quarrel, that he imploy'd the utmost of his strength and industry to reduce this People to his Will, in regard he had an intent to make these *Provinces* his main Rendevous and Magazin of Men of war, which his Neighbors 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 snatch'd me: The *Netherlands* who had bin formerly knit and concentred under one Sovereign Prince, were thus dismembred; and as they subsist now, they are a *State* and a *Province*: The *Province* having 10 of the 17 at least, is far greater, more populous, better soiled, and more flor'd 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 Sluces, 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

 market

marks being taken away are inaccessible, by reason of Shelves of Sands. Touching the transaction of these *Provinces* which the King of *Spain* made as a Dowry to the Archduke *Albertus*, upon marriage with the *Infanta* (who thereupon left his red Hat, and *Toledo* Miter, the chiefest Spiritual Dignity in Christendom for revenue, after the *Papacy*) it was fring'd with such cautelous restraints, that he was sure to keep the better end of the staff still to himself, for he was to have the tutelle 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; and hereunto that King *Philip* reserv'd still to himself all the Cittadels 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 Coyns bears 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 Abbats, 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 alwaies 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*; as also by the example of the Arch-Duke and the *Infanta*, who are devout in an intense degree. There are two Supreme Counsels, the Privy-Counsel, 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 Surintendence 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 prising of Coyn, the looking to the Confines and Extent of the *Provinces*, and the Enacting of all new Ordinances. Of these two Counsels there is never a *Spaniard*, but in the actual Counsel of War their Voices are predominant: There is also a Court of Finances or Exchequer, whence all those that have the fingring of the King's Money must draw a Discharge. Touching matters of Justice, their Law is mixt between Civil and Common, with some Clauses of Canon: The High Court of Parliament is at *Maline*, whither all Civil Causes may be brought by Appeal from other Towns except some that have Municipal Privileges, and are Soverein in their own Jurisdictions, as *Bois* in *Hainault*, and a few more.

The Prime Province or Dignity is *Brabant*, which amongst many

other priveledges it enjoyeth, 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 three days journey in length; *Ghent*, its Metropolis, is reputed the greatest town of *Europe*, whence arose the Proverb, *Les flamene tient unGan, qui tiendra Paris dedans*. But the beautifullest, richest, strongest, and most priviledg'd City is *Antwerp* in *Brabant*, being the *Marquisat* of the holy Empire, and drawing near to the nature of a *Hans*-Town, for she pays the Prince 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 moneys, and here our *Gresham* got all his wealth, and built our Royal Exchange by model of that here. The Merchandise was 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 'tis fatal to all Kingdoms, States, Towns and Language to have their period, so this renown'd Mart hath suffer'd a shrew'd declipse, yet no utter downfall, the Exchange of the King of *Spains* money and some small land traffic keeping still life in her, though nothing so full of vigor as it was. Therefore there is no town under the Archduke where the States have more conceal'd Friends than in *Antwerp*, who would willingly make them her Masters in hope to recover her former commerce, which after the last twelve years truce began to revive a little, the States permitting to pass by *Lillo*'s Sconce, which commands the River of *Scheld*, and lieth in the teeth of the Town some small cross-laid ships to pass hither: There is no place hath been more passive than this and more often pillag'd, amongst other times she was once plunder'd most miserably by the *Spaniards* under the conduct of a Priest, immediately upon *Don John of Austria*'s death, she had then her *Stat-house* burn'd; which had cost a few years before above twenty thousand Crowns the building, & 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 Bandevous, some in *Zeeland*, some in *Holland*, specially in *Amsterdam* which rose upon the fall of this Town, as *Lisbon* did from *Venice* upon the discovery of the *Cape of good Hope*, though [illegible] never so much as [illegible].

I will now hear my discourse to the united *Provinces* as they term them-

themselves, which are six in number, *viz. Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Overyssel, Gronninghen* and *Utrecht*, three parts of *Gilderland*, and some Frontier Towns and places of contribution in *Brabant* and *Flanders*: In all these there is no innovation at all introduc'd, notwithstanding this great change in point of Government, except that the Colledge of States represent the Duke or Earl in times pass'd, which Colledge consists of the chiefest Gentry of the Country, surintendants 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 publick welfare of the whole Province, and what they vote stands for Law. These being assembled consult of all matters of State, Justice, and War, the Advocate who is prime in the Assembly propounds the business, 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 chang'd with the great Council have the supreme judicature, from whose Decrees there's no appeal, but a revision, and then some of the choicest Lawyers amongst them are appointed.

For their *Oppidan* Government they have variety of Offices, a Scout, Burgmasters, a Baluc, and *Weetschappers*: The Scout is chosen by the States, who with the Baluc have 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 *Spanish, German French*, and *English*, and agreeing with none of them, they highted at last upon a man of their own mould Prince *Maurice*, now their General, in whom concurr'd divers parts suitable to such a charge, having been train'd up in the wars by his father, who with three of his Uncles and divers of his kindred, finished their lives in the States quarrel; he hath thriven well since he came to the Government, he clear'd *Frieland, Overyssel* and *Groningen*, in lets then 13 months: He hath now continued in his Governor and General by Sea and Land above 20 years; he hath the election of Magistrates, the pardoning of Malefactors, and divers other Prerogatives, not inferior to those of the Princes of Sovereignty, and of the authority of the Princes Constituted *Holland*: Now it cannot say 'tis a mere nominal employment, yet he hath a limited allowance, nor hath he

any implicit command when he goes to the field, for either the Counsel 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 amongst the States, no where are there lesser insolencies committed upon the Burger, nor robberies upon the Country Boors, nor are the Officers permitted to insult over the common Souldier: 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, 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 sixty thousand they have in perpetual pay by Land and Sea, at home, and in the Indies: The King of *France* was wont to maintain a Regiment, but since *Henry* the Great's death the payment hath bin neglected. The means they have to maintain these Forces to pay their Governor, to discharge all other expence, as the preservation of their Dikes, which comes to a vast expence yearly, is the ancient revenue of the Counts of *Holland*, the impropriate Church-livings, Imposts upon all merchandize, wch is greater upon exported than imported goods, excise 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 year: 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 Holks or Buises, which in the voyages they make, return above a Million in Herrings; moreover their fishing for Greenfish and Salmon amounts to so much more; and for their Cheese and Butter, tis 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. Trafic is their general profession, being all either Merchants or Mariners, & having no Land to manure, they turrow the Sea for their living; and this universality of Trade, and their banks of adventures attributes the wealth so equally, that few amongst them are exceeding rich, or exceeding poor: Gentry amongst them is very thin, and as in all Democraties little respected, and coming to dwell in Towns they soon mingle with the Merchant, and so degenerate: Their Joy being all 'twixt marsh and medow 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 drops near *Haerlem* there is as much milk milk'd 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 constrain'd 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.

Amongst all the confederate Provinces, *Holland* is most predominant, which being but six hours journey in breadth, contains nine and forty wall'd Towns, and all these within a day's journey one of another. *Amsterdam* for the present is one of the greatest Mercantil Towns in *Europe*. To her is appropriated the East and West *Indie* Trade, whither she sends yearly 40 great Ships, with another Fleet to the *Baltick* Sea,but they send not near so many to the *Mediterranean*, as *England*: Other Towns are passably rich, and flor'd with shipping, but not one very poor, which proceeds from the wholsom Policy they use, to assign every Town some firm Staple Commodity, as to (their Maiden-Town) *Dort* the *German* Wines and Corn,to *Midlebourgh* the *French* and *Spanish* Wines, to *Trevere* (the Prince of *Orange* his Town) the *Scots* Trade, *Leyden* in recompense of her long Siege was erected to an University, which with *Franiker* in *Friseland* is all they have; *Haerlem* for Knitting and Weaving hath some Priviledge, *Rotterdam* hath the *English* Cloth, and this renders their Towns so equally rich and populous. They allow free harbor to all Nations, with liberty of Religion, (the *Roman* only excepted) as far as the *Jew* who hath two *Synagogues* allow'd him but only in *Amsterdam*,which piece of Policy they borrow of the *Venetian*, with whom they have very intimate intelligence; only the *Jew* 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.

I have bin 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 bin renown'd in time past for feats of War: amongst the States,the *Hollander* or *Batavian* hath bin 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 *Frisons* also have bin famous for those large Priviledges wherewith *Charlemain* endow'd them, the *Flemins* also have bin illustrious for the Martial Exploits

they

they atchiev'd in the East, where two of the Earls of *Flanders* were crown'd Emperors. They have all a *Genius* inclin'd to Commerce, very intentive 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 us'd up and down Christendom were first us'd by them; and for the Mariners Compass, though the matter be disputable, 'twixt the *Neapolitan*, 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 hanted with all sorts of Foreigners as the *Netherlands*, which makes the Inhabitants as well Women as Men so well vers'd in all sorts of Languages, so that in Exchange time one may hear 7 or 8 sorts of Tongues spoken upon their Bourses: nor are the Men only expert herein, but the Women and Maids also in their common hostries; and in *Holland* the Wif's are so well vers'd in Bargaining, Cifring and Writing, that in the absence of their Husbands in long Sea-voages they beat the Trade at home, and their words will pass in equal credit: These Women are wonderfully sober, though their Husbands make commonly their Bargains in drink, and then are they more cautelous. This confluence of Strangers makes them very populous, which was the cause that *Charles* the Emperor said, That all the *Netherlands* seem'd 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 shew'd how highly they esteem'd them, and I believe if *Philip* the Second had visited them sometimes, matters had not gone so ill.

There is no part of the Earth, considering the small circuit of Country, which is estimated to be but as big as the fifth part of *Italy*, where one may find more differing Customs, Tempers and Humors of People, than in the *Netherlands*: The *Wallon* is quick and sprightful, accostable and full of Compliment, and gawdy in apparel, like his next Neighbor the *French*: The *Flemin* and *Brabanter*, somewhat more slow and more sparing of Speech: The *Hollander* slower than he, more surly and respectless 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 Soyl, which works so strongly upon the Humors, that when People of a more vivacious and nimble temper come to mingle with them, their Children are observ'd to partake rather of the Soyl than the Syre; and so it is in all Animals besides.

Thus have I hudled up some Observations of the *Low-Countries*,

beseeching your Lordship would be pleas'd 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. *Maii*, 1622. *A most humble 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 streighter tie, for I am your Brother, by your late Marriage, which hath turn'd 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 prophaneness to add the Saying of the *Lyric* Poet *Horace*, in whom know you delight much, and I sent it you as a kind *Epithalamium*, and wish it may be verified in you both:

Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Thus English'd.

That Couple's more than trebly blest
Which Nuptial Bonds do so combine,
That no distaste can them untwine,
Till the last day send both to rest.

So, dear Brother, I much rejoyce for this Alliance, and wish you may encrease and multiply to your Hearts content.

May the 20. 1622. *Your affectionate Brother*, J. H.

XVII.

To my Brother Doctor Howell: *from* Brussels.

SIR,

I Had yours in *Latin* at *Rotterdam*, whence I correspondeed with you in the same Language; I heard though not from you, since I came from *Brussels*, that our Sister *Anne* is lately married to Mr. *Hugh Penry*, I am heartily glad of it, and wish the rest of our Sisters were so well bestow'd; for I know Mr. *Penry* to be a Gentleman

of

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 receiv'd a foyl lately in *Germany*, and that the Duke of *Brunswick*, *alias* Bishop of *Halverstadt* hath lost one of his Arms: this makes them vapour here extreamly, 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 *Palsgrave*, where amongst divers other passages, they feign'd a Post to come puffing upon the Stage, and being ask'd what news, he answer'd, how the *Palsgrave* was like to have shortly a huge formidable Army, for the King of *Denmark* was to send him an hundred thousand, the *Hollanders* a hundred thousand, and the King of Great *Britain* a hundred thousand; but being ask'd thousands of what? he reply'd, The first would send 100000 *Red Herrings*, the second 100000 *Cheeses*, and the last 100000 Ambassadors; alluding to Sir *Richard Weston*, and Sir *Edward Conway*, my Lord *Carlile*, Sir *Arthur Chichester*, and lastly the Lord *Digby*, who have bin all imploied in quality of Ambassadors in less than two years, since the beginning of these *German* Broils; touching the *last*, having bin with the Emperor 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 *Mansfelt*'s Troops from disbanding, by pawning his own Argentry and jewels, he pass'd this way, where they say the Archduke did esteem him more than any Ambassadour that ever was in this Court, and the report is yet 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* & the *Dale*, especially to that most vertuous 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.

June 10, 1621. *Your Brother, J. H.*

XVIII.

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

SIR,

Friendship is that great chain of human society; and intercourse of Letters is one of the chiefest link 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 vertuous ty of *Academic* Love be still strengthned (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more vigor. I am now in *Paris*, and there is weekly opportunity to receive

and

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 *Eſpernon* 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 pardon'd all her Complices: and now there is an univerſal Peace in this Country, which 'tis thought will not laſt long, for there is a war intended againſt them of the Reform'd Religion; for this King though he be ſlow in Speech, yet is he active in Spirit, and loves Motion. I am here camrade to a Gallant young Gentleman my old acquaintance who is full of excellent Parts, which he hath acquir'd by a choice Breeding, 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 Commends, and much endear'd 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 undeſerv'd Favors for which I ſtand oblig'd to your ſelf and my noble Lady, ſince the time I had the happineſs to come firſt under your roof, and the command you pleas'd 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 threatneth to block up this Spring with an Army by Sea, under the Command of the D. 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 *Loudun* where

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 redress'd; and they say this being unperform'd, 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 incens'd against them, that their Deputies can have neither access to his Person, nor audience of his Councel, 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 Reform'd Religion*, he will hear them. The breach between them is grown so wide, that the King resolves upon a siege. This resolution of the King is much fomented by the *Roman Clergy*, specially 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 this Design: This Resolution also is much push'd on by the Gentry, who besides the particular Employments and Pay they shall receive hereby, are glad to have their young King train'd 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 sour grapes their Fathers tasted in the time of the *League*; for if the King begins with *Rochel*, 'tis fear'd 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 Maritim Town, and Landward they can by Sluces drown a League's distance; 'tis fortify'd with mighty thick Walls, Bastions and Counterscarps, and those according to the modern rules of Enginry. This amongst other cautionary Towns, was granted by *Henry* the Fourth, to them of the Religion for a certain term of years, which being expir'd, the King saith they are devolv'd 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 meerly Protestant, where he hath introduc'd two years since the public exercise of the *Mass*, which had not lain long there fifty years before; he alter'd 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 Parlement for the whole Kingdom of *Navarr* (that's under *France*) he hath put it to nay, and published an Edict, That the *Navarrois* should come to *Tolouse*, the chief

Town

Town of *Languedoc*; and lastly, he left behind him a Garison in the said Town of *Navarin*. These and other grievances they of the Religion proposed to the King lately, desiring his Majesty would let them enjoy still those Priviledges his Predecessor *Henry* the Third, and his Father *Henry* the Fourth 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 *lov'd* them, nor *fear'd* them: So the business is like to bleed sore on both sides; nor is there yet any appearance of prevention.

There was a scuffle lately here 'twixt the Duke of *Nevers* and the Cardinal of *Guise*, who have had a long Sute in Law about an Abbey, and meeting the last week about the Palace, from words they fell to blows, the Cardinal struck the Duke first, and so were parted, but in the afternoon there appear'd 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 abid 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 trespass'd too much upon your patience, therefore I will conclude for the present, but will never cease to profess my self

Your thrice humble and ready Servitor,

Paris, *Aug.* 18. 1622. J. H.

XX.

To D. Caldwall *Esq*; *from* Poyssy.

My dear D.

TO be free from *English*, and to have the more conveniency to fall close to our business, Mr. *Altham* and I are lately retir'd from *Paris* to this Town of *Poyssy*, a pretty gentile 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* the Ninth, who in the Catalogue of the *French* King is call'd *Saint Lewis*, which Title was confirm'd by the *Pope*, was baptiz'd in this little Town; and after his return from *Egypt* and other places against the *Saracens*, being ask'd by what Title he would be distinguish'd from the rest of his Predecessors after his death, he answer'd, That he desir'd to be call'd *Lewis of Poyssy*: reply being made that there were divers other Places and Cities of renown,

renown, where he had perform'd brave *exploits*, and obtain'd famous Victories, therefore it was more fitting that some of those places should denominate him: no, said he, I desire to be call'd *Lewis* of *Poyssy*, because there I got the most glorious victory that ever I had, for *there I overcame the Devil*: meaning that he was Christned there.

I sent you from *Antwerp* a silver Dutch Table book, I desire to hear of the receit of it in your next: I must desire you (as I did once at *Rouen*) to send me a doz. pair of the whitest kidskin glov's for women, and half a dozen pair of knif's, by the Merchants post, and if you want any thing that *France* can afford: I hope you know what power you have to dispose of

Poyssy, Semptem. 7. *Yours*
1622. J. H.

XXII.

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 I have now pass'd the brunt of it, God hath been pleas'd to reprieve me, & reserve me for more days which I hope to have grace to number better; Mr. *Altham* and I having retired to a small Town from *Paris* for more privacy, and sole conversation with the Nation; I tyed my self to a task for the reading of so many books in such a compass of time, and thereupon to make good my word to my self, I us'd to watch many nights together, though it was in the depth of Winter, but returning to this Town, I took cold in the head, and so that mass of rheum which had gathered by my former watching, turn'd to an impostume in my head, whereof I was sick above forty days, at the end they cauterized and made an issue in my cheeck to make vent for the impostume, and that sav'd my life: At first they let me blood, and I parted with above fifty ounces in less than a fortnight, for *Phlebotomy* is so much practis'd here, that if ones little finger ake, they presently open a vein, and so ballance the blood on both sides, they usually let blood in both arms. And the commonness of the thing seems to take away all fear, insomuch that the very women when they find themselves indispos'd, 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 repair'd again. I was eighteen days and nights that I had no sleep but short imperfect slumbers and those too procur'd by potions: the tumor

'ist came so about my throat that I had scarce vent left for respiration, and my body was brought so low with all sorts of Physic, that I appear'd like a meer *Skeleton.* When I was indifferently well recover'd some of the Doctors and Chirurgions, that tended me, gave me a visit, and amongst other things, they fell in discourse of wines which was the best, & so by degrees they fell upon other beverages, and one Doctor in the company who had bin in *England*, told me that we have a drink in *England* call'd Ale, which he thought was the wholsom'st liquor that could go into ones guts, for whereas the body of man is supported by two columns, *viz.* the natural heat and radical moysture, he said, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the encrease 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 impair'd 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 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 pleas'd further to impart my love amongst my brothers and sisters with all my kinsmen and Friends in the Country, so I rest.

Paris Decembris 10. 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 pleas'd to send me was receiv'd, and I begin to think my self something more then 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 'tis thought a sum of money will make up the breach; and to this end some think all these bravado's were made. The Duke of *Laynes* 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 red liveries, and a hundred thousand livers every year Pension: The

of

old Duke of *Lesdiguieres*, one of the ancientest Soldiers of *France*, and a Protestant, is made his Lieutenant.

But in regard all Christendom rings of this Favorite, 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 his 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 prefer'd to be one of his *Pages*, who finding him industrious, and a good waiter, allow'd him 300 Crowns Pension *per annum*, which he husbanded so well, that he maintain'd 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 Favor by a singular Dexterity and Art he hath in *Faulconry*, and by shooting at birds flying, wherein the King took great pleasure, that he hath soar'd to this pitch of honor. 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 unto him rules of Policy, by whose Compass he steers his course, which 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 *Montbazon*'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 *Luxemburgh*, of which House there have bin 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 Marshall. There are lately two Ambassadors extraordinary come hither from *Venice* about the *Valtoline*, but their negociation is at a stand, until the return of an Ambassador extraordinary which is gone to *Spain*: Ambassadors also are come from the *Hague* for payment of the *French* Regiment there, which hath bin neglected these ten years, and to know whether his Majesty will be pleas'd to continue their pay any longer, but their Answer is yet suspended: They have brought news that the seven Ships which were built for his Majesty in the *Fyfel* are ready, to this he answer'd, that he desires to have ten more built; for he intends to finish that design which his

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 my ſelf happy: So wiſhing you and my noble Lady continuance of health, and encreaſe of honor, I reſt

Your humble Servitor,
J. H.

Paris, 15. *Decembris*, 1622.

XXIII.

To Sir John North, *Knight.*

SIR,

I Confeſs you have made a perfect conqueſt of me by your late Favors, and I yield my ſelf your captif, 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 remov'd from off the *Sein* to the *Loire* to the fair Town of *Orleans*: there was here lately a mixt Proceſſion 'twixt Military and Eccleſiaſtic for the Maid of *Orleans*, which is perform'd every year very ſolemnly, her Statue ſtands upon the Bridge, and her Clothes are preſerv'd to this day, which a young Man wore in the Proceſſion; which makes me think that her Story though it ſound 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 march'd into the heart of the Country, beſieg'd *Orleans*, and driven *Charles* the Seventh to *Bourges* in *Berry*, which made him to be call'd, for the time, King of *Berry*; there came to his Army a Shepherdeſs, one *Anne de Arque*, who with a confident look and language told the King that ſhe was deſign'd by Heaven to beat the *Engliſh*, and drive them out of *France*. Therefore ſhe deſir'd a Command in the Army, which by her extraordinary confidence and importunity ſhe obtain'd, and putting on Man's Apparel ſhe prov'd ſo proſperous, that the Siege was raiſ'd from before *Orleans*, and the *Engliſh* were purſued to *Paris*, and forc'd to quit that, and driven to *Normandy*: ſhe us'd to go on with marvellous courage and reſolution, and her word was *Hara ha*: but in *Normandy* ſhe was taken priſoner, and the *Engliſh* had a fair revenge upon her, for by an Arreſt of the Parlia-

ment

ment of *Roüen* she was burnt for a Witch. There is a great business now afoot in *Paris* called the *Polette*, which if it take effect will tend to correct, at leastwise 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 fit 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 unto the King, according to the valuation of and perquisits of the Office: this business is now in hot agitation, but the issue is yet doubtful.

The last you sent I receiv'd by *Vacandary* in *Paris*: so highly honoring your excellent parts and merit, I rest, now that I understand *French* indifferent well, no more your (*the*) *Servant*, but

Orleans, 3. *Martii*, 1622. *Your most faithful Servitor*, J. H.

XXIV.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight.*

SIR,

WEre I to fraight 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 such a piercing Judgment to discern semblances from realities.

The Queen Mother is come at last to *Paris*, where she hath not bin since *Ancre*'s death; the King is also return'd post from *Bourdeaux*, having travers'd most part of his Kingdom, he settled Peace every where he pass'd, and quash'd divers Insurrections, and by his Obedience to his Mother, and his Lenity towards all his Partisans at *Pont de Cé*, where above 400 were slain; and notwithstanding that he was victorious, yet he gave a general Pardon; he hath gain'd 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 questionless a fermenting against the Protestants; the Duke of *Epernon* in a kind of a *Rodomontado* 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 *Gascon* Duke, who is now the oldest Soldier in *France*; having come lately to *Paris* he treated with a Pander to procure him a Castelan, and if she was a

Damoisel (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 *Damoisel*'s apparel, 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 *Vieil Routier*, an old tried Soldier, should suffer himself to be so cozen'd, as to pay for a Citizen after the rate of a Gentlewoman; the little Duke grew half wild hereupon, and commenc'd an Action of Fraud against the Pander, but what became of it I cannot tell you, but all *Paris* rung of it. I hope to return now very shortly to *England*, where amongst the rest of my noble Friends, I shall much rejoyce to see and serve you, whom I honour with no vulgar affection, so I am

Your true Servitor,

Orleans, 5, Martii, 1622. J. H.

XXV.

To my Cosen Mr. Will. Martin, *at* Brussels: *from* Paris.

Dear Cosen,

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 unto me, which was so neatly couch'd and curioully knit together, that your Letter might serve for a pattern to the best Intelligencer. I am sorry the affairs of the Prince *Palsgrave* go so untowardly, 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 on the Religion here; and there are visible preparations afoot already. Amongst other, that shrink in the shoulders at it, the King's Servants are not very well pleas'd with it, in regard besides *Scots* and *Swiffers*, there are divers of the King's Servants that are Protestants. If a Man go to *raging at Mass*, for reason of State, the poor King hath something to justify this detain; for the Protestants being so numerous, and having near upon fifty Prefidiary walled Towns in their hands for caution, they have power to distur *France* when they please, and being abetted by a foreign Prince give the King Law, and you know as well as I, how they have made use of to kindle a fire in *France*: Therefore rather th

they ſhould be utterly ſuppreſt, I believe the *Spaniard* himſelf would reach them his *Ragged-ſtaff* to defend them.

I ſend you here incloſ'd another from Maſter *Altham* who reſpects you dearly, and we remembred you lately at *la pomme du pin* in the beſt liquor of the *French* Grape. I ſhall be ſhortly for *London*, where I ſhall not rejoyce 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)

As ſoon as little Ant
Shall lick the Ocean dry,
A Snail ſhall creep about the World,
Ere theſe Affections dye.

So, my dear Coſen, may Vertue be your guide, and Fortune your Companion.

Paris, 18. *Martii*, 1622.

Yours while
Jam. Howell.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION III.

I.

To my Father.

SIR,

I AM safely return'd 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 *Gondamar* doth strongly negotiate a Match 'twixt our Prince, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*; but at his first Audience there happen'd an ill-favor'd accident, (pray God it prove no ill augury) for my Lord of *Arundell* being sent to accompany him to *White-Hall*, upon a Sunday in the afternoon, as they were going over the Tarrass, it broke under them, but only one was hurt in the Arm: *Gondamar* said, that he had not car'd 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 favor; the Countess his Mother sways also much at Court, she brought Sir *Henry Montague* from delivering Law on the *K. 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, though his Purse had bled deeply for it (above 20000 *l.*) which made a Lord of this Land to ask him at his return from Court, *Whether he did not find that wood was extream dear at New-market*, for there he receiv'd 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

till the other be down, so it is in the affairs of the world commonly, one man riseth at the fall of the other.

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. March 22. 1622. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

II.

To the Honourable Mr. John Savage (*now Earl* 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 requir'd, nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clammer ore the *Alps* and *Apennin* to wait upon you, as they have adventur'd 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 wean'd 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 vertue, and to beautifie within that comly Edifice which nature hath built without you. I know your reputation is precious to you, as it should 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 Theater of Vertue; But though *Italy* give milk to *Vertue* 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-favored saying, that *Inglese Italianato è Diavolo incarnato*; An *Englishman Italianat*, is a Devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble inclinations to vertue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hard-

ly get the good will of the *latter*, unless the *first* speak a good word for you: when you go to *Rome*, you may happly see the ruins of two Temples, one dedicated to *Vertue*, the other to *Honour*, and there was no way to enter into the last, but through 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 *Ligorn*, amongst other things he intends to send you a whole Brawn in collers. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. *Thomas Savage*; and my kind respects to Mr. *Bold*, for English news, I know this packet comes fraited to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell noble Heir of Honour and command always

Lond. March 24 1622. *Your true Servitor,* J. H.

III.

To Sir James Crofts *Knight, at Saint* Osith *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 boysterous, the King retir'd not long since to *Newmarket* not very well pleas'd, 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, call'd them his Ambassadors, and in the large answer which he hath sent to the Speaker, he saith, that he must apply unto them a Speech of Queen *Elizabeths*, to an Ambassador of *Poland*, *Legatum expectavemus, 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*, which would not marry his Son without the advice of his Parliament; but afterwards the King grew so despicable abroad, that no Forreign 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 ingag'd in a matri-

monial

monial Treaty that he could not go back: he gave them also a check for taking Cognisance of those things which had their motion in the ordinary Courts of Justice, and that Sir *Edward Coke* (though these words were not inserted in the Answer) whom he thought to be *the fitest 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-liv'd, but broke up in discontent, and upon the point of dissolution, they made a Protest against divers particulars in the aforesaid Answer of his Majesty'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 *Gondamar* hath waded already very deep, and bin very active, and ingratiated himself with divers Persons of Quality, Ladies especially, yet he could do no good upon the Lady *Hatton*, who 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, amongst other passages of merriment, 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 business: He was also dispatching a Post lately for *Spain*, and the Post having receiv'd 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 should commend him to the Sun, for he had not seen him a great while, and in* Spain *he should be sure to find him.* So with my most humble Service to my Lord of *Colchester*, I rest

London, Mar. 24. 1622.

Your most humble Servitor,
J. H.

IV.

To my Brother Mr. Hugh Penry.

SIR,

THe *Welsh* Nag you sent me, was deliver'd me in a very good plight, and I give you a thouland 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 Mungrel Race, but a true Mountaineer; for besides his roughness and strength of lungs up a Hill, he is quickly curried, and content with short Commons: I believe he hath not bin long a highway traveller, for whereas other Horses, when they pass by an Inn or Alehouse, use to make towards them to give them a friendly visit, this Nag roundly goes on, and scorns

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 *Landaff*, *Davenant*, *Ward*, and *Belcanquell*, 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't.

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

But I will confront this *Distich* with another I read in *France* of the *Jesuits* in the Town of *Dole*, towards *Lorain*; they had a great House given them called *L'arc (arcum)* and upon the River of *Loire*, *Henry* the Fourth 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,

London, April 16.
1622. J. H.

V.

To the Lord Vicount Colchester.

My Good Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordship's of the last week, and according to your command, I send here inclos'd the *Venetian* Gazet: of foreign *Avisos*, they write that *Mansfelt* hath bin beaten out of *Germany*, and is come to *Sedan*, and 'tis thought the Duke of *Bovillon* will set him up again with a new Army: Marquis *Spinola* hath newly sat down before *Bergken 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 clear'd the *Loire*, by taking

Jersean

Jerseau and *Saumur*, where Monsieur *du Plessis* sent him the Keys, which are promis'd to be deliver'd him again, but I think *ad Græcas Calendas*. He hath bin also before *Saint John d'Angeli*, where the young Cardinal of *Guise* died, being struck down by the puff of a Cannon-bullet, which put him in a burning fever, and made an end of him, the last Town that's taken was *Clerac*, which was put to 50000 Crowns ransom; many were put to the Sword, and divers Gentlemen drown'd 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 *Rochel*. My Lord *Hays* is by this time, 'tis thought, with the Army, for Sir *Edward Harbert* is return'd, having had some clashings and counterbuffs with the Favorite *Luynes*, wherein he comported himself gallantly: there is a fresh report blown over, that *Luynes* is lately dead, in the Army of the Plague, some say of the Purples, the next Cousen-german to it; which the Protestants give out to be the just Judgment of Heaven faln 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 bin the greatest Favorite for the time that ever was in *France*, having from a simple *Faulconer* come to be High Constable, and made himself and his younger Brother Grand Dukes and Peers; and his second Brother *Cadenet* 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

Lond. 12. *Aug.* 1622. *Your Lordship's obliged Servitor,* H. J.

VI.
To my Father: from London.

SIR,

I Was at a dead stand in the course of my Fortunes, when it pleas'd 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, amongst whom the chiefest were Sir *Robert Napper*, and Captain *Leat*, proposed unto me, that they had a great business in the Court of *Spain* in agitation many years, nor was it now their business 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 assur'd me that the Employment should tend both

both to my benefit and credit. Now the Business is this: There was a great *Turky* Ship called the *Vineyard*, sailing through the Streights towards *Constantinople*, but by distress of weather she was forc'd to put into a little Port called *Milo* 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 30000 *l.* they cavill'd at some small proportion of lead and tin, which they had only for the use of the Ship, which the Searchers alleged to be *ropa de contrabando*, prohibited goods, for by Article of Peace, nothing is to be carried to *Turky* that may *arm* or *vittle*. The *Vice-roy* of *Sardinia* hereupon seiz'd upon the whole Ship, and all her goods, landed the Master and Men in *Spain*, who coming to Sir *Charles Cornwalles* then Ambassador at that Court, Sir *Charles* could do them little good at present, therefore they came to *England*, and complain'd to the King and Councel: 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 *Vice-roy* of *Sardinia*, who had so apparently broke the Peace, and wrong'd his Subjects: Sir *Charles* (with Sir *Paul Pindar* a while) labour'd in the business, and commenc'd a Sute in Law, but he was call'd home before he could do any thing to purpose. After him Sir *John Digby* (now Lord *Digby*) went Ambassador to *Spain*, and amongst other things he had that particular Commission from his Majesty invested in him, to prosecute the sute in his own Royal Name: Thereupon he sent a well-qualified Gentleman, Mr. *Walsingham Gresly* 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 business in Mr. *Cotington*'s hands then Agent, but resumed it at his return; yet it proved such a tedious intricate sute, 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 fetcht. The Lord *Digby* is going now Ambassador extraordinary to the Court of *Spain*, upon the business of the Match, the restitution of the *Palatinate* and other high Affairs of State; therefore he is desirous to translate the Kings Commission touching this particular business to any Gentleman that is capable to follow it, and promiseth to assist him with the utmost of his power, and he saith he hath good reason to do so, in regard he hath now a good round share himself in it. About this business 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

ken upon very good terms touching expences & reward: So with my dear love to my brothers and sisters, with other kindred and friends in the Country, I rest

Your dutiful Son,
J. H.

London, 8. *Sept.* 1623.

VII.

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

Honourable Sir,

I Receiv'd your commands in a Letter which you sent me by Sir *John North*, 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 business which I hope will make me good returns: there have two Ambassadors and a Royal Agent follow'd 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 hill* before my departure; which will not be, till my Lord *Digby* sets forward. He goes in a gallant splendid Equipage, and one of the Kings ships is to take him in at *Plymouth*; and transport him to the *Corunna*, or Saint *Anderas*.

Since that sad distaster which befel Archbishop *Abbot*, 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 bin a Commission awarded to debate whether upon this fact, whereby he hath shed human blood, he be not to be depriv'd of his Archbishoprick, and pronounc'd 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 meer contingency, and that there is no degree of men but is subject to misfortunes and casualties, they declar'd 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 *rectus in curia*, absolutely quitted and restor'd to all things: But for the wife of him which was kill'd, it was no misfortune to her, for he hath endowed her self, and her children with such an Estate, that they say her Husband could never have got: So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest

Your most obliged Servitor,
J. H.

London, 9. Nov. 1622.

VIII.

To Captain Nich. Leat *from* Madrid, *at his house in* London.

SIR,

I Am safely come to the Court of *Spain*, and although by reason of that misfortune which befel Mr. *Altham* and me, of wounding the Sergeants in *Lombardstreet*, 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 look'd on now in *Spain* than ordinary, because of the hopes there are of a match, which the merchant and communalty much desire, though 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 perus'd all the papers I could get into my hands, touching the business of the ship *Vineyard*, and I find that they are higher than I in bulk, though closely prest 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 mony is here, and he is *Majordomo*, Lord Steward to the *Infanta* Cardinal; if he hath wherewith, I doubt not but to recover the mony, for I hope to have come in a favorable conjuncture of time, and my Lord Ambassador who is so highly esteem'd here, doth assure me of his best furtherance. So praying I may prove as successful, as I shall be faithful in this great business, I rest

Yours to dispose of,

Madrid, 28 *Decem.* 1622. J. H.

IX.

To Mr. Arthur Hopton, *from* Madrid.

SIR,

SInce I was made happy with your acquaintance, I have receiv'd sundry strong evidences of your love and good wishes unto me, which have tyed me unto 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 engagement more and more.

The

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 hair'd, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her Face: She is full and big-lip'd, 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 talness agreeable to those years. The King is also of such a complexion, and is under twenty; he hath two Brothers, *Don Carlos*, and *Don Hernando*, who though a youth of twelve, yet is he 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 hair'd, and of a *Spanish* hue, he hath neither Office, Command, Dignity or Title, but is an individual companion to the King, and what Clothes soever are provided for the King, he hath the very same, and as often, from top to toe; he is the better belov'd of the 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 commend 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 your self, I rest

Madrid, 5. *Jan.* 1622.

Your true Friend to serve you, J. H.

X.

To Captain Nic. Leat: *from* Madrid.

SIR,

YOurs of the tenth of this present I receiv'd by Mr. *Simon Digby*, with the inclosed to your Son in *Alicant*, which is safely sent. Since my last unto you I had access to *Olivares* the Favorite that rules all; I had also audience of the King, to whom I deliver'd two Memorials since, in his Majesty's Name of *Great Britain* that a particular *Junta* of some of the Councel of State and War, might be appointed to determin the business: the last Memorial had so good success, that the Referees are nominated, whereof the chiefest is the Duke of *Infantado*. Here it is not the stile to claw and compliment with the King, or idolize him by *Sacred Sovereign*, and *Most Excellent Majesty*, 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 Justice of him.

him. When I have done with the *Vice-roy* here, I shall hasten my dispatches for *Sardinia:* since my last I went to liquidate the account more particularly, and I find that of the 250000 Crowns, there are above forty thousand due unto you; which might serve for a good Alderman's Estate.

Your Son in *Alicant* writes to me of another mischance that is befallen the Ship *Amity* about *Mayorca*, whereof you were one of the proprietaries; I am very sorry to hear of it, and touching any dispatches that are to be had hence, I shall endeavour to procure you them according to instructions.

Your Cosen *Richard Altham* remembers his kind Respects unto you, and sends you many Thanks for the pains you took in freeing us from that trouble which the scuffle with the Sergeants brought upon us. So I rest

Yours ready to serve you,

Madrid, 5. *Jan.* 1622. J. H.

XI.

To the Lord Vicount Colchester: *from* Madrid.

Right Honourable,

THe grand business of the Match goes so fairly on, that a special *Junta* is appointed to treat of it, the Names whereof I send you here inclos'd: they have proceeded so far, that most of the Articles are agreed upon: Mr. *George Gage* 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 *Bandino*, *Ludovisio*, and *la Susanna*, who are the main Men there, to whom the drawing of the Dispensation is referr'd.

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 thereabouts. My Lord *Digby* went to Court, and gave a round satisfaction in this point; for it was no voluntary, but a constrain'd act in the *English*, who being in the *Persian*'s Port, were suddenly embarqu'd for the Service: and the *Persian* herein did no more than what is usual amongst *Christian* Princes themselves, and which is oftner put in practice by the King of *Spain* and his *Vice-roys*, than by any other, *viz.* to make an Embargue of any strangers ship that rides within his Ports upon all occasions. It was fear'd this surprisal of *Ormus*, which was the greatest Mart in all the *Orient* for all sorts of Jewels, would have bred ill blood, and prejudic'd 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

who sways all, and 'tis thought he is not so much affected to an Alliance with *England* as his Predecessor the Duke of *Lerma* was, who set it first afoot 'twixt Prince *Henry*, and this Queen of *France*: The Duke of *Lerma* was the greatest *Privado*, the greatest Favorite that ever was in *Spain* since *Don Alvaro de Luna*, he brought himself, the Duke of *Uzeda* his Son, and the Duke of *Cea* his grandchild, to be all Grandees of *Spain*, which is the greatest Title that a *Spanish* Subject is capable of, they have a privilege to stand cover'd before the King, and at their Election there's no other Ceremony but only these three words by the King, *Cobrese por Grande*, cover your self for a Grandee, and that's 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 common, and indeed a commendable custom amongst the *Spaniard*, when he hath past his *Gran climacteric*, and is grown decrepit, to make a voluntary resignation of Offices, be they never so great and profitable (though I cannot say *Lerma* did so) and sequestring and weaning themselves, as it were, from all *mundan* 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 shew'd them the way, who left the Empire to his Brother, and all the rest of his Dominions to his Son *Philip* the Second, and so taking with him his two Sisters, he retired into a Monastery, they into a Nunnery: This doth not sute well 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 *Redoumentado* 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 *Stanza*,

Sobre les ombres d'este Atlante
Yazen en aquestas dias
Estas tres Monarquias.

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

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

At your Lordship's command,
J. H.

Madrid, 3. *Febr.* 1622.

XII. To

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 unto this King, how much his Majeſty of *Great Britain* ſince the beginning of theſe *German* Wars hath laboured to merit well of this Crown, and of the whole Houſe of *Auſtria* by a long and lingring patience, grounded ſtill upon aſſurances hence, that care ſhould be had of his Honor, his Daughter's Jointure, and Grand-childrens Patrimony; yet how groſly all things had proceeded in the Treaty at *Bruxels*, manag'd by Sir *Richard Weſton*, as alſo that in the *Palatinate* by the L. *Chicheſter*: how in Treating-time the Town and Caſtle of *Heidelberg* were taken, *Mankeim* beſieg'd, and all acts of Hoſtility us'd, notwithſtanding the fair Profeſſions made by this King, the *Infanta* at *Bruxels*, and other his Miniſters: How meerly out of reſpect to this King, he had neglected all Martial means which probably might have preſerv'd 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 rely'd 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 us'd 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 ſorted to any other iſſue, than to a plain Affront, and a high Injuring of both their Majeſties, though 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 offer'd unto 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 ſeventy days rendred into his hands; as alſo that there ſhall be within the ſaid term of ſeventy 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 held then to be reaſonable: And in caſe that this be not yielded unto by the Emperor, that then this King joyn forces which 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 be otherwiſe imploy'd, that they cannot give his Majeſty that aſſiſtance

distance 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 into *Germany*: Of all which, if the Earl of *Bristol* hath not from the King of *Spain* a direct assurance under his hand and Seal ten days after his audience, that then he take his leave and return to *England* to his Majesties presence, also to proceed in the negotiation of the match according to former instructions.

This was the main substance of his Majesties 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 Dow. 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 regimini Matris*, under the tutele of the Mother. This King demanded 14 years at first, then twelve, but now he is come to nine, which is newly condescended unto, I receiv'd 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* Pirats, I humbly desire your prayers may accompany

Your dutiful Son,

Madrid, 23 *Febr.* 1622. J. H.

XIII.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight.*

SIR,

YOurs of the second of *October* came to safe hand with the inclos'd; 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 had new instructions which Mr. *Endymion Porter* brought my Lord of *Bristol* lately from *England* touching the Prince *Palatine*, all as

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 satisfie, Touching the two points in the Treaty wherein the two Kings differ'd most, *viz.* about the education of the children, and the exemption of the *Infanta*'s Ecclesiastic servants from secular jurisdiction: both these points are clear'd, for the *Spaniard* is come from fourteen years to ten, & for so long time the *Infant* Princes shall remain under the Mothers 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 thereof 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 practis'd in this Kingdom, and other parts that adhere to *Rome*.

The *Conde de Monterrey*, goes *Viceroy* to *Naples*, the Marquis *de Montejclares* 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 danc'd attendance a long time, he peep'd through a slit in the hanging, and spied *Don Rodrigo Calderon* a great man (who was lately beheaded here for poysoning the late Queen Dowager) delivering the Duke a paper upon his knees, whereat the Marquis smil'd and said, *Voto a tal aquel hombre sube 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 basenes or sordid flattery, and may be term'd 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 business that I have in agitation, met with some *Turkmen* of War, and so was carried slave to *Algier*. So with my due respects to you, I rest

Your faithful Servant,

Madrid, 12 *Mar.* 1622.

J.H.

XIV. T

XIV.

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

SIR,

I Believe it will not be unpleasing unto you to hear of the procedure and success of that business wherein your self hath bin so long vers'd in; I mean the great Sute against the *quondam Viceroy* of *Sardinia* the *Conde del Real:* Count *Gondamar's* coming was a great advantage unto me, who hath done me many favors; besides a confirmation of the two Sentences of View and Review, and of the execution against the *Vice-roy*. I have procur'd a Royal *Cedule* which I caus'd to be printed, and whereof I send you here inclos'd a Copy, by which *Cedule* I have power to arrest his very Person; and my Lawyer tells me there was never such a *Cedule* granted before: I have also by vertue of it priority of all other his Creditors; he hath made an imperfect overture of a Composition, and shew'd me some trivial old-fashion'd Jewels; but nothing equivalent to the debt. And now that I speak of Jewels, the late surprisal of *Ormus* by the assistance of our Ships sinks deep in their stomachs here, and we were afraid it would have spoil'd all Proceedings; but my Lord *Digby*, now Earl of *Bristol* (for Count *Gondamar* brought him o're his Patent) hath calm'd 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 Duke of *Bovillon* had levied for him; but some say they have not much reason to rejoyce, for though the *Infantry* suffer'd, 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 honorable Retreat. Besides the report of his coming to *Breda*, caus'd Marquis *Spinola* to raise the Siege before *Bergben*, to burn his tents, and to pack away suddenly, for which he is much censur'd here.

Captain *Leat* and others have written to me of the favourable report you pleas'd to make of my Endeavours here, for which I return you humble thanks: and although you have left behind you a multitude of Servants in this Court, yet if occasion were offer'd, none should be more forward to go on your Errant, than

Madrid, 15. *Mart.* 1622.

Your humble and faithful Servitor, J. H.

XV.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, *Knight and Baronet.*

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 consumate all things, when to the wonderment of the World the Prince and the Marquis of *Buckingham* arriv'd at this Court a friday last, upon the close of the evening: they lighted at my Lord of *Bristol*'s House, and the Marquis (Mr. *Thomas Smith*) came in first with a Portmantle under his arm, then (Mr. *John Smith*) the Prince was sent for, who staid a while the 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 call'd for pen and ink, and dispatcht a Post that night to *England*, to acquaint his Majesty how in less than sixteen days he was come safely to the Court of *Spain*; that Post went lightly laden, for he carried but three Letters: the next day came Sir *Francis Cottington* and Mr. *Porter*, and dark rumors ran in every corner how some Great Man was come from *England*, and some would not stick to say amongst 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 kneell'd and kiss'd his hands, and hug'd his thighs, and deliver'd how unmeasurably glad his Catholic Majesty was of his coming, with other high Compliments, which Mr. *Porter* did interpret. About ten 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 imbraces which past in the first Interview they parted late. I forgot to tell you, That Count *Gondamar* being sworn Counseller of State that Morning, having bin before but one of the Counsel 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 Counseller 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 riband about her Arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her: there were above twenty Coaches besides of Grandees, Noblemen and Ladies that attended them. And now

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it was publickly known amongst the vulgar, that it was the Prince of *Wales* who was come, and the confluence of People before my Lord of *Bristol*'s House 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 Ashton*, and Count *Gondumar*, and so went to the *Prado*, a place hard by, of purpose to take the Air, where they stay'd till the King pass'd 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 oftentimes 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 *Majordomo* (his Steward) another to be Master of the Horse, and so to interior Officers, so that there is a compleat Court now at my Lord of *Bristol*'s House: but upon Sunday next the Prince is to remove to the King's Palace, where there is one of the chief Quarters of the House providing for him. By the next opportunity you shall hear more. In the interim I take my leave, and rest

March, 27. 1623. *Your most humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XVI.

To Sir Eubule Theloall *Knight*, *at* Grays-Inn.

SIR,

I Know the eyes of all *England* are earnestly fix'd now upon *Spain*, her best Jewel being here; but his journey was like to be spoiled in *France*, for if he had stay'd but a little longer at *Bayone*, the last Town of that Kingdom hitherwards, he had bin discovered; for Monsieur *Gramond* the Governor had notice of him not long after he had taken Post. The People here do mightily magnify the Gallantry of the journy, and cry out that he deserv'd to have the *Infanta* thrown into his Arms the first night he came: He hath bin entertain'd with all the magnificence that possibly could be devis'd. On Sunday last in the morning betimes he went to Saint *Hierom*'s Monastery, whence the Kings of *Spain* use to be fetch'd the day they are crown'd; 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 thorow the heart of the Town under a great Canopy, and was brought so into his Lodgings to 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, though 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, though 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 what shall be most conducible to his glory. So with my due Respects unto you, I rest

Your much obliged Servitor,

April 1 1623. J. H.

XVII.

To Captain Leat.

SIR,

HAving brought up the Law to the highest point against the *Vice-roy* of *Sardinia*, and that in an extraordinary manner, as may appear unto you by that printed *Cedule* 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 *Vice-roy*, his Sovereign Minister of State, one that immediatly represented his own Royal Person, and that the said *Vice-roy* was insolvent; I desired his Majesty would be pleas'd to grant a Warrant for the relief of both parties to lade so many thousand *Sterils* 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 requir'd me in the Prince his Name to proceed no further herein, till he was departed: so his Highness presence here hath turn'd rather to my disadvantage than otherwise. Amongst other *Grandezas* which the King of *Spain* confer'd upon our Prince, one was the releasement of Prisoners, and that all Petitions of grace should come to him for the first month, but he hath bin wonderfully sparing in receiving any, specially from any *English*, *Irish*, or *Scot*. Your Son *Nicolas* is come hither from *Alicant*, about the Ship *Amity*, and I shall be ready to second him in getting satisfaction: so I rest

Madrid, June 3. *Yours ready to serve you,*

1625. J. H.

XVIII. To

XVIII.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

Noble Captain,

MY last unto you was in *Spanish*, in answer to one of yours in the same Language, and amongst that confluence of *English* Gallants, which upon the occasion of his Highness being here, are come to this Court, I fed my self with hopes a long while to have seen you, but I find now that those hopes were stuffed 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 your self, 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 musico, buen esgrimido, buen escrivano, excellente Arithmetico, salvo que no multiplica:* My husband is a good Musician, a good Fencer, a good Horse-man, a good Pen-man, and an excellent *Arithmetician*, only he cannot multiply. For outward usage there is all industry us'd 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 demeanor. 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 Vegas.*

Carlos Estuardo Soy
Que siendo 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 *Don 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 immoveably 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 handsom comparison of *Olivares*, that he watcht her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since the Prince understanding that the *Infanta* was us'd to go some mornings to the *Casa de campo*, a Summer House the King hath t'other side the River, to gather *May*-dew, he did

did rise 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 shreek 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 publickly often, my Lord of *Bristol*, being intepreter, but the King always sat hard by, to over-hear all. Our Cosen *Archy* hath more priviledge than any, for he often goes with his Fool's Coat where the *Infanta* is with her *Meninas* and Ladies of Honor, and keeps a blowing and bluftering amongst them, and flurts out what he list.

Oneday they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was, that the Duke of *Bavaria* with less than 15000 Men, after a long toilsom March, should dare to encounter the *Palsgrave*'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 one hundred and forty Sails from *Spain* to invade *England*, and that ten 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, July 10. J. H.
1622.

XIX.

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

COSEN,

I Receiv'd lately one of yours, which I cannot compare more properly than to a Posie 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 to this hand, yet the flowers were still fresh, and not a whit faded

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but did caſt as ſtrong and as fragrant a ſent, as when your hands bound them up firſt together, only there was one flower that did not ſavor ſo well, which was the undeſerved Character you pleaſe to give of my ſmall abilities, which in regard you look upon me through the proſpective of affection, appear greater unto 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 Princeſs courted with more gallantry. The Wits of the Court here have made divers *Encomiums* of him, and of his affection to the L. *Infanta.* Amongſt others, I ſend you a *Latin* Poem of one *Marnierius a Valenciano*, to which I add this enſuing *Hexaſtic*, which in regard of the difficulty of the Verſe conſiſting of all *Ternaries* (which is the hardeſt way of verſifying) and of the exactneſs of the tranſlation, I believe will give you content:

Fax grata eſt, gratum eſt vulnus, mihi grata catena eſt.
Me quibus aſtringit, lædit & urit Amor;
Sed flammam extingui, ſanari vulnera, ſolvi
Vincla, etiam ut poſſem non ego poſſe velim:
Virum equidem genus hoc morbi eſt; incendia & ictus
Vinclaque, vinctus adhuc, læſus & uſtus, 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 nor 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 Camerades and Bedfellows here many months together, his Father Sir *John Vaughan* the Prince his Controuler, is lately come to attend his Maſter. My Lord of *Carlile* my Lord of *Holland*, my Lord of *Rochfort*, 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 Coſen, I wiſh you all happineſs, and our noble Prince a late and ſucceſsful return to *England.*

Madrid, 13. *Aug.* 1623. *Your moſt affectionate Coſen, J. H.*

XX.

To my noble Friend Sir John North.

SIR,

THe long-look'd-for Dispensation is come from *Rome*, but I hear it is clogg'd with new Clauses; and one is, That the *Pope* who alledgeth that the only aim of the Apostolical See in granting this Dispensation, was the advantage and ease of the *Catholicks* 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 favor; this hath much puzl'd the business, and Sir *Francis Cottington* comes now over about it: Besides there is some distaste taken at the Duke of *Buckingham* here, and I heard this King should say he will treat no more with him, but with the Ambassadors, who, he saith, have a more plenary Commission, and understand the business better. As there is some darkness hapned twixt the two Favorites, so matters stand not right 'twixt the Duke and the Earl of *Bristol*; but God forbid that a business 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 *Palatinate*, and the composing those broils in *Germany*, should be ranvers'd by differences 'twixt a few private Subjects, though now public Ministers.

Mr. *Washington* the Prince his Page is lately dead of a Calenture, 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 business was like to gather very ill blood, and to come to a great height, had not Count *Gondamar* quasht it, which I believe he could not have done, unless the times had bin favorable; 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 *Gondamar* hath also helpt to free some *English* that were in the *Inquisition* in *Toledo* and *Sevill*, and I could alledge many instances how ready and cheerful he is to assist any *Englishman* whatsoever; notwithstanding the base affronts he hath often receiv'd of the *London Boys* as he calls them. At his last return hither, I heard of a merry saying of his to the Queen, who discoursing with him about the greatness of *London*, and whether it was as populous as *Madrid*; Yes, *Madame*, and more populous when I came away, though I believe there's scarce a Man left there now but all Women and Children;

for

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 Fopperies and Plays were made against *Gondamar* 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 past, yet was he not a whit the less welcome, but valued the more both by the Archdutchess her self and *Spinola* with all the rest; as also that they knew well that the said Earl had bin the sole adviser of keeping Sir *Robert Mansell* abroad with that Fleet upon the coast of *Spain*, till the *Palsgrave* should be restor'd. I pray, Sir, when you go to *London-wall*, and *Tower-hill*, be pleas'd to remember my humble Service, where you know it is due. So I am

Madrid, Aug. 15. 1623.

Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

V.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Vicount Colchester.

My very good Lord,

I Receiv'd the Letter and Commands your Lordship pleas'd to send me by Mr. *Walsingham Gresley*, and touching the Constitutions and Orders of the *Contratacion* House of the *West-Indies* in *Sevill*, I cannot procure it for love or money, upon any terms; though 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 'tis counted the greatest Mystery of all the *Spanish* Government.

That difficulty which hapned in the business of the Match of giving caution to the *Pope*, is now overcome; for whereas our King answer'd, that he could give no other caution than his Royal word and his Son's, exemplified under the Great Seal of *England*, and confirm'd by his Counsel of State, it being impossible to have it done by *Parliament*, in regard of the aversness 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 wrouging his conscience; hereupon there hath bin a *Junta* form'd of Bishops and *Jesuits*, who have bin already a good

while

while about it, and the Bishop of *Segovia*, who is at it were Lord Treasurer, having written a Treatise lately against the Match, was outed of his Office, banisht the Court, and confined to his Diocess. The Duke of *Buckingham* hath bin ill-dispos'd 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 had a Palace of his own, and bin permitted to have us'd a room for an open Chappel 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 us'd. The slow pace of this *Junta* troubles us a little, and to the *Divines* there are some *Civilians* admitted lately, and the *quære* 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 Catholicks* by vertue of this Match, whether the King may do this *Salva conscientia*?

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 kill'd at it, therefore there are Priests appointed to be there ready to confess them: It hath hapned 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 left, the Nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it. There was an ill-favor'd accident like to have hapned lately at the King's House, in that part where my Lord of *Carlile* and my Lord *Denbigh* were lodg'd; for my Lord *Denbigh* late at night taking a pipe of Tobacco in a *Balcone*, which hung over the King's Garden, he blew down the ashes, which falling upon some patch'd combustible matter, began to flame and spread, but Mr. *Davis*, my Lord of *Carlile*'s Barber, leapt down a great height, and quencht it. So with my continuance of my most humble Service, I rest ever ready

Madrid, Aug. 16. 1623. *At your Lordship's Commands,* J. H.

XXI.

To Sir James Crofts: *from* Madrid.

SIR,

THe Court of *Spain* affords now little news; for there is a *Remora* sticks to the Business of the Match, till the *Junta* of Divines

vines 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 rear'd upon: for *Sultan Oſman* the *Grand Turk*, a Man according to the humor of that Nation, warlike and fleſh'd in blood, and a violent hater of *Chriſtians*, was in the flower of his years, in the heat and height of his courage, knockt in the head by one of his own Slaves, and one of the meaneſt of them, with a Battle-axe, and the Murtherer never after proceeded againſt or queſtioned.

The ground of this Tragedy was the late ill-ſucceſs he had againſt the *Pole*, wherein he loſt about 100000 Horſe for want of Forage, and 80000 Men for want of fighting, which he imputed to the cowardize of his *Janizaries*, who rather than bear the brunt of the Battel, 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 venturous. This diſgraceful return from *Poland* ſtuck in *Oſman*'s ſtomach, and ſo ſtudied a way how to be reveng'd of the *Janizaries*; therefore by the advice of his *Grand Vizier* (a ſtout Gallant Man, who had bin one of the chief *Beglerbegs* in the Eaſt) he intended to erect a new Soldiery in *Aſia* about *Damaſco*, of the *Coords* a frontier People, and conſequently hardy and inur'd to Arms. Of theſe he purpoſed to entertain 40000 as a Life-guard for his Perſon, though the main deſign was to ſuppreſs his lazy and Juſtful *Janizaries*, with Men of freſh new ſpirits.

To diſguiſe this Plot, he pretended a Pilgrimage to *Mecha*, to visit *Mahomet*'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 perform'd 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 diſadvantagious to him in regard his *Janizaries* muſt then have attended him: ſo he pretends and prepares 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 fomented 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 Pavillions, many of his Servants, with his Jewels and Treaſure, re-

solving upon the Voyage, notwithstanding that divers Petitions were deliver'd him from the Clergy, the civil Magistrate and the Soldiery that he should desist from the Voyage, but all would not do: Whereupon, upon 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 Honor, to have his nearest Servants torn from him so, without any legal proceeding, but he allowed 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 plunder'd the *Grand Visier*'s Palace, with divers others: *Osman* hereupon was advis'd 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 arm'd to the Court, (but having made a Covenant not to violate the Imperial Throne) and cut in pieces the *Grand Visier* with divers other great Officers, and not finding *Osman*, who had hid himself in a small lodge in one of his Gardens, they cry'd out they must have a *Musulman* Emperor; therefore they broke into a Dungeon, and brought out *Mustapha Osman*'s Unkle, whom he had clapt there at the beginning of the Tumult, and who had bin King before, but was depos'd 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 excus'd 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 *Capi 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 clapt his upon *Osman*'s Head, who in his passage beg'd a draught of Water at a Fountain: The next day the new *Visier* 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 awak'd, and staring upon them, and thinking to defend himself, a robust boysterous Rogue knockt 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 there is not a free-born Subject in all that vast Empire: Thus fell he that entitles himself most puissant and highest Monarch of the *Turks*, King above all Kings, a King that dwelleth upon the earthly Paradise, Son of *Mahomet*, keeper of

the

the grave of the Christian God, Lord of the Tree of Life, and of the River *Fliski*, 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 *Mammalucks*, *Anatolia*, *Bithynia*, *Asia*, *Armenia*, *Servia*, *Thracia*, *Morea*, *Valachia*, *Moldavia*, and of all warlike *Hungary*, Soveraign Lord and Commander of all *Greece*, *Persia*, both the *Arabia's*, the most noble Kingdom of *Egypt*, *Tremisen*, and *African* Empire of *Trabesond*, and the most glorious *Constantinople*, Lord of all the white & black Seas, of the holy City *Mecha* and *Medina*, shining with divine glory, commander of all things that are to be commanded, & the strongest and mightiest Champion of the wide world, a warrior appointed by Heaven in the edge of the sword, a Persecuter of his Enemies, a most perfect jewel of the blessed Tree, the chiefest keeper of the crucified God, &c. with other such bombastical Titles.

This *Osman* 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 *Mufti* say, that this was a due judgment fall'n upon him from Heaven for his Sacriledge. He us'd 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 *Cauphhouses* and *Cabarets*, and apprehend Soldiers there: And these two things it seems was 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 dreamt that he was mounted upon a great *Camel*, who would not go neither by fair nor fouls means, and lighting off him, and thinking to strike him with his *Cimiter*, the body of the beast vanisht, leaving the Head and the bridle only in his hands; when the *Mufti* and the *Hoggies* could not interpret this dream, *Mahapha* his Uncle did it, for he said, the *Camel* signified his Empire, his mounting of him his excess in Government, his lighting down his deposing. Another kind of Prophetic speech dropt from the *grand Visier* to Sir *Thomas Roe* our Ambassador there, who having gone a little before this Tragedy to visit the said *Visier*, told him what whisperings & 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 desir'd him to leave a charge with the *Caimacam*, his deputy, that the *English* Nation in the port, should be free from outrages: whereunto the *Grand Visier* answer'd, Trouble not your self

about

about that, for I will not remove so far from *Constantinople*, but I will leave one of my legs behind to serve you, which prov'd too true, for he was murther d afterwards, and one of his legs was hung up in the Hippodrome.

This fresh Tragedy makes me to give over wondring at any thing that ever I heard or read, to shew the lubricity of *mundan* greatness, as also the fury of the vulgar, which like an impetuous Torrent gathereth strength by degrees as it meets with divers Dams, and being come to the height, cannot stop it self; 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 *Mausulmans*, puts 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 Criticks in policy here, hope that this murthering of *Osman* may in time breed good blood, and prove advantageous to Christendom: for though this be the first Emperor of the *Turks* that was dispatcht 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 hois'd up another King, and so the Empire had been dismembred, 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 past 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 then others: In my next you shall hear how matters pass here; in the mean time, and always I rest

Madrid, Aug. 17. 1623.

Your Honours most devoted Servitor, J. H.

XXII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, *Knight and Baronet.*

Honourable SIR,

THe procedure of things in relation to the *grand* business the match, was at a kind of stand when the long-winded *Junta* deliver'd their opinions, and fell at last upon this result, that his Catholic Majesty for the satisfaction of St. *Peter*, might oblige himself

himself in the behalf of *England*, for the performance of those Capitulations which reflected upon 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 unto by the King of *Spain* and his Highness, the two Favorites, our two Ambassadors, the Duke of *Infantado*, and other Counsellors of State being present; hereupon the eighth of the next *September*, is appointed to be the day of *Desposorios*, the day of *Affiance*, or the Betrothing-day; there was much gladness exprest here, and luminaries of joy were in every great street throughout the City: but there is an unlucky accident hath interven'd, 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 us'd in't, and therefore desir'd his patience in the interim. The Prince answer'd, and prest 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 withall that the Articles of the Match were sign'd 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 resolv'd upon so sudden a departure, he would please to leave a *Proxy* behind to finish the Marriage, and he would take it for a favor 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 pleas'd. The Prince rejoyn'd, That amongst those multitudes of Royal Favors which he had receiv'd 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 parted for that time without the least umbrage of discontent, nor do I hear of any engendred since. The last month, 'tis true, the *Junta* of Divines dwelt so long upon the business, that there were whisperings that the Prince intended to go away disguis'd as he came, and the Question being ask'd by a Person of Quality, there was a brave Answer made, That if *Love* brought him thither, it is not *Hope* shall drive him away.

There are preparations already afoot for his return, and the two *Proxies* are drawn and left in my Lord of *Bristol's* hands. Not-

 withstanding

withstanding this ill-favour'd stop, yet we are all here confident the business will take effect: In which hopes I rest

Madrid, 18. *Aug.* 1623. *Your most humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XXIII.

To Captain Nich. Leat, *at his House in* London.

SIR,

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 bin at a stand in the business a good while, for his Highness coming hither was no advantage to me in the earth. He hath done the *Spaniards* divers courtesies, but he hath bin very sparing in doing the *English* any. It may be perhaps because it may be a diminution of honor to be beholding to any foreign Prince to do his own Subjects favours, but my business requires no favour, all I desire is Justice, which I have not obtain'd yet in reality.

The Prince is preparing for his Journy, 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 thirty to one it will take effect still. He that deals with this Nation must have a great deal of Phlegme, and if this *Grand* Business 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* my great friend to continue his favor and furtherance, which hath bin much already: So I rest

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

XXIV.

To Sir James Crofts.

SIR,

THe Prince is now upon his Journy to the Sea-side, where my Lord of *Rutland* attends for him with a Royal Fleet: There are many here think in their shoulders, and are very sensible of his departure, and the Lady *Infanta* resents it more than any; she

she hath caus'd a *Mass* to be sung every day ever since for his good Voyage: The *Spaniards* themselves confess there was never Princess so bravely wooed. The King and his two Brothers accompanied his Highness to the *Escurial* some twenty 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 past 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 *Gondamar* with a great Train besides gone with him to the *Marine*, to the Sea-side, which will be many days journy, and must needs put the King of *Spain* to a mighty expence, besides his seven months Entertainment here: We hear that when he past through *Valladolid*, the Duke of *Lerma* was retired thence for the time by special command from the King, left he might have discours with the Prince, whom he extreamly desir'd to see; this stuck 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 very well 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, had retir'd to the Country, and died soon after of discontentment: during his sickness the Cardinal writ this short weighty Letter unto him: *Dize me, que Marcys de necio; por mi, mas temo mis amos que mis Enemigos.* 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 embarqu'd, but not without some danger of being cast away, had not Sir *Sackvil 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, Aug. 21, 1623. *Your humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXV.

To my Brother, Doctor Howell.

My Brother,

Since our Prince his 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 *Princess* now, and as we give, so she takes that Title: Our Ambassadors my Lord of *Bristol* and Sir *Walter Aston*, will not stand now co-

ver'd before her when they have Audience, because they hold her to be their Princess; she is preparing divers Sutes of rich Cloaths for his Highness of perfum'd Amber Leather, some embroder'd with Pearl, some with Gold, some with Silver: Her Family is a setling 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 solemniz'd, and all things consummated; yet there is one Mr. *Clerk* (with the lame arm) that came hither from the Sea side, as soon as the Prince was gone, he is one of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Creatures, yet he lies at the Earl of *Bristol*'s House, which we wonder at, considering the darkness that hapned 'twixt the Duke and the Earl: We fear that this *Clerk* hath brought something that may puzzle the business. Besides, having occasion to make my address lately to the *Venetian* Ambassador, who is interressed in some part of that great Business 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*, or 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 Business of the *Palatinate*, our Ambassadors were lately assur'd by *Olivares*, and all the Counsellors here, and that in this King's Name, that he would procure his Majesty of *Great Britain* entire 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* her self (said he) hath stir'd in it, and makes it now her own business; for it was a firm *Peace* and *Amity* (which he confess'd could never be without the accommodation of things in *Germany*) as much as an *Alliance*, which his *Catholic* Majesty aim'd at. But we shall know soon only now what to trust to, we shall walk no more in mists, though some give out yet that our Prince shall imbrace a blood for *Jesu* at last.

I pray present my Service to Sir *John Franklin*, and Sir *John Stanhope* when they are at Hill and Dale, and when you send to *Wales*, I pray commend me unkind to my Father. So my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and bring us again joyfully together.

Your very loving Brother,
J. H.

Madrid, Mar. 12.
1623.

XXVI. *To*

XXVI.

To my noble Friend Sir John North, *Knight.*

SIR,

I Receiv'd lately one of yours, but it was of a very old date: We have our Eyes here now all fix'd upon *Rome*, greedily expecting the ratification, and lately a strong rumor ran it was come, insomuch 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 *Proxies* in his hand to be deliver'd 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 Joynt 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 bin any time this 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 love of our Nation: He told him also how their own particular Fortunes depended upon't; besides if he should delay one moment to deliver the *Proxy* after the Ratification was come, according to agreement, the *Infanta* would hold her self so blemish'd in her honor, that it might overthrow all things. Lastly, he told him, That they incurr'd 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 still 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 Cloaks, 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; to the Marriage-day was appointed, a *Terrace* cover'd all over with Tapestry was rais'd from the King's Palace to the next Church, which might be about the same extent as from *White Hall* to *Westminster Abbey*, and the King intended to make his Sister a Wife, and his Daughter (whereof the Queen was deliver'd a little before)

a *Christian* upon the same day; the *Grandees* and great Ladies had bin invited to the Marriage, and order was sent to all the Port-Towns to discharge their great Ordnance, and sundry other things were prepar'd to honor 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, countermanding 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 desir'd his Son should be married to *Spain*, and his Son in-Law re-married to the *Palatinate* at one time; hereupon all was dasht in pieces, and that frame which was rearing so many years, was ruin'd in a moment This news strook a damp in the hearts of all People here, and they wisht 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 propos'd the restitution of the *Palatinate*. the King answer'd, 'Twas none of his to give, 'tis 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 afoot, he would send his own Ambassadors to joyn: In the *interim*, the Earl was commanded not to deliver the aforesaid *Proxy* of the Prince, for the *Desponsos* or Espousals until *Christmas*: (and herein it seems his Majesty with you was not well informed, for those powers of *Proxies* expir'd before) the King here laid 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 Pr. *Palsgrave* as he did under *Spinola*, when he first invaded the *Palatinate*; and to secure this, he would engage his Contribution-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 audiences, and that she should be no more stiled Princess of *England* or *Wales*. The foresaid Caution which this King offer'd to my Lord of *Bristol*, made me think of what I read of his Grandfather *Philip* the Second, who having bin married to our Queen *Mary*, and it being thought she was with child of him and was accordingly pray'd for at *Paul's* Cross, though it proved afterward but a tympany, King *Philip* propos'd 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

good caution to surrender the Crown when *he or she* should come to age: the motion was hotly canvas'd in the house of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord *Pager* rose up and said, *What a be shall sue the Kings bond?* so the business was dasht. 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, Aug. 25. 1623.

Your most humble Servitor,
J. H.

XXVII.

To the right Honourable the Lord Clifford.

My good Lord,

THough 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 say 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 fear'd to fall upon any rock in *England*, by reason of the power of those who malign'd 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 disdain'd these Propositions made unto him by *Olivares*, and said he was so confident of the King his Masters Justice and high judgment, and of his own innocency, that he conceiv'd no power could be able to do him hurt. There hath occur'd nothing lately in this Court worth the Advertisement: They speak much of the strange carriage of that boisterous Bishop of *Halverstadt*, (for so they term him here) that having taken a place where there were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friers, he caus'd divers feather-beds to be rip'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall whither the Nuns and Friers were thrust naked with their bodies oil'd and pitch'd, and to tumble among these feathers, which makes them here presage him an ill death, so I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest

Your very humble Servitor,
J. H.

Madrid, Aug. 26. 1623.

XXVIII.

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 *Inopisa*, and Don *Carlos Colonna*, the substance of it was, That the said Ambassadors in a private audience his Majesty of great *Britain* had given them, inform'd 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 clandestin 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 & desir'd them to perfect the work, and now that they had detected the Treason, to discover also the Traitors ; but they were shy in that point : the King sent again, desiring them to send him the names of the Conspirators in a paper seal'd up by one of their own confidents, which he would receive with his own hands, and no soul should see it else : advising them withal, that they should not prefer this discovery before their own honors, 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 guess'd who were his Confidents, and Creatures. Hereupon his Majesty put those whom he had any grounds to suspect to their Oaths : And afterward sent my Lord *Conway*, and Sir *Francis Cottington*, to tell the Ambassadors that he had left no means unassay'd to discover the Conspiration, 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 then 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 though he might by his own royal justice, and the Law of Nations

punish

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 conceiv'd to be so just, that he doubted not but he would see him satisfied, and therefore he would send an express unto him hereabouts 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, Aug. 26. 1623. *Your very humble and ready Servitor*, J.H.

XXIX.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, *Knight.*

SIR,

YOu have had knowlege (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 inferr'd that 'tis far more easie to pull down then rear up, for that structure which was so many years a rearing, was dasht as it were in a trice: Dissolution goeth a faster pace then 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 precede, first a meeting and copulation of the Sexes, then Conception, which requires a well disposed womb to retain the prolifical seed, by the constriction and occlusion of the orifice of the Matrix, which seed being first, and afterwards cream, is by a gentle ebullition coagulated, and turn'd to a crudded lump wch the womb by vertue of its natural heat prepares to be capable to receive form, and to be organiz'd, 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 fource of the blood, and *Aristotle* the Heart, to be the first fram'd, in regard 'tis *primum vivens, & ultimum moriens*: Nature continues in this labor until a perfect shape be introduc'd, and this is call'd *formation* which is the third act, and is a production of an organical body

body out of the spermatic substance, caus'd by the plastic vertue of the vital spirits: and sometimes this act is finisht 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 *Embryon* is animated with three Souls; the first with that of Plants call'd the vegetable Soul, then with a sensitive, which all brute Animals have, and lastly, the Rational Soul is infus'd, and these three in man are like *Trigonus* in *Tetragono*; the two first are generated *ex Traduce*, from the seed of the Parents, but the last is by immediate infusion from God, and 'tis controverted 'twixt Philosophers and Divines, when this infusion is made.

This is the fourth act that goeth to make a man, and is call'd *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 hapneth sometimes in nine, sometimes in ten months. This *Grand* business 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 *Junta* in *Spain*, and some select Counsellors of State were appointed in *England*. After this Conjunction the business was conceiv'd, then it receiv'd form, then life, (though the quickning was slow) but having had near upon ten years in lieu of ten months 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 3000 l. And as the *Embryo* in the womb is wrapt in three membranes or tunicles, so this great business, you know better then I, was involv'd in many difficulties, and died so intangled before it could break through them.

There is a buzz here of a match 'twixt *England* and *France*; I pray God send it a speedier Formation and *Animation* than this had, and that it may not prove an abortive.

I send you herewith a letter from the Paragon of the *Spanish* Court *Donna Anna Maria Manrique*. The Duke of *Marquedas* 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 *Marquesa d'Inojosa* who put me to sit a good while with her upon *Estrado*, which was no simple favor: 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 *Picaroon* snatcht from you in the coach, though I us'd all means possible, as far as book, bell and candle in point of Excommunication against the party in all the *Churches*

of

of *Madrid*, by which means you know divers things are recover'd. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest

Post. *Yours of the 2. of* March *came to safe hand.* *Your most faithful*

Madrid. *Servitor*, J. H.

XXX.

To my Cosen, Mr. J. Price, *(now Knight) at the* Middle-Temple: *from* Madrid.

COsen, suffer my Letter to salute you first in this *Distich*,

A Thamisi Tagus *quot leucis flumine distat,*
Oscula tot manibus porto, Pricæ, *tuis.*
As many miles *Thames* lies from *Tagus* Strands,
I bring so many kisses to thy Hands.

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* Rubriques; for whensoever 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 few Workingdays throughout the whole year, fewer far than this Country affords, for in their *Calender* 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* pull'd down what was so many years a raising 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, *Opus triginta annorum destruxisti*, Thou hast destroy'd the work of thirty years; so it may be said, that a work near upon ten years is now suddenly shatter'd 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 eiusdem.

Ocius ut grandine pedus oratio, possis
Prosa, tibi binos jungimus ecce pedes.
That in thy journie thou mayst be more fleet,
To my dull Prose I add these *Metric* feet.

Resp.

Resp.

Ad mare cum venio quid agam? Repl. *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.

March 30. 1624.

Your most affectionate Cosen,
J. H.

XXXI.

To the Lord Vicount Colchester: *from* Madrid.

Right Honourable,

YOur Lordship's of the third Currant 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 Surve; of the Monarchy of *Spain*; a bold Undertaking 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 bin alwaies esteem'd a Country of ancient renown, and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her vicissitudes, and turns of fortune: She hath bin thrice o'recome: 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 reign'd in* Spain Don Rodrigo, *who kept his Court then at* Malaga; *he employ'd the Cond:* Don Julian *Ambassador to* Barbary, *who had a Daughter, (a young beautiful Lady) that was Maid of Honor to the Queen: The King spying her one day refreshing her self under an Arbor, fell enamor'd with her, and never left till he had deflowr'd her: She resenting much the dishonor, 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 poignard fell upon't and cleft it in two. Don Julian *apprehending the meaning, got Letters of revocation, and came back to* Spain, *where he so comply'd with the King, that he became his Favorite: Amongst other things he advis'd the King, That in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismiss his Gallies and Garisons 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 prevail'd*

with

with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their Friends in Tarragona, *which was* 300 *miles off: Having bin there awhile, 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 call'd after her Name to this day in* Malaga: Don Julian *having all his chief Kindred there, he sail'd over to* Barbary, *and afterwards brought over the King of* Morocco, *and others with an Army, who suddenly invaded* Spain, *lying armless and open, and so conquer'd 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 hapned,* Rodrigo *came 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 Prophesy,* That when that Vault was opened *Spain* should be conquered: Rodrigo *slighting the Prophesy, caused the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure; but when he entred, there was nothing found but the Pictures of* Moores, *of such Men that a little after fulfilled the Prophesy.*

Yet this last Conquest of Spain *was not perfect, for divers parts Northwest kept still under Christian Kings, specially* Biscay, *which was never conquer'd, 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 ancientest 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* Moors, *as in other places The King when he comes upon the confines, pulls off one shooe before he can tread upon any* Biscay *Ground: And he hath good reason to esteem that 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 Battels 'twixt the remnant of Christians *and the* Moors, *for seven hundred years together, and the* Spaniards *getting ground more and more, drave them at last to* Granada, *and thence also in the time of* Ferdinand *and* Isabella, *quite over to* Barbary. *Then 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* Catholick, *though some Princes first, that many Ages before* Recaredus *the first Orthodox King of the* Goths, *was styled* Catholicus *in a* Provincial Synod *held at* Toledo, *which was confirmed by*

Alphonsus

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Alphonsus

Alphonsus *the First*, *and then made hereditary by this* Ferdinand) *This absolute Conquest of the* Moors *hapned about* Henry *the Seventh's time, when the foresaid* Ferdinand *and* Isabella *had by Alliance joyn'd* Castile *and* Aragon, *which with the discovery of the* West Indies, *which hapned a little after, was the first foundation of that Greatness whereunto* Spain *is now mounted. Afterwards there was an Alliance with* Burgundy *and* Austria, *by the first House the seventeen Provinces fell to* Spain; *by the second* Charles *the Fifth came to be Emperor: and remarkable it is how the House of* Austria *came to that height from a mean Earl; the Earl of* Hasburg *in* Germany, *who having bin one day a hunting, he overtook a Priest who had bin with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick body, the Priest being tyr'd, the Earl lighted off his horse, helpt 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 Race 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 *the Second's time the* Spanish *Monarchy came to his 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) though our* Henry *the Seventh had the first profer 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 Viceroys 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 Prince fell to magnify his spacious Dominions, the King answer'd,* Sir, 'tis true, it hath pleas'd God to trust me with divers Nations and Countries, 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 Garisons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagate 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 other means to oblige the Gentry unto him, by

such

such a huge number of Commendams, *which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he please of any of the three Orders of Knighthood; which* England *and* France *want. Some Noblemen in* Spain *can spend* 50000 L. *some forty, some thirty and divers twenty thousand pounds* per annum. *The Church here is exceeding rich, both in revenues, plate and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Country Chappel, but he will find Chalices, lamps and candlesticks of silver. There are some Bishopricks of* 30000 l. per an. *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 *the Second rather depend upon the Clergy than the Secular Power. Therefore I do not see how* Spain *can be call'd 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 sixteen Universities in* Spain, *and in one of these there were fifteen thousand 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. 'Tis true that the Colonizing of the* Indies, *and the wars of* Flanders *have much drain'd 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 us'd another grain for their bread: so that the* Spaniard *had nought else to do but go with his Ass to the Market, and buy corn of the* Moors. *There liv'd here also in times past a great number of* Jews, *till they were expell'd 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 us'd 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 snatcht 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.*

Touching the People, the Spaniard *looks as high, though not so low as a* German, *his excess is in too much gravity, which some who know him not well, hold to be a pride, he cares not how little he labours, for poor*

Gascons *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 valor, so that you shall seldom here of* Spaniards *employed in night service; nor shall one here 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 Ginet in the street, if an* Alguazil (*a Sargeant*) *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 yeild himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth Alms, he pulls off his Hat, and puts it in the beggars hand with a great deal of humility, his gravity is much lessened since the late Proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself shew'd the first example. they were come to that height of excess herein, that twenty shillings were us'd to be paid for starching of a ruff: and some, though perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet he would have a toting 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 blam'd, for as I said before he comes of a* Gotish *race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the reputo of any woman,* (*A civility that we much want in* England) *He will speak high words of* Don Phillippo *his King, but will not endure a stranger should do so: I have heard a* Biscayner *make a* Rodomontado, *that he was as good a Gentleman as* Don Phillippo *himself, for* Don Phillippo *was half a* Spaniard, *half a* German, *half an* Italian, *half a* Frenchman, *half I know not what, but he was a pure* Biscayner *without mixture. The* Spaniard *is not so smooth and oily in his Complement as the* Italian, *and though he will make fierce protestations, yet he will not swear out Complements like the* French *and* English, *as I heard when my Lord of* Carlile *was Ambassador in* France, *there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Complements one to another who should go first out at a door, at last my Lord of* Carlile *said,* ô Monseigneur ayez pitie de mon ame, *O my Lord have pity upon my soul.*

The Spaniard *is generally given to gaming, and that in excess; he will lay his pay vs 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 mere chamer of all the cards and dice through all the Kingdom, he hath them made*

f

for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelve pence; so that 'tis thought he hath 30000 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 marcht, 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 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 travell'd) else he is like* Mars *among the Planets, impatient of Conjunction: nor is he so free in his gifts and rewards; as the last Summer it hapned that Count* Gondamar *with Sir* Francis Cottington, *went to see a curious House of the Constable of* Castile's, *which had bin newly built here; the Keeper of the House was very officious to shew him every room with the Garden, Grottas and Aqueducts, and presented him with some Fruit;* Gondamar *having bin a long time in the House, coming out, put many Compliments of thanks upon the Man, and so was going away;* Sir Francis *whisper'd him in the ear, and ask'd him whether he would give the Man any thing that took such pains, Oh, quoth* Gondamar, *well remembred,* Don Francisco, *have you ever a double Pistol 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 improv'd 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 debaxo d'el Sol,
Como el Italiano *y el* Espanol.

Whereunto a *Frenchman* answer'd,

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 *Buggerer* 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 compleat Woman, let her be English *to the neck* French *to the waste, 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* French-woman *in a dance, a* Dutch-woman *in the kitchin, an* Italian *in a window, an* England-woman *at board, and the* Spanish *a bed. When they are married they have a priviledge to wear high shooes, and to paint, which is generally practised here, and the Queen useth it her self. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our* English, *for if a Lady go along the street (and all Women going here vail'd 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 favor, 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 youthful at fifty, as some here at* 25. *Mony will do miracles here in purchasing the favor of Ladies,* or *any thing else, though this be the Country of mony, 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 silver Mines in the world, (I think) yet the common currant 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 Tyn and Lead, hollow Malls, in pitch Buckets under water and other ways. But I fear to be injurious to this great King to speak of him in so narrow a compass; a great King indeed, though the* French *in a slighting way compare his Monarchy to a* Beggar's Cloak made up of Patches; *they are* Patches *indeed, but such as he hath not the like: The* East-Indies *is a Patch embroyder'd with Pearls, Rubies, and Diamonds:* Peru *is a Patch embroyder'd with massy Gold,* Mexico *with Silver,* Naples *and* Milain *are Patches of Cloth of Tissue and if these Patches were in one piece, what would become of his Cloak embroyder'd with Flower de-luces?*

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

Madrid, 2. Feb. 162.

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

XXXI. *I*

XXXII.

To Mr. Walsingham Gresley : *from* Madrid.

Don Balthasar,

I Thank you for your Letter in my Lord's last Packet, wherein among other passages, you write unto me the circumstances of Marquis *Spinola*'s raising his Leaguer, by slatting and firing his works before *Berghen*. He is much tax'd 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 through his Body, the bullet entring 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 shatter'd 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 happen'd lately in *Alcala* hard by, of a *Dominican* Fryar, who in a Solemn Procession 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 speedily, I pray bestow a visit on our Friends in *Bishopsgate-street*: So I am

Your faithful Servitor,

3. *Feb.* 1623. J. H.

XXXIII.

To Sir Robert Napier, *Knight*; *at his House in Bishopsgate-street*: *from* Madrid.

SIR,

THe late breach of the *Match*, hath broke the neck of all business 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 *Vice-roy* 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

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

XXXI. T

XXXII.

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Your faithful Servitor,
J. H.

3. *Feb.* 1623.

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procur'd 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 endeavors: but I hope you are none of those that measure things by the Event. The Earl of *Bristol*, Count *Gondamar*, and my Lord Ambassador *Aston*, did not only do courtesies, but they did co-operate with me in it, and contribute their utmost endeavors. So I rest

Madrid, 18. *Feb.* 1623.

Yours to serve you, J. H.

XXXIV.

To Mr. A. S. *in* Alicant.

MUch endear'd Sir; *Fire*, you know, is the common Emblem of *Love*: But without any disparagement to so noble a *Passion*, methinks it might be also compar'd to *Tinder*, and *Letters* are the proper'st 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 bin cover'd a long time, therefore I pray let no *Couvrez feu*-Bell have power hereafter to rake up, and choke with the ashes of oblivion, that clear flame wherewith 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 three 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 *Besamanos* to *Francisco Imperial*, I rest

Madrid, 3. *Mar.* 1623.

Yours most affectionately to serve you, J. H.

XXXV.

To the Honorable Sir T. S. *at* Tower-Hill.

SIR,

I Was yesterday at the *Escurial* to see the Monastery of Saint *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 rarities, it may be call'd 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* the seconds chief design was to make a sacrifice of it to eternity, and to contest with the Meteors, and *Time* it self. It cost eight Millions, it was twenty four years a building, and the Founder himself saw it finished, and enjoyed it twelve years after, and carried his Bones himself thither to be buried.

The reason that mov'd King *Philip* to wast so much treasure, was a vow he had made at the battel of Saint *Quintin*, where he was forc'd to batter a Monastery of Saint *Laurence* Friers, & if he had the victory, he would erect such a Monastery to Saint *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 Sciencies. 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 there. To take a view of every Room in the House one must make account to go ten miles; there is a Vault call'd the *Pantheon* under the highest Altar, which is all pav'd, wall'd, and arch'd with Marble; there be a number of huge Silver Candlesticks, taller than I am; Lamps three yards compass, and divers Chalices and Crosses of Massy Gold: There is one Quire made all of burnish'd Brass, Pictures and Statues like Gyants, and a world of glorious things that purely ravish'd me. By this mighty Monument, it may be inferr'd, that *Philip* the second, though he was a little man, yet had he vast Gigantic thoughts in him, to leave

such a huge pile for posterity to gaze upon, and admire his memory: No more now, but that I rest

Madrid, Mar. 9. 1623.

Your most humble Servitor, J.H.

XXXVI.

To the Lord Vicount Col. *from* Madrid.

My Lord,

YOu writ to me not long since, to send you an account of the Duke of *Ossuna's* death, a little man, but of great fame and fortunes, & much cried up, and known up and down the World. He was revok'd from being Viceroy of *Naples* (the best employment the King of *Spain* hath for a Subject) upon some disgust; 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 misliking the manner of his posture, turn'd his back to him, and so went away; thereupon he was overheard to mutter, *Esto es para servir muchachos*; *This it is to serve boys*: This coming to the Kings 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 mens 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 Campolataro's* wife, sending her husband out of the way upon employment. That he had got a bastard of a *Turkish* woman, & suffer'd 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 Courtisans 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 & 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, & such like extravagances. One (among divers others) witty passage was told me of him, which was, That when he was Vice-roy of *Sicily*, there dyed a great rich Duke, who left but one Son, whom with his whole estate, he bequeath'd to the Tutele of the Jesuits, and the words of the Will were, *When he is pass'd his minority* (*Darete al mio figliuolo quel que vo 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

plaining hereof to the Duke of *Ossuna* (then *Vice-roy*) he commanded the *Jesuits* to appear before him, he ask'd them how much of the Estate they would have, they answer'd, Two parts of three which they had almost employ'd already to build Monasteries, and an Hospital, to erect particular Altars, and Masses, to sing Dirges and *Refrigeriums* for the Soul of the deceased Duke: Hereupon the Duke of *Ossuna* 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 vertue 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 business.

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.

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

XXXVII.

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. *Crytology*, or Epistolizing in a clandestin way, is very ancient: I read in *A. Gellius*, that *C. Cæsar* in his Letters to *Cajus Oppius*, and *Balbus Cornelius*, who were two of his greatest Confidents 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, the seven Planets, and other Constellations might make a curious kind of *Cypher*, as I will more particularly demonstrate unto you in a Scheme, when I shall be made happy with your Conversation. So I rest

Your assured Servitor,

Madrid, Mar. 15. 1623.

J. H.

XXXVIII.

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 honoreth 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 four hundred thousand 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 gain'd *Biscay* Ground, we pass'd 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 'tis ordinary here to ride with one's victuals about him) but as we were eating, we spyed 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*, who having got his Pass-port to go for *England*, as he passed through the Wood with his Knapsack upon his back, being weary, he sat down under a Tree, where he opened his Knapsack, and fell to some Victuals he had; but upon a sudden he was surpriz'd 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 unto him, he knew not what shift to make, but by taking a pair of Bag-pipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play upon them, the Wolves ran all away as if they had bin scar'd out of their wits; whereupon the Soldier said, *A pox take you all, if I had known you had lov'd Music so well, you should have had it before dinner.*

If there be a Lodging void at the three *Halbards-heads*, I pray be pleas'd to cause it to be reserv'd for me. So I rest.

Your humble Servitor,
J. H.

Bilboa, Sept. 6. 1624.

Familiar

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION IV.

I.

To my Father : from London.

SIR,

I AM newly return'd from *Spain*, I came over in convoy of the Prince his Jewels, for which, one of the Ships Royal with the *Catch* were sent under the command of Captain *Love:* we landed at *Plimouth*, 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 a hundred thousand pounds; some of them a little before the Prince his departure had bin presented to the *Infanta*, but she waving 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 *Palatinate* had bin dissolv'd a pretty while before by Act of Parliament, that a war was threatned; and Ambassadors revok'd. There were Jewels also amongst them to be presented to the King and Queen of *Spain*, to most of the Ladies of Honor, and the *Grandees*. There was a great Table-Diamond for *Olivares* of 18 Carrats weight; but the richest of all was to the *Infanta* her self, 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 astonish'd at the beauty of these, and confess'd themselves to be put down.

Touching the Employment upon which I went to *Spain*, I had my charges born 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 unto 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

have of Employment about the Duke of *Buckingham*, he sways more than ever; for whereas he was before a Favorite to the King, he is now a Favorite to Parliament, People, and City, for breaking the Match with *Spain*: Touching his own Interest, he had reason to do it, for the *Spaniards* love him not: but whether the public Interest of the State 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 *Wares* better than their *Wars*; and I shall be ever of that mind, That *no Country is able to do* England *less hurt, and more good than* Spain, considering the large Traffick 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

London, Decemb. 10. 1624.

Your dutiful Son,
J. H.

II.

To R. Brown, *Esq*;

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 little commerce with the Body, but is a thing *Divine* and *Spiritual*: There cannot be a more pregnant proof hereof, 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 bin more fruitful unto me, than that Field in *Sicily*, called *Le trecente cariche*, *The Field of three hundred Loads*, so called, because it returns the Sower three hundred for one yearly. So plentiful hath your Love bin unto me; but amongst other sweet Fruits it hath born, 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 bin able to make your such rich returns, or afford so plentiful a Crop; yet I dare say, this Crop how thin soever, was pure and free from tares, from cockle or darnel, from flatter or falshood, and what it shall produce hereafter, shall be so; nor shall any injury of the Heavens, as Tempest, or Thunder

Thunder and Lightning (I mean, no crofs or affliction whatfoever) be able to blaft and fmutt it, or hinder it to grow up, and fructifie ftill.

This is the third time God Almighty hath been pleas'd to bring me back to the fweet bofom of my dear Country from beyond the Seas; I have been already comforted with the fight of many of my choice Friends, but I mifs you extreamly, therefore I pray make hafte, for *London* ftreets which you and I have trod together fo often, will prove tedious to me elfe. Amongft other things, *Black-Friers* will entertain you with a Play *fpick and fpan new*, and the *Cock-pit* with another; nor I believe after fo long abfence, will it be an unpleafing object for you to fee

London, Jan. 20. *Your* J. H.
1624.

III.

To the Lord Vicount Colchefter.

Right Honourable,

MY laft to your Lordfhip was in *Italian*, with the *Venetian Cazetta* inclos'd. Count *Mansfelt* is upon point of parting, having obtain'd it feems the fum of his defires, he was lodged all the while in the fame Quarter of Saint *James*, which was appointed for the *Infanta*, he fupp'd yefternight with the Councel of War, and he hath a grant of 12000 men *Englifh* and *Scots*, whom he will have ready in the Body of an Army againft the next fpring; and they fay, that *England*, *France*, *Venice*, and *Savoy*, do contribute for the maintenance thereof 60000 pound a month; there can be no conjecture, much lefs any judgment made yet of his defign; moft think it will be for relieving *Breda*, which is ftraitly begirt by *Spinola*, who gives out, that he hath her already as a Bird in a Cage, and will have her maugre all the oppofition in *Chriftendom*; yet there is frefh news come over, that Prince *Maurice* hath got on the back of him, and hath beleaguer'd 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 cry'd up to be near upon twenty miles. But while the *Spaniard* is fpending Millions here for getting fmall Towns, the *Hollander* gets Kingdoms of him elfewhere; he hath invaded and taken lately from the *Portugal* part of *Brazil*, a rich Country for Sugars, Cottons, Balfams, Dying-wood, and divers Commodities befides.

The Treaty of Marriage 'twixt our Prince and the youngeft Daughter of *France*, goes on apace, and my Lord of *Carlile*, and *Holland* are in *Paris* about it, we fhall fee now what difference there

there is 'twixt the *French* and *Spanish* pace: The two *Spanish* Ambassadors have been gone hence long since, they say, that they are both in prison, one in *Burgos* 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 desir'd to have one private audience more, but his Majesty denyed them; I believe they will not continue long in disgrace, for matters grow daily worse and worse 'twixt 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 *Gondamar* will be on his way hither again about the *Palatinat*; for the King of *Denmark* appears now in his Neece's quarrel, and Arms apace.

No more now, but that I kiss your Lordships hands, and rest

Your most humble and ready
London, 5. *Febr.* 1624. *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 breath sweeter, where you may pluck a Rose, and drink a Cillibub.

Kentis, *June*, 1. 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

him back like the Man in the Moon, with a basket of your Fruit on his back.

London, this *Aug.* 10. 1624.

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 Cosen *Thomas Guin* of *Trecastle*.

It was my Fortune to be on Sunday was fortnight at *Theobald*, where his late Majesty King *James* departed this life, and went to his last rest upon the *day* of *rest*, presently after Sermon was done: A little before the break of day, he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his Bed, and came in his Night-gown; the King seem'd to have some earnest thing to say unto him, and so endeavour'd to rouse 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 mutter 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 desir'd, took too deep an impression in him, and that he was forc'd to rush into a War, now in his declining Age, having liv'd in a continual uninterrupted Peace his whole life, except some collateral Aids he had sent his Son-in-law. As soon as he expir'd, the Privy-Council sate, and in less than a quarter of an hour, King *Charles* was proclaim'd at *Theobalds* Court-gate, by Sir *Edward Zouch* Knight Marshal, Master Secretary *Conway* dictating unto him, *That whereas it had pleas'd 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 Kight Marshal mistook, saying, *His 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 Duke of *Buckingham* with him, and came to Saint *James*; in the evening he was proclaim'd 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 engag'd in a War with a potent Prince, the People by long desuetude unapt for arms, the Fleet-Royal in quarter repair, himself

ſelf without a Queen, his Siſter without a Country, the Crown pitifully laden with Debts, and the Purſe of the State lightly ballaſted, 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 worſer times.

The Plague is begun in *White-Chappel*, and as they ſay, in the ſame Houſe, at 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 to put it to the Dyers in groſs, which is like to ſave the Crown a good deal of Mony, the Drapers murmur extreamly at the Lord *Cranfield* for it.

I am not ſetled yet in any ſtable Condition, but I lie Windbound at the *Cape of good hope*, expecting ſome gentle gale to launch out into any Employment.

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

London, Decemb. 11, 1625.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

VIII.

To Dr. Prichard.

SIR,

SInce I was beholden to you for your many Favors in *Oxford*, I have not heard from you (*ne* gry *quidem*) I pray let the wonted Correſpondence be now reviv'd, and receive new vigor between us.

My Lord Chancellor *Bacon* is lately dead of a long languiſhing weakneſs; he died ſo poor, that he ſcarce left Mony to bury him, which though he had a great Wit, did argue no great Wiſdom; it being one of the eſſential Properties of a Wiſeman to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had bin the fortunes of all *Poets* commonly to die beggars; but for an *Orator*, a *Lawyer*, and *Philoſopher*, as he was to die ſo, 'tis rare. It ſeems the ſame fate befell 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 appear'd as in divers other paſſages, ſo once when

when the King had sent him a Stag, he sent up for the Under-Keeper, and having drunk the King's health unto him in a great Silver-gilt Bowl, he gave it him for his Fee.

He writ a pitiful Letter to King *James*, not long before his death, and concludes, Help me dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have bin born to a *Bag*, be not now in my Age forc'd in effect to bear a *Wallet*; nor that I desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live: Which words, in my opinion argued a little abjection of Spirit, as his former Letter to the Prince did of prophaneness, 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 Vicount *Verulam*, who was a rare Man; a Man *Reconditæ scientiæ, & 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 Chief Justice of *England*; for ever since they have bin term'd *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 deposable; but they say the *Lord Chancelor*'s Title is indelible.

I was lately at *Grays-Inn* with Sir *Eubule*, and he desired me to remember him unto you, as I do also salute *Meum* Prichardum *ex imis* præcordiis, *Vale* κεφαλή μοι φιλεταίτη.

London, Jan. 6. 1625. *Your affectionately while* J. H.

IX.

To my Welbeloved Cosen Mr. T. V.

Cosen,

YOu have a great work in hand, for you write unto 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's 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 asunder amongst us *Christians*. If you are resolved to marry, *Choose where you love, and resolve to love your choice*; let *Love* rather than *Lucre* be your guide in this Election, though a concurrence of both be good,

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 anothergets 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 bin silent all the while, smilingly said, *I thought after so much Thunder we should have Rain:* And as I wish you may not light upon such a *Zantippe*, (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 *Strowd* our Cook here at *Westminster* said his Wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the Preacher) he had on a 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 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 amongst 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 thee self 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 *Strowd* had, to suffer the *Gray Mare* sometimes to be the *better Horse*. I remember a *French* Proverb;

La Maison est miserable & méchante,
Où la Poule plus haut que le Cocq chante.

That House doth every day more wretched grow,
Where the Hen lowder 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 though silence be the dumb Orator of Beauty, and the best Ornament of a Woman, yet a Phlegmatic dull Wife is fulsom and fastidious.

Excuse me, Cosen, that I jest with you in so serious a business: I know you need no Counsel of mine herein: you are discreet enough of your self; 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, Feb. 5. 1625. *Your affectionate Cosen,* J. H.

X. To

X.

To my Noble Lord, the Lord Clifford: *from* London.

My Lord,

THe Duke of *Buckingham* is lately return'd from *Holland*, having renewed the Peace with the *States*, and Articled with them for a continuation of some Naval Forces for an Expedition against *Spain*, as also having taken up some Monies 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, amongst the rest of her sad afflictions is not the least: For passing over *Haerlem Mere*, a huge Inland Sough, in company of his Father who had bin at *Amsterdam*, to look how his Bank of Money did thrive, and coming (for more frugality) in the common Boat, which was o'erset with Merchandize, and other Passengers, in a thick fog, the Vessel turn'd o're, and so many perish'd, the Prince *Palsgrave* sav'd himself by swimming, but the young Prince clinging to the Mast, and being intangled among the Tacklings, was half drown'd and half frozen to death: A sad destiny.

There is an open Rupture 'twixt us and the *Spaniard*, though he gives out, that he never broke with us to this day: Count *Gondamar* 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 piece matters together again, but he died in the Journey, at a Place called *Bunnol*, of pure apprehensions of grief, it is given out.

The March 'twixt his Majesty and the Lady *Henrietta Maria*, youngest Daughter to *Henry* the Great (the eldest being married to the King of *Spain*, and the second to the Duke of *Savoy*) goes roundly on, and is in a manner concluded; whereat the Count of *Soissons* is much discontented, who gave himself hopes to have her, but the hand of Heaven had predestin'd her for a far higher Condition.

The *French* Ambassadors who were sent hither to conclude the business, 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, and the other from his Son, but sent them to her Mother; yet he thought he would easily make Peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter Letter in her Bosom, and the first in her Coffi-

ner,

ter, whereby he gather'd, that she intended to reserve his Son for her affection, and him for Counsel.

The Bishop of *Lhcon*, now Cardinal *de Richelieu*, is grown to be the sole Favorite of the King of *France*, being brought in by the Queen Mother, who hath bin very active in advancing the Match, but 'tis thought the wars will break out afresh against them of the Religion, notwithstanding the ill-fortune the King had before *Mountauban* 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 receiv'd some affronts, as that inscription upon their Gates shews, *Roy sans foy, ville sans peur*; *A King without faith, a Town without fear*, yet he was forc'd to raze his works, and raise his siege.

The Letter which Mr. *Ellis Hicks* brought them of *Mountauban* from *Rochel*, through so much danger, and with so much gallantry, was an infinite advantage unto them; for whereas there was a politic report rais'd in the King's Army, and blown into *Montauban*, that *Rochel* was yielded to the Count of *Soissons*, who lay then before her, this Letter did inform the contrary, and that *Rochel* 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 bin lately recommended to the Duke of *Buckingham*, by some noble Friends of mine that have intimacy with him, about whom, though 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

London, 25. *Feb.* 1625.

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

XI.

To Rich. Altham, *Esq*;

SIR,

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 light. your most ingenious Letters to me from time to time

time, do far more lively represent you, than either *Echo* or *Crystal* can do; I mean they represent the better and nobler part of you, to wit, the inward Man, they clearly set forth the motions 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 *lines*, and by those lively expressions you give of your self, insomuch that I believe if the interior Man within you were so visible as the outward (as once *Plato* wish'd, that Vertue 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 echo'd in any place, where they might rebound and be made audible, they are compos'd of such sweet and charming strains of Ingenuity and Eloquence, that all the *Nymphs* of the Woods and the Valleys, the *Driades*, yea, the *Graces* and *Muses* would pitch their Pavillions there; nay, *Apollo* himself would dwell longer in that place with Rays, and make them reverberate more strongly than either upon *Pindus*, or *Parnassus*, or *Rhodes* it self, whence he never removes his eye, 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 vertue, 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 *Laquay* to lie, I observe that rule; but besides my Letters, I could wish there were a *Crystal-casement* in my Breast, thorow which you might behold the motions of my Heart.

——*Utinamq; oculos in pectore posses incessere*, then should you clearly see without any deception of sight, how truly I am, and how entirely

27. *Febr.* 1625. *Yours*, 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 Center of the World shall cease to stand:
First, Wolves shall ligue with Lambs, the Dolphins flie,
The Lawyer and Physician Fees denie,
The Thames *with* Tagus *shall exchange her Bed,*
My Mistris locks with mine, shall first turn red;
First, Heaven shall lie below, and Hell above,
Ere I inconstant to my Altham *prove.*

XII.

To the Right Honorable my Lord of Calingford, *after Earl of* Carberry, *at* Golden Grove.

28. *May*, 1625.

My Lord,

WE have gallant news now abroad, for we are sure to have a new Queen ere it be long; both the Contract and Marriage was lately solemniz'd in *France*, the one the second of this month in the *Louvre*, the other the eleventh day following in the great Church of *Paris*, by the Cardinal of *Rochefoucaud*; there was some clashing 'twixt him and the Archbishop of *Paris*, who alledg'd 'twas 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 Prerogative. I doubt not but your Lordship hath heard of the Capitulations; but for better assurance, I will run them over briefly.

The King of *France* oblig'd himself to procure the Dispensation, the Marriage should be celebrated in the same form as that of Queen *Margaret*, and of the Dutchess of *Bar*; her Dowry should be 800000 Crowns six Shillings a piece, the one moitie to be paid the day of the Contract, the other twelvemonth after. The Queen shall have a Chappel in all the King's Royal Houses, 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 her self, her Officers, and all her Houshold, for the Celebration of the *Mass*, the Predication of the Word, Administration of the Sacraments, and power to procure *Indulgences* 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 Cimetier or Churchyard clos'd about to bury those of her Family; that in consideration of this Marriage, all *English Catholicks*, as well Ecclesiasticks as Lay, which shall be in any Prison meerly 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*, I hope it will prove the happiest. So I kiss your hands, being

Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

Lond. Mar. 1. 1625. J. H.

XIII.

XIII.

To the Honorable Sir Tho. Sa.

SIR,

I Convers'd lately with a Gentleman that came from *France*, who amongst other things discours'd much of the favorite *Richelieu*, who is like to be an active man, and hath great designs. 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 mony; for he hath furnish'd the *States* with a Million of Livres, at two shillings a piece in present, and six hundred thousand 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 press'd much for liberty of Conscience to *Roman Catholicks* amongst them, and the Deputies promis'd to do all they could with the *States* General about it; they Articled likewise for the *French* to be associated with them in the Trade to the *Indies*.

Monsieur is lately Married to *Mary* of *Bourbon*, the Duke of *Monpensiers* Daughter, he told her, *That he would be a better Husband, then he had been a Sutor to her*; for he hung off a good while: This Marriage was made by the King, and *Monsieur* hath for his apennage 100000 Livres, annual Rent from *Chartres* and *Blois*, 100000 Livres Pension, and 500000 to be charg'd 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 discover'd. So I take my leave for present, and rest,

Your very humble and ready Servitor,
J. H.

Lond. Mar. 10. 1626.

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 *Italian* 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 dis-

position, and with the *Faculties* of your soul, as well as the *Phisnomy* of your face; for *Vertue* 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 betters far had offer'd their service in this kind, I had the honour to be commanded by you often. He 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 labour'd 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 lame and defective fragments of women-kind are daily thrust into the world.

I return you here inclos'd the Sonnet, your Grace pleas'd to send me lately, rendred 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 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*) then to be accounted,

Madame,

Your Graces most humble and ready Servitor,

Lond. Mar. 15, 1626. J. H.

XV.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Clifford.

My Lord,

I Pray be pleas'd to dispence with this slownes of mine in answering yours of the first of this present.

Touching the Domestic occurrences, the Gentleman who is Bearer hereof, is more capable to give you account by *discourse* than I can in *Paper*.

For forreign tidings, your Lordship may understand, that the Town of *Breda* hath bin a good while making her last will and Testament, but now there is certain news come, that she hath yielded up the ghost to *Spinola*'s hands after a tough siege of thirteen months, and a circumvallation of near upon twenty miles compass.

My Lord of *Southampton* and his eldest Son sickned at the siege, and dyed at *Berghen*; the adventurous Earl *Henry* of *Oxford*, seeming

ming to tax the Prince of *Orange* of slackness to fight, was set upon a desperate Work, where he melted his grease, and so being carry'd to the *Hague*, he died also: I doubt not but you have heard of Grave *Maurice*'s death, which hapned when the Town was pass'd cure, which was *his* more than the *States*; for he was Marquis of *Breda*, and had near upon thirty thousand Dollars annual rent from her: therefore he seem'd 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 importun'd by Doctor *Rosse*, and other Divines upon his Death-bed, be induc'd to make them Legitimate by marrying the Mother of them, for the Law there is, That if one hath got Children of an Woman, though unmaried 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 postpon'd 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, it had prejudic'd 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 *Solm*'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 *Edward Vere* being one day attending Prince *Maurice*, he pointed at a rising Place call'd *Terbay*, where the Enemy had built a Fort, (which might have bin prevented) Sir *Edward* told him, he feared that Fort would be the cause of the loss of the Town: the *Grave* spatter'd and shook his Head, saying, 'Twas the greatest error he had committed since he knew what belong'd to a Soldier; as also in managing the Plot for surprizing the Cittadel of *Antwerp*, for he repented that he had not imploy'd *English* and *French* in lieu of the slow *Dutch*, who aim'd to have the sole Honor 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* caus'd a new Gate to be erected with this Inscription in great golden Characters.

Philippo *quarto regnante*,
Clara Eugenia Isabella *gubernante*,
Ambrosio Spinola *obsidente*,
Quatuor Regibus contra conantibus
Breda *Capta fuit Idibus*, *&c.*

Tis thought *Spinola* now, that he hath recover'd the Honor he had lost before *Berghen op Zoom* three years since, will not long stay

in *Flanders*, but retire.

No more now, but that I am resolv'd to continue ever

Lond. Mar. 19. 1626. *Your Lordship's most humble Servitor*, J. H.

XVI.

To Mr. K. Sc. *at* York.

SIR,

I Send you one of the third Currant, but 'twas not answer'd; I sent another of the thirteenth 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 answer me when you mind me, is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle. So I rest

Yours easily to be recover'd J. H.

Ira furor brevis, brevis est mea littera, cogor,
Ira correptus, corripuisse stylum.

Lond. 19. of *July*, the first of the *Dog-days*, 1626.

XVII.

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

My Lord,

I Send you my humble Thanks for those worthy Hospitable Favors you were pleas'd to give me at your Lodgings in *Westminster*. I had yours of the fifth of this present, by the hand of Mr. *Jonathan 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 deserv'd to have had a better destiny, considering the strength of it, and the huge charge the Crown was at: for besides a Squadron of sixteen *Hollanders*, whereof Count *William* one of Prince *Maurice*'s Natural Sons was Admiral, there were above fourscore of ours, the greatest Joint Naval power (of Ships without Gallies) that ever spred sail upon Salt-water, which makes the World abroad to stand astonish'd 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're 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

divers errors committed in the conduct of the *main* design; first the odd choice that was made of the Admiral, who was a meer Landman, which made the Seamen much slight him, it belonging properly to Sir *Robert Mansell*, Vice-Admiral of *England*, to have gone in case the High-Admiral went not; then they speak of the uncertainty of the Enterprize, and that no place was pitch'd upon to be invaded, till they came to the height of the South Cape, and in sight of shore, where the Lord *Wimbledon* first called a Counsel of War, wherein some would be for *Malaga*, others for Saint *Mary-Port*, others for *Gibraltar*, but most for *Cales*; and while they were thus consulting, the Country had an Alarum given them. Add hereunto the blazing abroad of this Expedition e're the Fleet went out of the *Downs*; for *Mercurius Gallobelgicus* had it in print, that it was for the Streights-mouth: *Now 'tis 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 resolv'd on, there were seven ships (by the advice of one Captain *Love*) suffer'd to go up the River, which might have bin easily taken, and being rich, 'tis thought they would have defrayed well-near the charge of our Fleet, which ships did much infest us afterwards with their Ordnance, when we had taken the Fort of *Puntall*: Moreover, the disorderly carriage and excess of our Landmen (whereof there were 10000) when they were put ashore, who broke into the Fryars Caves, and other Cellars of sweet Wines, where many hundreds of them being surpriz'd, and found dead drunk, the *Spaniards* came and tore off their Ears and Noses, and pluck'd out their Eyes: And I was told of one merry Fellow escaping, that killed an Ass for a Buck. Lastly, it is laid to the Admiral's charge, that my Lord *de la Ware*'s ship being infected, he should give order that the sick Men should be scatter'd into divers ships, which dispers'd the contagion exceedingly, so that some thousands died before the Fleet returned, which was done in a confused manner, without any observance of Sea-orders: Yet I do not hear of any that will be punished for these miscarriages, which will make the dishonor fall more foully upon the State; but the most infortunate passage of all was, that though we did nothing by Land that was considerable, yet if we had stayed but a day or two longer, and spent time at Sea, the whole Fleet of Galeons, and *Nova Hispania*, had fallen into our mouths, which came presently in, close along the Coasts of *Barbary*, and in all likelyhood we might have had the opportunity to have taken the richest prize that ever was taken on Salt-water. Add hereunto, that while we were thus Masters of those Seas, a Fleet of fifty Sail of *Brasil* men got safe into *Lisbon*, with four of the richest *Caracks* that

that ever came from the *East-Indies.*

I hear my Lord of *Saint Davids* is to be remov'd to *Bath* and *Wells*, and it were worth your Lordship's coming up, to endeavor the succeeding of him. So I humbly rest

Your Lordship's most ready Servitor,

Lond. 20. *Novem.* 1626.

XXVIII.

To my Lord Duke of Buckingham's *Grace, at* New-Market.

MAy it please your Grace to peruse and pardon these few Advertisements, which I would not dare to present, had I not hopes that the goodness which is concomitant with your Greatness, would make them venial

My Lord, a Parliament is at hand, the last was *boistrous*, God grant that this may prove more calm: A rumor runs that there are Clouds already ingendred, which will break out into a Storm in the *lower Region*, and most of the drops are like to fall upon your Grace. This, though it be but vulgar Astrology, is not altogether to be contemn'd, though I believe that his Majesty's countenance reflecting so strongly upon your Grace, with the brightness of your own Innocency, may be able to dispel and scatter them to nothing.

My Lord, you are a great Prince, and all Eyes are upon your actions, this makes you more subject to Envy, which like the Sun Beams, beats always upon rising Grounds. I know your Grace hath many sage and solid Heads about you; yet I trust it will prove no offence, if out of the late relation I have to your Grace by the recommendation of such Noble Personages, I put in also my *Mite.*

My Lord, under favor, it were not amiss if your Grace would be pleased to part with some of those Places you hold, which have least relation to the Court, and it would take away the mutterings that run of multiplicity of Offices, and in my shallow apprehension, your Grace might stand more firm without an *Anchor:* The Office of High Admiral in these times of action requires one whole Man to Execute it, your Grace hath another Sea of businesses to wade through, and the voluntary resigning of this Office would fill all Men, yea even your Enemies, with admiration and affection, and make you more a Prince, than detract from your Greatness. If any ill successes happen at Sea (as that of the Lord *Wimbledon's* lately) or if there be any murmur for pay, your Grace will be free from all imputations; besides it will afford your

Grace

Grace more leisure to look into your own affairs, which lie confus'd, and unsetled: Lastly, (which is not the least thing) this act will be so plausible, that it may much advantage His Majesty in point of Subsidy.

Secondly, It were expedient (under correction) that your Grace would be pleas'd to allot some set hours for audience and access of Sutors, and it would be less cumber to your Self, and your Servants, and give more content to the World, which often mutters for difficulty of access.

Lastly, It were not amiss, that your Grace would settle a standing Mansion-house and Family, that Sutors may know whither to repair constantly, & that your servants every one in his place, might know what belongs to his place, and attend accordingly; for though confusion in a great Family carry a kind of State with it, yet order and regularity gains a greater opinion of vertue and wisdom. I know your Grace doth not (nor needs not) affect popularity: It is true, that the Peoples love is the strongest Citadel of a Soveraign Prince, but to a great Subject it hath often prov'd fatal; for he who pulleth off his *Hat* to the People, giveth his *Head* to the Prince: and it is remarkable what was said of a late infortunate Earl, who a little before Queen *Elizabeths* death, had drawn the Ax 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 threatned to be heav'd at, it should behove every one that oweth you duty and good will, to reach out his hand some way or other to serve you; Amongst these, I am one that presumes to do it, in this poor impertinent Paper; for which I implore pardon, because I am

My Lord,

London 13. *Feb.* 1625. — *Your Grace's most humble and faithful Servant*, J. H.

XIX.

To Sir J. S. *Knight.*

SIR,

THere is a saying which carrieth no little weight with it, that *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet*; *Small love speaks, while great love stands astonish'd with silence*: The one keeps a tatling, 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

make an obstreperous hollow sound, which they would not do, were they repleniſh'd, & full of Subſtance: 'Tis the condition of my love to you; which is ſo great, and of that profoundneſs, that it hath bin ſilent all this while, being ſtupified with the contemplation of thoſe high Favours, and ſundry ſorts of Civilities, wherewith I may ſay, you have over-whelm'd me. This deep Foard of my 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 bubling 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 moſt faithful and ready Servitor*, J.H.

XX.

To the Right Honorable the Earl R.

My Lord,

ACcording to promiſe, and that portion of obedience I owe to your commands, I ſend your Lordſhip theſe few Aviſos, 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 Count *Mansfelt* is in *Paris*, having now receiv'd three routings in *Germany*; 'tis 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 amongſt this Croud, 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 *Bethlem Gabor* hath been long expected to do ſomething, but ſome think he will prove but a Bugbear. Sir *Charles Morgan* is to go to *Germany* with 6000. Auxiliaries to joyn with the *Daniſh* Army.

The Parliament is adjourn'd to *Oxford*, by reaſon of the ſickneſs which increaſeth exceedingly; and before the King went out of Town there died 1500. that very week, and two out of *White-Hall* it ſelf.

There is high claſhing again 'twixt my Lord Duke, and the Earl of *Briſtol*, they recriminate one another of divers things: the Earl accuſeth him amongſt other matters, of certain Letters from

Rome

Rome: of putting His Majesty upon that hazardous Journey of *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 my 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 wonted Service to your Lordship, if it may be done with safety: So I rest

Your Lordship's most humble
Lond. 15. of *Mar.* 1626. *Servitor*, J. H.

XXI.

To the Honorable 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 serv'd, with the nimble pace the *French* Match went on by the successful negotiation of the Earls of *Carlile* and *Holland* (who outwent the Monsieurs themselves in Courtship) and how in less than nine Moons this great Business was propos'd, pursu'd, and perfected, whereas the Sun had leasure 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 the difference 'twixt the two Nations, the *Leaden-heel'd* pace of the one, and the *Quick-silver'd* motions of the other: It shews also how the *French* is more generous in his proceedings, and not so full of scruples, reservations, and jealous as the *Spaniard*, but deals more frankly, and with a greater confidence and gallantry.

The Lord Duke of *Buckingham* is now in *Paris*, accompanied with the Earl of *Montgomery*, and he went in a very splendid Equipage: The *Venetian* and *Hollander* with other States that are no friends to *Spain*, did some good offices to advance this Alliance; and the new Pope propounded much towards it; but *Richelieu* the new Favorite of *France* was the *Cardinal* instrument in it.

This Pope *Urban* grows very active, not only in things present, but ripping up of old matters, for which there is a select Committee appointed to examine accounts and errors pass'd, 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 clapt a pair of Spurs upon St. *Peter's* heels; and St. *Paul* asking him whither he was bound, he

an-

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 persecuting the *Christians*, before I was converted. So I take my leave, and rest

Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,
London, 3. *May*, 1626. J. H.

XXII.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry.

SIR,

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-woo'd *Infanta*; for she was of a fading Flaxen-hair, Big-lipp'd, and somewhat Heavy-e*y*'d; 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 transfretation to *Dover* Castle, and in *Canterbury* the 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 appear'd like so many Constellations; but methought that the Country Ladies out-shin'd the Courtiers: She brought over with her two hundred thousand Crowns in gold and silver, as half her Portion, and the other Moitie 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 is also allowed twenty eight 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 conveniency, and pray present my dear love to my Sister; I hope to see you at *Dyvinnock* 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

London, 16. *May*, 1626.

Your most affectionate Brother, J. H.

XXIII. *To*

XXIII.

To my Uncle Sir Sackvill Trevor: *from* Oxford.

SIR,

I Am sorry I must write unto you the sad tydings of the dissolution of the Parliament here, which was done suddenly: Sir *John Elliot* was in the heat of a high Speech against the Duke of *Buckingham*, when the Usher of the *Black-Rod* knock'd at the door, and signified the King's pleasure, which struck a kind of consternation in all the House: My Lord Keeper *Williams* hath parted with the Broad Seals, because, as some say, he went about to cut down the Scale by which he rose; for some, it seems, did ill offices twixt 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 Fathers Blessing; for better assurance of Lodging where I pass, in regard of the Plague, I have a Post-Warrant as far as *Saint Davids*, which is far enough you'l say, for the King hath no ground further on this Island. If the Sickness rage in such extremity at *London*, the Term will be held at *Reding*.

All your Friends here are well, but many look blank because of this 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

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

XXIV.

To my Father: *from* London.

SIR,

I Was now the fourth time at a dead stand in the course of my Fortunes, for though I was recommended to the Duke, and receiv'd many noble Respects from him, yet I was told by some who are nearest him, that some-body 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 suspence, Mr. Secretary *Conway* sent for me, and propos'd unto me, that the King had occasion to send a Gentleman to *Italy*, in nature of a moving *Agent*; and though he might have choice of Persons of good Quali

ty 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 Allowance accordingly; I humbly thank'd him for the good opinion he pleas'd to conceive of me being a stranger to him, and desir'd some time to consider of the proposition, and of the nature of the Employment; so he granted me four days to think upon't, and two of them are pass'd already. If I may have a Support accordingly, I intend by God's grace (desiring your Consent and Blessing to go along) to apply my self to this Course; but before I part with *England*, I intend to send you further notice.

The Sickness is miraculously decreas'd in this City and Suburbs, for from two and fifty hundred, which was the greatest number that died in one Week, and that was some forty days since, they are now fallen to three hundred. It was the violent'st 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* ask'd me lately how you did, and wish'd me to remember him to you. So with my Love to all my Brothers and Sisters, and the rest of my Friends which made so much of me lately in the Country: I rest

Your dutiful Son,

Lond. 7. *Aug.* 1626. J. H.

XXV.

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

Right Honorable,

SInce I last attended your Lordship here, I summon'd my thoughts to Counsel, and canvas'd to and fro within my self the business you pleas'd to impart unto 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 requir'd 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 Hony out of bad, as out of good Flowers: Thirdly, the danger which the Undertaker must converse withall, and which may fall upon him by interception of Letters or other cross casualties: Lastly, the great expence it will require being not to remain sedentary in one place as other Agents, but to be often in itinerary motion.

Touch-

Touching the first, I refer my self to your honor's favorable 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 that I may merit 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 one hundred pounds a quarter, and to have Bills of Credit according. Upon these terms, my Lord, I shall apply my self to this Service, and by God's Blessing hope to answer all expectations. So referring the premises to your Noble consideration, I rest

London, Sept. 8. 1626.

My Lord, your very humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXVI.

To my Brother (after) Dr. Howell, *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* demurr'd upon the Salary I propounded; I have now wav'd this course, yet I came off fairly with my Lord; for I have a stable Home-Employment proffer'd me by my Lord *Scroop*, Lord President of the North, who sent for me lately to *Worcester*-House, though 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 promis'd 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 Majesty, for their petulancy, and some misdemeanors, and imposing some old penancies upon the Queen, are all cashier'd this week, about a matter of sixscore, whereof the Bishop of *Mende* was one, who had stood to be Steward of her Majesty'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 instantly away to *Somerset*-House, for there were Barges and Coaches 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 Kingdom.

This ſudden undream'd of Order, ſtruck an aſtoniſhment into them all, both Men and Women; and running to complain to the Queen, His Majeſty had taken her before into his Bed Chamber, and lock'd 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 calm'd afterwards: Juſt ſuch a deſtiny happen'd in *France* ſome years ſince to the Queen's *Spaniſh* Servants there, who were all diſmiſs'd in like manner for ſome miſcarriages; the like was done in *Spain* to the *French*, therefore 'tis 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-favour'd Quarrel.

Maſter *Mountague* is preparing to go to *Paris* as a Meſſenger of Honor, to prepoſſeſs the King and Counſel there, with the truth of things. So with my very kind Reſpects to my Siſter, I reſt

Lond. 15. *Mar.* 1626.

Your loving Brother,
J. H.

XXVII.

To the Right Honorable the Lord S.

My Lord,

I Am bound ſhortly for *York*, where I am hopeful of a profitable Imployment. Ther's fearful news come from *Germany*, that ſince Sir *Charles Morgan* went thither with 6000 Men for the Aſſiſtance of the King of *Denmark*, the King hath received an utter overthrow by *Tilly*, he had receiv'd 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're the *Elve* to *Holſteinland*, inſomuch that they write from *Hamburgh*, 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 aſſiſt his Uncle, and the Prince *Palgrave*, both which was promis'd 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 King of *Denmark* is diſtreſs'd, the *Sound* like to be loſt, the *Eſtiland*-trade, and the Staple at *Hamborough* in danger to be deſtroied, and the *English* Garriſon under Sir *Charles Morgan* at *Stad* ready to be ſtarv'd

Yet

These Loan-monies keep a great noise, and they are imprison'd 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.

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 thirty, but now one would take him by his Hair to be near threescore, for he is all turn'd gray. I wonder'd at such a Metamorphosis in so short a time, he told me, 'Twas 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 *Spanish* Advocat told me, which is a thing very remarkable.

When the Duke of *Alva* went to *Brussels*, about the beginning of the tumults in the *Netherlands*, he had sate down before *Hulst* in *Flanders*, and there was a Provost-Marshal in his Army, who was a Favorite of his; and this Provost had put some to death by secret Commission from the Duke: There was one Captain *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 Marshal-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 answer'd, Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my Commission, therefore, I pray, prepare your self, for there's your *Ghostly Father* and *Executioner*: so he fell on 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 look't 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*, though a young Man of about thirty, had his hair all turn'd gray, to the admiration of all the world and the duke of *Alva* himſelf, who queſtion'd him about it, but he would conteſs nothing. The next year the Duke was revok'd, and in his journey to the Court of *Spain*, he was to paſs by *Saragoſſa*, and this Captain *Bolea* and the *Provoſt* went along with him as his Domeſtics. The Duke being to repoſe ſome days in *Saragoſſa*, the young old Captain *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 obtain'd this, went to the Warden and told him, that the Duke would come to viſit the Houſe the next day, and the chieſeſt occaſion that mov'd him to it, was, that he had an unruly *Provoſt* about him, who was ſubject oftentimes to fits of Frenzy, and becauſe he wiſheth 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 ruffling train of Captains after him, amongſt whom was the ſaid *Provoſt*, very ſhining brave; being entred into the Houſe, about the Duke's Perſon, Captain *Bolea* told the Warden (pointing at the *Provoſt*) that's the Man; ſo he took him aſide into a dark Lobby, where he had plac'd ſome of his Men, who muffled him in his Cloak, ſeiz'd upon his gilt Sword with his Hat and Feather, and ſo hurried him down into a Dungeon: My *Provoſt* had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happen'd that a Gentleman coming out of curioſity to ſee the Houſe, peep'd 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 clap'd up, nor could he imagin why. The Gentleman did the Errand, whereat the Duke being aſtoniſhed ſent for the Warden with his Priſoner; ſo he brought my *Provoſt en querpo* Madman like, full of ſtraws and feathers before the Duke, who at the ſight of him, breaking out into laughter, asked the Warden, why he had made him his priſoner; Sir, ſaid the Warden, twas by vertue of your Excellency's Commiſſion brought me by Captain *Bolea*: *Bolea* ſtep'd forth and told the Duke, Sir, you have ask'd me oft, how theſe hairs of mine grew ſo ſuddenly gray, 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 lain 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 that you ſee he hath made me old

before

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 happly 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 Captain *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 *Botargo* you sent me; I hope to be shortly quit with you for all courtesies in the interim, I am

York this 1. *of 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 *Hailshot*, sign'd with the Ambassadors Seal, that he had sent so solemnly from *Constantinople*, which he made the world believe to be full of *Chequins* and *Turky* gold.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION V.

I.

To Dan. Caldwall *Esq*; *from* York.

My Dear. D.

THough 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 *Borea*'s chilling blasts cool it awhit. I am the same to you this side *Trent*, as I was the last time we cross'd 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 receiv'd one syllable from you, since I left *London*, if you rid me not of this scruple, and send to me speedily, I shall think, though you live under a hotter clime in the *South*, that your former love is not only cool'd, but frozen.

For this present condition of life, I thank God, I live well contented, I have a fee from the King, diet for my self and two servants, livery for a horse, and a part of the Kings house for my lodging, and other priveleges which I am told no Secretary before me had; but I must tell you, the perquisits are nothing answerable to my expectation yet. I have built me a new study since I came, wherein I shall amongst others meditate sometimes on you, and whence this present Letter comes. So with a thousand thanks for the plentiful Hospitality and Jovial farewell you gave me at your House in *Essex*, I rest

Yours, yours, yours,

York 30 *Julii*, 1627.

J. H.

II. To

II.

To Mr. Richard Leat.

S*Ignor mio*, it is now a great while methinks since any act of Friendship, or other interchangeable offices of love hath pass'd between us, either by Letters, or other accustomed ways of correspondence; and as I will not *accuse*, so I go not about to *clear* my self in this point, let this long silence be termed therefore a *cessation* rather than *neglect* on both sides: A Bow 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 season'd; I pray let the *Sydonian* Merchant *J. Bruckhurst* be at the eating of them, and then I know they will be well soak'd. 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 *Weston* is Lord Treasurer; we may say now, that we have Treasurers of all *tences*, for there are four living, to wit, the Lord *Manchester*, *Middlesex*, *Marlborough*, and the Newly chosen: I hear also that the good old Man (the last) hath retir'd to his Lodgings in *Lincolns*-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 Gazetta*. So with my kind Respects to your Father, I rest

York 9. July, 2627. *Yours*, J. H.

III.

To Sir Ed. Sa. *Knight*.

SIR, 'Twas no great matter to be a Prophet, and to have foretold this rupture 'twixt us and *France* upon the sudden *remoy* of her Majesty's Servants; for many of them had sold their Estates in *France*, given Mony 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 Marchant-men that went to the Vintage at *Bordeaux*. We also

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 Burgeſs, though Maſter *Chriſtopher Wansford*, and other powerful Men, and more deſerving than I, ſtood for it. I pray God ſend me fair weather in the Houſe of Commons, for there is much murmuring about the reſtraint of thoſe that would not conform to *Loan Monies*. There is a great Fleet a 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 bin lately t'other ſide the *Alps*, and ſettled the Duke of *Nevers* in the Dutchy of *Mantoüa*, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the King of *Spain* and the Emperor, who alledg'd, 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

Your true Friend,

March 2. 1627. 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 Receiv'd a public Inſtrument from you lately, ſubſcrib'd by your ſelf and divers others, wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your Burgeſſes for this now near approaching Parliament; I could have wiſhed that you had not put by Maſter *Wandsford*, 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 endeavor to acquit my ſelf of the Truſt, and to anſwer your expectation accordingly: And as I account this Election an honor unto me, ſo I eſteem it a greater advantage, that ſo worthy and well-experienc'd a Knight as Sir *Talbot Bows*, is to be my Collegue 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 ran-

dom

dom to generals. I hope to learn of Sir *Talbot* what's fitting to be done, and I shall apply my self accordingly to joyn with him to serve you with my best Abilities: So I rest

Your most assured and ready Friend to do you service, J. H.

Lond. March 24. 1627.

V.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Clifford, *at* Knasbrugh.

My Lord,

THe news that fills all Mouths at present, is the return of the Duke of *Buckingham* from the Isle of *Ree*, 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 perish'd, 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, amongst others, great Colonel *Gray* fell into a Salt-pit, and being ready to be drown'd, he cried out, *Cent mille Escus pour ma rançon*, *A hundred thousand Crowns for my ransom*, the *Frenchmen* hearing that, preserved him, though he was not worth a hundred thousand pence. Another 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 Favors ty'd 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 bin answerable to the Invasion, we had lost no Honor at all. A great number of gallant Gentlemen fell on our side, as Sir *John Heydon*, Sir *Jo. Burrowes*, Sir *John Blundel*, Sir *Alex. Bret*, with divers Veteran Commanders, who came from the *Netherlands* to this Service.

God send us better success 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

Your humble Servitor,

Lond. 24. of *Septemb.* 1627.

J. H.

VI. *To*

VI:

To the Kight Honorable 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 reduc'd to extream exigent; and now the Duke is preparing to go again, with as great power as was yet rais'd: notwithstanding that the Parliament hath flown higher at him than ever; which makes the People here hardly wish any good success to the Expedition, because 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 strengthning of the *French* Monarchy, than the reduction of *Rochel.* The King hath bin there long in Person with his Cardinal, and the stupendious works they have rais'd 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.*

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 pass'd 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 Councel-Table in joy hereof, amongst other passages, one was, *That hereafter his Majesty would please to make the Parliament his Favorite, and he to have the honor to remain still his Servant.* No more now but that I continue

Lond. 25. *Sept.* 1623. *Your Lordship's most dutiful Servant,* J. H.

VII.

To the Right Honorable the Lady Scroop, *Countess of* Sunderland: *from* Stamford.

Madam,

I Lay yesternight at the Post-House at *Stilton*, and this morning betimes the Post-master came to my Beds-head and told me the Duke 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 *Rutland* (your Brother) riding Post towards *London*; it pleas'd him to alight, and shew me a Letter, wherein there was an

exact

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 humor out of his bed, and cut a Caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the Barbers hands, (where the murtherer 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 *Monsieur Soubize* came unto him, and whispered him in the ear that *Rochel* was relieved, the Duke seem'd to slight the news, which made some think that *Soubize* went away discontented: After Breakfast the Duke going out, Colonel *Fryer* stepped before him, & stopping him upon some business, and Lieutenant *Felton* being behind, made a thrust with a common ten-penny 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 kill'd me, (meaning as some think, Colonel *Fryer*) for there had been some difference 'twixt them, so reeling against a Chimney he fell down dead: The Dutchess being with Child hearing the noise below, came in her night-geers from her Bed-Chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of Rail, and thence beheld him weltring 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 mov'd him to this act, was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had bin put by his Captains 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 publick 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 miss'd his way, and so struck into the pastry, where although the cry went that some *Frenchman* had don't, he thinking the word was *Felton*, he 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, Captain *Mince*, tour off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answer'd boldly that he knew he was dispatch'd for 'twas not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroak, and though his whole body had been cover'd over with armour of proof he could not have avoided it. Captain *Charles Price* went Post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet he never

stirr'd

ſtirr'd, nor was he diſturb'd a whit till all divine ſervice was done. This was the relation as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of *Rutlands* Letter, who will'd me to remember him unto your Ladyſhip, and tell you that he was going to comfort your neece (the Dutcheſs) 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 my ſelf, in regard of ſome buſineſs I have to diſpatch for my Lord in the way; ſo I humbly take my leave, and reſt

Your Ladyſhips moſt dutiful
Stamford Aug. 5. *Servant*, J. H.
1628.

IX.

To the right Honourable Sir, Peter Wichts *his Majeſties Ambaſſador at* Conſtantinople.

My Lord,

YOurs of the 2 of *July* came to ſafe hand, and I did all thoſe particular *recaudos*, you enjoyned me to do to ſome of your friends here.

The Town of *Rochel* hath bin fatal and infortunate to *England*, for this is the third time that we have attempted to relieve her, but our fleets and forces return'd without doing any thing. My Lord of *Linſey* went thither with the ſame fleet the Duke intended to go on, but he is return'd without doing any good, he made ſome ſhots at the great boom and other baricadoes 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 paſſed cure, and they cry out, we have betrayed them: At the return of this Fleet two of the *Whelps* were caſt away and three ſhips more, and ſome five ſhips who had ſome of thoſe great ſtones, that were brought to build *Pauls*, 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 alineated 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 *Noſtre Dame*, as tropheys in *Paris*. Since I began this Letter there is news brought that *Rochel* hath yielded, and that the King hath diſmantled the Town, and raz'd 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 propugnacle of the Proteſtants there, and now queſtionleſs all the reſt of their cautionary Towns which they

kept

kept for their own defence will yield, so that they must depend hereafter upon the King's meer 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

London, 1. *Sept.* 1628. — *Your Lordship's ready Servitor*, J. H.

X.

To my Cosen Mr. St Geon, *at* Christ-Church *Colledge in* Oxford.

COsen, though you want no incitements to go on in that fair road of Vertue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble Father's Company, he did intimate unto 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 remov'd 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 befall some, who from *golden* Students, become *silver* Batchelors, and *leaden* Masters. I am far from entertaining such thought of you, that *Logic* with her *quiddities*, and *Quæ, la, vel Hipps*, can any way unpolish your human 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 twelve-months constancy and patience, this *Gorgon*'s head will prove a meer 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 consecutif acts which nature useth in nourishing the Body. To the nurrition of the Body, there are two essential conditions requir'd, *assumption* and *retention*, then there follows two more, πέψις and πρόσφυσις concoction and agglutination, or *adhæsion*: 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 reduc'd to

these

these two heads, *teneri fideliter, & uti fœliciter*, which are two of the happiest properties in a Student; there is another act requir'd to good concoction, call'd the act of *Expulsion*, which puts off all that is unsound and noxious, so in Study there must be an expulsive vertue 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 excern'd: Do not confound you self 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-stuff; *Philosophy* hath more of reality in it than any Knowledge, the *Philosopher* can sadom the deep, measure Mountains, reach the Stars with a staff, and bless Heaven with a girdle.

But amongst these Studies you must not forget the *unicum necessarium*, on Sundays and Holy-days, let *Divinity* be the sole object of your speculation, in comparison whereof all other Knowledge is but cobweb-learning; *præ qua quisquiliæ cætera.*

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

Your effectionate Cosen, J. H.

London, 25. *Octob.* 1627.

XI.

To Sir Sackvil Trevor, *Knight.*

Noble Unkle,

I Send you my humble thanks for the curious Sea-chest of Glasses you pleas'd to bestow on me, which I shall be very chary to keep as a Monument of your Love. I congratulate also the great honor 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 bin 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. *Anderas* 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 *Brasil*. No more but that I wish you all health, honor, and heart's desire.

Your much obliged Nephew and Servitor,

Lond. 26. of *Octob.* 1625. J. H.

XII.

To Captain Tho. B. *from* York.

Noble Captain, Yours of the first of *March* was deliver'd me by Sir *Richard Scot*, and I held it no prophanation of this Sunday evening, considering the quality of my subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all Church duties, to employ some hours to *meditate* on you, and send you this friendly salute, though I confess in an unusual monitory 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 conferr'd 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 Vertue of an Enemy, than sooth the Vices of a Friend, for your own particular, if your parts of Vertue and your Infirmities were cast into a ballance, 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-favour'd custom that reigns in you, which weighs much, it is a humor of *Swearing* in all your discourses, and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetch'd Oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of *Rhetoric* to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more, and you use this in cold blood when you are not provok'd, which makes the humor far more dangerous; I know many, (and I cannot say I my self 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

ſend forth as it were, whole volleys of Oaths and Curſes in a calm humor to verify every trivial Diſcourſe, is a thing of horror. I knew a King that being croſs'd in his game would amongſt his Oaths fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his paſſion; I heard of another King (*Henry* the Fourth of *France*) that in his higheſt diſtemper would ſwear but *Ventre de Saint Gris*, by the Belly of Saint *Gris*: I heard of an *Italian*, that having bin much accuſtom'd to blaſpheme, was wean'd from it by a pretty wile; for having bin one night at play, and loſt all his money, after many execrable Oaths, and having offer'd 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 Gamſters plaid 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 he was ſtruck blind, and that God's Judgement 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 Gamſters being at play, and one having loſt all his money, and bolted 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, hereupon 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 *Southwel*'s news from *Utopia*, that he who Swareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchaſe. This infandous cuſtom of Swearing I obſerve reigns in *England* lately more than any where elſe, though a *German* in his heſt puff of paſſion ſwears a *hundred thouſand Sacraments*, the *Italian* by the Whore of *God*, the *French* by his *Death*, the *Spaniard* by his *Fleſh*, the *Welſhman* by his *Sweat*, the *Iriſhman* by his *Five Wounds*, though

he *Scot* commonly bids the *Devil hale 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*, 'tis no *Habit* I hope, let me therefore conjure you by that power of Friendship, by that holy Jigue 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 whatsoever you say, it being one of the punishments of a Swearer as well as of a Lyar, 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 think 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 humors, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavor to do it by degrees; like *Sertorius* his 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 humor from which I dissuade you, it hath rag'd 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 fevorish 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 whensoever 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, sin's 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 fix upon't, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a conquest of your self, 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 Honor of the Holy Name of *GOD.*

1. *LEt the vast Universe,*
And therein ev'ry thing
The mighty Acts rehearse
Of their immortal King,
His name extoll
what to Nadir
from Zenith *stir*
'Twixt Pole and Pole.

2. *Ye Elements that move,*
And alter every 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 *which the center art*
And only standest still,
Yet move, and bear thy part;
Resound with Ecchos shrill,
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,
Beasts wild and tame
whom lodgings yield
house, dens or field,
Collaud his Name.

5. *Ye* Seas *with* Earth *that make*
One globe flow high and swell,
Exalt your Maker's Name,
In deep *his wonders tell:*
Leviathan,
and what doth swim
near bank or brim,
His glory scan.

6. *Ye* airy *Regions all*
Joyn in a swet consent,
Blow such a Madrigall
May reach the Firmament.
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
and pearly Drops,
that hang on crops,
His wonders show.

7. *Pure Element of* Fire
With holy sparks inflame
This sublunary quire,
That all one consort frame,
Their spirits raises,
to trumpet forth
their Maker's worth,
And sound his praise.

8. *Ye glorious* Lamps *that roul,*
In your celestial Sphears
All under his controul,
Who you on poles up bears,
Him magnifie,
ye Planets bright,
and fixed lights
That deck the Skie.

9. *O Heaven* Crystalline,
Which by thy watry hue
Dost temper and refine
The rest in azur'd blue,
His glory sound
thou first Mobile,
which mak'st all wheel
In circle round.

10. *Ye glorious* Souls *who raign*
In sempiternal joy,
Free from those cares and pain
which here did you annoy,
And him behold
in whom all bliss
concentred is,
His laud unfold.

11 *Blest Maid which dost surmount*
All Saints and Seraphins,
And reign'st as Paramount,
And chief of Cherubins,
Chant out his praise
who in thy womb,
nine months took room
Though crown'd with rays.

12. *O let my Soul and Heart,*
My Mind and Memory
Bear in this Hymn a part,
And joyn with Earth and Sky.
Let every Wight
the world o're
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

York, the 1. of *Aug.* 1628.

Your true Friend,
J. H.

XIII.

To Will. Austin, *Esq;*

S I R,

I Have many thanks to give you for that excellent Poem you sent me upon the Passion of *Christ*; surely you were possess'd with a very strong Spirit when you pen'd it, you were become a true *Enthusiast*: 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 *Bankside* to

Paul's Churchyard, with other precious Pieces of yours, which you have pleased to impart unto me.

Oxford, 20. *Aug.* 1628.

Your affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XIV.

To Sir J. S. *Knight.*

SIR,

YOu writ to me lately for a Footman, and I think this Bearer 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 though he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a Footman to be a stayed 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 spirit 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 greafe melts in running hard, 'tis subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for a tryal, 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 Neighbors shall not hereafter need to fear the Name of *Spinola*, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they begin 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

London, 25. of *May*, 1628.

Your much obliged Servitor, J. H.

XV.

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

pains in't, and I had plac'd 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 are both of them 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 joyn stocks together; So that I hope, Sir, they are well placed as any two youths in *London*, but you must not use to send them such large tokens in mony, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother *Ned* apprentice in *Drapers Hall*, casting my eyes upon the Chimny piece of the great Room, I spyed a picture of an ancient Gentleman, and underneath *Thomas Howell*, I ask'd the Clerk about him; and he told me, that he had bin a *Spanish* Merchant in *Henry* the Eight's time, and coming home rich, and dying a Batchellor, he gave that Hall to the company of *Drapers*, with other things, so that he is accounted one of their 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

London, 30 *Sept.* 1629. *Your dutiful Son*, J. H.

XVI.

To my brother Dr. Howell *at Jesus Colledge in* Oxon.

BRother, I have sent you here inclosed, Warrants for four brace of Bucks, and a Stag, the last Sir *Arthur Manwaring* procur'd 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 *Waddon* chace; 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 North hath lately made me Patron of a living hard by *Henly*, call'd *Hambledon*, it is worth five hundred

Pounds 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 Advoulon to me for satisfaction of some arrerages. Dr. *Domlaw* and two or three more have bin with me about it, but I always intended to make the first proffer to you, therefore I pray think of it, a sum of Mony must be had, but you shall be at no trouble for that, if you only will secure it (and desire one more who I know will do it for you) and it shall appear unto 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 about the mid-way 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 Bishopricks: I know his Majesty is gracious unto 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, God 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

London, 20 *June*, 1628. *Your loving brother*, J. H.

XVII.

To my Father Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FAther Ben. *Nullum sit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ*, 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 stultitiæ*, nor small wit without some allay of foolishness. Touching the first it is verified in you, for I find that you have bin oftentimes mad, you were mad when you writ for *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alchimist*, you were mad when you writ *Catilin*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus*; but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetic Lady* you were not so mad: Insomuch 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, agitante calescimus illo. 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 laurell'd heads, to walk in the *Zodiac* with *Apollo* himself, and command *Mercury* upon their errands

Can-

I cannot yet light upon Dr. *Davies* his *Welsh* Grammer, before *Christmas* I am promis'd one: So desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal-fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserv'd it from burning, this being the second time that *Vulcan* hath threatned you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and bin too busy with his Horns; I rest

Westminster, 27. *June*, 1629. — *Your Son, and contiguous Neighbour*, J. H.

XVIII.

To Sir Arthur Ingram, *at his House in* York.

SIR,

I Have sent you herewith a hamper of Melons, the best I could find in any of *Tothillfield* gardens, and with them my very humble service and thanks for all favors, 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 Sute depending in the *King's-Bench* against some Neighbors touching a River that us'd to annoy him, and Sir *Edward Coke* asking how he call'd the River, he answer'd, *My Lord, I need not call her, for she is forward enough to come of her self.* 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 indispos'd at Dr. *Nappiers*, 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

London, 25. *Jul.* 1629. — *Your most obliged Servant*, J. H.

XIX.

To R. S. *Esq*;

SIR,

I Am one of them who value not a Curtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those Bird-lim'd 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 pleasur'd me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudic'd me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than

Westminst. 3. *Aug.* 1629. — *Your humble Servitor*, J. H.

XX.

To the Countess of Sunderland, *at* York.

Madam,

MY Lord continues still in a course of *Physick* at D. *Nappiers*, I writ to him lately, that his Lordship would please to come to his own House here in *Martin*'s 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 meer *Quacksalver*, that was once D. *Lopez* his Man.

The little Knight that useth to draw up his Breeches with a shooing-horn, I mean Sir *Posthumus Hobby*, flew high at him this Parliament, and would have inserted his Name in the Scrowl of Recusants, that's shortly to be presented to the King, but I produc'd a Certificat from *Linford* under the Minister's hand, that he receiv'd the Communion at *Easter* last, and so got his Name out: Besides, the Deputy-Lieutenants of *Buckinghamshire* would have charged *Biggin*-Farm with a Light-Horse, but Sir *Will. Allford* and others joyned with me to get it off.

Sir *Thomas Wentworth* and Mr. *Wansford*, are grown great Courtiers lately, and come from *Westminster-Hall* to *White-Hall*: (Sir *Jo. Savill* their Countryman having shown them the way with his *white Staff*.) The Lord *Weston* tamper'd with the one, and my Lord *Cottington* took pains with the other, to bring them about from their violence against the *Prerogative*: And I am told the first of them is promis'd 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 in to her, to try whether they may have better fortune than the *Danes*.

My Lady *Scroop* (my Lord's Mother) hath lain sick a good while, and is very weak. So I rest,

Madam,

Your humble and dutiful Servitor, J. H.

Westminst. 5. *Aug.* 1625.

XXI.

To Dr. H. W.

SIR,

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 ἡ ἀπορία τῆς ἀρχὴ εὑρέσεως, Dubitation is the beginning of all Knowledge;

I con-

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, confirm'd by experience, and a long tract of time, distrust then is meer poison to Friendship: Therefore if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your Friend, but

Your Servant, J. H.

Westminst. 20. *Octob.* 1629.

XXII.

To Dr. H. W.

SIR,

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 *masculin* Performances, else I shall think you have lost your *being*; for you know 'tis a Rule in Law, *Idem est non esse, & non apparere.*

Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westminst. 25. *Sept.* 1629.

To Mr. B Chaworth: *On my* Valentine, *Mistris* Frances Metcalf (*now Lady* Robinson) *at* York.

A Sonnet.

COuld I charm the Queen of Loves,
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 flowers the Rose *excells,*
As Amber *'mongst the fragrant'st 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 excells 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 saw I none that could out-shine,
Or parallel my Valentine.

Th' Italians *they are coy and quaint,*
But they grosly daub and paint,
The Spanish *kind, and apt to please;*
But sav'ring of the same disease:
Of Dutch *and* French *some few are comly,*
The French *are light, the* Dutch *are homely.*
Let Tagus, Po, *the* Loire *and* Rhine
Then vail unto my Valentine.

Here may be seen pure white and red,
Not by feign'd Art, but Nature wed,
No simpring smiles, no mimic face
Affected gesture, or forc'd grace,
A fair smooth front, free from least wrinkle,
Her eyes (say me) like stars do twinkle:
Thus all perfections do combine
To beautify my Valentine.

XXIII.

To Mr. Tho. M.

NOble *Tom*, You desir'd me lately to compose some lines upon your Mistris's black Eyes, her becoming Frowns, and upon her Mask. Though the least request of yours be a command unto me, the execution of it a contentment, yet I was hardly drawn to such a task at this time, in regard that many businesses puzzle my *Pericranium.* —*aliena negotia centum per caput & circa saliunt 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 favors) and that she may take off her Mask unto 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 hath some Skill in Musick.

Upon

Upon Black Eyes, and becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

BLack eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lye
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 dy *you turn my days.*
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,
Though 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 lurks for prize,
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 powerful Negromantic eyes,
Who in your circles strictly pries,
Will find that Cupid *with his dart*
In you doth practice the black *art.*
And by th'enchantment I'me possest.
Tries his conclusions in my breast.
Black eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My bane or bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

Look on me, though in frowning wise,
Some kind of frowns become black eyes.
As pointed Diamonds being set,
Cast greater lustre out of jet,

Those

Those pieces we esteem most rare,
Which in night shadows obscur'd are :
Darkness in Churches congregates the sight,
Devotion strayes in glaring light,
Black eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My bane or bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

Touching her Mask, I will not be long about it.

Upon *Clorindas* Mask.

So have I seen the Sun in his full pride
Overcast with sullen clouds, and lose his light,
So have I seen the brightest stars denyed
To shew their lustre in some gloomy night,
So Angels pictures have I seen vail'd ore,
—That more devoutly men should them adore;
So with a Mask saw I Clorinda *hide.*
Her face more bright than was the Lemnian *Bride.*

Whether I have hit upon your fancy, or fitted your Mistress I know not, I pray let me hear what success they have; So wishing you your hearts desire, and if you have her, a happy *confarreation*, I rest in Verse and Prose,

Yours, J. H.

Westminster, 29 *of May*. 1629.

XXIV.

To the right Honorable my Lady Scroop *Countess of* Sunderland *at* Langar.

Madam,

I Am newly return'd from *Hunsdon*, from giving the Rites of burial to my Lords Mother, She made my Lord sole Executor of all. I have all her plate and houshold stuff in my custody, and unless I had gone as I did much had been embezel'd. 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 preserv'd for posterity amongst the Records at *Bolton* Castle. His Majesty expresseth therein that he was never better serv'd nor with more exactness of fidelity and justice by any, therefore he intends to set a special mark of his favor upon him, when his health will serve him to come to Court, my Lord *Carleton* deliver'd it me, and told me he never remembred that the King writ a more gracious Letter I have late bought in fee-Farm *Wanlesh* Park of the

the King's Commissioners for my Lord, I got it for six hundred pound doubling the old Rent, and the next day I was offered five hundred pound for the Bargain, there were divers that put in for't, 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 *Rabbit* Castle, there was 120 pound demanded, but I came off for 40 Shillings. My Lord *Wentworth* is made Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and carries a mighty stroke at Court, there have bin some clashings 'twixt him and my Lord of *Pembrook* lately with others at Court, and divers in the *North*, and some as Sir *David Fowler* with others have bin 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 Favor, and was offered three hundred pound for it, but some got 'twixt me and home, so that I was forced to go away contented with one hundred Pieces Mr. *Ratcliff* delivered me in his Chamber at *Grays-Inn*, and so to part with the Legal Instrument I had, which I did rather than contest.

The Dutchess your Neece is well, I did what your La commanded me at *York*-House. So I rest, *Madam*,

Your Ladyship's ready and faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westmin. this 1. of *July*, 1629.

XXV.

To D. C. *Esq; at his House in* Essex.

My D. D.

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 posting thither apace by this course. I have read of a King of *Navarre* (*Charles le mauvais*) who perish'd in *strong waters*, and of a Duke of *Clarence* that was drown'd in a Butt of *Malmsey*, but *Jack T.* I fear will die in a Butt of *Canary*. However commend me unto him, and desire him to have a care of the main-chance. So I rest

Yours, J. H.

York, 5 *Jul.* 1629.

XXVI.

To Sir Thomas Lake, *Knight*.

SIR,

I Have shew'd Sir *Kenelm Digby* both our Translations of *Martial's Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &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 my self at *Gioco d'amore*, which the *Italian* saith is a Play to cozen the *Devil*: If your pulse beats accordingly, I will wait upon you on the River towards the evening, for a *floundring* fit to get some fish for our supper: So I rest

Your true Servitor,
J. H.

3. *July*, 1629.

XXVII.

To Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FAther *Ben.* you desired me lately to procure you Dr. *Davies 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-years-gift, in which quality I send it you; and because 'twas 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 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 Prosodie:
Such is the strength of Art rough things to shape,
And of rude Commons rich Inclosures make.
Doubtless much oyl and labour went to couch
Into methodic Rules the rugged Dutch;
The Rabbies *pass my reach, but judge I can*
Something of Clenard *and* Quintilian;
Ital. *And for those modern* Dames *I find they three*
Spanish. *Are only lops cut from the* Latian *Tree,*
French. *And easy 'twas to square them into parts,*
The Tree it self so blossoming with Arts.
I have bin shewn for Irish *and* Bascuenco
Imperfect Rules chouch'd in an Accidence:
But I find none of these can take the start
Of Davies, *or that prove more Men of Art,*

Who

Who in exacter method, and short way,
The Idioms of a Language do display.
This is the Tongue Bards *sung in of old,*
And Druids *their dark knowledge did unfold,*
Merlin *in this his Prophesies did vent,*
Which through the world of fame bear such extent:
This spoke, that Son of Mars, *and* Britain *bold*
Who first 'mongst Christian *Worthies is inroll'd,*
Arthur. *This* Brennus, *who, to his desire and glut,*
The Mistress of the World did prostitute.
This Arviragus, *and brave* Catarac
Sole free, when all the World was on Rome's *rack.*
This Lucius, *who on Angels wings did soar*
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.*

XXVIII.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Bristol, *at* Sherburn *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 *Vice-roy* 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 *Lisbon*, 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 favorable Peace with the *Dane*, for *Tilly* had crossed the *Elve*, and entred deep into *Holstein* Land, and in all probability might have carried all before him, yet that King had honorable terms given him, and a Peace is concluded (though without the privity of *England.*) But I believe the King of *Denmark* far'd the better, because he is Grandchild to *Charles* the Emperors Sister. Now it seems another Spirit is like to fall upon the Emperor; for they write that *Gustavus* King of *Swethland* is struck into *Germany*, and hath taken *Meclenburgh*; 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 *Meclenburgh*; nor

do

do I hear that he speaks any thing yet of the Prince *Palsgrave's* business.

Don Carlos Caloma is expected here from *Flanders*, about the same time that my Lord *Cottington* shall be arriv'd at the Court of *Spain*. *God send us an Honorable Peace*; for as the *Spaniard* says, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que no fuesse mejor que la mejor guerra.*

London, 20. *May*, 1629.

Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servant, J. H.

XXX.

To my Cosin J. P. *at Mr.* Conrandus.

Cosin,

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 'twas *Hebrew*, or some other Dialects, 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 *Chineses* 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 meer *Gibbrish*, and your Characters to be rather *Hieroglyphicks* than *Letters*. The best is you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in *Chancery* Bills, who, as a Clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the Clients should have room enough to walk between them without justling one another; yet this widenes had bin excusable if your lines had bin streight, 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 *Gibbrith*, or *Hieroglyphicks* from you, but legible Letters, that I may acquaint your Friends accordingly of your good proceedings: So I rest

Your very loving Cosin,

Westminst. 20. *Sept.* 1620.

J. H.

XXXI. *To*

XXXI.

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 cheerfulness. The greatest news from abroad is, that the *French* King with his Cardinal are come again on this side the Hills, having done his business in *Italy* and *Savoy*, and reserv'd still *Pignerol* in his hands, which will serve him as a key to enter *Italy* at pleasure: Upon the highest Mountain 'mongst the *Alps* he left this ostentous Inscription upon a great Marble Pillar.

A la memoire eternelle de Loüis *Treizieſme,*
Roy de France *& de* Navarre,
Tres-Auguſte, tres-Victorieux, tres-Heureux,
Conquerant, tres-juſte:
Lequel apres avoir vaincu toutes les Nations
*de l'*Europe,
Il a encore triumphé 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 Eſtats,*
Defendre & proteger ſes Alliez.

To the eternal Memory of *Lewis* the Thirteenth King of *France* and *Navarre*, most gracious, most victorious, most happy, most just, a Conqueror; who having o'recome all Nations of *Europe*, he hath also triumphed over the Elements of Heaven and Earth, having twice passed o're these Hills in the month of *March* with his victorious Army, to restore the Princes of *Italy* to their Estates [illegible] defend and protect his Allies. So I take my leave for the present, and rest

Westmin. 5. Aug. 1629.

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

XXXII.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, *Knight.*

SIR,

GIve me leave to congratulate your happy return from the *Levant*, and the great honor you have acquir'd by your gallant

com-

comportment in *Algier* in re-escating so many *English* Slaves; by bearing up so bravely against the *Venetian* Fleet in the Bay of *Scanderoon*, and making the *Pantaloni* to know themselves and *You* better. I do not remember to have read or heard that those huge Galeasses of Saint *Mark* were beaten afore. I give you the joy also, that you have born up against the *Venetian* Ambassador here, and vindicated your self of those foul scandals he had cast upon you in your absence: Whereas you desire me to joyn with my Lord *Cottington* and others, to make *Affidavit* touching *Bartholomew Spinola*, whether he be *Vezino de Madrid*, viz. *Free Denison of* Spain; I am ready to serve you herein, or to do 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

Westmin. 25. *Novemb.* 1629.

Your thrice assured Servitor, J. H.

XXXIII.

To the Right Honorable Sir Peter Wicht, *Ambassador at* Constantinople.

SIR,

MAster *Simon Digby* delivered me one from your Lordship of the first of *June*; and I was extreamly glad to have it, for I had received nothing from your Lordship a twelvemonth before. Mr. Controler 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 King of *France* [illegible] relieve *Calal*. The *Monsieur* that was to fetch him was a[illegible] from *Saint Denis* 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 kill'd at the Isle of* Rhee. The Marquis of *Chasteau-neuf*, is here from *France*, and it was an odd Speech also from him, reflecting upon Mr. Controler, *That the King of* Great Britain *used to send for his Ambassador from abroad to pluck Capons at home.*

Mr. *Barlemach* is to go shortly to *Paris* to recover the other moitie of her Majesty's Portion; whereof they say my L. of *Holland* is to have a good share: The Lord Treasurer *Weston* is h[illegible] wh

who hath the greatest vogue now at Court, but many great ones have clash'd 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* Sister, and that with his Majesties consent.

Bishop *Laud* of *London* is also powerful in his way, for he sits at the Helm of the Church, and doth more then 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 favor, 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

Westmin. 1 *Jan.* 1629. *Your Lordship's ready and most faithful Servitor*, J. H.

XXXIV.

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 Vicount, the Duke of *Buckingham* himself flew not so high in so short a revolution of time; He was made Vicount with a great deal of high ceremony upon a Sunday in the afternoon at *White-Hall*; My Lord *Powis* (who affects him not so much) being told that the heralds had fetch'd his pedigree from the blood Royal, viz. from *John* of *Gaunt*, said, *Dammy if ever he come to be King of England I will turn Rebel.* When I went first to give him joy, he pleas'd to give me the disposing of the next Attorney's place that falls void in *York*, which is valued at three hundred pounds. I have no reason to leave my Lord of *Sunderland*, for I hope he will be noble unto me, the perquisits of my place, taking the Kings fee away, came far short of what he promis'd 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 *Lockham*, but I fear there's an impostume growing in him, for he told me a passage; how many years ago [illegible] *Willoughby*, and he with so many of their servants (*do* [illegible] *our*) played a match at foot ball against such a number [illegible], where my Lord of *Sunderland* being buffe about [illegible] in the breast, which put him in a fever, for the [illegible] troubled him all three Months after, when he [illegible]

(his brother-in-laws house) a qualm took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his bed chamber, my Lord of *Rutland* following him, put a Pipe full of Tobacco in his mouth; he being not accustomed to Tobacco, taking the smoak downwards, fell a casting and vomiting up divers little impostumated bladders of congeal'd blood which sav'd his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of Tobacco ever after: and I fear there is some of that clodded blood still in his body.

Because Mr. *Haws* of *Cheap side* is lately dead, I have remov'd my brother *Griffith* to the Hen and Chickens in *Pater-Noster* Row to Mr. *Taylors*, as gentile 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 Captains *Philips* the Muster-master: and when he carried me first to *London*, there was twenty pounds offered for him by my Lady *Carlile*. No more now, but desiring a continuance of your blessing and prayers I rest

Lond. 3 *Decem.* 1630.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XXXV.

To the Lord Cottington, *Ambassador Extraordinary for his Majesty of great* Britain *in the Court of* Spain.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordships lately by *Harry Davies* the *Correo Santo*, and I return my humble thanks, that you were pleas'd to be mindful (amongst so many high negotiations) of the old business touching the vice-roy of *Sardina*, 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 business is brought to so good a pass, and that the capitulationsae so honorable (the high effects of your wisdom.)

For news, the *Swedes* do notable feats in *Germany*, and we hope they cutting the Emperour 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 quarrel betwixt Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and Mr. *Goring*, Mr. *Jermin*, and others at St *James* lately about Mrs. *Baker* the Maid of honor, and Duels were like to ensue of it, but that the business was taken up

up by the Lord Treasurer, my Lord of *Dorset*, and others appointed by the King; my Lord of *Sunderland* is still ill disposed; he will'd 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 honorable return, as doth

Lond. 1. *March*, 1630. *Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XXXVI.
To my Lord Viscount Rocksavage.

My Lord,

SOme say, *the Italian loves no favor, but what's future*; though I have convers'd much with that Nation, yet I am nothing infected with their humor in this point: for I love favors *pass'd* as well, the remembrance of them joys my very 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 favors and respects; which I shall daily study to improve and merit,

My Lord,

Westmin. 22. *Mar.* 1630. *Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XXXVII.
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 six thousand foot, and five hundred horse, when he entred first to *Meclenburg*, and taking that Town while Commissioners stood treating on both sides in his Tent; how thereby his Army much encreas'd, and so rush'd further into the heart of the Country, but passing near *Magdenburg*, being diffident of his own strength, he suffer'd *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 battel of *Leipsick*, where *Tilly* notwithstanding the Victory he had got o're the Duke of *Saxony* a few days before, receiv'd an utter discomfiture, upon which victory the King sent Sir *Thomas Roe* a present of two thousands pounds, and in his letter calls him his *strenuum consultorem*, he being one of

the first who had advis'd him to this *German* War after he had made Peace 'twixt 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 dyed, and after soundly plunder'd the *Bavarian*, and made him flee from his own house at *Munchen*, and rifled his very Closets.

Now your Lordship shall understand, that the said King is at *Mentz*, and keeps a Court there like an Emperour, 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 wondred he would cross the *Rhine* without his privity, and wondred more that he would invade the Church-Lands, meaning the Archbishop of *Mentz*, who had put himself under the protection of *France*; The *Swede* answer'd, That he had not broke the least tittle 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 replied, In case of breach of Articles, his Master had eighty thousand men to pierce *Germany* when he pleas'd; The King answer'd, That he had but twenty thousand, and those should be sooner at the Walls of *Paris* then his fourscore thousand 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 foretell 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 design'd to come Governor of the *Netherlands*, and passeth by way of *Italy*, and so through *Germany*: his brother *Don Carlos* is lately dead. So I humbly take my leave and rest

My Lord,

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

Westmin. 23 Apr. 1632.

XXXVIII.

To my noble Lady, the Lady Cor.

Madame,

YOu spoke to me for a Cook who had seen the world abroad, and I think the Bearer hereof will fit your Ladyships turn. He can marinate fish, make gelies, he is excellent for a *pickant* sawce,

and

and the *Haugou*; besides, Madam, he is passing good for an *Ollia*: He will tell your Ladiship, 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, Turnips, Artichocks, 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 Sausages: He is also good at Larding of meat after the *Mode* of *France*. Madam, you may make proof of him, and if your Ladiship find him too sawcy or wastful, you may return him whence you had him. So I rest

Madam,

Westmin. 2. *Jun.* 1630. — *Your Ladiship's humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

YOu write to me, that *T. B.* intends to give Mony for such a place; if he doth, I fear it will be verified in him, That *A fool and his mony 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 Consul, 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 through a false Glass, 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 feasable business for him, and so commend me to him, for I am his and

Westmin. 5 *June*, 1630. — *Your true Friend*, J. H.

XL.

To my Father.

SIR,

THere are two Ambassadors Extraordinary to go abroad shortly, the Earl of *Leicester* and the Lord *Holden*, this latter goes to *France*, *Savoy*, *Genoa*, and so returns by *Florence*, a pleasant Journey, for he carieth 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 [illegible] Queen Dowager of *Denmark*, our King's Grandmother [illegible] she was the Duke of *Mecklenburg*'s Daughter, and her Husband *Christian* the Third dying young, her Fathers which was forty thousand pounds was reserved her, she living a Widow forty four [illegible] she grew so to be so great a huswife, setting three or four [illegible] people at work, that she died worth near two milions of Dollars, so that she was reputed the richest Queen of *Christendom*: By the Constitutions of *Denmark* this Estate is divisible amongst her Children, whereof she had five, the King of *Denmark*, the Dutchess of *Saxony*, the Dutchess of *Brunswick*, Queen *Anne*, and the Dutchess of *Holstein*; the King being male is to have two shares, our King and the Lady *Elizabeth* is to have that which should have belong'd to Queen *Anne*; so he is to return by the *Hague*. It pleased my Lord of *Leicester* to send for me to *Baynards*-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

Lond. 5. *May*, 1632.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XLI.

To Mr. 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 *Hamburgh*: I understand by Mr. *Skinner* that the *Staple* hath some grievances to be redress'd. If this Ambassage may be an advantage to the *Company*, I will sollicite my Lord that he may do you all the favor that may stand with his honor; so I shall expect your instructions accordingly, and rest

Westmin. 1. *June*, 1632.

Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

XLII. *To*

XLII.

To *Mr. Alderman* Clethero, *Governor of the* Eastland *Company.*

SIR,

I Am inform'd of some complaints that your *Company* hath against the King 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 Ambassy may be advantageous unto you, you may send me your directions, and I will attend my Lord accordingly, to do you any favor that may stand with his honor, and conduce to your benefit, and redress of grievances: So I take my leave, and rest

Westmin. 1. of *June,* 1632.

Yours ready to do you service, J. H.

XLIII.

To the Right Honorable 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 *Margets.* I have bin with Mr. *Bourlamach,* and receiv'd a Bill of Exchange from him for ten thousand *Dollars* payable in *Hamburgh.* I have also received two thousand pounds of Sir *Paul Pinder* for your Lordship's use, and he did me the favor to pay it me all in old Gold, your Allowance hath begun since the twenty fifth of *July* last at eight pound *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 *Glucksstadt,* and stays there all this Summer; if it be so, 'twill save half the Voyage of going to *Coppenhagen,* for in lieu of the *Sound,* we need go no further than the River of *Elve.* So I rest

Westmin. 13. *Aug.* 1632.

Your Lordship's most humble and faithful Servitor, J. H.

XLIV.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Mohun.

My Lord.

THough any Command from your Lordship be welcome to me at all times, yet that which you lately enjoyn'd me in yours of the twelfth of *August,* that I should inform your Lordship

of

of what I know touching the *Inquisition*, is now a little unseasonable, because I have much to do to prepare my self 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 *Grandees* tremble at it. It was founded first by the *Catholic* King *Ferdinand* (our *Henry* the Eighth's Father-in-law) for he having got *Granada*, and subdued all the *Moors*, who had had firm footing in that Kingdom about 700 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 *Apostats*) obtained power to make a research, which afterwards was called *Inquisition*, and it was ratified by Pope *Sixtus*, that if they would not conform themselves 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 Counsel was established, and Officers appointed accordingly: Whosoever was found pendulous and branling in his Religion was brought by a Sergeant, called *Familiar*, before the said Counsel 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 unto him, and whether he confess any thing or no, he is sent to prison. When the said *Familiar* goes to any House, though 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 thing 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 unto him the Cross, and the *Missal*-Book to swear upon; if he refuseth to swear, he convicteth himself, and though he swear, yet he is remanded to prison: This Oath commonly is presented before any accusation be produced; his Goaler is strictly commanded to pry in his actions, his deportment, words, and countenance, and to set spies upon him, and whosoever of his Fellow-prisoners, or others can produce any thing against him, he hath a reward for it: At last after divers appearances,

pearances, examinations, and scrutinies, the Information against him is read, but the witnesses names are conceal'd, 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 Kings 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 abhor'd, and abandoned of all the world, that none will, at least none dare visit him. Though 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 gripes of the *Inquisition* do scape the rack; or the *Sanbenito*, which is a streight yellow coat without sleeves, having the pourtrait of the Devil painted up and down in black and upon their heads they carry a Miter of Paper, with a man frying in the flames of hell upon't, they gag their mouths, and tie a great cord about their necks; The Judges meet in some uncouth 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 Ecclesiastick Inquisitors have pronounc'd the Anathema against him, they transmit him to the secular Judges to receive the sentence of death, for Church-men must not have their hands imbru'd in blood, the King can mitigate any punishment under death, nor is a Noble-man subject to the rack.

I pray be pleas'd to pardon this rambling imperfect relation, and take in good part my Conformity to your Commands, for I am

Your Lordship's most ready and faithful
Westmin. 30 *Aug.* 1632. *Servitor*, J. H.

Familiar

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION VI.

I.

To P. W. *Esq; at the Signet Office, from the* English *House in* Hamburg.

WE are safely come to *Germany*, Sir *John Pennington* took us aboard in one of his Majesties Ships at *Margets*; and the Wine stood so fair, that we were at the Mouth of the *Elve* upon Monday following. It pleas'd my Lord I should Land first with two Footmen, to make hast to *Gluckstad*, to learn where the King of *Denmark* was, and he was at *Reinsburg*, some two days journey off, at a *Richsadgh* an Assembly that corresponds our Parliament: My Lord the next day Landed at *Gluckstad*, where I had provided an accommodation for him, though he intended to have gone for *Hamburgh*, but I was bold to tell him, that in regard there were some ombrages, 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 *Gluckstad*, and being come hither to take up 8000 rich Dollars upon Mr. *Burlamachs* Bills, and fetcht 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 *Wallestein*, and *Wallestein* him, and in all appearance they will be shortly engag'd.

No more now, for I am interpell'd by many businesses; when you write, deliver your Letters to Mr. *Railton*, who will see them safely convey'd, 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

Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

Hamburgh, Octob. 23. 1632.

II. *To*

II. *To my Lord Viscount S. from Hamburgh.*

SInce I was last in Town, my Lord of *Leicester* hath attended the King of *Denmark* at *Rhensburgh* in *Holsteinland*; he was brought thither from *Gluckstad*, in indifferent good equipage, both for Coaches and Waggons, but he stayed some days at *Rhensburgh* 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 pleas'd my Lord to make me the Orator, and so I made a long Latin Speech, *alte 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 then Secretary *Nanton* had some thirty years since, with *Roger* Earl of *Rutland*: for at the beginning of his Speech, when he had pronounc'd *Serenissime Rex*, he was dash'd out of countenance, and so gravell'd that he could go no further; I made another to *Christian* the fifth, his eldest Son King elect of *Denmark*: for though that Crown be purely electiv, yet for these three last Kings, they wrought so with the people, that they got their eldest Sons chosen, and declar'd before their death, and to assume the Title of Kings elect. At the same Audience, I made another Speech to Prince *Frederick*, *Archbishop* of *Breme*, the Kings third Son, and he hath but one more (besides his natural issue) which is Prince *Uric*, now in the Wars with the Duke of *Sax*, and they say there is an alliance contracted already, 'twixt *Christian* the fifth, and the Duke of *Sax* his daughter. This ceremony being perform'd, my Lord desir'd to find his own diet, and then he fell to divers businesses, which is not fitting for me to forestal, or impart unto your Lordship now, so we stayed 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 remembred the Prince *Palsgraves* health, or his neece'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 Kings 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 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 *Sleswickland*, to the Duke of *Holsteins* Court, where at my Lords first audience, I dare

made another *Latin* Speech to the Duke, touching his Grand-Mothers death: our entertainment there was brave (though a little fulsom) My Lord was lodg'd in the Dukes Castle, and parted with Presents, which is more than the King of *Denmark* did: thence we went to *Husem in Ditzmarsh*, to the Dutchess of *Holsteins* Court (our Queen *Anns* youngest Sister) where we had also very full entertainment; I made a speech to her also, about her Mothers death, and when I nam'd the Lady *Sophia*, the tears came down her cheeks. Thence we came back to *Rhensburgh*, and so to this Town of *Hamburgh*, where my Lord intends to repose some days after an abrupt odd journey we had through *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 Kings ship.

We understand that the Imperial and *Swedish* Army have made near approaches one to the other, and that some skirmishes and blows have bin already 'twixt them, which are the forerunners of a battle. So my good Lord I rest

Your most humble and faithful
Servitor, J. H.

Hamburgh, 9 *Octob.*
1632.

III.

To the Right Honorable the Earl R. *from* Hamburgh.

My Lord,

THough your Lordship must needs think, that in the imployment I am in (which requires a whole man) my spirits must be distracted by multiplicity of business; 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 sequestred my self from other Affairs, to send your Lordship what followeth touching this great *Hans*-Town.

The *Hans* or *Hanseatic ligue* is very ancient, some would derive the word from hand, because they of the society plight their faith by that action: Others derive it from *Hansa*, which in the *Gothic* 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 their Towns are all seated so, or upon some navigable River near the Sea. The extent of the old *Hans* was from *Nerve* in *Livonia* to the *Rhine* and contain'd 62 great *Mercantil Towns*, which were divided into four Precincts: The chiefest of the first Precinct was *Lubeck*, where the Archives of their ancient records, and their prime Chancery is still, and this Town

is within that Verge: *Cullen* is chief of the second Precinct; *Brunswick* of the third, and *Danzic* of the fourth. The Kings of *Poland* and *Sweden* have sued to be their Protector, but they refused them, because they were not Princes of the Empire, they put off also the King of *Denmark* with a Compliment, nor would they admit the King of *Spain* when he was most potent in the *Netherlands*, though 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 do not find they ever had any Protector, but the great Master of *Prussia*; and their want of a Protector did do them some Prejudice in that famous difference they had with our Queen.

The old *Hans* had extraordinary Immunities given them by our *Henry* the Third, because they assisted him in his Wars with so many Ships, and as they pretend, the King was not only to pay them for the service of the said Ships, but for the Vessels themselves if they miscarried: Now it happen'd that at their return to *Germany*, from serving *Henry* the Third, there was a great Fleet of them cast away; for which, according to Covenant, they demanded reparation: Our King in lieu of Money, amongst other acts of Grace, gave them a Privilege to pay but one *per cent*, which continued till Queen *Mary*'s Reign; and she by the advice of King *Philip* her Husband, as 'twas conceiv'd, enhaunc'd the *one* to *twenty per cent*. The *Hans* not only complained, but clamored loudly for breach of their ancient Privileges, confirm'd unto them time out of mind, by thirteen successive Kings of *England*, which they pretended to have purchased with their Mony. King *Philip* undertook to accommodate the business; but Queen *Mary* dying a little after and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to Queen *Elizabeth*, she answered, *That as she would not innovate any thing, so she would maintain them still in the same condition she found them*: hereupon their Navigation and Traffic ceased a while: Wherefore the *English* tried what they could do themselves, and they thrive so well, that they took the whole Trade into their own hands, and so divided themselves (though they be now but one) to *Staplers*, and *Merchant-Adventurers*, the one residing constant 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* endeavor to draw upon them all the malignancy they could from all Nations. Moreover, the *Hans*-Towns being a Body-politic incorporated in the Empire, complain'd hereof to the Emperor, who sent

over

over Persons of great Quality to mediate an Accommodation, but they could effect nothing. Then the Queen caused a Proclamation to be publish'd, That the *Easterlings*, or *Merchants* of the *Hans* should be intreated and used as all other Strangers were within her Dominions, without any mark of difference, in point of Commerce. This netled them more, thereupon they bent their forces more eagerly, and in a *Diet* at *Ratisbon*, they procured, That the *English* Merchants who had associated themselves into *Fraternities* in *Embden* and other places, should be declared *Monopolists*; and so there was a *Comitial Edict* published against them, that they should be exterminated, and banisht out of all parts of the *Empire*; and this was done by the activity of one *Suderman* a great Civilian: There was there for the Queen *Gilpin*, as nimble a Man as *Suderman*, and he had the Chancellor of *Embden* to second and countenance him, but they could not stop the said *Edict*, wherein the Society of *English Merchant-Adventurers* was pronounced to be a *Monopoly*: yet *Gilpin* plaid 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 *Embden* harboured our Merchants notwithstanding, and afterwards *Stode*; 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 divulg'd, That the *Easterlings*, or *Hansiatic* 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 peaceably in *Stode* or *Hamburgh*, or any where else, within the precincts of the *Hans*. This incens'd them more, thereupon they resolv'd to cut off *Stode* and *Hamburgh* 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 Eighty eight, for they had not long before had recours to the King 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 imprudence, 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,

Corn, Victuals, Arms, Timber, Masts, Cables, Minerals, nor any other materials or Men to *Spain* or *Portugal*. And after the Queen growing more Redoutable 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 sixty Sails of their Ships about the mouth of *Tagus* 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 *Lubeck*, which had met of purpose to consult of means to be revenged of her; thereupon she staid and seized upon the said sixty 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 haven 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 *Archangel* and *Mosco*: Insomuch that the Premisses 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 bin 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 *Comitial 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 dyed, and in their full Manufacture, did cause both *Dutch* and *German* to turn *necessity* to a *vertue*, and made them far more ingenious to find ways not only to dye, but to make Cloth, which hath much impaired our Markets ever since; for there hath not bin 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 *Papers* I had instructions for: So I rest

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

Hamburgh, 20. *Octob.* 1632.

IV.

To Cap. J. Smith, *at the* Hague.

Captain,

HAving so wishful an opportunity as this Noble Gentleman Mr. *James Crofts*, who comes with a Packet for the Lady *Elizabeth* from my Lord of *Leceister*, I could not but send you this friendly Salute. We are like to make a speedier return than we expected from this Ambassy; for we found the King of *Denmark* in *Holstein*, which shortned our Voyage from going to the *Sound*: The King was in an advantageous posture to give Audience, for there was a *Parlement* then at *Rhensburgh*, where all the *Youmkers* met. Amongst other things, I put my self to mark the carriage of the *Holstein* Gentlemen, as they were going in and out at the *Parlement*-House; and observing well their Physiognomies, their Complexions and Gate, I thought verily I was in *England*, for they resemble the *English* more than either *Welsh* or *Scot* (though 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 *Hamburgh* from a Society of *Brewers* is come to be 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 accommode matters: She *chomps* extreamly, that there should be such a *Bit* put lately in her mouth, as the Fort of *Gluckstadt*, which commands her River of *Elve*, and makes her pay what toll he please.

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 murmure, specially the *Hollanders*, who say, that the old Primitive-toll of the *Sound* was but a *Rose-noble* for every Ship, but by a new *Sophistry*, it is now interpreted for every *Sail* that should pass thorow, insomuch that the *Hollander*, though he be a *Low-country-man*, 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 business; so I most affectionately send my kind respects unto you, desiring, when I am rendred to *London*, I may hear from you: So I am

Hamburgh, 22 *Octob.* 1632. *Your faithful Friend to serve you*, J. H.

V.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Br.

My Lord,

I am newly return'd from *Germany*, whence there came lately two Ambassadors extraordinary in one of the Ships royal, the Earl of *Leicester*, and Sir *Robert Anstruther*: 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 business dispatch'd in so short a compass 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 King of *Denmarks* Court, which was then at *Rhensbergh* a good way within *Holstein*; The first thing he did was to condole the late Queen *Dowagers* death (our Kings Grand-Mother) which was done in such an equipage, that the *Danes* confess'd, there was never Queen of *Denmark* so mourn'd for, this ceremony being pass'd, my Lord fell to business; and the first thing which he propounded, was, that for preventing or further effusion of Christian blood in *Germany*, and for the facilitating a way to restore peace to all *Christendom*, His Majesty of *Denmark* would joyn with his Nephew of great *Britain*, to send a solemn Ambassy to the Emperour, and the King 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 answer'd in writing (for that was the way of proceeding) that the *Emperour* and the *Swede* 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 joyn 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 Grand-Mothers 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 desir'd that part which was due to his Majesty (our King) and the *Lady* his Sister, which spear'd to amount unto eightscore thousand pounds sterling:

That King answer'd, That he confess'd there was so much mony due, but his Mothers Estate was yet in the hands of Commissioners; and neither he nor any of his Sisters, had receiv'd their portions yet, and that his Nephew of *England*, and his Neece 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 King *James*, and for the thirty thousand pounds a month, that was by Covenant promis'd him for the support of his late Army in *Germany*. Then my Lord propounded, That his Majesty of Great *Britains* Subjects were not well us'd by his Officers in the *Sound*: for though 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 forc'd to stay there many days to take up mony at high interest, to pay divers Tolls for their Merchandize, before they have expos'd 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 *Cargazon* 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 procur'd a publick *Instrument* under that Kings Hand and Seal, and sign'd by his Counsellors, which he had brought over, wherein the Proposition was granted; which no Ambassador could obtain before. Then 'twas alledg'd, that the *English Merchant Adventurers* who trade into *Hamburgh*, have a new Toll lately impos'd upon them at *Gluckstad*, which was desir'd 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*) desir'd that Hereditary part, which belong'd to the Lady *Elizabeth* out of her *Grand-Mothers* 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 ingage his Honor, and all the Estate he hath in the World, That this should no way prejudice the accounts he is to make with his Majesty of Great *Britain*. The King of *Denmark* highly extoll'd the Nobleness of this motion; but he protested, that he had bin so drain'd in the late Wars, that his Chests are yet very empty. Hereupon my Lord was feasted, and so departed.

He went then to the Duke of *Holstein* to *Slesvick*, 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 Gondolphus*, and he receiv'd very Princely entertainment.

Then

Then he went to *Husem*, where the like ceremony of Condolement was perform'd at the Dutchess of *Hollsteins* Court, His Majesties (our Kings) *Ant.*

Then he came to *Hamburgh*; where that instrument which my Lord had procur'd, for remitting of the new Toll at *Glückstad*, was deliver'd the Company of our Merchants adventurers; and some other good offices done for that Town, as matters stood twixt them and the King of *Denmark*.

Then we came to *Stode* where *Lesly* was Governor, who carried his foot in a Scarf for a wound he had receiv'd at *Backstobo*, and he kept that place for the King of *Sweden*: and some business of consequence was done there also.

So we came to *Broomshottle*, 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 return'd 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 Lordships pardon for this lame account, I rest

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

Lond. 1. *Octob.* 1632.

VI.

To my Brother Dr. Howel, *at his House in* Horsley.

My good Brother,

I Am safely return'd 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 *Hamburgh*, it seems proves too true, which was of the fall of the King 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 wagers 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 *Pultron*, a *Jesuit*, and a *Souldier*; 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 bin able to have made head against him to any purpose again. Yet his own Allies confess, That none knew the bottom of his designs.

He was not much affected to the *English*, witness the ill usage Marquis *Hammilton* had with his 6000 men, whereof there return'd not 600, the rest dyed of hunger and sickness, 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 *Palsgrave* unto. So with my most affectionate respects to Mr. *Mouschap*, and kind commends to Mr. *Bridger*, I rest,

Your loving Brother,

Westmin. Decem. 1632. J. H.

VII.

To the R. R. *Dr.* Field, *Lord Bishop of St.* Davids.

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 recover'd of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate; but the conclusion of your Lordships 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 Fathers death. *Permulsit initium percussit finis.* Truly my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: but when I recollect my self, 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 entred heaven, surely his 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 vertue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these Rags of Flesh, then to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same blis.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abrupt-

uptly of you; when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear urther from me, for I am

Your Lordship's most true and humble
West. 1. of *May*, 1632. *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 contain'd 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 *Ciethero*, will attend your Lordship at your return to Court to acknowledge your favor unto them. I have delivered him a Copy of the Transactions of things that concern'd their Company at *Rhensburgh*.

The news we heard at Sea of the King of *Sweden*'s death is confirmed more and more, and by the computation I have bin a little curious to make, I find that he was killed the same day your Lordship set out of *Hamburgh*. 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 King 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 *Frankindall*, and being ready to enter into a re-possession 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 King of *Sweden*: The *Spaniards* up and down will not stick to call this *Pope Lutherano*, and that he had intelligence with the *Swede*. 'Tis true, that he hath not bin so forward to assist the Emperor in this quarrel, and that in open Consistory, when there was such a *Contrasto* twixt the Cardinals for a supply from St. *Peter*, he declared, That he was well satisfied 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 imployed those Men and Moneys which he consumed to trouble the Peace of *Italy* in making War against the Duke of *Mantoüa* against them, he had not had now so potent an Enemy. So I take my leave for this time, being

Westmin. 3. *June*, 1632.

Your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servitor, J. H.

IX.
To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

I Thank you a thousand times for the noble Entertainment you gave me at *Berry*, and the pains you took in shewing me the Antiquities of that Place. In requital, I can tell you of a strange thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true: As I passed by St. *Dunstan*'s in *Fleet-street* the last Saturday, I stepped 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 strugling 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 hard 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 coud raise a choice Discourse with you hereupon. So hoping to see you the next Term, to requite some of your Favors, I rest

Your true Friend to serve you, J. H.

Westmin. 3. *July*, 1632.

X.

To W. B. *Esq*;

SIR,

THe Upbraiding of a Courtesy is as bad in the *Giver*, as Ingratitude in the *Receiver*; though I (which you think I am loth to believe) be faulty in the first, I shall never offend in the second, while

J. Howel.

Westmin. 24. *October*, 1632.

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 bin 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 amongst the old Records of the *Tower*, some precedents for raising a Tax called *Ship-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-Counsel, 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 vail to one of his Majesty's Ships that brought over the Duke of *Lenox*, and my Lord *Weston* from *Bullen*; and indeed we are jeered abroad, that we send no more Ships to guard our Seas.

Touching my Lord Ambassador *Weston*, he had a brave journey of it, though it cost dear: for 'tis thought 'twill stand his Majesty in 25000 pounds, 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

believe they are deceived, for there were matters of State also in the Ambassy.

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 defied him since his coming, and demanded the Combat of him, for which he is confined to his House at *Kensinton*: So with my humble Service to my Noble Lady, I rest

Your most obliged Servitor,
J. H.

Westmin. 30. *Jan.* 1633.

XII.

To the Lord Vicount Wentworth, *Lord Deputy of* Ireland, *and Lord President of* York, *&c.*

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 alway 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 opposeth it; for they say that *Lorain Milk seldom breeds good Blood in* France: Not only the King, but the whole *Gallican* 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 Dutchy 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,

Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Westmin. 1. of *April*, 1633.

XIII. *To*

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. *Hail holy Tyde,*
Wherein a Bride,
A Virgin (*which is more*)
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done,
Ne're in the world before.

2. *Hail spotless Maid,*
Who thee upbraid,
To have been born in sin,
Do little weigh,
What in thee lay,
Before thou didst Lie-in.

3. *Three months thy Womb,*
Was made the Dome
Of Him, *whom Earth nor Air,*
Nor the vast mould
Of heaven can hold,
Cause he's Ubi quitair.

4. *O would he dain*
To rest and raign
I'th centre of my heart:
And make it still
His domicil,
And residence in part.

5. *But in so foul a Cell*
Can he abide to dwell?
Yes when he please to move
His Harbenger *to sweep the Ro[illegible]n,*
And with rich Odors it perfume,
Of Faith, of Hope, of Love.

So I humbly kiss your hands, and thank you Ladyship, that you

you would command in any thing that may conduce to your contentment.

Your Ladyships most humble Servitor,
J. H.

Westmin. 3 *Feb.* 1633.

XIV.

To the Lord Clifford *at* Knasburgh.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordships of the last of *June*, and I return my most humble thanks for the choice Nag you pleas'd to send me, which came in very good plight. Your Lordship desires me to lay down what in my Travels abroad I observ'd of the present condition of the *Jews*, once an Elect People, but now grown contemptible, and strangely squander'd up and down the World: Though such a Discourse, exactly fram'd, might make up a Volume, yet I will twist up what I know in this point, upon as narrow a Bottom as may be shut up within the compass of this Letter.

The first Christian Country that expell'd 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 Villanies and Cheatings: for clipping Coins, poysoning of Waters, and counterfeiting of Seals.

Those Countries they are permitted to live now most in amongst 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 Counseller or Spy, who informs them of the state of *Christian Princes*, possess them of a hatred of the Religion, and so incense them to a war against them.

They are accounted the subtillest 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 wherefoever 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 *Saviours* touching that People,

People, ſhould work upon them for their converſion, as the deſtruction of the *City* and *Temple*; that they ſhould become deſpicable, and the tail 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 *Turky* where they are moſt valued, if a *Muſulman* come to any of their houſes, and leave his ſhooes at the door, the *Jew* dare 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 diſpers'd 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 *Benjamins* 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 *Juda*, 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 Portugues *was engendred of a* Jew's *Fart*; as the *Mahometans* have a paſſage in their *Alcoran*, *That a Cat was made of a Lions breath.*

As they are the moſt contemptible People, and have a kind of fulſom ſent, no better than a ſtink, that diſtinguiſheth them from others, ſo are they the moſt timerous People on Earth, and ſo utterly incapable of Arms, for they are made neither Souldiers nor Slaves: And this their *Puſillanimity* and *cowardiſe*, as well as their *cunning* and *craft*, may be imputed to their various thraldoms, contempt and poverty, which hath cow'd and daſtardiz'd their courage. Beſides theſe properties, they are light and giddy-headed, much ſymbolizing in ſpirit with our *Apocalyptical 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

they ſay that *Hebrew* only hath this Privilege: This *Cabal*, which is nought elſe but a Tradition, they ſay, being tranſmitted from one Age to another, was in ſome meaſure a reparation of our knowledge loſt in *Adam*, and they ſay 'twas revealed 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 dependance the Creatures have with their Creator, the Angel *Raguel* was ſent to comfort him, and inſtructed him, and repair his knowledge herein: And this they call the *Cabal*, which was loſt the 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 wrought 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 two hundred and four Books: The firſt one hundred thirty and four were to be read by all, but the other ſeventy 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, embrace the *Talmud* alſo for authentic; the ſecond receive only the Scriptures; the third, which are called 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 diſpenſation; 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 prophane.

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 arch'd over, wherein one of their *Rabbies* walks up and down, and in *Portuguez* 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: *Jehovah* is pronounced at high Feſtivals; at *Circumciſion* Boys are put to ſing ſome of *David*'s Pſalms ſo loud, as drowns the Infants cry. The *Synagogue* is hung about with Glaſs-Lamps burning; every one at his entrance puts on a Linnen Cope, firſt kiſſing it, elſe they uſe no manner of reverence all the while; their Elders ſometimes fall together by the ears in the very *Synagogue*, and with the holy Utenſils, as Candleſticks,

dlesticks, 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.

Amongst the *Mahumetans* there is no *Jew* capable of a *Turkish* habit, unless he acknowledge *Christ* as much as *Turks* do, which is to have bin 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 couch'd 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

Westmin. 3. of *June*, 1633.

Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servant, J. H.

XV.

To Mr. Phillip Warrick, *at* Paris.

SIR,

YOur last unto me was in *French* of the first current, and I am glad you are come so safe from *Swisserland* 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 handsomly couched 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 doth your *French* Cardinal tamper any longer with our King's Title and Right to the Dominion of the *Narrows-Seas*. These are brave fruits of the *Ship-money*.

I hear that the *Infante*-Cardinal having bin long upon his way to *Brussels*, hath got a notable Victory of the *Swedes* at *Nordlingen*, where 8000 were slain, *Gulhavus Horn*, and others of the Prime Commanders taken prisoners: They write also that *Monsieur*'s Marriage with Madam of *Lorain*, was solemnly celebrated at *Brussels*; she had followed him from *Nancy* in Page's 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 Court affords little news at present, but that there is a Love called

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 Honor will be part.

All your Friends here in *Westminster* are well, and very mindful of you, but none more often than

Westmin. 3, *June*, 1634. *Your most affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

XVI.

To my Brother Mr. H. P.

Brother,

MY Brain was o'recast with a thick cloud of Melancholy, I was become a lump of I know not of what, I could scarce find any palpitation within me on the left side, when yours of the first of *September* was brought me, it had such a vertue, 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 Maritim, 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: Amongst 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 *Scot 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 mony to be freed from bearing all cumbersom Offices? No more now, but that with my dear love to my Sister, I rest.

Westmin. 1. *Aug.* 1633. *Your most affectionate Brother*, J. H.

XVII. *To*

XVII.

To the right Honorable the Lord Vicount Savage *at* Long-Melford.

My Lord,

THe old Steward of your Courts, Master Attorney General *Noy*, is lately dead, nor could *Tunbridge-waters* do him any good: Though he had good *matter* in his *brain*, he had, it seems, ill *Materials* in his *body*, for his heart was shrivelled 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 Mony, enough to bring him up in his Fathers Profession, he concludes, *Reliqua meorum omnia primogenito meo* Edoardo, *dissipanda nec melius unquam (peravi) lego*: I leave the rest of all my goods to my first-born *Edward*, to be consum'd or scatter'd (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 Lordships Children, considering what deep Obligations he had to your Lordship; for I am confident he had never bin Attorney General else.

The Vintners drink Carowses of joy that he is gone, for now they are in hope to dress Meat again, and sell Tobacco, Beer, Sugar and Fagots, which by a sullen *Capricio* of his, he would have restrain'd them from. He had his humor as other men; but certainly he was a solid rational man; and though no great Orator, yet a profound Lawyer, and no man better vers'd 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 than was made of his name, *William Noy, I moile in Law*. If an *s* be added, it may be applied to my Countryman Judge *Jones*, an excellent Lawyer too, & a far more Gentile man. *William Jones, I moile in Laws*. No more now, but that I rest

Westmin. 1 *Octob.* 1635. *Your Lordships most humble and obliged Servitor*, J. H.

XVIII.

To the Right Honorable the Countess of Sunderland.

Madam,

HEre inclos'd I send your Ladyship a Letter from the Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, wherein he declares, that the disposing of

the Attorniship in *York*, which he passed over to me, had no relation to my Lord at all, but it was meerly 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 *Nephew-Princes* have bin here, I mean the Prince Elector, and *Prince-Robert*. The King of *Sweden*'s death, and the late blow at *Norlinghen* 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 coloniz'd 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 *Palatinate*, and Sir *Henry Mervin* to go with him: But I hear my Lady *Elizabeth* opposeth it, saying, that *she will have none of her sons to be Knights-errant*. There is now professed actual enmity 'twixt *France* and *Spain*, for there was a *Herald* at *Arms* sent lately from *Paris* to *Flanders*, who by sound of Trumpet denounced and proclaimed open War against the King of *Spain* and all his Dominions; this Herald left and fixed up the Defiance in all the Towns as he passed; so that whereas before, the War was but collateral and auxiliary, there is now *proclaim'd* Hostility between them, notwithstanding that they have one anothers 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 bin practis'd from all times. However it is too sure that abundance of Christian blood will be spilt. So I humbly take my leave, and rest,

Madam,

Your Ladyships most obedient and faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westmin 4. Jan. 1635.

XIX.

To the Earl of Leicester *at* Penshurst.

My Lord,

I am newly returned out of *France*, from a flying Journy as far as *Orleans*, which I made at the request of Mr. Secretary *Windebank*, 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 *Montmorency*, whom *Henry* the *fourth* was wont to say to be a better Gentleman than himself, for in his Colours, he carried this Motto, *Dieu ayde le premier Chevalier de France*; God help the first Knight of *France*. He dyed upon a Scaffold in *Thoulouse*

louze, 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 receiv'd particular Commissions from the King to make an extraordinary Levy of men and mony in *Languedoc*, which he turn'd afterwards directly against the King, against whose Person he appeared arm'd in open field, and in a hostile posture for fomenting of *Monsieurs* Rebellion.

The *Infante* Cardinal is come to *Brussels* at last through 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-Dutchesses death, is not so well look'd on as formerly in that Country.

Touching your business in the *Exchequer*, Sir *Robert Pye* went with me this morning of purpose to my Lord Treasurer about it, and told me with much earnestness and assurance, that there shall be a speedy course taken for your Lordships satisfaction.

I deliver'd my Lord of *Linsey* the Manuscript he lent your Lordship of his Fathers Embassy to *Denmark*: and herewith I present your Lordship with a compleat Diary of your own late *Legation*, which hath cost me some oil and labour. So I rest always,

Your Lordships most humble and ready Servitor.

Westmin. 19 *June*, 1635. J. H.

XX.

To my Honoured Friend and Fa. Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Fa. Ben,

BEing lately in *France* and returning in a Coach from *Paris* to *Roüen*, I lighted upon the Society of a knowing Gentleman, who related unto me a choice Story, which peradventure you may make some use 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: Captain *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 lodging, he languished some days, but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient

cient Servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to intrust him with, which he conjur'd 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 a earthen Pot to be bak'd to powder, then to put the powder into a handsom Box, with that Bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of *Madamoiselle Fayel's* hair, and put it amongst 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 *Madamoiselle Fayel*. The old Servant did as his Master had commanded him and so went to *France*, and coming one day to Monsieur *Fayel's* house, he suddenly met him with one of his Servants, and examin'd him, because he knew he was Captain *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 expressed what was therein: He dismiss'd the Bearer with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Monsieur *Fayel* going in, sent for his Cook, and deliver'd him the Powder, charging him to make a little well-relish'd 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, Monsieur *Fayel* commanded all to void the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife, however since he had married her, he observ'd she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a Consumption. therefore he had provided for her a very precious Cordial, which he was well assured 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-fetch'd sigh said, *This is a precious Cordial indeed*; and so lick'd the Dish, saying, *It is so precious, that 'tis pity to put ever any meat upon't*. 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 vails to yours, this is choice and rich stuff you have to cut upon your Loom, and make a curious Web of.

I thank you for the last *regale* you gave me at your *Museum*, and for the entertainment. I heard you censur'd lately at Court, that you have bestowed too much upon Sir *Inigo*, and that you write with a Pen that you dipped in too much Gall. Excuse me that

I am

I am so free with you, it is because I am in no common way of Friendship.

Westmin. 3 *of May*, 1635. *Yours*, *J. H.*

XXI.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

Noble Captain,

YOu are well returned from *Brussels*, from attending your Brother in that noble employment of congratulating the *Infante* Cardinals 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 *Frénchman* told me lately that was at your Audience, that he never saw so many compleat 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 frolick. So I am,

De todas mis entranas,

Yours to dispose of,

J. H.

To this I'le add the Duke of *Ossuna*'s Complement,

Quisiere, aunque soy chico,
Ser, enserville, Gigante.

Though of the tallest I am none you see,
Yet to serve you, I would a *Giant* be.

Westmin. 1 *Novemb.* 1634.

XXII.

To my Cousin Captain Saintgeon.

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 stragling Ships of the Plate-Fleet, and brought them to the *Texel*, they speak of a Million of Crowns. I could wish you had been there to have shared of the Booty, which was the greatest in mony that ever was taken.

One sent me lately from *Holland* this Distich of *Peter van Heyn* which favors of a little prophanenes.

Roma *sui fleat posthac miracula* Petri,
Petrus *apud* Batavos *plura stupenda facit.*
Let *Rome* no more her *Peters* Wonders tell,
For Wonders, *Hollands Peter* bears the bell.

To this *Distich* was added this *Anagram* which is a good one,

PETRUS HAINUS.
HISPANUS RUET.

So I rest,

Totus tuus,
Yours whole,
J. Howell.

Westmin. 15 *July,*

XXIII.

To my Lord Viscount S.

My Lord,

HIs Majesty is lately return'd from *Scotland*, having given that Nation satisfaction to their long desires, to have come thither to be Crown'd: I hear some mutter at Bishop *Laud*'s carriage there, that it was too haughty and Pontifical.

Since the death of the King 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 inur'd to the wars; I pray God keep us from commotions at home, 'twixt the two Kingdoms, to find them work: I hear one Colonel *Lesly* is gone away discontented, because the King would not *Lord* him.

The old rotten Duke of *Bavaria*, for he hath divers Issues about his body, hath married one of the Emperours Sisters, a young Lady little above twenty, and he near upon fourscore; there's another remaining, who, they say, is intended for the King of *Poland*, notwithstanding his pretences to the young Lady *Elizabeth*; about which, Prince *Razevill*, and other Ambassadors have bin here lately, but that King being Electif must marry as the *Estates* will have him: His Mother was the Emperors sister, therefore sure he will not offer to marry his Cousin *German*; but 'tis no news for the House of *Austria* to do so, to strengthen their race. 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,
Your most humble Servitor, J. H.

Westmin, 7. *Sept.*

XXIV. To

XXIV.

To my Cousin Mr. Will. Saint Geon, *at* St. Omer.

Cousin,

I Was lately in your Fathers 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't, I would wish you to descend into your self, and seriously ponder, what a weight a Fathers blessing or curse carries with it, for there is nothing conduceth more to the happiness or infelicity of the Child: Amongst the ten Commandments in the *Decalogue*; that which enjoyns 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 *Valentia* 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 gray 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, unto whom he had been barbarously disobedient all his life-time.

There comes therewith a large Letter to you from your Father, let me advise you to conform your courses to his Counsel, otherwise it is an easy matter to be a Prophet what misfortunes will inevitably befal you, which by a timely obedience you may prevent, and I wish you may have grace to do it accordingly. So I rest

Your loving well-wishing Cousin, J. H.

Lond. 1 *of May,* 1634.

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 Emperour conformable, but the old *Bavarian* froward, who will not part with any thing, till he have monies reimbours'd, which he spent in these wars, and for which he hath the upper *Palatinate* in *deposito*, insomuch that in all probability all hopes are cut off of ever recovering that Coun-

try, but by the same means that it was taken away, which was by the 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 *Lorain* lately, but he was forc'd to put a Fox tail to the Lions skin, which his Cardinal help'd 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 Dutchy of *Bar*.

My Lord Vicount *Savage* is lately dead, who is very much lamented by all that knew him; I could have wish'd, had it pleas'd, God, that his Father-in-law, who is riper for the other world had gone before him: So I rest

Your Lordships most humble and ready
Westmin. 6 Apr. *Servitor*, J. H.

XXVI.

To his honoured Friend Mistris C. at her House. in Essex.

THere was no sorrow sunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I conceiv'd 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 then 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 breath'd out upon his Herse. I shall be very careful about the Tomb you intend him, and will think upon an Epitaph. I pray present my respects to Mrs. *Anne Mayne*. So wishing you all comfort and contentment, I rest

Yours most ready to be commanded,
Lond. 5 March, J. H.

XXVII.

To Mr. James Howard *upon his* Banish'd Virgin, *translated out of* Italian.

SIR,

I Receiv'd 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 *Dialogue*.

Gall-

Some hold translations not unlike to be,
The wrong-side of a Turky Tapistry:
Or Wine drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in Flask,
Lose somewhat of their strength they had in Cask.
'Tis true, each language hath an Idiom,
Which in another couch'd comes not so home:
Yet I ne're saw a piece from Venice *come,*
Had fewer thrums set on our Country Loom.
This Wine is still one-ear'd, and brisk, though put
Out of Italian *Cask in* English *Butt.*

Upon your Eromena.

Fair Eromena *in her* Toscan *tyre*
I view'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 Cions grow,
And bear rare fruit, remov'd to Thames *from* Po.

Your true Servitor and Compatriot,
Lond. 6 October, J.H.

XXVIII.

To Edward Noy *Esq; at* Paris.

SIR,

I Receiv'd 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 Gentlemen of quality: Therefore I pray let not that dirty Town of *Paris* detain you too long from your intended journy to *Spain*, for I make account my Lord *Aston* will be there a matter of two months hence. So I rest

Your most affectionate Servitor, J.H.

Lond. 5 May, 1633.

XXIX.

To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wichts, *Lord Ambassador at* Constantinople.

My Lord,

IT seems there is some angry Star that hath hung over this business of the *Palatinate* from the beginning of these *German*

Wars

Wars to this very day, which will too evidently appear, if one should mark and deduce matters from their first rise.

You may remember how poorly *Prague* was lost: The Bishop of *Halverstat* 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 in a poor Hostrey with one Laquay, as he was going to *Venice* to a bank of mony he had stow'd up there for a dead lift. Your Lordship knows what success the King of *Denmark* had (and our 6000 men under Sir *Charles Morgan*) for while he thought to make new acquests, he was in hazard to lose all that he had, had not he had favourable Propositions tendred him. There were never poor Christians perished more lamentably than those 6000 we sent under M. *Hamilton* for the assistance of the King of *Sweden*, who did much, but you know what became of him at last: Now disasterously the Prince *Palatine* himself fell, and in what an ill conjuncture of time, being upon the very point of being restor'd to his Country.

But now we have as bad news as any we had yet; for the young Prince *Palatine*, and his Brother Prince *Rubert*, having got a jolly considerable Army in *Holland*, to try their fortunes in *Germany* with the *Swedes*, they had advanc'd as far as *Munsterland*, and *Westphalia*, and having lain before *Lengna*, they were forc'd to raise the siege. and one General *Hatzfield* pursuing them, there was a sore battle fought, wherein Prince *Rubert*, my Lord *Craven* and others were taken prisoners. The Prince *Palatinate* himself, with Major *King*, thinking to get over the *Weser* 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 *Palsgraves* side, and scarce the twentieth part so many on *Hatzfields*, Major *Gots*, one of the chief Commanders was kill'd.

I am sorry I must write unto you this sad story: yet to countervail it something, *Saxen Wymar* 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

Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Lond 5. *Jan.* 1635.

XXX.

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 Opticks 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 unto you is, of a bloody Banquet that was lately at *Leige*, where a great faction was a fomenting 'twixt the Imperialists, and those that were devoted to *France*, amongst whom, one *Ruelle* a popular Bourgue-Master was chief: The Count of *Warfuzee* a vassal of the King of *Spains*, having fled thither from *Flanders* for some offence, to ingratiate himself against the King of *Spains* favor, 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 Souldiers whom he had provided before to guard the House; dispatch'd the Bourgue-Master; The Town hearing this, broke into the House, cut to pieces the said Count, with some of his Souldiers, 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 Emperours Forces into his hands, was found to have intelligence with the *Swede*, therefore the Imperial *Ban* was not only pronounc'd against him, but a reward promis'd to any that should dispatch him; some of the Emperours Souldiers at a great Wedding in *Egra*, of which Band of Souldiers Colonel *Buttler* an *Irishman* was chief, broke into his lodging 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 *Buttler* is made since Count of the Empire, So humbly kissing your noble Ladies hand, I rest

Lond. 5 Jun. *Your faithful Servitor*, J. H.

XXXI.

To Dr. Duppa, L.*B. of* Chichester, *his Highness 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 understanding that your

your *Johnsonus Virbius* was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir *Thomas Hawkins*, I suddenly fell upon the insuing *Decastich*, which if your Lordship please, may have room amongst the rest.

Upon my honoured Friend and F. *Mr.* Ben. Johnson.

ANd is thy Glass run out, is that oyl spent
Which light to such strong Sinewy labours lent?
Well *Ben*; I now perceive that all the *nine*,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst *Nights three Daughters*, but
One still must *spin*, one *wind*, the other *cut*.
Yet in despight of *distaffe*, clue, and *knife*,
Thou in thy strenuous lines hast got a life,
Which like thy *Bays* shall flourish ev'ry age,
While *soc* or *buskin* shall attend the Stage.
——*Sic vaticinatur* Hoellus.

So I rest with many devoted respects to your Lordship, as being

Lond. 1 *of May*, 1636. *Your very humble Servitor*, J.H.

XXXII.
To Sir Ed. B. *Knight.*

SIR,

I Receiv'd yours this Maunday-Thursday: and whereas amongst 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 unto me; and I will deal with you herein, as one should do with his Confessor.

'Tis true, though there be rules and rubricks 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, specially 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

my own penning, before I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier then upon other days, to prepare my self for the Sanctifying of it; nor do I use Barber, Taylor, Shooe-maker, or any other Mechanick that morning; and whatsoever diversions, or lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in case of sickness to repair to Gods holy House that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make my self 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 Gods holy House. I prostrate my self in the humblest and decent'st 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 ones tail, or muffling the face in the Hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with ones hand; but with bended knee, and an 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 commonness of it, is the greatest cause that many do undervalue, and take a Surfeit of our publick 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 else-where, 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'st posture of all, to crave remission for the breaches pass'd of any of Gods 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 *ancient 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 *Cinq-Ports* are open, I have

a par

a particular prayer of thanks, that I am reprieved to the beginning of that week; and every day following, I knock thrice at Heavens gate, in the Morning, in the Evening, and at Night; besides, Prayers at Meals, 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 dispos'd, or have business, 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 unlock'd I get up. And in the Summer time. I am oftentimes abroad in some private field, to attend the Sun-rising: And as I pray *thrice* 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 my self, to have more infirmities to answer for than others.

Before I go to bed, I make a scrutiny what peccant humours have reign'd in me that day, and so I reconcile my self to my Creator, and strike a *tally* in the *Exchequer* of *Heaven* for my *quietus est*, ere 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 my self 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 my self, and recommence; and this is incident to long prayers, which are more subject to mans weakness, and the devils malice.

I thank God I have this fruit of my forreign Travels, that I can pray unto him every day of the week in a several Language, and upon Sunday in seven, which in Orisons of my own I punctually perform in my private Pomeridian devotions.

Et sic æternam contendo attingere vitam.

By these steps I strive to climb up to heaven, and my soul prompts me I shall thither; for there is no object in the world delights me more than to cast up my eyes that way, specially in a Star-light night; and if my mind be overcast with any odd clouds of melancholy

lancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious Fabrick, whic I hope shall be my Country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me presently, which make me scorn the World, and the pleasures therefore, considering the *vanity* of the one, and the *inanity* of the other.

Thus my soul still moves *East-ward*, as all the Heavenly bodies do; but I must tell you, that as those bodies are over-master'd, and snatch'd 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 snatch'd away a clean contrary course, yet my soul persists still in her own proper motion: I am often at variance, and angry with my self (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 *disaffection* in me, but not a *detestation*. I rather pity, than hate *Turk* or *Infidel*, for they are of the same metal, and bear the same stamp as I do, though the Inscriptions differ; if I hate any, 'tis those schismaticks that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an *Anabaptist* go to Hell on a *Brownists* back.

Noble Knight, now that I have thus eviscerated my self, 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, 'tis 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 hearts desire here, and Heaven hereafter, because I am

Yours in no vulgar way of friendship, J. H.

London, 25 *July*, 1635.

XXXIII.

To Simon Digby *Esquire, at* Mosco, *the Emperor of* Russia's *Court.*

SIR,

I Received one of yours by Mr. [illegible], and I am glad to find that the [illegible] of Russia [illegible] so well with you [illegible] well,

as you write, as the Catholick Air of *Madrid*, or the Imperial Air of *Vienna*, where you had such honorable employments.

The greatest news we have here is, that we have a Bishop Lord Treasurer; and 'tis news indeed in these times, though 'twas no news you know in the times of old to have a Bishop Lord Treasurer of *England*. I believe he was meerly *passive* in this business; 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 sixteen hundred thirty and six; she is in length one hundred twenty and seven foot, her greatest breadth within the planks, is forty six foot, and six Inches; her depth from the breadth is nineteen foot, and four Inches: she carrieth a hundred Pieces of Ordinance wanting four, whereof she hath three tyre; half a score men may stand in her Lantern; the charges His Majesty hath bin at in the building of her, are computed to be fourscore thousands pounds, one whole years Ship-mony: Sir *Robert Mansel* lanch'd her, and by his Majesties command call'd her, *The Soveraign of the Sea*: Many would have had her to be nam'd the *Edgar*; who was one of the most famous *Saxon* Kings this Island had, and the most potent at Sea. *Ranulphus Cestrensis* writes, That he had four hundred 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, *Altitonantis Dei largiflua clementia qui est Rex Regum, Ego* Edgarus *Anglorum Basileus, omnium Regum, Insularum, Oceanique Britanniam circumjacentis, cunctarumque Nationum quæ infra eam includuntur, Imperator & Dominus, &c.* I do not think your grand Emperour of *Russia* hath a loftier Title; I confess the Sophy of *Persia* hath a higher one, though profane and ridiculous, in comparison of this; For he calls himself, *The Star high and mighty, whose head is crown'd with the Sun, whose motion is comparable to the ætherial Firmament, Lord of the Mountains, Caucasus and Taurus, of the four Rivers*, Euphrates, Tygris, Araxis *and* Indus; *Bud of honor the Mirror of vertue, 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

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

Lond. 1 *July*, 1635. *Your most faithful Servitor, [illegible]*

XXXIV.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard.

Dear Dr.

I Have now had too long a supersedeas from employment, having engag'd my self to a fatal man at Court (by his own seeking) who I hoped, and had reason to expect (for I wav'd *all* other ways) that he would have bin a *Scale* towards my rising, but he hath rather prov'd an *Instrument* towards my ruin: it may be he will prosper accordingly.

I am shortly bound for *Ireland*, and it may be the Stars 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 beams of the Sun-rising, rather than towards the *East*.

My Lord *Deputy* hath made often professions to do me a pleasure, and I intend now to put him upon't.

I purpose to pass by the *Bath* for a pain I have in my Arm, proceeding from a Defluxion of Rheum, and then I will take *Brecknock* in my way, to comfort my sister *Perry*, who I think hath lost one of the best husbands in all the thirteen Shires of *Wales*.

So with apprecation of all happiness to you, I rest

Lond. 10 *Feb.* 1637. *Yours while* J. H.

XXXV.

To Sir Kenelme Digby *Knight, from* Bath.

SIR,

YOur being then in the Country, when I began my iourny for *Ireland*, was the cause 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 stroaks of a pump upon me in the Queens *Bath*; And having bin 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 vertue in them. I have seen and read of divers *Baths* abroad, as those of *Caldanel* and *Avinian* in *Sienna*, the *Grotta* in *Viterbo*, those between *Naples* and *Puteolum*

lum in *Campania*; and I have bin a little curious to know the reason of those rare Lymphatical properties in 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 unto the Sun, whose all searching Beams penetrating the Pores of the Earth, do heat the Waters.

Others think this heat to proceed from quick lime, 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 Country-man 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 it self, works upon the matter like a leav'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 quickneth 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 joyn'd with moisture, nor needs it air for ventilation: This natural heat is daily observed by digging in the Mines; so then while Minerals are thus engendring, and *in statu principii* in their liquid forms, and not consolidated into hard bodies, (for then they have not that vertue) they impart heat to the neighbouring Waters. So then it may be concluded, that the soil about the Baths a mineral vein of Earth, and the fermentive gentle temper of generative heat that goes to the production of the said Minerals, doth impart and actually communicate the *balneal* vertue and medicinal heat to such Waters.

Th-

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 presum'd 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

Your most faithful and ready Servitor,
J. H

From the Bath, 3. July 1638.

XXXVI.

From Dublin, *To* Sir Ed. Savage, *Knight, at* Tower-Hill.

SIR,

I Am come safely to *Dublin*, over an angry boysterous 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 Plaisters, and other Remedies could do me good.

I deliver'd your Letter to Mr. *James Dillon*, but no hing can be done in that business till your Brother *Pain* comes to Town. I met her 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 *Grandeza*, 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: Trafick encreaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of bravery and building.

I made an humble motion to my Lord, that in regard business of all sorts did multiply here daily, and that there was but one *Clerk* of the Council (Sir *Paul Davys*) who was able to dispatch business, (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.

Nothing more, but with my most affectionate respects unto you, I rest

Dublin, 7. May. 1638.

Your faithful Servitor,
J. H.

XXXVII.

To Dr. Usher *Lord Primate of* Ireland.

MAY it please your Grace to accept of my most humble Acknowledgment, for those Noble Favours I receiv'd at *Dublin*; and that you pleas'd to communicate unto me those rare Manuscripts in so many Languages, and divers choice Authors in your Library.

Your learned Work, *De primordiis Ecclesiarum Britanicarum*, which you pleas'd to send me, I have sent to *England*, and so it shall be conveyd to *Jesus College* in *Oxford*, as a gift from your Grace.

I hear that Cardinal *Barberino*, one of the Popes Nephews, is setting forth the works of *Eusebius* a British Bishop, call'd *De vita Christiana*. It was written 300 years after our Saviour, and *Heinsenius* 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 *Theodosius*, 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 favor, and very familiar, The Goldsmith in private discourse, told him one day, That *he wondred, he being a man of such a great understanding, did not turn* Christian, *considering how he found all the Prophecies of the Law so evidently accomplish'd in our Saviour, and our Saviours Prophecies accomplish'd since*. Theodosius answered, *That it did not stand with his security and countenance in Authority to turn* Christian, *but he had a long time a good opinion of that Religion, and he would discover a secret unto 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 the *Temple*, and when any was chosen, his name with his father and Mothers, were used to be registred 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 entred his father *Joseph* being dead, his mother was sent for, which being asked who was his father, she answer'd, That she never knew man, but that she conceiv'd by an Angel: So his name was registred 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 Graces 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 wonderfull thing of this kind that any Story can parallel; for this is the three

and

and twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while; so that now *Monsieurs* cake is dough, and believe he will be more quiet hereafter. So I rest,

Dublin, 1. *March*, 1639. *Your Graces most devoted Servitor*, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To my Lord Clifford, *from* Edenburgh.

My Lord,

I Have seen now all the King of great *Britains* Dominions; and he's 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 travelled the Diameter of *France* more than once, and now I come through *Ireland* into this Kingdom of *Scotland*. This Town of *Edenburgh* 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 (call'd 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's a *National Assembly*, and a *Parliament*, my Lord *Traquair* being his Majesties 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 about him, is call'd *Bishop*. Our Lord of *Canterbury* is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the Pulpit, *The Prince of* Bal, and *the Son of Belial*.

I le tell your Lordship of a passage which happen'd lately in my Lodging which is a Tavern: I had sent for a Shooe-maker to make me a pair of Boots, and my Landlord, who is a pert smart Man, brought up a *chopin* of White-wine (and for this particular, there are better *French*-Wines here than in *England*, and cheaper; for they are but at a Groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature, to mingle or sophisticate any Wine here.) Over this *Chopin* of White Wine, my Vintner and Shooe-maker fell into a hot dispute about Bishops: The Shooe-maker grew very furious, and call'd 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, Here. 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 why do you inveigh so bitterly against them?* The Shooe-maker answered, *I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it.* My Vintner replies, *Well then, you are a Shooe 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 Shooe-makers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the* Men *not of the* Calling. The Shooe-maker was so gravel'd at this, that he was put to his *Last*; for he had not a word more to say: Jonny Vintner got the day.

There is a fair Parliament House built here lately, and 'twas hoped his Majesty would have tane 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 interim I rest

Edenburgh, 1639. *Your Lordship's most humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Sir K. Digby, *Knight.*

SIR,

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 unto the Author, I utterly disclaim any, specially in that proportion you please to give them me. 'Tis you that have parts enough to compleat a whole Jury of Men. Those small perquisits that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow *Lobby*; but those Perfections that beautifie your noble Soul, have a spacious Palace to walk in, more sumptuous then either the *Louvre*, *Seraglio*, or *Escurial*. So I must affectionately kiss your hands, being always

Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Weimin. 3. *Decem.* 1639

XL.

To Sir Sackvill Crow, *His Majesties Ambassador at the Port of* Constantinople.

Right Honourable Sir,

THE greatest News we have here now, is a notable Naval Fight that was lately 'twixt the *Spaniard* and *Hollander*, in the *Downes*; but to make it more intelligible, I will deduce the Business from the beginning.

The King of *Spain* had provided a great Fleet of Galeons, 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* which were grown very thin in *Flanders*. These recruits were got by an odd trick; for some of the Fleet being at Saint *Andreas*, a report was blown up of purpose, that the *French* were upon the Coasts; hereupon all the young Men of the Countrey 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 sunk and took two, and the rest got away to *Holland*, to give an alarum to the *States*, who in less than a Month, got together a Fleet of about one hundred sail, and the Wind being a long time Easterly, they came into the *Downes*, where *Don Antonio d'Oquendo*, the *Spanish* Admiral had stayed for them all the while. *Sir John Pennington* was then abroad with seven of his Majesties Ships: And *don Antonio* being daily warn'd what Forces were preparing in *Zealand* and *Holland*, and so advis'd to get over to the *Flemish* Coasts in the interim, with a haughty spirit he answer'd, *Tengo de quedarme aqui para castigar estos Rebeldes: I will stay here to chastise these Rebels.* There were ten more of His Majesties Ships appointed to go joyn 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 Waters, Victuals, and other necessaries from our Coasts for their Money, according to the Capitulations of Peace, all this while; at last, being surprized by a cloud of *Hollanders*, consisting of one hundred and fourteen Ships they lanched out from our Coasts, and immediately fell to battel, our Ships having retir'd hard by all the while: The Vice-Admiral of *Portugal*, a famous Sea Captain, *Don Lopez de Morra*, was

engag'd in close fight with the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*, and after [illegible] tough Rancounters they were both blown up, and [illegible] at night came and parted the rest; but the *Spanish* Ships were taken, and about twenty of the *Hollanders* [illegible] *Oquendo* then cross'd over to *Narvic*, and so back [illegible] where he died before he came to the Court; and 'tis [illegible] he had been question'd for some Miscarriages [illegible] he had suffer'd the *Dunkerkers*, who are nimbler [illegible] fit for fight, to have had the *Van*, and dealt with the *Sal[illegible]*, 'tis thought Matters might have gone better with him; but his Ambition was, that the great *Spanish* Galeons should get the glory of the day.

The *Spaniards* give 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 one hundred and fourteen Sails 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 receiv'd from your Lordship in so singular a manner at that *Port*, desiring you would still oblige me with a continuance of them; I rest amongst those multitude you have behind you in *England*,

Your Lordship's most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Lond. 3. *Aug.* 1639.

XLI.

To Sir J. M. *Knight.*

SIR,

I Hear that you begin to *blow the Cole*, and offer Sacrifice to *Demogorgon*, the God of Minerals: Be well advis'd before you engage your self too deep; *Chymistry* I know, by a little experience, is wonderful pleasing for the tryal of so many rare conclusions it carries with it, but withal 'tis costly, and an enchanting kind of thing; for it had melted many a fair Manner in Crucibles, and turn'd them to smoak. One presented *Sixtus Quintus* (*Sice-cinq*, as Queen *Elizabeth* call'd him) with a Book of *Chymistry*, and the Pope gave him an empty Purse for a Reward.

Ther

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 Water turn'd 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 *Phœnix* Nest.

I know you have your share of Wisdom, therefore I confess it a presumption in me, to give you Counsel. So I rest

Westmin. 1. *Feb.* 1638. *Your most faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XLII.

To Simon Digby *Esquire, at the grand* Mosco *in* Russia.

SIR,

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 Countrey.

I doubt not but you have heard long since of the revolt of *Catalaunia* from the King of *Spain*; it seems the sparkles of those Fires are flown to *Portugal*, and put that Countrey also in combustion. The Duke 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 obey'd, and quietly setled, as if he had been King these twenty years there; for the whole Countrey fell suddenly to him not one Town standing out. When the King 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 politick 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 Duke 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 then so. You know what a huge limb the Crown of *Portugal* was to the *Spanish* Monarchy, by the Islands in the *Atlantick* Sea; the towns in *Africk*

and

and all the *East-Indies*, insomuch that the *Spaniard* hath nothing now left beyond the *Line*.

There is no *offensive* War yet made by *Spain* against King *John*, she only stands upon the *defensive* part, until the *Catalan* be reduc'd; 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 happen'd 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 *Streights*, was sailing home with a *Cargazon* valued at eight hundred thousand Pounds, whereof four hundred and fifty thousand 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 choak'd the Pump, so that the *Swan* could swim no longer: Some sixteen were drown'd, and some of them with Ropes of Pearl about their Necks, the rest were sav'd by an *Hamburgher* not far off. The King of *Spain* loseth little by it (only his Affairs in *Flanders* may suffer) for his Money was insur'd, and few of the *Principals*, but the *Insurers* only, who were most of them *Genoways*, and *Hollanders*: A most infortunate 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 Countrey, and desire that your love may continue still in the same degree of heat towards

Lond. 5. of March, 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 happen'd in *High-Holbourn*, 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

part, being thrice thicker than the right, and is the Cell which holds the purest and most illustrious liquor, the arterial blood, and the vital Spirits. This Serpent was it seems three years ingendring, for so long time he found himself indispos'd in the breast; and it was observ'd, that his eye in the interim grew more sharp and fiery, like the eye of a Cock, which is next to a Serpents Eye in redness; so that the Symptom of his inward Disease might have been told by certain exterior Rays and Signatures.

God preserve us from publick 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, as one time about *Jupiter*'s Neck, another time about *Minerva*'s Thigh, there follow'd bloody civil Wars after it.

I remember also, few years since, to have read the relation and deposition of the Carriers of *Tewxbury*, who, with divers of his Servants, passing a little before the dawn of the day with their Packs over *Cots-hill*, saw most sensibly and very perspicuously in the Air, Musketiers, harnessed Men, and Horse-men, 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 pleas'd to make up these Ruptures 'twixt us and *Scotland*, we are like to have ill days. The Archbishop of *Canterbury* was lately outrag'd in his House by a pack of common People: And Captain *Mahun* was pitifully Massacred by his own Men lately; so that the common People, it seems, have strange Principles infus'd 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, that 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

London, 2. *May*. 1640. *Your most humble Servitor*, J. H.

XLIV.

To my Lord Herbert *of* Cherbury, *from* Paris.

My Lord,

I Send herewith *Dodonas* Grove couch'd in *French*, and in the newest *French*; for though the main Version be mine, yet I got one of the *Academie des beaux Esprits* here to run it over, to correct

rect and refine the Language, and reduce it [illegible] Dialect. It took so here, that the new [illegible] ven a publick and far higher *Elogium* [illegible] brought to the Cardinal at *Rochelle*, [illegible] him in his private Gr[illegible] and [illegible] here what Propositions [illegible] here that Idolize him, [illegible] bolas are Printed up and down o[illegible]m, [illegible]

Cedite Richelii [illegible]
Ille homines [illegible]

Et si nous f[illegible]sons des [illegible]
C'est pour en couronner [illegible]
Qui soubs le nom de Ric[illegible]
Recoit nos vœus & nos off[illegible]

Then
Richelli *adventu* Rupellæ *porta patescit*,
Christo Infernales ut patere fores.

Certainly he is a rare Man, and of a transcendent reach and they are rather *miracles* then exploits that he hath done, though those Miracles be of a sanguin Dye(the *colour* of his habit)steep'd in Blood;which makes the *Spaniard* call him the grand *Caga-fuego* of *Christendom.* Divers of the scientificall'st, and most famous Wits here,have spoken of your Lordship with admiration,and of your great work *De veritate*,and were those excellent notions and theorical Precepts, actually applied to any particular Science, it would be an infinite advantage to the common Wealth of Learning all the World over. So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest

Paris, April 1. 1641. *Your Lordship's most faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XLV.

To the Right Honourable Mrs. Elizabeth Altham *now Lady* Digby.

Madam,

THere be many sad hearts for the loss of my Lord *Robert Digby*, but the greatest weight of sorrow falls upon your Ladyship; amongst other excellent Vertues, 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

hath been often exercised, and put to tryal in this kind. For besides the Baron your father, and Sir *James*, you lost your brother, Master *Richard Altham*, 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 Astley* since, a worthy vertuous 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 offer'd me a *Lease*, I would give her but a small *Fine* for't; specially now that the Times are grown so naught, that 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 vicissitudes of things; as long as the World wheels round, there must be tossings and tumblings, distractions and troubles, and bad times must be recompenc'd with better. So I humbly kiss your Ladyships hands, and rest,

Madam,

Your constant Servant,

York, 1 *Aug.* 1642.

J. H.

XLVI.

To the Honorable 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 fair hopes, or rather assurances to succeed him in the Clerkship of the Councel.

The Duke *de la Vallette* 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 Souldier 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 pett at it, and went away to his house at *Cadillac*, some fifteen miles off: The next morning the

the Archbishop came to pay him the Visit, and to 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 Saint* 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 Cardinals Cap, kneeling at a Table Altar-wise, with his Book and Beads in his hand, and Candles burning before him.

I hear the Earl of *Leicester* is to come shortly over, and so over to *Ireland* to be your *Deputy*. No more now, but that I am

Lond. Sept. 7. *Your most faithful Servitor.* J. H.

1641.

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 convers'd 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 denied 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 pul'd out a greasie Paper out of his Pocket, and shew'd me only three or four names subscrib'd, and no more; so they rush'd presently into my Closet, and seiz'd 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 Physick that morning, and with very much ado, they suffer'd 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 order'd to be forth-coming, till some Papers of mine were perus'd, and Mr. *Corbet* was appointed 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 desir'd him to make a report to the House according to which (as I was told) he did very fairly; yet such was my hard hap, that I was committed to the *Fleet*, where I am now under close restraint:

straint: and as far as I see, I must lie at dead *anchor* in this *Fleet* a long time, unless some gentle *gale* blow thence to make me *lanch* out, Gods will be done, and amend the times, and make up these ruptures which threaten so much calami y. So I am

Your Lordships most faithful (though now afflicted) Servitor, J. H.

Fleet. Nov. 20. 1643.

XLVII.

To Sir Brevis Thelwall *Knight (Petri ad vincula) at* Peter-House *in* London.

SIR,

THough we are not in the same *Prison*, yet we are in the same *predicament* of sufferance; therefore I presume you 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*, specially to one of such free-born thoughts as you. Melancholy is a black noxious humor, and much annoys the whole inward man; if you would know what Cordial I use against it in this my sad condition, I'le 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 humor work upon me stronger, I rouze my spirits, and raise them up towards Heaven, my future Country; and one may be on his journy thither, though shut up in Prison, and happily go a straighter way then if he were abroad: I consider, that my soul while she is coop'd within these walls of flesh, is but in 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 are they in effect but *prisoners*, as all other Islanders are; for being surrounded and clos'd about with *Salt-water* (as I am with 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 compose these woful divisions, which menace nothing but publick ruin, the thoughts whereof drown in me the sense of mine own *private* affliction.

So wishing you courage (whereof you have enough, if you put it in practise) and patience in this sad condition, I rest

From the Fleet, Aug. 2. 1643.

Your true Servant and companion, J. H.

XLIX. *To*

XLIX.

To Mr. E P.

SIR,

I Saw ſuch prodigious things daily done theſe few years paſt, that I had reſolv'd with my ſelf to give over *wondering* at any thing, yet a paſſage happen'd 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 Raiſons al'ur'd little Children, and ſo pourloyn'd them away from their Parents, and carried them a Ship-board, for beyond Sea, where by cutting their hair, and other devices, they ſo diſguis'd them, that their Parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous paſſage in *Hamelen* a Town in *Germany*, which I hope to have paſs'd through when I was in *Hamburgh*, had we returned by *Holland*; which was thus (nor would I relate it unto you were 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 Burgers for ſuch a Reward, if he could free them quite from the ſaid Vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelve-month 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 periſh'd; ſo the Town was infected no more. At the end of the year, the Pied-Piper return'd for his reward, the Burgers 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 clos'd 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 ingraven.

No more now, for this is enough in Conſcience for one time: So I am

Fleet, 1 Octob. 1543.

Your moſt affectionate Servitor,
J. H.

L. To

L.

To my Lord G. D.

My Lord,

THere be two weighty sayings in *Seneca*, *Nihil est infelicius eo cui nil unquam contigit adversi : There is nothing more unhapp than he who never felt any adversity :* The other is, *Nullum est majus malum, quàm 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 Countrey-man *Breakspear* (*Adrian* the fourth) said of himself, *I have been strain'd through the limbec 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 *inur'd*, and habituated to troubles. That which sinks deepest in me, is the sense I have of the common Calamities of this Nation ; there is a strange Spirit hath got in amongst 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 that ruthful spectacle, gave the Ape fair and smooth language, so he gently brought the Child down again and replac'd 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 us'd 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 a Dinner to give him joy of his Office, and having a great Woodcock-Pye serv'd 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 diverse brave Patriots in the City, and I hope they will think upon some means to preserve us and themselves from ruine : Such are the Prayers, early and late, of

Dat. 2. Jan. 1645. *Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.*

LI.

To Sir Alex. R. *Knight.*

SIR,

SUrely, God Almighty is angry with *England*, and 'tis 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 thereby, 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 *English-men*. When that doleful change was pronounc'd against *Israel*, *Perditio ex te, Israel*, It was meant of the *concret*, (not the *abstract*;) *Oh Israelites, your ruine comes from your selves.* When I make this scrutiny within my self, 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 ransack 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 Errour 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 quel 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 Timpanies of Vanity, and Tumors of Wrath; when I take my whole self in a lump, I find that I am nought else but a Cargizon of malignant humours, a rabble of unruly Passions, amongst which my poor Soul is daily crucified, as 'twixt 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 he 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 my self of my own demerits, so I hold it to be the duty of every one, to compleat himself this way, and to remember the saying of a noble *English* Captain, who when the Town of *Calis* was lost (which was the last footing we had in *France*) being jear'd by a *French-man*, and ask'd, Now *English-man*, when will you come back to *France*? *Answered*, O Sir, much not, when the sins of *France* are greater than the sins of *England*, the *English-men* will come again to *France*.

Before

Before the Sack of *Troy*, 'twas said and sung up and down the Streets,

Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.

The Verse is as true for Sense and Feet,

Intra Londini *muros 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 flourishing 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

Your most faithful Servitor,

Fleet, 3. June. J. H.

LII.

To Mr. John Batty *Merchant.*

SIR,

I Receiv'd the Printed discourse you pleas'd to send me, call'd the *Merchants 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 Countrey 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 Common-wealths-man, being properly applied: For my part, I do not know any profession of life (especially in an Island) more to be cherish'd and countenanced with honorable imployments than the Merchant-Adventurer; (I do not mean only the Staplers of *Hamborough* and *Rotterdam*) for if valiant and dangerous actions do ennoble 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* Councellor hath it) but he contests 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 gentile than the noble Merchant-Adventurer, who sells Silks and Sattins, Tissues and Cloath of Gold; Diamonds and Pearl, with Silver and Gold.

In your discourse, you foretel the sudden calamities which are like to befal 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 prophesie will be fully accomplish'd if matters hold thus. Good Lord! was there ever People so active to draw on their own ruine? Which is so visible, that a pur-blind 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 then Trade; it is that Wheel of Industry, which sets all other a going; it is that which preserves the chiefest Castles and Walls of this Kingdom, I mean the *Ships*; and how these are impair'd within this 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 compass, 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 Areopagitæ, 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

Yours to dispose of,

Fleet, 4 *May*. 1644.

J. H.

LIII.

To my honoured 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 Garrison Town, and

and you know, as well as *I*, what danger *I* may incur; but for Forreign, indifferent news, you shall understand that Pope *Urban* the eighth is dead, having sat in the chair above twenty years, a rare thing; for it is observ'd, that no Pope yet arriv'd to the years of St. *Peter*, who, they say, was Bishop of *Rome* twenty and five. Cardinal *Pamfilio* a *Roman* born, a knowing man, and a great Lawyer is created Pope by assumption of the name of *Innocent* the tenth: There was tough canvasing for voices, and a great *contrasto* in the *Conclave*, 'twixt the *Spanish* and *French* faction, who with the *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 joyn with them for *Pamfilio*, as being also a creature of the deceased Pope. He had bin *Nuncio* in *Spain* eight years, so that it is conceiv'd he is much devoted to that Crown, as his Predecessor was to the *French*, who had bin Legate there near upon twenty years, and was Godfather to the last King, which made him to be *Fleurdelize*, to be Flower-de-luc'd all over. This new Pope hath already pass'd 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 lodg'd in *Saint Peters*. 'Tis thought he will presently set all wheels a going to mediate an universal peace. They write of one good augury amongst the rest; that part of his Arms is a *Dove*, which hath bin 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 'twixt 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 mans imagination, how that may be accommodated, though 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 employed 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 independant 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 *Aubeny* hath an Abbacy of one thousand five hundred Pistols a year given him yearly there, and is fair for a Cardinals Hat.

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 slacken a whit that firm league of love, wherein I am eternally tied unto you, I will conclude with a Distich, which I found amongst those excellent Poems of the late Pope.

Quem valide strinxit præstanti pollice virtus,
Nescius est solvi nodus Amicitiæ.

Your constant Servitor,

Fleet, 1 *Jan.* 1644. J. H.

LIV.

To the Lord Bishop of London, *late Lord Treasurer 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 *Crosier* was still your chief care: nor was it perceiv'd that that high all obliging *office* did alter you a jot, or alienate you from your self, 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 Miter 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 prov'd 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*) Marq. *Pawlet*, who

who it seems sail'd by the same compass, for there being divers bandyings, and factions at Court in his time, yet was he belov'd by all parties, and being ask'd how he stood so right in the opinion of all, he answer'd, *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 scatter'd, that I may respite free air, one of my first Journeys shall be to kiss your Lordships hands: In the interim, I rest

Your most devoted and ready Servitor, J. H.

The Fleet, 3 *Sept.* 1644.

LV.

To Sir E. S. *Knight.*

SIR,

THough 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 confirm'd unto me. It is a true observation, that amongst other effects of affliction, one is, to try a friend; for those proofs that are made in the fawnings, and dazling Sunshine of prosperity, are not so clear, as those which break out and transpeer through the darks 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 visus*: Black doth congregate, unite and fortifie the sight: the other disgregate, scatter and emeeble 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 a more clear knowledge of our Creator: for as the rising and setting Sun, appears bigger unto us, then when he is in the *Meridian* (though the distance be still the same) the cause whereof is ascribed to the interposition of mists, which lye 'twixt our eyes and him, so through the thick fog of adversity (which in this point are as pellucid and diaphanous, as any Chrystal) we come to see God, and the immensity of his love in a fuller proportion. There cannot be clearer evidences of his care, then his corrections: when he makes the world to frown, then he smiles most upon us, though it be through a *mask*: besides, it is always his method, to *[illegible]* *[illegible]* *[illegible]*. We have an ordinary salute in *English* and *[illegible]*

and though the word be radically deriv'd 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 weigh'd down and quash'd, yet I shall at last orecome all these pressures, survive my debts, and surmount my enemies.

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

Your constant Servitor,
J.H.

Fleet, 5 Aug.
1644.

LVI.

To Tho. Ham, *Esq;*

SIR,

There is no such treasure as a true Friend, it is a treasure far above that of Saint *Marks* in *Venice*; a treasure that is not liable to those casualties, which others are liable unto, as to plundering and burglary, to bankrupts and ill debtors, to firing and shipwracks; 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 unto me in these my pressures; Like a Glow-worm (the old emblem of true Friendship) you have shin'd unto me in the dark: Nor could you do good offices to any that wisheth you better: for I always lov'd you for the freedom of your genius, for these choice 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

Your true Friend to serve you,
J.H.

The Fleet, May 5 1643.

LVII. T

LVII.
To Phil. Warwick, *Esq*;

SIR,

THe earth doth not always produce Roses and Lillies, 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 ille tribulationes producit*: the Sea is not more Subject to contrary blasts, nor the Surges thereof to tossings and tumblings, as the actions of men are to encumbrances and crosses, the Air is not fuller of Meteors, than mans 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 fertil then prosperity, it useth to water and mollifie the heart, which is the *center* of all our affections, and makes it produce excellent fruit, whereas the glaring-Sun shine of a continual prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it barren.

There is not a greater evidence of Gods care and love to his creature then 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 untouch'd, 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 unto: 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* unto me. This makes me esteem these Walls, wherein I have been immur'd these thirty months, to be no other then a Colledge of instruction unto me; and whereas *Varro* said, That the great World was but the 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 discover'd by the flight of a Hawk of the old Duke of *Alva's*; this People, then all Savage (though they dwelt in the centre of *Spain*, not far from *Toledo*, and are yet held to be a part of those Aborigines that *Tubal Cain* brought in) being *benum'd* in, and *imprison'd*, as it were, by a multitude of craggy huge 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 hath over-whelm'd this poor Island. Nor although I have bin so long aboard here, was I yet under *Hatches*, for I have a Cabin upon the upper Deck, whence I breath the best Air the place affords; add hereunto, that the Society of Master *Hopkins* the Warden is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingst and most civil Gentleman that I have convers'd withal. Moreover, 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, and the other after.*

God Almighty amend these times, that make *Imprisonment* to be preferred before *liberty*, it being more safe, and desirable by some, though not by

From the Fleet, No. 3. 1643.

Your affectionate Servitor, J. H.

LVIII.
To Sir Ed. Sa. *Knight.*

SIR,

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 cureable by Drugs and Dyets; but there are others that are quite abstracted from all corporeal impressions, and are meerly mental; these kind of Agonies are the more violent of the two, for as the one use to drive us into *Fevers*, the other precipitate us oftentimes into *Frensies*: And this is the ground I believe, which made the Philosopher think that the rational soul was infus'd into man, partly for his punishment, and the understanding of his executioner, unless wisdom sit at the Helm, and steer the motions of his *Will*.

I thank God I have 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, must discompose and torture the Imagination, sometimes with gripings of

of discontent and anguish, not so much for my own sad condition, as for my poor Country and Friends, who have a great share in my Nativity, and particularly for your self, 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 vertue, and slight all accidents that are incident to man, and be still the same, *Etiamsi fractus illabatur Orbis*; there may be so much vertue and valor in you, but I profess to have neither of them in that proportion. The Philosophers prescribe us Rules, that they themselves, 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 faln quite from the very faculty of reason, and to be possessed with a pure Lycanthropy, with a Wolvish kind 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 will 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 ev'ry Garden.

Your faithful Servitor,
J. H.

From the Fleet *Decemb.* 1
1644.

LIX.

To my noble Friend, Mr. E. P.

SIR,

I Have no other news to write to you hence, but that, *Leuantanse los muladeres, y abaxanse los adarues, The World is turn'd topsey turvey.*

From the Fleet.
Jan. 2. 1644.

Yours, J. H.

LX.

LX.

To Tho. Young, *Esq;*

SIR,

I Receiv'd yours of the fifth of *March*, and 'twas 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 do 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 concurr'd. '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* lightness, but in reference to portion: The late Earl of *Salisbury* gives a caveat for this, *That beauty without a Dowry,* (without that *urguentum Indicum*) *is as a gilded shell without a kernel*; therefore he warns his son to be sure to have something with his Wife, and his reason is, *Because nothing can be bought in the Market without Mony.* Indeed 'tis very fitting that *He* or *She* should have wherewith to support both, according to their quality, at least to keep the Wolf from the door, otherwise 'twere a meer madness to Marry; but he who hath enough of his own to maintain a Wife, and Marrieth only for mony, discovereth a poor sordid disposition. There is nothing that my nature disdains more, than to be a slave to Silver or Gold, for though they both carry the Kings 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, the for earth stands always 'twixt them, and the fair face of Heaven. Yet my genius prompts me, that I was born under a Planet, not to dye in a Lazaretto. At my nativity my ascendant was that hot constellation of *Cancer* about the midst of 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, I according to the quality of the ground whereon I was born, which was the belly of a huge shell situated South-East, so that the House *I* came from (besides my Father and Mothers Coat) must needs be *Illustrious*, because more obvious to the Sun-beams than ordinary. *I* have upon occasion of hidden disorders, sometimes run a mad,

some

sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholly odd fellow to deal withal, I mean my self, for I have the humours within me that belongs to all three, therefore who would cast her self away upon such a one? Besides I came tumbling out into the World a pure *Cadet*, a true *Cosmopolite*; not born to Land, Lease, House or Office; 'tis true, I have purchas'd since, a small spot of Ground upon *Parnassus*, which I hold in fee of the Muses, and I have endeavoured to manure it as well as I could, though I confess it hath yielded me little fruit hitherto: And what Woman would be so mad.. to take that only for her Jovnture?

But [illegible] come to the point of *Wiving*, 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 expos'd them to the wide World, to try their Fortunes; and some (out of complement) would make me believe they are long liv'd.

But to come at last to your kind of *Wiving*. 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 a wilder speech it was of the *Cynick*, when passing by a Tree where a Maid had made her self away, wish'd; *That all Trees might bear such Fruit*. But to pass from these Motheaten Philosophers, to a *modern* Physitian 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 (though I understand he was Wiv'd a little after) at the honourable degree of *Marriage*, which I hold to be the prime Link of humane 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 my self, 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 pass'd over my head, and some *winters* more, (for all my life, considering the few Sun-shines I have had, may be call'd nothing but *Winter*) yet, I thank God for't, I find no symptom of decay, either in body, senses, or intellectuals. But [illegible]

methinks I hear you say, That this *Letter* shews I begin to dote, and grow idle, therefore I will display my self no further unto 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 *sowe*, 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,

From the Fleet the 28 of April, 1645.

J. H.

AD LIBRUM

——*Sine me, Liber, ibis in* Aulam
Hei mihi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo. Ovid.

To his Book.

Thou *may'st to Court, and progress to and fro,*
Oh, that thy captiv'd Master could do so.

THE

THE SECOND VOLUME OF Familiar LETTERS.

I.

Mr. Tho. Adams.

SIR,

I Pray ſtir nimbly in the buſineſs 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 luke-warm 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 embark'd in a buſineſs to hoiſe up, and ſpread every ſail, *Main*, *miſen*, *ſpritt*, and top ſail, by that means he will ſooner arrive at his Port. If the winds be ſo croſs, and that there be ſuch a fate in the thing, that it can take no effect yet you ſhall have wherewith to ſatisfie an honeſt mind, that you left nothing unattempted to compaſs it, for in the conduct of human affairs 'tis a rule, That a good conſcience hath always within doors enough to reward it ſelf, 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 then once; and to tell you true, I never ſaw ſuch a diſparity between two that were made one flеſh in all my life; he handſome outwardly, but of ill conditions; ſhe excellently qualified, but hard favour'd; ſo that the one may be compar'd to a cloth

of

of Tissue Doublet, cut upon course Canvas; the other to a Buckram Petticoat lin'd with Sattin: I think *Clotho* had her fingers smutted in snuffing of the Candle, when she begun to spin the thread of her life, and *Lachesis* frown'd in twisting it up, but *Aglaia* with the rest of the *Graces* were in a good humour, when they form'd her inner parts; a blind Man is fittest to hear her sing, one would take delight to see her dance if mask'd, 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 Phisnomy the Lord deliver you, and

Westmin. 25. of *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 Bore, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes then 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 prov'd so to Mr. *Jones*, but the Pen wherewith you have so gash'd him, it seems was made rather of a *Porcupine*; than a *Goose* Quill, it is so keen and firm: you know

Anser Apis, Vitulus, populos & 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't, 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 rearing, but quickly ruin'd: if your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more Copies of the Satyr, 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. Dispense with this freedom of

Your respectful S. and Servitor, J. H.

Westmin. 3 *July*, 1635.

III.

III.
To D. C. *Esq;*

SIR,

IN 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 abjur'd 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 swears there's a Devil in every Berry of his Grape; therefore he resolves hereafter, though he may dabble a little sometimes, he will be never drown'd again. You know *Kit* hath a Poetick fancy, 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's no Creature that's kneeded 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't: *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 Covetousness 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 infirmity or other, and 'twill be so while these frail, flexible humours Reign within us; while we have Sluces 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 pull'd out a black Bean, which was the Portion of the Devil; and so replac'd 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 believe he will grow newer and newer every day: We find that a humble makes one take firmer footing; and the bate Suds which Vice useth to leave behind it, makes Vertue 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

Westmin. 15 *Aug.* 1636. *Your most affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

IV.
To T. D. *Esq*;

SIR,

I Had yours lately by a safe Hand: wherein I find you open unto 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 humor, 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 from 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, savor of Pride, they are odious; and 'tis 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 Barricadoed, 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 last; 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 Ass laden with Gold may enter into them; you know what the *Spaniard* saith, *Davidas quebrantan pennas, 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 return'd the Collar: I will not 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 then a Hundred pair of Oxen*,

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 to be Won, at an 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 your self, which is the greatest Conquest that can be. Without seeking abroad, we have Enemies enough within Doors to practice 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 defie the Devil : I pray recollect your self, and think on this Advice of your true and most affectionate Servitor,

Westmin. 4 *Decemb.* 1637. J. H.

V.

To G. G. *Esq*; *at* Rome.

SIR,

I Have more thanks to give you than can be folded up in this narrow Paper, though it were all writ in the closest kind of Steganography, for the rich and accurate Account you please to give me of that renowned City wherein you now sojourn. I find you have most judiciously pryed 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 Sea 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, specially of the *Mendicants*, seem to make some Compensation for the Lux and Magnificence of the two last, besides they are more beholding 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 excess 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 repin'd and murmur'd at the Pontifical Pomp of that Court, yet for my 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 'twixt *Leo* the Tenth, and *Francis* the first of *France*, is very remarkable, who being both met at *Bolonia*; the King seem'd to give a light touch at the Popes 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 replyed, *I speak of times under the Gospel.* Then rejoyn'd 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 Grosted* Bishop of *Lincoln*, who liv'd 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. Amongst 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 Country-man Mr *Hoskins's* Advice, when he was in the *Tower.*

Vincula da linguæ, vel tibi lingua dabit.

Have a care of your Health, take heed of the Syren's, of excess 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 then

Your most affectionate and faithful Servitor, J. H.

VI.

To Dr. T. P.

SIR,

I Had yours of the Tenth Current, wherein you write me Tidings of our Friend *T. D.* and what his desires tend unto. In my Opinion they are somewhat extravagant. *I* have read of one, that loving Hony more than ordinary, seem'd 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, wishd the Pears and Plums were as big as Pumpions. These were

but silly vulgar wishes; for if a *Bee* were as big as a *Bull*, it must have a Sting proportionable; and what mischiefs do you think such Stings would do, when we can hardly endure the Sting of that small infected animal, as now it is? And if Pears and Plums were as big as Pumpions, 'twere dangerous walking in an Orchard about the Autumnal 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 Posteriors.

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 inconveniences upon him than Benefit, being nothing fortable 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 Commendations. So I rest

Wellmin. 6 Sept. 1640. *Yours in the perfectest degree of Friendship*, J. H.

VII.

To Mr. T. B. *Merchant in* Sevil.

SIR,

THough I have my share of Infirmities as much as another Man; yet I like my own Nature in one thing, that requital to me are as sweet as revenges to an *Italian*. I thank my Stars, I find my self far proner to return a Courtesie, 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 ta'ne 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* unto 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 unto 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 [illegible] but Heaven to wish for: In which desire, I rest

White-hall, 3 Mai 1633. *Your constant fr[illegible] [illegible]*

VIII.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

WHereas upon the large Theorical Discourse, and bandyings of Opinions we had lately at *Gresham* Colledge, you desired I should couch in Writing, what I observ'd abroad of the Extent and Amplitude of the Christian Common-Wealth, in reference to other Religions: I obtained leave of my self 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 amongst *Atheists*, that *omne verum est a Deo, omne falsum est 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 Visard 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 entring into the World with Sin among us poor *Adamites*, may be said to spring from the Tree of Knowledge it self, and from the rotten Kernels of that fatal Apple. This, besides the Infirmities that attend the Body, hath brought in pervisity of Will, deprevation 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 Protoplast 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 of 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 all Religions: Touching *Paganism*, and heathenish Idolatry, they scarce deserve the Name

of

of Religion; But 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 Reserches, there having bin no Monuments at all left, (besides that little we find in *Moses* and the Phenician Story) but *Seths* Pillars, and those so defac'd, 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 *Hebrews* was transferred from the Patriarchs to *Moses*, and from him to the Prophets. It was honoured with the Appearance, and Promulgations of God himself, 'specially the better part of it; I mean the Decalogue containing the Ten Commandments, which being most of the 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 call'd the *Talmudists*, in regard that besides the holy Scriptures, they embrace the *Talmud*, which is stuff'd 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* which 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 squandred People all the Earth over, being ever since incapable of any Coalition or Reducement into one Body Politick. 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 reinterred. 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* her self near Saint *Peter's* Chair, for they advance Trade wheresoever they come, with their Banks of Money, and so are permitted as necessary Evils: But put 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

Juda, and *Benjamin*, with some *Levites* which returned from *Babylon*, with *Zerubbabel.* The common Opinion is, that the other Ten are utterly lost; but they themselves fancy that they are in *India* a mighty Nation, environ'd 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 o'rerun 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

Your most Affectionate ready Servitor,

Westmin. 1 *Aug.* 1635. J. H.

IX.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

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 Idea's, and sensual happiness, as the Christian. No Religion that excites man more to the Love and practice of Vertue, 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 her self, and propagate by simplicity, humbleness, and by a meer passive way of fortitude, growing up like the Palm-tree under the heavy weight of Persecution, for never any Religion had more powerful Oppositions by various kinds of Punishments, Oppressions and Tortures, which have been said to have deck'd her with *Rubies* in her very Cradle;

Cradle; insomuch, that it is granted by her very Enemies, that the *Christian* in point of passive Valour, hath succeeded all other Nations upon Earth. And 'tis 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 'tis to Tares, and the most precious gems to Flaws. The first Bone that the Devil flung, was into the *Eastern* Churches, then 'twixt the *Greek* and the *Roman*: but it was rather for Jurisdiction and Power, than for the Fundamentals of Faith; and lately 'twixt *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 Symbol of Faith with her, because they are not within the close of her Fold.

Of those *Eastern*, and *South-East* Churches; there are no less than Eleven Sects, whereof the three Principalest are the *Grecian*, the *Jacobite*, and the *Nestorian*, with whom the rest have some dependence 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 extream Unction, and celebrating the Sacrament under both Kinds; in admitting their Clergy to marry; in abhorring the use of Massie Statues, and celebrating their Liturgy in the vulgar Language: Among these, the *Russe* and the *Habassin* Emperors are the greatest, but the latter is a *Jew* also, from the Girdle downward, for he is both *Circumcised* and *Christned*, having received the one from *Solomon*, and the other from the Apostle Saint *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 Childs 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.

[illegible] that proportion of Ground that the *Christians* have

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 Religion which lieth 'twixt *Tanais* and *Boristhenes*,the ancient Country of the *Goths*, is possessed by *Mahometan Tartars*; but in these Territories which the *Turk* hath 'twixt the *Danube* and the Sea, and 'twixt *Ragusa* and *Buda*, Christians are intermixt with *Mahometans*; yet in this Cohabitation, 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 Encrease,and a *Sultany* for every Poll, and speak nothing in derogation of the *Alcoran*; they are permitted to enjoy both their Religion and Lives securely. In *Constantinople* her self under the *Grand Signior*'s Nose, they have Twenty Churches in *Saloniche* (or *Thessalonica*) 30. There are 150 Churches under the Metropolitan of *Philippi*, as many under him of *Athens*, and he of *Corinth*, hath about an hundred Suffragan Bishops under him.

But in *Africk* (a thing which cannot be too much lamented) that huge Extent of Land, which Christianity possessed of old, 'twixt the *Mediterranean* Sea, and the Mountain *Atlas*, yea,as far as *Egypt*, with the large Region of *Nubia*, the *Turks* have overmastered. 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 Maritim Towns under Christian Subjection, as *Septa*, *Tonger*, *Oran* and others. But through all the huge continent of *Africk*, which is estimated to be thrice bigger than *Europe*; there is not one *Region* entirely Christian, but *Habessia* or *Ethiopia*: Besides, there is in *Egypt* a considerable number of them yet sojourning. Now *Habessia* according to the Itineraries of the observingst Travellers 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 coloniz'd with Christians, as the *Madera*, the *Canaries*, *Cape Verd*, and Saint *Thomas*; but on the *East-side*, there's none but *Zocotora*.

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,'specially in those Provinces(the more's the pity)where the Gospel was first preached,as *Anatolia*,*Armenia*, *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestina*, *Chaldea*, *Assyria*, *Persia*, the North of *Arabia*,and

South

South of *India*. In some of these Parts, I say, 'specially in the four first, Christians are thick mixt with *Mahometans*, as also in *East-India*, since the *Portugals* discovery of the passage by the *Cape of good Hope*, Christians by Gods *Goodness* have multiplied in considerable Numbers, as likewise in *Goa*, since it was made an Archbishoprick, and a Court of a *Vice roy* : They speak also of a Christian Church in *Quinsay* in *China*, the greatest of all Earthly Cities ; but in the Islands thereabouts called the *Philippinas*, which they say are above 1100 in number, in Thirty whereof the *Spaniard* hath taken firm 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 Vassals, who came thereby to be the first Founder of the *Tartarian* Empire : This King of *Tenduck* was the true *Presser John*, not the *Ethiopian* King of the *Habassines*, as *Scaliger* would have it, whose Opinion is as far distant from Truth in this point, as the Southernest part of *Africk*, from the North East part of *Asia*; or as a *Jacobite* is from a *Nestorian*. 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 marvelous Growth that Christianity hath made in the Ringdoms of *Mexico*, *Peru*, *Brasil*, *and Castilia de loro*, as also in the greater Islands adjoyning, as *Hispaniola*, *Cuba*, *Portorico*, and others, insomuch, that they write of one ancient Priest, who had Christned 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 Epistle 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,

Your Respectful and humble Servant,

Westmin. 9. *Aug.* 1635.

J. H.

X. To

X.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

MY two former were of *Judaism* and *Christianity*: I come now to the *Mahometans*, the modernst 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 wheresoever they come, having a more politick and pernicious way to do it, than by Fire and Fagot; for they having understood well, that the Dust of Martyrs were the thrivingst Seeds of Christianity, and observ'd, that there reigns naturally in mankind, being compos'd 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 postpose 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 despicable to others, and makes their Lives irksome to themselves. Yet the *Turks* have a high Opinion of Christ, *That he was a greater Prophet than* Moses: *That he was the Son of a Virgin, who conceiv'd by the smell of a Rose presented to her by* Gabriel *the Angel*; *they believe he never sinn'd, 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*.

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 intermixt; when planted there are divers ways of policy to preserve it: They have their *Alcoran* in one only Language, which is the *Arabick*, the Mother-Tongue of their Prophet. 'Tis as bad as Death for any to raise scruples of the *Alcoran*, Thereupon there is a restraint of the Study of Philosophy, and other Learning, because the Impostors of it may not be discern'd. The *Mufti* is in as great Reverence amongst 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

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 puzle the Plantiff with any Moth-eaten Records, or precedents to entangle 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 perjur'd Man; by these and divers other Reaches of Policy (besides their Arms) not practic'd elsewhere; they conserve that huge bulk of the *Ottoman* Empire, which extends without interruption (the *Hellespont* 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 means 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 ascrib'd as to other politick Institutions, so 'specially to the rigorous Inhibition they have of raising Scruples and Disputes of the *Alcoran* under pain of Death; 'specially 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 *Asia*; 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 *Musulman* Empire is entail'd) in *Turcomania* it self, and *Arabia*, four mighty Kingdoms; the last of these was the Nest where that Cocatrice Egg was Hatched, which hath diffus'd its Poyson so far and near, through the Veins of so many Regions; all the Southerly Coasts of *Asia*, from the *Arabian* Bay to the River *Indus*, is infected therewith, the vast Kingdom of *Cambaia* and *Bengala*, and about the *South* part the Inhabitants of *Malabar* have drank of this Poyson, insomuch that by no wrong Computation it may well be laid, that *Mahometism* hath dispersed it self over almost one half of the huge continent of *Asia*, who besides those multitudes of Ilies, 'specially seven, *Moldavia*, *Ceylan*, the Sea Coast of *Sumatra*, *Java*, *Sunda*, the Ports of *Banda*, *Borneo*, with divers others, whereof there are Thousands about *Asia*, who

have

have entertain'd the *Alcoran* : In *Europe*, the *Mahometans* possess all the Region 'twixt *Don* and *Meper*, call'd 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*, although they be wholly under *Turks* Obedience, yet *Mahometans* scarce make the third part of the Inhabitants. In *Africk* this Contagion is further spread ; It hath intoxicated all the shore of *Ethiopia* as far as *Mosumbick*, which lyeth 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 *Libya* and the *Negro*'s Country are tainted and tann'd 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 Right Wives,and as many Concubines as one can maintain, with the assurance of Venerean Delights in a far higher degree to succeed after Death to the religious observers of it, as the fruition of beautiful Damsels, with large rouling Eyes, whose Virginity shall renew after every Act ; their Youth shall last always with their Lust, and Love shall be saciated 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 Swines Flesh, in detestation of Images, and somewhat in the Quality of future Happiness,which as was said before, they place in Venerean pleasure, as the *Jews* doth in Feasting and Banquetings,so that neither of their Laws have Punishment enough to deter mankind from Wickedness and Vice,nor do they promise adequat Rewards for Vertue and Piety ; for in the whole *Alcoran*, and through all the Writings of *Moses*, there's 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 unconceivable Bliss, abstracted from the fading and faint grosness 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 *Moscoes*, and other from his Synagogues.

Thus far have I rambled through the vast *Ottoman* Empire, and taken a cursory survey of *Mahomets* 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 then Hell it self and the Kingdom of the Devil, in regard

gard 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 Atheos, ante fuit.

So I very affectionately kiss your hands and rest,

Westmin. 14 *Aug.* 1635.

Your faithful ready Servitor,
J. H.

XI.
To Doctor B.

SIR,

HAving in my three formers *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* her self, though the Beams of the Cross have shin'd upon her above this sixteen Ages, is not free of them; for they possess to this day *Lappia*, *Corelia*, *Biarmia*, *Scrifinnia*, and the North parts of *Finmark*; there also some shreds of them to be found in divers places of *Lithuania*, and *Somogitia*, which make a Region nine hundred Miles in Compass.

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*, is Peopled by Idolaters, though in some places intermixt 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 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 *Libya*, 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 then *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

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 *Imaus*; 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 lye squandred in the vast Ocean; on the *East* and *South-East* of *Asia*, Idolatry o'respreads all, except in some few Islands that are possess'd 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 greedinesss for Gold and their Cruelty, they came not in so fast: which made an *Indian* answer a *Spanish* Fryer, 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*, call'd the *Mordaits*; 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 Naval downward, they are *Mahometans* or *Jews*, for they are Circumcis'd; and besides, they are given to the Adoration of Heathenish Idols. In *Asia* there are the *Cardi* which inhabit the Mountainous Country about *Mozul*, between *Armenia* and *Mesopotamia*, and the *Druci* in *Syria*, who are demi *Mahometans* and *Christians*.

Now concerning *Pagans* and Heathenish *Idolaters*, whereof there are innumerable sorts 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* Iles, 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 ado-

ration

of other Heathens; for the adoration of those glorious Celestial bodies is more excusable than that of Garlick and Onions with the *Egyptian*, who think (with the *Sicyonian*) 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 eighteen thousand years since: yet for matter of Philosophy and Science, he had it from the *Chaldean*, he from the *Gymnosophists*, and *Brachmans* 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 humane 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* Theorical knowledge came down the *Nile* and landed at some of the *Greek* Islands, where 'twixt the 32, 34, and the 35 Century of years after the Creation, there flourished all those renowned Philosophers that sway now in our Schools; *Plato* flew highest in divine notions, 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 Deity or *primus motor*, and of his attributes; they found by undeniable consequences that he was *infinite, eternal, ubiquitary, omnipotent, and not capable of a definition*; which made the Philosoper 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 mistery, the more he was *ingulp'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 Saint *Paul* found among the *Greeks* with this Inscription, [illegible] *To the unknown God.*

From the *Greek Isles*, Philosophy came to *Italy*, thence to this Western world among the *Druids*, whereof those of this Isle

were moſt celebrous, 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 Zelots 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 ſaith 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 Arch-flamins, 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 *Aſia* and *Africk*, both for the inland Country and Maritim 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 in dimenſion the late new world, in regard, as they hold, there muſt be of neceſſity ſuch a portion of Earth to ballance the Centre 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 *Tantara* who appears often unto them, ſpecially in a *Hauracane*, though 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 preſumption beyond that of *Lucifers* or *Adams* for man to cenſure the juſtice of the Creator in this particular, why he makes daily ſuch innumerable veſſels of diſhonor; 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 cultus vetuſtiorum ad ſolem idem eſt omnis intellectus humanus ad Deum:* what the

the Eye of a Bat is to the Sun, the same is all human understanding to God-wards.

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 *Charibbi* Islands, with those of the *French* in *Canada*, and of the *Hollander* in *East-India*, nor do I find that there is any Religion 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 counterbalance.

Among *Roman Catholicks*, 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 *Lorain*, the three spiritual Electors, with some few more. Touching them who have renounc'd all obedience to *Rome*, there are the three Kings of Great *Britain*, *Denmark*, and *Swetbland*, the Duke of *Saxon*, *Holstein*, and *Wirtemberg*: the Marquis of *Brandenburgh*, and *Baden*, the Landgrave of *Hesse*, most of the *Hansiatick* Towns, which are 88, in number, some whereof are equal to Republicks, 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 *Transylvania*; They of *Hungary*, and of the large Kingdom of *Bohemia*, of the Marchisats of *Lusatia*, *Moravia*, and the Dukedom of *Silesia*; As also they have the huge Kingdom of *Poland*, wherein Protestants are diffus'd through all quarters in great numbers, havin in every Province their publick Churches and Congregations orderly severed and bounded with Dioceses, whence are sent some of the chiefest and most principal men of worth, unto their General Synods: For although there are divers sorts of these *Polonian Protestants*, some embracing the *Waldensian* or the *Bohemick*; others the *Augustane*, and some the *Helvetian* Confession; yet they all concur in opposition to the *Roman* Church, as also they of the *Anglican*, *Scotican*, *Gallic*, *Argentine*, *Saxonick*, *Wirtenbergick*, *Palatin*, and *Belgick* Confessions: They also harmoniously symbolize in the principal Articles of Faith, and which main-

were most celebrous, 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 Zelots 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 saith 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 Arch-flamins, 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 *Asia* and *Africk*, both for the inland Country and Maritim 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 in dimension the late new world, in regard, as they hold, there must be of necessity such a portion of Earth to ballance the Centre 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 *Tantara* who appears often unto them, specially in a *Hauracane*, though 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 presumption beyond that of *Lucifers* or *Adams* for man to censure the justice of the Creator in this particular, why he makes daily such innumerable vessels of dishonor; 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 ad ius vespertilionis ad solem idem est omnis intellectus humanus ad Deum:* what the

the Eye of a Bat is to the Sun, the same is all human understanding to God-wards.

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mainly concern eternal ſalvation; as in the infallible verity and full ſufficiency of the Scriptures, divine Eſſence, and unity of the Everlaſting God-head, the ſacred Trinity of the three glorious Perſons, the bleſſed Incarnation of Chriſt, the Omnipotent Providence of God, the abſolute ſupream head of the Church, Chriſt himſelf, Juſtification by Faith through 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 compleat 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 your ſelf.

Thus learned Sir, have I exercis'd my pen, according to my ſmall proportion of knowledge, and converſation with books, men and Mapps, to obey your deſire, though in compariſon of your ſpacious literature, I have held all this while but a candle to the Sun, yet by the light of this ſmall candle you may ſee how ready I am to ſhew my ſelf

Your very humble and affectionate Servitor,
J. H.

Weſtmin. 25 Aug. 1635.

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 courtiſies of an *Italian*, if you ſubject him jealous of you, are dangerous, and ſo are his complements, he will tell you that he kiſſeth your hand a thouſand times over, when he wiſheth them both cut off.

The *French* are a free and debonnaire acoſtable 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 commeſtation of a buſhel of ſalt, one may have enough there before he eat a ſpoonful with them. I like that

hat *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

Your moſt affectionate Servitor,
J. H.

Weſtmin. 28 *Feb.* 1634.

XIII.
To Sir Tho. Hawk, *Knight.*

SIR,

I Was invited yeſternight to a ſolemn ſupper by *B. J.* where you were deeply remembred, there was good company, excellent chear, choice wines, and jovial welcome; one thing interven'd which almoſt ſpoil'd the reliſh of the reſt, that *B.* began to engroſs all the diſcourſe, to vapour extremely of himſelf, and by vilifying others to magnifie his own *muſe*. *T. Ca.* buzz'd me in the ear, that though *Ben.* had barrell'd up a great deal of knowledge, yet it ſeems he had not read the *Ethiques*, 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 given 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 happen'd in this entertainment, you know ——*Proprio laus ſordet in ore; Be a mans breath never ſo ſweet, yet it makes ones praiſe ſtink, if he makes his own mouth the Conduit-Pipe of it*: But for my part, I am content to diſpenſe with the *Roman* infirmity of *B.* now that time hath ſnowed upon his *pericranium*. You know *Ovid*, and (your) *Horace* were ſubject to his humour, the firſt burſting out into

Jamq; opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.

The other into,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

As alſo *Cicero*, while he forc'd himſelf into this Exameter, *O fortunatam natam me conſule Romam!* 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 Bearer will impart unto you. So I am,

Sir,

Westmin. 5 *Apr.* 1636.

Your very humble and most faithful Servitor, J.H.

XIV.

To my Cousen Mr. J. P. *at* Graves-end.

Cousen,

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 then 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 mettle you are made of after your coming; If you get but once handsomly off, you are made ever after; for you will be free from all baffles and affronts. *He that hath 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 *Venice-glass*, *quickly crack'd, never to be mended, patch'd it may be*. To this purpose take along with you this Fable: It happen'd that *Fire*, *Water*, and *Fame*, went to travel together (as you are going now) they consulted, that if they lost one another, how they might be retriev'd and meet again; *Fire* said, where you see smoak, 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 lose 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 your self to your Commanders, and so you may more confidently demand obedience, when you come to command your self, as I doubt not but you may do in a small time: The *Hoghen Moghen* are very exact in their polemical government, their pay is sure, though 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 then he who being ask'd what exploits he had done in the Low-Countreys, answer'd, That he had cut off a *Spaniards* leggs, reply being made that that was no great matter, it had bin something if he had cut off

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

Westmin. 3 *Aug.* 1634. *Your truly affectionate Cosen*, J. H.

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't. Though you be already imbarqu'd, yet there's 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 quicksands, and rocks in the way (as I have it from a good hand) that one may easily take a prospect of your shipwrack if you go on: therefore desist as you regard your own safety, and the seasonable advice of your

Westmin. 1 *May.* 1635. J. H.

XVI.

To Mr. Thomas W. *at his Chamber in the* Temple.

S I R,

YOu have much strengthned that knot of love which hath bin so long tied between us, by those choice manuscripts you sent me lately, amongst which I find divers rare pieces, but that which afforded me most entertainment in those miscellanies, was Doctor *Henry King*'s Poems, wherein I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy: they are a choice race of brothers, and it seems the same Genius diffuseth it self also among the sisters: It was my hap to be lately where Mistris *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 Mistris *Ann King* to be the tenth Muse.

Ladies of Helicon do not repine
I add one more unto your number nine,
To take it even, I among you bring
No meaner than the daughter of a King.
Fair Princ! Ana, quickly pass your voice, Βασιλ-Α.
I know Apollo will approve the choice, Anna
And gladly her install, for I could name King
Some of less merit Goddesses became.

M. C. grows higher and higher every day in pursuance of his *Mistrick* love, but *T. Man* is out with his, you know whom, he is taken to that averment to her, that he swears he had rather see a Basilisk than her. This shews, that the sweetest wines may turn to the tartest vinegar, no more till we meet,

Westmin. 3 Feb. 1597. *Yours inviolably,* J. H.

XVII.
To the Lord C.

My Lord,

THere are two sayings which are Father'd 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 seem'd 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 is hateful to the enemies to all great actions*; for as it is a principle in Divinity that *Omnis festinatio est a Diabolo*, all haste comes from the Devil, so the consultations, contrivings, and conduct of any Counsel of State, all rashness and precipitation comes from an ill Spirit. There cannot be a better pattern for a grave and considerate way of deliberation than the ancient course of our High Court of Parliament, who when a Law is to be made, which concerns the weal of so many thousands of men, after a mature debate and long discussion of the point beforehand, cause the bill to be read solemnly three times in the House, ere it be transmitted to the

Lords

Lords, and there also 'tis so many times canvas'd, 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 cunctation, advisedness, 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 passed, such a world of contingencies human actions are subject unto: yet under favor, I believe this first saying to be meant of matters while they are in agitation and upon the anvil: but when they have receiv'd form and are resolv'd upon, I believe then nothing is so advantagious as speed. And at this, I am of opinion, the second saying aims it: for when the weights that use to hang to all great businesses are taken away, 'tis good then to put wings upon them, and to take the ball before it be bound, for Expedition is the life of action, otherwise time may draw his bald *occipit*, and shake his posteriors at them in derision. Among other Nations the *Spaniard* is observ'd to have much phlegme, and to be most dilatory in his proceedings; yet they who have pryed narrowly into the sequel and success of his actions, do find that this gravity, reservedness, and tergiversation of his, have turn'd rather to his prejudice than advantage, take one time with another. The two last matrimonial treaties we had with him continued long, the first 'twixt *Ferdinand* and *Henry* the seventh for *Catharine* of *Aragon* seven years, That 'twixt King *James* and the now *Philip* the fourth for *Mary* of *Austria* lasted eleven years (and seven and eleven's eighteen) the first took effect for Prince *Arthur*, the late miscarried for Prince *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-favour'd 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 of *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 Flemin* born) he was us'd to say, that while any great business of State was yet in consultation, we should observe the motion of *Saturn* which is plumeous long and heavy; but when it is once absolutely resolved upon, then we should observe the motion of *Mercury* the nimblest of all the planets, *Ubi desinit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius*. Whereunto I will add, that we should imitate the Mulberry

Quodam cum Strepitu, as *Pliny* saith. } berry, who of all trees casts out her buds latest, for she doth it not till all the cold weather be passed, and then she is sure they cannot be nipped, 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 Lordships command in expounding the sense of these two sayings, according to my mean apprehension; but this exposition relates only to publick affairs, and political negotiations, wherein your Lordship is so excellently versed, I shall most willingly conform to any other injunctions of your Lordships, and esteem them always as favors, while I am

Westmin. 5 *Sept.* 1633. J. H.

XVIII.

To Sir J. Brown, *Knight.*

SIR,

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 [illegible] at deal lessened thereby, but though he be less powerful, he is not a penny poorer thereby, for there comes not a farthing less every year into his Exchequer, in regard that those Countrys were rather a charge than benefit unto 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* her self, it would little diminish his treasury; touching *Catalonia* and *Portugal*, specially the latter, 'tis true, they were mighty members of the *Castilian* Monarchy, but I believe they will sooner want *Castile*, than *Castile* them, because she fill'd them with treasure; now that *Barcelona* and *Lisbon* hath shaken hands with *Sevill*, 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 mony to *Italy*, the other, because all her *East India* commodities were barter'd commonly in *Andulazia* and elsewhere for *Bullion*; *Catalonia* is fed with mony 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, unless souldiers would be contented to take *cloves and pepper-corns* for *pattacoons*.

and Pistols. You know Mony is the sinew and soul of War: This makes me think on that blunt answer which Captain *Talbot* return'd *Hen.* the 8. from *Calais*, who having receiv'd 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 fortifie nor fiftifie without mony.* There is no news at all stirring here now, and I am of the *Italians* mind that said, *Nulla nuova, buona nuova*, no news, good news. But it were great news to see you hear, whence you have bin an Alien so long to

Holborn, 3 June, 1640. *Your most affectionate Friend*, J.H.

XIX.

To Captain C. Price.

Cosen,

YOu have put me upon such an old intricate piece of business, that I think there was never the like of it. I am more puzled and entangled with it than oft-times I use to be with my Band-strings when I go hastily to bed, and want such a fair female hand as you have to unty them. I must impute all this to be the peevish humor 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 non-sence; 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 barr'd 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 referr'd the business three several times: It is as hard a task to reconcile the Fanes of *St. Sepulchres* 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 contrariety of humours, insomuch that there cannot be a more pregnant instance to prove that human souls come not *ex traduce*, and by seminal productions from the Parents. For my part, I intend to spend my breath no longer upon them, but to wash my hands quite of the business, and so I would wish you to do, unless you love to walk in a labyrinth of Bryers, so expecting with impatience your return to *London*, I rest

Westmin. 27 *Apr.* 1632. *Your most faithful Servitor*, J. H.

XX. *M*

XX.

To my Cosen Mr. J. P. *at Lincolns-Inn.*

Cosen,

THe last week you sent me word, that you were so cramp'd with business, that you could not put Pen to Paper: if you write not this week, I shall fear you are not only *cramp'd* but *cripled*; at least I shall think you are *cramp'd* 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 bin so strong, that they were never yet subject to such *spasmatical 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. Amongst the *Italians* and *Spaniards* 'tis held one of the greatest solecismes 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 vertuous 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 stile is so polite, your expressions so gallant, and your lines interspers'd with such dainty flowers of Poetry and Philosophy. I understand there is a very able Doctor that reads the Anatomy Lecture this Term; if *Ployden* will dispense with you, you cannot spend your hours better than to hear him. So I end for this time, being cramp'd for want of more matter, and rest

West. 3 *July,* 1631.

Your most affectionate loving Cosen, J.H.

XXI.

To my Nephew J. P. *at* St. Johns *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 'twixt a *Scotch-Pedlars* pack in *Poland,* and the Magazine of an *English Merchant* in *Naples*; the one being usually full of Taffety, Silks, and Sattins; the other of Callicoes, thred-ribbands an

and such Poldavy ware: I perceive you have good Commodities to vent, 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 stor'd 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 apprentiship there is expir'd, but you will find a good Market to expose them for your own and the publick 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 are, my practice was to borrow, rather than buy some sort of Books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assign'd, and in the interim to swallow of them as much as made for my turn; this oblig'd me to read them thorow with more hast 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,

Westmin. 1 *Aug.* 1633.

J. H.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Haw.

SIR,

I Thank you a thousand times for the choice Stanza's you pleas'd to send me lately: I find that you were throughly heated, that you were inspir'd with a true enthusiasme when you compos'd 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 fancy: your desires, I should do something upon the same subject, I have obey'd, though I fear not satisfied in the following numbers.

1. *Could I but catch those beamy Rayes,*
Which Phœbus *at high noon displays,*
I'de 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 eclips'd, doth wear,*
Of a new fashion I would trace
A mask thereof for Delia's *face.*

3. *Could*

3. Could I but reach that green and blue,
Which Iris *decks in various hue.*
From her moist Bow I'de drag them down,
And make my Delia *a Summer Gown.*

4. Could I *those whitely Stars go nigh,*
Which make the milky way in skie.
I de'poach them, and at Moon-shine dress,
To make my Delia *a curious mess.*

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 ungirt unbless'd we find,
One of the Zones *her wast should bind.*

They are of the same cadence as yours, and airable; So I am

Your servitor,
J.H.

Westmin. 5 *Sept.*
1632.

XXIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Digby

Madam,

IT is no improper comparison, that a thankful heart is like box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long aft the thing is spent: Madam, (without vanity be it spoken) such my heart to you, and such are your favors to me, the strong ar matick odor they carried with them diffus'd it self through all th veins of my heart, specially through the left Ventricle, wherein most *Illustrious* blood lyes; so that the perfume of them remai still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of fle dilates and shuts it self within my breast; nor doth this perfum stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath a cended to my brain and sweetned all the cells thereof, special the *Memory*, which may be said to be a Cabinet also to preser courtesies; for though the heart be the box of *love*, the memo is the box of lastingness; the one may be term'd the *fou* whence the motions of gratitude flow; the other the *cistern* th keeps them.

But your Ladyship will say, these are words only; I confe it, 'tis but a verbal acknowledgment: But Madam, if I

made happy with an opportunity, you shall quickly find these words turn'd to actions, either to go, to run or ride upon your Errand; In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest

Madam, *Your Ladyships most humble and enchained servitor*, J. H.

Westmin. 5 *Aug.*

XXIV.
To Sir J. B.

Noble Sir,

THat old opinion the *Jew* and *Turk* have of women, that they are of an interiour Creation to man, and therefore exclude them; the one from their *Synagogues*, the other from their *Meskids*, 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 females-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 seducement 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 Prophetick Inspirations to the *Sybills*. In my small revolving of Authors, I find as high examples of vertue 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: it Qu. *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 bin 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 thresh 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 so far off to rake the ashes of the dead? there are living examples enough *pro* and *con* of both Sexes, yet women being (as I said before) the weaker vessel, her failings are 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 inconstancies, as he follows his worldly negotiations, may on the other

ther side to be judg'd the more excusable.

But you are far fitter then I to discourse of this subject, being better vers'd in the theory of women, having had a most vertuous 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

Your most humble and faithful servitor, J. H.

West. 5 *Aug.* 1632.

XXV.
To Mr. P. W.

SIR,

THere are two things which add much to the merit of courtesies, viz. *cheerfulness* and *speed*, and the contraries of these lessen the value of them; that which hangs long 'twixt the fingers, and is done with difficulty and a sullen 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 lik'd of in the entertainments they received of these poor wretches *Baucis* and *Philemon*, 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-brow'd sullen face makes a Palace as smoaky as an Irish Hut. There is a *mode* in giving entertainment, and doing any courtesie 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 humors, one successively after the other; the one though he did the suitors business, yet he went murmuring; the other though he did it not, was us'd to dismiss the party with some satisfaction. 'Tis true money is welcome though it be in a dirty clout, but 'tis far more acceptable if it come in a clean handkercher.

Sir, you may sit in the chair, and read Lectures of Morality to all mankind in this point, you have such a dexterous discreet way to handle suters in that troublesome Office of yours, whereas as you have already purchased much; I wish you all increase of honour and happiness.

Your humble and obliged Servitor, J. H.

XXVI. *T*

XXXVI.

To Mr. F. Coll. *at* Naples.

SIR,

'Tis confess'd I have offended by my over long silence, and abus'd 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 curtesans, 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 *Calabria* who had bugger'd a Goat, and having bought an absolution of his Confessor, he was ask'd by a Friend what it cost him, he answer'd, I procured it for four Pistolets, 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 whom the Poets say, was hurl'd 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 spick and span new *Island*, that hath peep'd up out of the *Atlantick Sea*, near the *Tarceras*, which never appear'd before, since the Creation, and begins to be Peopled already; methinks the King of *Spain* need no more Countrys, he hath two many already, unless they were better united. All your Friends here are well, and mind you often in Town and Country, as doth

Wellmin. 7 Apr. 1629. *Your true constant servitor*, J. H.

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 lontano*, Husbands get their wives with child a hundred miles off. 'Tis a great vertue, I confess, but 'tis nothing to what our *East-India* Mariners can do here. because they can do to, forty times further; for

though their wives be at *Ratcliff*, and they at the *Red-Sea*, though they be at *Madagascar*, the *Mogols* Court, or *Japan*, yet they use to get their wives bellies up here about *London*; a strange vertue, at such a huge distance; but I believe the active part is in the Wives, and the husbands are meerly 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 vertue; This operation of our *Indian* Mariner at such a distance is more admirable, in my judgment, than that of the weapon-salve, the *unguentum 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 call'd *Aphrodite*, was ingendred of the froth of the Sea (which makes fish more salacious commonly, than flesh) it is not improbable that she was got and coagulated of that foam which *Neptune* useth to disgorge upon those pretty Islands, whereon that City stands. My Lady *Miller* commends her kindly unto you, and she desires you to send her a compleat cupboard, of the best Crystal Glasses *Murano* can afford by the next shipping; besides, she entreats 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 wish'd you could send him a handsome *Venetian Courtisan* inclos'd 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 continue to love him who is

Westmin. 15 *Jan.* 1635. *Yours to the altar,* J. H.

XXVIII.

To Mr. T. Jackson, *at* Madrid.

SIR,

THough a great Sea severs 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 confess (for 'tis impossible the mind of man should fix it self always upon one ob-

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 overwhelm'd all others within me, they ingross'd all my intellectuals for the time.

You write to me fearful news, touching the revolt of the *Catalan* from *Castilia*, of the tragical murthering of the Vice-roy, and the burning of his House; Those mountaneers are mad Lads. I fear the sparkles of this fire will fly further, either to *Portugal* or to *Sicilia* and *Italy*, all which Countries, I observ'd 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 *White-Hall*, 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* 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.* 1638. *Your true Friend to serve you* J. H.

XXIX.

To Sir Edward Sa. *Knight.*

Sir *Edward*,

I Had a shrew'd disease hung lately upon me, proceeding as the Physicians told me from this long reclused life, and close restraining, 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 breath in this elementary world, my Feaver 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 a thinking how to put my little house in order, and to make my last will. Hereupon my thoughts ran upon *Grunnius sophista*'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 set forth, as he thus dissected his *body* so I thought to divide my *mind* into legacies, having as you know little on the

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 Theorical 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 fell to proportion unto them what Legacies I held most proper. I thought to bequeath unto my Lord of *Cherbery*, and Sir *K. Digby* that little Philosophy and knowledge I have in the Mathematicks; 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 Forreign States, I thought to leave to my Lord *G. D.* My Poetry such as it is to Mistress *A. K.* who I know is a great minion of the Muses: School-languages I thought to bequeath unto my dear Mother the University of *Oxford*: My *Spanish* to Sir *Lewis Dives*, and Master *Endimion Porter*, for though 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 Favors: My *French* to my most honoured Lady, the Lady *Cor.* and it may help her something to understand *Rablais*: The little smattering I have in the *Dutch*, *British*, and my *English*, I did not esteem worth the bequeathing: My love I had bequeathed to be diffus'd among all my dear Friends, specially 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 transferr'd by them to my cousins their children. This little sackfull of bones, I thought to bequeath to *Westminster* Abbey, to be interred in the cloyster within the southside of the Garden, close to the wall, where I would have desired Sir *H. V.* (my dear Friend) to have inlayed a small piece of black Marble, and caused this motto to have bin insculped upon it, *Hucusque peregrinus hoc domi*, or this, which I would have left to his choice, *Hucusque Erraticus, hoc fixus*; and instead of strewing my grave with *flowers*, I would have desired him to have grafted thereon some little *Tree* of what sort he pleas'd, that might have taken root downward to my dust, because I have bin always naturally affected to woods and groves, and those kind of vegetables, insomuch that if there were any such thing as a *Pythagorean* Metempsuchosis; I think my soul would transmigrate into some Tree, when she bids this body farewell.

By

By these extravagancies, and odd Chimera's of my brain, you may well perceive that I was not well, but distemper'd, specially in my intellectuals, according to the *Spanish* proverb, *siempre desvarios 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 dispell'd; but come foul or fair weather I shall be as formerly,

Fleet 26 Mar. 1643. *Your most constant faithful Servitor.* J.H.

XXX.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Wichts.

Madam,

Since I was hurl'd amongst these walls, I had divers fits of melancholy, and such *turbid intervalls* that use to attend close prisoners, who for the most part, have no other companions, but confus'd troops of wandring cogitations: Now, *Melancholy is far more fruitful of thoughts than any other humour*; for it is like the mud of *Nilo*, which, when that *Enigmatical* vast River is got again to her former bed, engendreth divers sorts of new creatures, and some kind of Monsters; my brain in this Fleet hath been often thus overwhelm'd, yet I never found it so muddy, nor the region of my mind so much clowded, as it was lately after notice had of the sad tidings of Master *Countroulers* death; The news hereof struck such a damp into me, that for some space me thought, the very pulse of my blood, and the motions of my heart were at a stand; or 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 wise man, of a noble free disposition, and so great *controulor* of his passions, that he was always at home within himself, yet I much fear, that the sense of these unhappy times made so deep impressions in him.

Truly, Madam, I lov'd and honour'd 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 advantagious exchange which he hath made were well considered, no Friend of his should be sorry; in lieu of a *white-staff* in an earthly Court, he hath got a *Scep*tre of immortality: He that had bin Ambassador at the *Port* to

the greateſt Monarch upon Earth, where he reſided ſo many year an honor to his King and Country, is now arrived at a far mor 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 my ſelf,

Madam,

From the Fleet, 15 *Apr.* *Your Ladyſhips moſt humble 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 enlarg'd out of *Lambeth*, *Wincheſter*, *London*, and *Ely* houſe: whereunto I may anſwer you as the *Cheap-ſide Porter* did one that related Court-news unto him, how ſuch a one was made Lord *Treaſurer*, another *Chancellour* of the *Exchequer*, another was made an *Earl*, another ſworn Privy-Councellor; I, 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 repin'd hereby at any ones liberty; for I could heartily wiſh that I were the ſole 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 all out of this Fleet; In the mean time, and always after I am

Fleet 1 *Feb.* 1645. *Your true and conſtant Servitor,* J. H.

XXXII.

To Mr. R. B. *at* Ipſwich.

Gentle Sir,

I Value at a high rate the ſundry reſpects you have bin pleaſed to ſhew me; for as you oblig'd me before by your viſits, ſo you have much endear'd your ſelf unto me ſince by your late letter 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 vertue) but return'd to you in the ſame full proportion; But what you pleaſe to aſcribe unto me in point of merit I dare not own; you look upon me through the wrong end

the prospective, or rather through 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 breath English air, as matters are carried; I shall be glad to steed 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. Brownrigg* in the Country, I pray present my very kind respects unto him, for I profess my self to be both his, and

Your most affectionate servitor,

Fleet 15 *Aug.* 1646. J. H.

XXXIII.

To Captain C. Price, *Prisoner at* Coventry.

Cousen,

YOu, whom *I* held always as my second self in affection, are now so in affliction, being in the same *predicament* of Sufferance, though not in the same *prison* as *I*: There is nothing sweetneth Friendship more than participation aud 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 it self in this point, that the commemoration of the one, ofttimes more delightsome than the fruition of the other: Moreover, adversity and prosperity, are like vertue and vice; the two foremost of both which, begin with anxieties and pain, but they end comically 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 releasement, you would remove your body hither, and rather than moulder away in idleness, we will devoutly blow the coal, and try if we can exalt gold, and bring it o're 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 thereby get better returns than *Cardigan* silver Mines afford: but we must not

melt our selves away as *J. Meridith* did, nor do as your Countryman *Morgan* did, I know when you read these lines, you'l 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 amongst them, and only them, both at home and abroad.

There's a strange Magot hath got into their brains, which possesseth 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 commends him unto you, he is here under hatches as well as I; however I am still in fair or foul weather,

Fleet, 3 *Jan.* 1643. *Your truly affectionate Cosen to serve you*, J. H.

XXXIV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Cherberry.

My Lord,

GOD send you joy of your new habitation, for I understand your Lordship is remov'd from the *Kings*-street to the *Queens*: 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 Lordships Service; and I find that he hath a concurrence of such parts that may make him capable of it; He is well studied in men, and books, vers'd in business 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 it self*; if your Lordship hath not present occasion to Imploy 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

Your Lordships most humble Servant, J. H.

Fleet 13 *Jan.* 1646.

XXXV.

XXXV.

To Mr. R. Br.

Gentle Sir,

YOurs of the fourth Current came ſafely to hand, and I acknowledge 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 counterballanc'd with the like in full weight; For although I am as frail a 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 love, where my *hand* came ſhort, my *heart* was bountiful, and help'd to make an equal compenſation.

I hope you perſiſt in your purpoſe for forreign travel, to ſtudy a while the world abroad; It is the way to perfect you, and I have already diſcover'd ſuch choice ingredients, and parts of ingenuity in you, that will quickly make a compleat 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* the thirteenth, who though dead three years, ſince may peradventure afford you ſome entertainment; and I think that dead men of this nature are the fitteſt companions, for ſuch that are buried 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 my ſelf, in which confidence I ſtile my ſelf,

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.

XXXVII.

To Master R. B.

Gentle Sir,

I Had yours of the second current by Master *Bloys*, which obligeth me to send you double thanks, first for your Letter, then, for the choice hand that brought it me.

When I had gone through it, methought your *lines* were as *leaves* or rather so many branches, amongst which there sprouted divers sweet blossoms of ingenuity, which *I* find may quickly come to a rare maturity; *I* confess this clime (as matters go) is untoward to improve such buds of vertue; but the times may mend, now that our *King* with the *Sun*, makes his approach unto 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. 1635. *Your ever respectful Friend to dispose of,* J.H.

XXXVIII.

To Mr. G. C. *at* Dublin.

S I R,

THe news of this week, have been like the waves of that boysterous Sea, through which this Letter is to pass over unto 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 blustring 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, amongst other things a large Picture seiz'd upon, and carried to *Westminster-Hall*, and put in the *Star*-Chamber to be publickly seen; It was the legend of *Conanus* a British Prince in the time of *Gratian* the Emperor, who having married *Ursula* the King of *Cornwal*'s daughter, were imbarqued with 11000 Virgins for *Britany* in *France* to colonize that part with Christians, but being by distress of weather beaten upon the *Rhine*, 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

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 applyed 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 make me conclude with this interjection of wonder, Oh the ignorance of the common People!

Fleet 12 *Aug.* 1644. *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 K. her brothers reign. I return you also a thousand thanks for your comfortable advice that having bin so long under hatches in this *Fleet*, I should fancy my self to be in a long voyage at Sea: 'Tis true, opinion can do much, and indeed she *is that great Lady which rules the word.* 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 Pyrats, and picaroons, with other casualties; you write I have other advantages also, to be be free from plundering, and other Barbarisms, that reign now abroad: 'tis true I am secur'd from all these, yet touching the first, I could be content to expose my self to all those chances, so that this were a *floating* *Fleet*, that I might breath free Air, for I have not been suffered to stir o're 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 my self this morning, as *I* was lolling a bed,

Here lies intomb'd a walking thing,
Whom Fortune (with the States) did fling.

Between these walls ; Why ? ask not that
That blind Whore *doth she knowns not what.*

'Tis a strange world you'l 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 times hold, I cannot ascertain my self 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 clapp'd up to be so forgotten, as if there were no such men in the world.

I humbly thank you for your *avisos*, 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

Your most faithful humble servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 2 *Jan.* 1646.

XLI.

To Master J.H. *at Saint* John's *Colledge in* Cambridge

Master *Hall*,

YOurs of the thirteenth of this instant came safely, though slowly to hand, for *I* had it not till the twentieth of the same: and the next day your *Essays* were brought me; I entertain'd both with much respect, for I found therein many choice and ripe notions, which I hope proceeds from a *pregnancy* rather than *precocity* of spirit in you.

I perceive you have entred the Suburbs of *Sparta* already, and that you are in a fair way to get to the Town it self, I know you have wherewith to adorn her, nay, you may in time gain *Athens* her self, with all the knowledge she was ever Mistris 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 pass'd through the Briars of Logick, I could wish you to strongly on in the fair fields of *Philosophy*, and the *Mathematicks*, 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 hu-

mane

mane 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 unto you, which makes me reſt

Fleet, 3 Decemb. *Your reſpectful Friend to ſerve you*, J. H.

XLI.

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 unto my ſufferings, though but ſingle: Truly theſe thoughts to me are as ſo many corroſives to one already in a Conſumption. The world crys 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 weigh'd conſideration, that croſſes and troubles are entail'd 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 treble ſhare, and may be rather call'd the elder brother, but υἱοτέον ἢ ἐπιστέον; I hope I ſhall not ſink under the burden, but that we ſhall be both reſerved for better days, ſpecially 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 paſs'd For adverſe fortune, among other properties hath this for one; that her preſent preſſures are not ſo irkſome, as the remembrance of them being paſſed are delightſome. So *I* remain f

Fleet 2 Mai. 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, ſpecially it correcteth *choler*, and attempers it with *phlegme*; which you know in *Spaniſh*

nish 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 Purifie metals and to destroy that *terram Adamicam* in them as the chymist calls it, for *Demogorgon* with his vegetables partake of *Adams* malediction as well as other creatures, which makes some of them so foul and imperfect; nature having defin'd them all for gold and silver at first, and 'tis fire can only rectifie, and reduce them towards such a perfection. This *Fleet* hath bin such a *furnace* to me, it hath bin a kind of *Perillus Bull*, or rather to use the *Paracelsian* phrase. I have bin here in *ventre equino*, in this limbeck 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 bin here five times so many days and upward. I have bin here time enough in conscience to pass all the degrees and effects of fire, as distillation, sublimation, mortification, calcination, solution, descension, dealbation, rubification, and fixation ; for I have bin fastned to the walls of this prison any time time these five months ; I have bin 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 *Magistery* : 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 purg'd and desecated ; God send us both patience to bear the brunt of this *fiery* tryal, and grace to turn these decoctions into *aqua vitæ*, to make Sovereign treacle of this viper. The *Trojan* Prince was forc'd to pass over *Phlegeton*, and pay *Charon* his freight before he could get into the *Elizian* 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

From the prison of the 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 lowred long upon the Catholick King ; and though one of his titles to Pagan Princes be, that he wears the Sun for his helmet, because it never sets up on

on all his dominions, in regard some part of them lie 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 fluxes upon the *Flower-de-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 bin 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 advantagious to *Holland* (as I am sure it is not to *England*) time will shew; It is more then 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, *Ayez le Francois pour ton amy, non pas your ton Voisin*: *Have the* Frenchman *for thy Friend, not for thy Neighbour.*

Touching *England*, I believe these distractions of ours have bin one of the greatest advantages that could befal *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 that prevent nothing more, in regard no one place could have added more to the navel power of *France*, this will make his sails swell bigger, and I fear make him claim in time as much regallity in these narrow Seas as *England* her self.

In *Italy* the *Spaniard* hath also had ill successes at *Piombino* and *Porto longone*: besides, they write that he hath lost *Il Preste, & 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 distasters, that he hath lost within the revolution of the same year the *Prince of Spain* his onie 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 his Queen not above forty, are heavy losses to the Catholick King, and must needs much enfeeble the great bulk of his Monarchy, falling in so short a compass of time one upon the neck of another, and we are not to enter into the secret Councels of God Almighty for a reason. I have read 'twas the sensuality of the flesh that drave the *Kings* out of *Rome*, the *French* out of *Sicily*, and brought the *Moors* into *Spain*, where they kept firm footing above seven

hundred.

hundred years; *I* could tell you how not long before her death, the late Queen of *Spain* took off one of her chapines, and clowted *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 a King of *France*, as well as wife to a King of *Spain*: For my part *France* and *Spain* is all one to me in point of affection, I am one of those indifferent men that would have the scales of power in *Europe* kept even: I am also a *Philerenus* a lover of peace, and I could wish the *French* were more inclinable to it; now that the *common enemy* hath invaded the territories of *Saint Marc.* Nor can I but admire that at the same time the *French* should assaile *Italy* at one side, when the *Turk* was doing it on the other: But had that great naval power of Christians which were this summer upon the coasts of *Tuscany* gone against the *Mahometan* Fleet, which was the same time setting upon *Candy*, they might in all likelihood have atchieved a glorious exploit, and driven the *Turk* into the *Hellespont.* Nor is poor *Christendom* torn thus in pieces by the *German*, *Spaniard*, *French*, and *Swedes*, but our three Kingdoms have also most pitifully scratch't her face, wasted her spirits, and let out some of her illustrious blood, by our late horrid distractions: whereby it may be inferr'd, that the *Mufti* and the *Pope* seem to thrive in their devotion one way, a chief part of the prayers of the one being, That discord should still continue 'twixt Christian Princes, of the other, That division should still increase between the Protestants: This poor Island is a woful example thereof.

I hear the peace 'twixt *Spain* and *Holland* is absolutely concluded by the plenipotentiary Ministers at *Munster*, who have beat their heads so many years about it, but they write that the *French* and *Swede* do mainly indeavor, and set all the wheels of policy a going to puzzle and prevent it; If it take effect, I do not see how the *Hollander* in common honesty can evade it, I hope it will conduce much to an universal peace, which God grant, for War is *a firestruck in the Devils tinder-box.* No more now, but that I am,

My Lord, *Your most humble servitor,*

Fleet 1 *Decem.* 1643. J. H.

XLIV.

To Mr. E. O. *Councellor, at* Grays-Inn.

SIR,

THe sad tidings of my dear Friend Doctor *Prichards* death, sunk deep into me, and the more I ruminate upon't, the more I relent it. But when I contemplate the order and those Adamantine

Law

Laws which nature puts into ſuch ſtrict execution throughout this elementary world; When I conſider that up and down this frail globe of earth we are but *ſtrangers* or *ſojourners at beſt*, being *deſign'd* for an infinitely better Country: when I think that our egreſs out of this life, is as natural to us as our ingreſs (all which he knew as much as any) theſe thoughts in a checking way turn my melancholy to a counter-paſſion, they beget another ſpirit within me: You know, that in the diſpoſition of all ſublunary things. *Nature is Gods Handmaid, Fate his Commiſſioner, Time his Inſtrument, and Death his Executioner*: By the firſt we have generation; by the ſecond, ſucceſſes good or bad: And the two laſt bring us to our end; *Time* with his vaſt Syth mows down all things, and *Death* ſweeps away thoſe mowings: Well, he was a rare and a compleat judicious Scholar, as any that I have known born under our Meridian; he was both ſolid and acute; nor do I remember to have ſeen ſoundneſs and quaintneſs with ſuch ſweet ſtrains of morality concur ſo in any. I ſhould think that he fell ſick of the times, but that I knew him to be ſo good a Divine and Philoſopher, and to have ſtudied the Theory of this world ſo much, that nothing could take Impreſſion in him to hurt himſelf, therefore I am content to believe, that his glaſs ran out without any jogging: I know you lov'd him dearly well, which ſhall make me the more

Your moſt affectionate Servitor,

Fleet, 3 *Aug.* J. H.

XLV.

To J. W. *Eſq; at* Grays-Inn

Gentle Sir,

I Value at a high rate the fair reſpects you ſhew me, by the free ingenious expreſſions of your Letter; but the merit you aſcribe unto me in the ſuperlative, might have very well ſerv'd in the poſitive, and 'tis well if I deſerve in that degree. You writ that you have ſingular contentment and profit in the peruſal of ſome things of mine, I am heartily glad they afforded any entertainment to a Gentleman of ſo choice a judgment as your ſelf.

I have a fooliſh working brain of mine own, in labor ſtill [illegible] ſomething, and I can hardly keep it from *ſuperfetations*, [illegible] oft times it produce a *Mouſe* in lieu of a *Mountain*: I muſt [illegible] feſs its beſt productions are but homely and hard-favour'd, [illegible] regard they appear handſome in your eyes, I ſhall like them [illegible] better: So I am

Sir, Your moſt obliged to ſerve you,

Fleet, 3 *Jan.* 1644. J. H.

XLVI.

To Mr. Tho. H.

SIR,

THough 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, though 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 call'd 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: Though I am content to believe that you are firm in the fundamentals, yet I find under favor, that you have lately fallen short of performing these exterior offices, as if the ceremonial law were quite abrogated with you in all things: Friendship also allows of merits, and works of superrogation sometimes, to make her capable of Eternity: You know that pair which were taken up into heaven, and placed amongst 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 *erraticks*, to shew there must be no inconstancy in lovel Navigators steer their course to them, and they are the best Friends in working Seas, dark nights, and distresses of weather; whence may be insert'd that true Friends should shine clearest in adversity, in clowdy 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 ὅλον, though I cannot be χρῆσιν, for *in statu quo nunc* I am grown useless and good for nothing, yet in point of possession, I am as much as ever

Fleet, 7 *Novemb.* 1643. *Your firm inalterable Servitor*, J.H.

XLVII.

To Mr. S. B. Merchant at his house in the old Jury.

SIR,

I Return you those two famous speeches of the late Queen *Elizabeth* with the addition of another from *Bajidius* at an Embassy here from *Holland*: It is with languages as 'tis with liquor which

which by transfusion use to take wind from one vessel to another, so things translated into another tongue, lose of their primitive vigor and strength, unless a paraphrastical version be permitted, and then the traduct may exceed the Original, not otherwise, though the version be never so punctual, specially in these Orations which are fram'd with such art, that like *Vitruvius* his palace, there is no place left to add one stone more without defacing, or to take any out without hazard of destroying the whole Fabrick.

Certainly she was a Princess of a rare endowment for learning and languages, she was bless'd with a long life, and triumphant reign, attended with various sorts of admirable successes, which will be taken for some Romance a thousand winters hence, if the world last so long; she freed the *Scot* from the *French*, and gave her successor a royal pension to maintain his Court; She help'd to settle the Crown on *Henry the greats head*: she gave essence to the State of *Holland*; she civiliz'd *Ireland*, and suppress'd divers insurrections there: she preserv'd the dominion of the narrow-Seas in greater glory then ever: she maintain'd 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 housewife. Yet I have read divers censures of her abroad: that she was ingrateful to her brother of *Spain*, who had bin the chiefest instrument under God to preserve her from the Block, and had left her all Queen *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 *Drake* to swim to his *Indies*, and rob him there, by fomenting and supporting his *Belgique* Subjects against him then when he had an Ambassador 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' Haquenee de ses propres vassaux*.

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 stile my self

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 futilous Pamphlet, with your desire of my opinion touching it. Truly, Sir, I must tell you that never poor *Curr* was toss'd in a *blanquet*, as you have toss'd that poor *Coxcomb* in the *sheet* you pleas'd to send me: For whereas a *fillip* might have fell'd him, you have knock'd 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 Ligue, as a famous Author hath it, *Prurigo scripturientium erat scabies temporum*: The itching of Scribblers, was the scab of the time; It is just so now, that any triobolary pasquiler, every *tressis agaso*, any sterquilinous rascal, is licenc'd to throw dirt in the faces of Soveraign 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

Select 2 *Aug.* 1644. *Yours to serve and reverence you,* J. H.

XLIX.

To Captain T. L. *in* Westchester.

Captain L.

I Could wish that I had the same advantage of speed to send unto you at this time, they have in *Alexandria*, now call'd *Scanderom*, when upon the arrival of any ships into 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 volatil Postillion would I desire now to acquaint you with the sickness 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* [illegible] me 'tis a miracle if she lasts a natural day [illegible], 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 *Davies* in the mean time told me he will be very carefull, and circumspect, that you be not wronged. I received yours of the tenth current, and return a thousand thanks for the warm and melting sweet expressions you make of your respects unto me. All that I can say at present in answer, is, that I extreamly please my self in having

you,

you, and I like my own affections the better, because they tell me that I am

Westmin. 10 *Decemb.* 1631.

Your intirely devoted Friend, J. H.

L.

To my Honorable Friend Sir S C.

SIR,

I Was upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the twelfth current came to hand, the high researches and choice abstracted Notions I found therein seem'd to heighten my spirits, and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation; add hereunto, that the countenance of the weather invited me; for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open skie, not a speck or the least wrinkle appear'd in the whole face of heaven, 'twas such a pure deep azur all the demi-sphere over, that I wondred 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 optick vertue of the eye hath, much more the *intuitive* vertue in the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven, and the other go beyond it: Therefore sure that Philosopher was but a kind of frantick fool, that would have pluck'd out both his eyes because they were a hinderance 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, though they appear to us but as sprangles, be some of them, thousands of times bigger than the earth, take the Sea with it to boot, for they both make but one Sphear, surely the Astronomers had reason to term this Sphear an invisible point, and a thing of no dimension at all being compar'd 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 squibb, or rather one small grain of Gunpowder: as I was musing thus, I spyed 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 methought it was a strange opinion of our *Aristotle* to hold, that the least of those small infected ephemerans should be more noble then the Sun, because it had a sensitive soul in it: I fell to think that in the same proportion which those animalillios bore with me in point of bignes, 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 dazled and diſgregated with the refulgency and coruſcations thereof.

Walking a little further I ſpyed 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 grafing up and down, I fell to conſider that the fleſh that is daily diſh'd upon our Tables is but concocted graſs, which is recarnified in our ſtomacks, and tranſmuted to another fleſh: I fell alſo to think what advantage thoſe innocent Animals had of man, who, as ſoon as nature caſt them into the world, find their meat dreſs'd, the cloth laid, and the Table cover'd; they find their drink brew'd, and the buttery open, their beds made, and their Cloaths ready; and though 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, griping cares, and anguiſhes of thought, which thoſe harmleſs ſilly creatures were exempted from; Going on, I came to repoſe my ſelf 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 ſpyed 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 thoſe *ſenſitive* creatures or *vegetables* I ſaw before; in regard that that ſtone which propagates by *aſſimilation*, as the Philoſophers ſay, needed neither graſs nor hay, or any aliment for reſtauration of nature, nor water to refreſh its roots, or the heat of the Sun to attract the moiſture upwards to encreaſe growth as the other did; As I directed my pace homeward, I ſpyed a Kite ſoaring high in the Air, and gently gliding up and down the clear Region ſo far above my head, I fell to envy the Bird extreamly, and repine at his happineſs, that he ſhould have a priviledge 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 accu

rate fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest

Holborn 17 *Mar.* 1639.

Your intire and true Servitor, J.H.

L.

To Master Serjeant D. *at* Lincolns-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 super abounds 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 prov'd 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,

West. 13 *June*, 1632.

Your humble obliged servant, J. H.

LI.

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 power o're her Vassals, than you have o're 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 fulness 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 Soveraign, and dear Lord,
Which out of nought didst me afford
Essence and life, who mad'st me man,
And, oh, much more a Christian,
Lo, from the centre of my heart
All laud and glory I impart.
Hallelujah.

To the Second.

To thee blessed Saviour who didst free
My soul from Satans tyranny,
And mad'st her capable to be
An Angel of thy Hierarchy,
From the same centre I do raise,
All honour and Immortal praise.
Hallelujah.

To the Third.

To the Sweet Spirit I return
That love wherewith my heart doth burn,
And these bless'd notions of my brain
I now breath up to thee again:
O let them redescend 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 inchanted 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

Westmin. 1 Apr. 1627. *Your Ladyships most devoted Servitor,* J. H.

LIV.

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 the

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 *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 centre 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 Gods Closets, and indeed nothing can fill the heart of man whose desires are infinite, but God who is infinity it self: *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 journy, which are *Faith* and *Hope*; now that fear which the *Law* enjoyns us, turns to Faith in the *Gospel*, and knowledge is the scope and subject of both, yet these last two bring us only toward the haven, 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. *Austine* 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 lov'd him so well.* This Vote did so take me, that I have turn'd it to a Paraphristical Hymn, which I send you for you Viol, having observed often that you have a harmonious soul within you.

The Vote.

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 (hould'st be God, I would be man,
Is't possible that love more can?
O pardon, that my soul hath tane
So high a flight, and grows prophane.

For

For my ſelf, 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; methinks I feel the little needle of my ſoul touch'd with a kind of magnetical and attractive vertue, that it always moves towards him, as being her *ſummum bonum*, the true centre of her happineſs: For matter of *fear* there's none that I fear more than my ſelf, I mean thoſe frailties which lodge within me; and the extravagancies of my Affections and thoughts; in this particular I may ſay, that I fear my ſelf 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 through the briers of this cumberſome life, in this prayer I reſt

Holborn, 21 *Mar.* 1639.

Your moſt affectionate Servitor, J.H.

LIV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cliff.

My Lord,

SInce among other paſſages of entertainment we had lately at the *Italian* ordinary (where your Lordſhip was pleas'd to honour us with your preſence) there happen'd a large diſcourſe of *wines*, and of other *drinks* that were us'd by ſeveral Nations of the earth, and that your Lordſhip deſir'd me to deliver what I obſerv'd therein abroad, I am bold now to confirm and amplifie in this Letter what I then let drop *extempore* from me, having made a recollection of my ſelf for that purpoſe.

It is without controverſie, that in the nonage 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 *Japonois*, and they drink it hot too; but we may ſay, that what beverage ſoever we make, either by brewing, by diſtillation, decoction, percolation or preſſing, it is but *water* at firſt, nay *wine* it ſelf is but water ſublim'd, being 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 limbec to that end, which made the *Italian* Vineyard-man (after a long drought, and an extream hot Summer, which had parch'd up all his grapes) to complain, that *per mancamento d' acqua beu dell' acqua ſe io haueſſi acqua, beverei el vino*, for want of water,

am forc'd 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 Mills.

The Vine doth ſo abhor cold, that it cannot grow beyond the 49 degree to any purpoſe: Therefore God and nature hath furniſh'd the Northweſt Nations with other inventions of beverage. In this Iſland the old drink was *Ale*, noble *Ale*, than which, as I heard a great Forreign Doctor affirm, there is no liquor that more encreaſeth the radical moiſture, and preſerves the natural heat, which are the two Pillars that ſupport the life of man; but ſince *Beer* hath *hopp'd* in amongſt us, *Ale* is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing ſo good as Sir *John Old-Caſtle*, and *Smug* the Smith was us'd to drink: Beſides *Ale* and *Beer*, the natural drink of part of this Iſle may be ſaid to be *Metheglin*, *Braggot*, and *Mead*, which differ in ſtrength according to the three degrees of compariſon. The firſt of the three, which is ſtrong in the ſuperlatif, if taken immoderately, doth ſtupifie more then any other liquor, and keeps a *humming* in the brain, which made one ſay, that he lov'd not *Metheglin*, becauſe he was us'd to ſpeak too much of the *houſe* he came from, meaning the hive: Syder and Perry are alſo the natural drinks of part of this Iſle: But I have read in ſome old Authors of a famous drink the ancient Nation of the *Picts*, who lived 'twixt *Trent* and *Tweed*, and were utterly extinguiſhed by the over-powering of the *Scot*, 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 drinks of this Iſle, and of *Ireland* alſo, where they are more given to Milk and ſtrong-waters of all colours: the Prime is *Uſquebagh* which cannot be made any where in that perfection, and whereas we drink it here in *aqua-vitæ* meaſures, it goes down there by beer-glaſs-fulls, 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 *Weſtfalia*, and all the lower circuit of *Saxony*, in *Denmark*, *Swethland*, and *Norway*: The *Pruſſe* hath a beer as thick as honey: in the Duke of *Saxes* Country, there is beer as yellow as gold made of wheat, and it inebriates 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 drunk out as old as the Bride. *Poland* alſo is a beer Country, but in *Ruſſia*, *Muſcovy*, and *Tartary* they uſe *Mead*, which is the naturalleſt drink of the Country, being made of the decoction of water, and honey, this is that which the Ancients call'd *Hydromel*: Mares milk is a great

drink

drink with the *Tartar*, which may be a cause why they are bigger then ordinary, for the Physicians hold, that milk enlargeth the bones, Beer strengtheneth the nerves, and wine breeds blood sooner than any other liquor. The *Turk* when he hath his tripe full of pelaw, or of Mutton and Rice, will go to natures 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 prophane: he had also a reach of policy therein, because they should not be incumbred 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 *Cauphe*, which is made of a brown berry, and it may be call'd their clubbing drink between meals which though it be not very gustful to the palate; yet it is very comfortable to the stomach, and good for the sight; but notwithstanding their Prophets 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 they 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 bignesse of our quart, and that which brought him to this, was the company of a *Persian* 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 addicted 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 drunkennesse, hereupon the *Turk* conceivin, with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkennesse, because this man preferr'd it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drunk himself to death.

In *Asia* there is no beer drunk at all, but Water, Wine, and an incredible variety of other drinks made of Dates, dried Raisons Rice, divers sorts of Nuts, Fruits and Roots; in the Oriental Countries, as *Cambaia*, *Calicut*, *Narsinghar*, there is a drink call'd *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 delightful phantasies; it will acommode itself to the humor of the sleeper: as if he be a Souldier, he will

dream

dream of victories and taking of Towns; if he be in love, he will think to enjoy his Mistress: if he be covetous, he will dream of Mountains of gold, &c. In the *Moluccas* and *Philippines*, there is a curious drink call'd *Tampoy*, made of a kind of Gilliflowers, and another drink call'd *Oranqua*, that comes from a Nut, and is their general drink. In *China* they have a holy kind of liquor made of each sort of flowers for ratifying and binding of bargains, and having drunk thereof, they hold it no less than perjury to break what they promise, as they write of a River in *Bithynia*, whose water hath a peculiar vertue to discover a perjurer, for if he drink thereof, it will presently boil in his Stomack, 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 promissi Styx *mihi testis erit.*

It put me in mind also of that which some write of the River of *Thire*, for trying the legitimation of a child being thrown in, if he be a bastard he will sink, if otherwise he will not.

In *China* they speak of a tree called *Maguais*, 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 cloathing: it bears huge nuts which have excellent food in them: It shoots out hard prickles above a fathom long, and those from them, with the bark they make tents, and the dotard trees serve for firing.

Africa also hath a great diversity of drinks, as having more need of them being a hotter Country far: in *Guiney* or the lower *Ethiopia* there is a famous drink call'd *Mingol*, which issueth out of a tree much like the Palm, being bored: But in the upper *Ethiopia* or the *Habassins* 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 passed there was beer drunk call'd *Zithus* in Latin, which was no other than a decoction of Barly 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 it gustful, they use it also in lunigation; but now the general drink of *Egypt* is *Nile* water, which of all water may be said to be the best, insomuch that *Indian* words might be more applicable to that 'then to any other Ayr [illegible] It doth not only fertilize, and extreamly fat-[illegible] the [illegible] it [illegible] help to impregnate barren women,

men 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 luke-warmness as *Martials* boy.

Tolle puer calices tepidique toreumata 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 potable liquor as in the *Barbado* Island the common drink among the *English*, is *Mobbi*, 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 thereabouts, all the Islands in the Mediterranean and *Atlantick* Sea, are Wine-Countries.

The most generous Wines of *Spain*, grow in the mid-land part of the Continent, and Saint *Martin* bears the bell, which is near the Court; Now as in *Spain* so in all other Wine-Countries one cannot pass a days journy but he will find a differing race of Wine: those kinds that our Merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the Sea-side, as *Malagas*, *Sherles*, *Tents*, and *Aligants*: 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 Wines grows among the Mountains of *Galicia*, but not of body enough to bear the Sea, call'd *Rabidavia*; *Portugal* affords no wines worth the transporting: they have an odd stone we call *Yef* which they use to throw into their Wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting: There's also a drink in *Spain* called *Alosha*, which they drink between meals in hot weather and 'tis a *Hydromel* made of water and honey, much of the taste of our *Mead*: In the Court of *Spain* there's a *German* or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drink of *Spain* which *Plin.* speaks of, compos'd 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 Muscadels, and Malmsies are brought over in small Casks; 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 *Pricking* and so lose colour, by reason of their delicacy.

France participating of the clymes of all the Countries about her, affords Wines of quality accordingly, as towards the Alps and *Italy* she hath a luscious rich Wines called *Frontiniac*: In the

Count

Country of *Provence* towards the *Pyrenies*; in *Languedoc* there are Wines concuſtable with thoſe of *Spain* : one of the prime ſort of white Wines is that of *Beaume*, and of Clarets that of *Orleans*, though it be interdicted to wine the Kings Cellar with it. in reſpect of the corroſiveneſs it carries with it : As in *France*, ſo in all other wine-Countrys the white is called the *female*, and the Claret or red wine is called the *male*, becauſe commonly it hath more ſulpher, body and heat in't: The Wines that our Merchants bring over grow upon the River *Garon* near *Bourdeaux* in *Gaſcony*, which is the greateſt Mart for Wines in all *France* ; the *Scot* becauſe he hath always been an uſeful confederate to *France* againſt *England*, hath (among other priviledges) right of preemption 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 forc'd to leave them at *Blay* a good way diſtant down the River: There is a hard green Wine that grows about *Rochel*, and the Iſlands thereabouts, which the cunning *Hollander* ſometime uſe 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; than they re-imbark it for *England*, where it paſſeth for good *Bachrag*, and this is called *ſtooming* of wines : in *Normandy* there's little or no wine at all grows, therefore the common drink of that Country is Syder, ſpecially in low *Normandy* : There are alſo many beer-houſes in *Paris* and elſewhere, but though their barley and water be better then 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 *Rhine*, ſpecially in the *Pfalts* or lower *Palatinate* about *Brachrag*, which hath its 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 ſhooes, 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 twingling in the wine while the child is drinking ſo feares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From *Barbrag* 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 Wine which they afford are accounted the richeſt, the moſt firm, the beſt bodied and laſtingſt Wine, and the moſt detecated from all

earthly

earthly grossness of any other whatsoever, it hath little or no sulpher at all in't, and leaves less dreggs behind, though one drink it to excess: *French* wines may be said to *pickle* meat in the stomack, but this is the wine that *digests*, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrisieth 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 causeth good humors, good humors 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 then there is brought in, for *Sherries* and *Malagas* well mingled pass for Canaries in most Taverns, more often than Canary it self, else I do not see how 'twere possible for the Vintner to save by it: or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted some times to be a Brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were us'd to be drunk in *Aquavitæ* measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink of them who were us'd to carry their *leggs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses*, and an *Almanack in their bones*: but now they go down every ones 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 been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of *Spain* she may plead for a divorce from him: Nor indeed can the *Spaniard* being hot brain'd bear much drink, yet I have heard that *Gondamar* was once too hard for the King of *Denmark* when he was here in *England*; But the *Spanish* Souldiers that have bin in the Wars of *Flanders* will take their cups freely, and the *Italians* also: when I liv'd t'other side the Alps, a Gentleman told me a merry tale of a *Ligurian* Souldier who had got drunk in *Genoa*, and Prince *Doria* going a horseback to walk the round one night, the Soldier took his horse by the bridle and ask'd what the Price of him was, for he wanted a horse, the Prince seeing in what humor he was, caus'd 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 recovered Souldier, *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: if the Greek will drink as

many

many glasses as there be letters in his Mistresses name, the other will drink the number of his years, and though 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 one of these 6 notes, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this Exameter.

Ut Relevet Miserum Fatum Solitosque Labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three, the first to quench the thirst pass'd, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future; I heard of a company of low Dutchmen that had drunk 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 shipwrack.

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

Westmin. 7. Octob. 1634. *Your most humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

LV.

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 if in this crabbed difficult task, you have been pleas'd 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 easie 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 rise in these Islands of great *Britain* and *Ireland*; for to be curious and Eagle-ey'd abroad, and to be blind and ignorant at home (as many of our Travellours are now adays) 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 *Cymraccan* tongue commonly call'd *Welsh* (and *Italian* also is so call'd by the *Dutch*) is without controversie the prime maternal tongue of this Island, and connatural with it, nor could any of the four conquests that have been made of it by *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Dane* or *Norman* ever extinguish her, but she remains still pure and incorrupt; of which language there is an exact and methodical a Grammer, with as regular precepts, rules, and institutions both for prose and verse compil'd by Doctor *David Rice*, as I have read in any tongue whatsoever: some of the Authentiquist Annalists report that the old Gaules (now the *French*) and the *Britains* understood one another, for they came thence very frequently to be instructed here by the *British Druides*, which 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 *Cæsar* himself records this.

This is one of the fourteen *vernacular* and independant tongues of *Europe*, and she hath divers dialects; the first is the *Cornish*, the second the *Armoricans* 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*, and some parts beyond *Tweed*, until the whole Nation of the *Scot* poured upon them with such multitudes, that they are utterly extinguish'd both them and language. There are some which have been curious in the comparison of tongues, who believe that the *Irish* is but a dialect of the ancient *British*; and the learnedest of that Nation in a private discourse I happened to have with him, seem'd to incline to this opinion: but this I can assure your Lordship of, that at my being in that Country, I observ'd 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 listned unto their speech, but I found that the *Irish* tone is a little more querulous and whining than the *British*, which I conjectured with my self 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 *Gwynn* (white) *Nef* (heaven) *Llwyn* (a fox) *Pengwin* (a bird with a white head) with many 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, imbarquing himself at *Milford haven*, and so tarried on those coasts: This if well prov'd, might well entitle our crown to *America*, if first discovery may claim a right to any Country.

The *Romans*, though they continued here constantly above 300 years, yet could they 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 then probable that they came first from thence; besides, there is a Town there call'd *Lurden*, and another place named *Angles*, whence it may be presumed that they took their new denomination here. Now the *English*, though as *Saxons* (by which name the *Welsh* and *Irish* call them to this day) they and their language is ancient, yet in reference to this island they are the modernst Nation in *Europe*, both for habitation, speech and denomination, which makes me smile at Mr. *Fox* his error in the very front of his Epistle before the Book of Martyrs, where he calls *Constantine* the first Christian Emperour, the Son of *Hellen* 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 setling 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 though often attempted by some choice wits, there could never any grammar of exact *Syntaxis* be made of it; yet hath she divers subdialects, as the Western and Northern *English*, but her chiefest is the *Scotick*, which took footing beyond *Tweed* about the last conquest; but the ancient 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 satisfie 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,

Your most humble and ready Servitor,

Welt. 9 Aug. 1650. J. H.

LVI.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

IN my last I fulfil'd your Lordships commands, 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, entred in first; I will now hoise 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*, & the speech of them of *Norway* and *Iseland*: Now, the high *Dutch* or *Teutonick* tongue is one of the prime and most spacious maternal languages of *Europe*; for besides the vast extent of *Germany* it felt with the Countrys 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 subdialects be deriv'd from her, she remains a strong sinewey language, pure and incorrupt in her first centre 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 said the *Italian*, (alludin g to her roughness) *then it was the tongue that God Almighty chid Adam in*: *It may be so*, replied the German, *but the Devil had tempted Eve in* Italian *before*: A full-mouth'd language she is, and pronounc'd 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 *Muscovia*, speak the *Slavonic* language: And it is incredible what I have heard some Travellers report of the vast extent of that language, for beside *Slavonia* it self, which properly is *Dalmatia* and *Croatia*: it is the vulgar speech of the *Macedonians*, *Epirots*, *Bojnians*, *Servians*, *Bulgarians*, *Moldavians*, *Rascians*, and *Podolians*: nay it spreads her self over all the Eastern parts of *Europe* (*Hungary* and *Walachia* excepted) as far as *Constantinople*, & is frequently spoken in the Seraglio among the *Janizaries*, nor doth she rel

their, but crossing the *Hellespont* divers Nations in *Asia* have her for their popular tongue, as the *Circassians*, *Mengrelians* and *Gazarites*: Southward neither in *Europe* or *Asia* doth she extend her self further to the North 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 *Muscovite*, the *Moldivian*, *Rascian*, *Bosnian*, *Servian*, and *Bulgarian*, with divers other Eastern, and North East People that speak *Slavonic*, have her in a different character from the *Dalmatian*, *Croatian*, *Istrian*, *Polonian*, *Bohemian*, *Silesian*, and other Nations towards the West: these last have the *Illyrian* character, and the invention of it is attributed to St. *Jerom*, the other is of *Cyrils* devising, and is call'd the *Servian* character: Now, although there be above 60 several Nations that have this vast extended language for their vulgar speech, yet the pure primitive *Slavonic* dialect is spoken only in *Dalmatia*, *Croatia*, *Liburnia*, and the Countries adjacent, where the ancient *Slavonians* yet dwell, and they must needs be very ancient, 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. *Ile* 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 call'd; 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 12 of the Goddess *Minerva*, witness *Ethra* and the eleven Princes whom we appoint our Successors. With this rare and one of the ancientest 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,

West. 2 of Aug. 1630. *My Lord,*
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*, *Bohemy*, *Denmark*, *Poland*, *Russia*, and those vast North-East Regions, and given your Lordship a touch of their Languages, (for 'twas no Treatise I intended at first, but a cursory short lite-

all 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 Western world.

The Greek Tongue was first peculiar to *Hellas* alone, but in tract of time the Kingdom of *Macedon*, and *Epire* had her, then she arrived on the Isles of the Egean Sea, which are interjacent and divice *Asia* and *Europe* that way; then she got into the fifty three Isles of the *Cyclades*, that lye 'twixt *Negropont* and *Candy*, and so got up to the *Hellespont* to *Constantinople*: She then crossed over to *Anatolia*, where though she prevail'd by introducing multitudes of Colonies, yet she came not to be the sole vulgar speech any where there as far as to extinguish the former languages. 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 *Mithridates* the great *Polygot* 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 Maritim 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 Maritim Coasts of the *Tirrhene* Sea to *Calabria*: she rested her self also a great while in *Apuleia*: There was a populous Colony of Greeks also in *Marsellies* in *France*, and along the Sea Coasts of *Savoy*: In *Africk* 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 her self; First, it may be imputed to the Conquests 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, whereunto they employed themselves more than any other Nation, except the *Phenician* 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 penerate far into the bowels of any Country, but liv'd on the Sea side in obvious mercantile places, and accessable Ports.

Now

Now many ages since, the Greek tongue is not only impaired, and pitifully degenerated in her purity and eloquence, but extremely decayed in her amplitude and vulgarness: For first, there is no trace at all left of her in *France* or *Italy*, the *Slavonic* tongue hath abolished her in *Epire* and *Macedon*, the Turkish hath outed 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, where either the *Attick*, *Doric*, *Eolic*, or *Bucolic*, ancient Greek is vulgarly spoken; only in some places near *Heraclea* in *Anatolia* and *Peloponesus* (now called the *Morea*) they speak of some Towns called the *Lacones*, which retain yet, and vulgarly speak the old Greek, but incongruously, yet though they cannot themselves speak according to rules, they understand those that do; Nor is this corruption happened to the Greek language, as it useth to happen to others, either by the Law of the Conquerour, or inundation of strangers, but it is insensibly crept in by their own supine negligence, and fantasticknes, specially 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 it self is as it were mouldred 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 instablenes of mankind as 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 term'd all the world *Barbarians* in comparison of themselves in former times, may be now term'd (more than any other) *Barbarians* themselves, as having quite lost not only all inclination and aspirings to Knowledge and Vertue, 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 intrim you find that I am still

My Lord, *Your most obedient*

West. 25. *Jul.* 1630. *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 Lordships desires touching Languages: And I spent more Oyl and Labour than ordinary in displaying the *Greek* tongue, because we are more beholden to her for all Philosophical and Theorick knowledge, as also for rules of commerce and commutative justice, than unto any other: I will now proceed to the *Latin* tongue, which had her source in *Italy*, in *Latium* call'd now *Campagna di Roma*, and receiv'd her growth with the monstrous encrease 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 compass, (as she was in the reign of *Aurelianus*) and her Territories which were hardly a days journy extent, came by favourable successes and fortune of War, to be above three thousand in length, from the banks of *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* it self: 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 remain'd a *Roman* Province four hundred 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 Ile, there were nine and twenty in *France*, and fifty seven in *Spain*, and the greatest entertainment the *Latin* tongue found out of *Italy* her self, 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 amongst women and children; no nor in all *Italy* it self except *Latium* in *Afric*, though there were sixty *Roman* Colonies dispersd

pers'd 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 *Flamins*, the Judges, the Magistrates and chief Commanders did: When the *Romans* sent Legions and planted Colonies abroad, 'twas 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-stall'd her, which was of more esteem among them, because of the learning that was couch'd in her, and that she was more useful for negotiation and traffick; whereunto the *Greeks* were more addicted than any People; therefore though the *Romans* had an ambition to make those forreign 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 publish'd and executed in *Latin*; yet I believe this *Latin* was spoken no otherwise among those Nations than the *Spanish* 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* it self among all sorts of People, but she receiv'd changes and corruption; neither do I believe that she was born a perfect language at first, but she receiv'd nutriment, and degrees of perfection with time, which matures, refines and finisheth all things; The verses of the *Salii* compos'd by *Numa Pompilius* were scarce intelligible by the Flamins and Judges themselves in the wane of the *Roman* Common-wealth, nor the Laws of the *Decemviri*: And if that *Latin* wherein were couch'd the capitulations of peace twixt *Rome* and *Carthage* a little after the expulsion of the Kings, which are yet extant upon a pillar in *Rome*, were compar'd to that which was spoken in *Cæsars* reign 140 years after, at which time the *Latin* tongue was mounted to the *Meridian* of her perfection, she would be found as differing as *Spanish* now differeth from the *Latin*. After *Cæsar* and *Cicero's* time, the *Latin* tongue continued in *Rome* and *Italy* in her purity four hundred years together, until the *Goths* rush'd into *Italy* first under *Alaric*, then the *Hunns* under *Attila*, then the *Vandals* under

Gen-

Genserics, 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 Emperour formally invested King of *Italy*, who with his successour reign'd 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 it self *Lombardy*, which name it retains to this day: yet before the intrusions of these wandring 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 forreigners 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 humour of novelty, which is naturally inherent in man, who according to those frail elementary principles and ingredients whereof he is compos'd, 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, viz. 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 intrim I crave a candid Interpretation of what is pass'd, and of my studiousness in executing your Lordships Injunctions, so I am

My Lord,

Westmin. Jul. 16. 1630 *Your most humble and obedient Servant*, J.H.

LIX.

To the Right Honourable the E. 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*, though

though living yet in the *Schools*, I mean she may be said to be defunct in point of vulgarity any time these 1000 years pass'd. Out of her ruin have sprung up 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 upon them.

Concerning *Italy*, doubtless there were divers before the Latin did spread all over that Country, the *Calabrian* and *Apulian* spoke *Greek*, whereof some reliques are to be found to this day, but it was an *adventitious*, no mother language to them: 'tis confest that *Latium* it self, and all the territories about *Rome* had the Latin for its maternal and common first vernacular tongue, but *Tuscany* and *Liguria* had others quite discrepant, *viz.* the *Hetruscane* and *Mesapian*, whereof though there be some records yet extant, yet there are none alive that can understand them; the *Oscan*, the *Sabin* 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 tumbled 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 ancient as her self, 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* dition, had a share in't, as I said before, and pegg'd in some words which have been ever since irremoveable, not only in the *Italian*, but also in her two younger sisters the *Spanish* 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 subdialects in so small a tract of ground, for *Italy* it self affords above eight. There you have the *Roman*, the *Toscane*, the *Venetian*, the *Milanez*, the *Neapolitane*, the *Calabresse*, the *Genovais*, the *Piemontez*; you have the *Corsican*, *Sycilian*, 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 slic'd into so many Islands; so the reason why there be so many subdialects in the *Italian*, is the diversity of governments that the Country is squandred into, there being in *Italy* at this day two Kingdoms, *viz.* that of *Naples*

and

and *Calabria*: Three Republicks, *viz. Venice*, *Genoa* and *Luca*, and divers other absolute Princes.

Concerning the original language of *Spain*, it was without any controversie, the *Buscuence* or *Cantabrian*, which tongue and territory neither *Roman Goth* (whence this King hath his pedigree, with divers of the Nobles) or *Moor*, could ever conquer; though they had overrun and taken firm footing in all the rest for many ages; therefore as the remnant of the old *Britains* here, so are the *Biscaneers* accounted the ancient'st and unquestionablest Gentry of *Spain*; insomuch that when any of them is to be dubb'd Knight, there is no need of any scrutiny to be made whether he be clear of the blood of the *Moors* 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 προσέλληνα before the Moon; the other αὐτόχθονες, issued of the earth it self, so the *Biscayner* hath such like *Rodomantados*.

The *Spanish* or *Castilian* language hath but few subdialects, the *Portugues* is most considerable; touching the *Catalan*, and *Valenciane*; they are rather dialects of the *French*, *Gascon* or *Aquitanian*; the purest dialect of the *Castilian* tongue is held to be in the Town of *Toledo*, which above other Cities of *Spain* hath this priviledge, to be arbitress in the decision of any controversie that may arise touching the interpretation of any *Castilian* word.

It is an infallible rule to find out the mother and ancient'st tongue of any Country, to go among those who inhabit the barren'st and most mountainous places, which are posts of security and fastness, whereof divers instances could be produc'd, but let the *Biscayner* in *Spain*, the *Welsh* in great *Britain*, and the Mountaineers in *Epire* serve the turn, who yet retain their ancient unmixt 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 *Britains* (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 Isthmos or neck of land 'twixt *Dover* and *Bullen*; for if one do well observe the rocks of the one, and the cliffs of the other

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 *Garnsey* (appendixes once to the *Dutchy* of *Normandy*) the *Provensal*, the *Gascon* or speech of *Languedoc*, which *Scaliger* would etymologize from *Languedoc*, whereas it comes rather from *Langue de Got*, for the *Saracens* and *Goths*, by their incursions and long stay in *Aquitain* corrupted the language of that part of *Gallia*; Touching the *Britain* and they of *Bearn*, the one is a dialect of the *Welsh*, the other of the *Bascuence*. The *Wallon* who is under the King of *Spain*, and the *Liegois* 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 inferr'd 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 subdialects of the *Italians*, *Spanish* and *French*, another speech that hath a great stroke in *Greece* and *Turkey* call'd *Franco*, which may be said to be compos'd 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 *Africk*, and the *Hellespont* to *Asia*, where I shall observe the general'st 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,

Westmin. 17 *Jul.* 1630. *Your obedient Servitor,* J. H.

LX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl E.

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 subdialects whereby People converse with one another, and being now wandering and roaming for *Africk*, 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 mother tongues of *Europe* are thirteen, though *Scaliger* would have but eleven; There is the *Greek* 1, the *Latin* 2, the *Dutch* 3, the *Slavonian* 4, the *Welſh* or *Cambrian* 5, the *Baſcuente* or *Cantabrian* 6, the *Iriſh* 7, the *Albanian* in the Mountains of *Epire* 8, the *Tartarian* 9, the old *Illirian* 10, remaining yet in *Liburnia*, the *Jazygian* 11, on the North of *Hungary*, the *Chaucian* 12, in Eaſt *Friezeland*, 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*; 'tis true, 'twas ſpoken for divers hundred years all *Spain* over after the conqueſt of the *Moors*, but yet it could not be call'd 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* her ſelf 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 clymes in the heavens, whence influxes of differing qualities fall upon the inhabitants of the earth, and as the make men to differ in the idea's 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 confus'd 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 fix'd 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 acriv'ſt, and knowingſt man upon earth: Let it therefore ſuffice while I behold thoſe 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, 'tis but a dialect of the *Tartarian*, though

though it have received a late mixture of the *Armenian*, the *Persian* and *Greek* tongues, but specially of the *Arabic*, which was the mother tongue of their Prophet, and is now the sole language of their *Alcoran*, it being strictly inhibited, and held to be a prophaneness to translate it to any other, which they say preserves them from the encroachment of Schismes.

Now the *Arabic* is a tongue of vast expansion, for besides the three *Arabia's* it is become the vulgar speech of *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestine*, and *Egypt*; from whence she stretcheth her self to the streight of *Gibraltar*, though all that vast tract of earth which lieth 'twixt the Mountain *Atlas* and the Mediterranean Sea, which is now call'd *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 upon her in case the present race should fail, which is now in more danger than ever; in *fine*, wheresoever the *Mahometan* Religion is profess'd, the *Arabic* is either spoken or taught.

My *last* view shall be of the *first* language of the earth, the ancient language of *Paradise*, the language wherein God Almighty himself pleas'd to pronounce and publish the Tables of the Law, the language that had a benediction promis'd 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 the earth, a fate also which is 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 trade of seventy 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 addoning that new learn'd language to their own innovation of points, affixes, and conjugations, out of that intermixture of *Hebrew* and *Chaldee*, resulted a third language call'd 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 the Rabbins, as Rabbi *Jonathan*, and Rabbi *Onkelos* with others have written in it, insomuch that as I said before, the ancient *Hebrew* had the same fortune that the *Greek* and *Latin* tongues had to fall from being naturally spoken any where, to lose their

ral 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 potent'st Monarchies, the proudest Republicks, 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 learnedst 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 evirtuated my self, and stretch'd all my sinews, I have put all my small knowledge, observations and reading upon the tenter, to satisfie your Lordship's desires touching this subject: If it afford you any contentment, I have hit the white I aimed at, and hold my self abundantly rewarded for my oyl and labour: so I am,

My Lord,

Westmin. 1. *July,* 1630.

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 your self to the penance of pursuing 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 thorow) much more for your candid opinion of them, being right glad that they should give entertainment to such a choice and judicious Gentleman as your self: But whereas you seem to except against something in one *Letter* that reflects upon Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* voyage to *Guiana*, because I term the gold Mine he went to discover, an *airy* and *suppositious Mine*, and so infer that it toucheth his honour: Truly, Sir, I will deal clearly with you in that point, that I never harbour'd 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 and renowned Knight, whose

whose fame shall contend in longævity with this *Island* it self, yea, with that great *World* which he *Historiseth* 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 politick thing, but at his return, and missing of the enterprise, these suspitions turn'd in most to real beliefs that 'twas no other. And King *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 publick regal instruments, what shall we credit? Besides, there goes another printed kind of Remonstrance annex'd to that declaration which intimates as much: And there is a worthy Captain in this Town, who was a co-adventurer in that expedition, who, upon the storming of St. *Thomas*, heard young Mr. *Rawleigh* 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 'twas far from being any opinion broach'd by my self, or bottom'd upon weak grounds; for I was careful of nothing more, than that those *Letters*, being to breath open Air, should relate nothing but what should be derived from good Fountains. And truly, Sir, touching that Apology of Sir *Walter Rawleighs* 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 assur'd 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 rectifie any indifferent man in this point, and induce him to believe that it was no Chymera, but a real Mine; for you write of divers pieces of Gold brought thence by Sir *Walter* himself, and Captain *Keys*, and of some Ingots that were found in the Governours Closets at St. *Thomas* 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 defayed. You write how King *James* sent privately to Sir *Walter*, being yet in the *Tower*, to intreat and command him, that he would impart his whole design unto him under his hand, promising upon the word of a King to keep it secret, which being done accordingly by Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, that very original paper

was found in the said *Spanish* Governors closet at St. *Thomas*; whereat, as you have just cause to wonder, and admire the activeness of the *Spanish* Agents about our Court at that time, so I wonder no less at the miscarriage of some of *His late Majesties* Ministers, who notwithstanding that he had pass'd his royal word to the contrary, yet they did help Count *Gondamar* 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 sickness 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 Captain *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 revictual in *Virginia* (a Country where he had reason to be welcome unto, being of his own discovery) he had a purpose to return to *Guyana* the Spring following to pursue his first design: I am also very willing to believe that it cost Sir *Walter Rawleigh* much more to put himself in equipage for that long intended voyage, than would have payed for his liberty, if he had gone about to purchase it for reward of Money at home, though I am not ignorant that many of the coadventurers made large contributions, and the fortunes of some of them suffer for it at this very day. But although *Gondamar*, as my letter mentions, calls Sir *Walter* Pyrat, 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 foresaid declaration relates, for King *James* had made strong promises to Count *Gondamar*, that this Fleet should commit no outrages upon the King of *Spain*'s Subjects by Land, unless they began first, and I believe that was the main cause of his death though I think if they had proceeded that way against him in a legal course of tryal, he might have defended himself well enough.

Whereas you alledge that if that action had succeeded, and afterwards he well prosecuted, it might have brought *Gondamar* great Catholick Masters to have been brought for at the Church door, by Friars, as he was once thought in the latter end of Queen *Elizabeth*'s days: I believe it had much displeased him, and interrupted him in the prosecution of his great *Indies*, but not brought him

him under favour, to so 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 reduc'd to any straights, 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 *Walter Rawleigh* mainly labour'd for his Pardon before he went, but could not compass it, this is also a passage in the foresaid printed Relation, but I could have wish'd 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 shortned the line of his life otherwise, but in all probability we might have been happy in him to this very day, having such an heroick 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 *William St.Geon* made an overture unto 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 extreamly wonder how that old sentence which had lain dormant above sixteen years against Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, could have been made use of to take off his head afterwards, considering that the Lord Chancellor *Verulum*, as you write, told him positively (as Sir *Walter* was acquainting him with that proffer, of Sir *William 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 *Walter Rawleigh* should become *Reftus in curia*, and free from all old convictions; but, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, Count *Gondamar* at that time had a great stroak in our Court, because there was more than a meer 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) should 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 *Pembroke*, were engaged for him in this particular, nor doth the Printed Relation,

make any mention of them at all, therefore I must say that envy her self must pronounce that return of his, for the acquitting of his fiduciary pledges to be a most noble act; and waving that of King *Alphonso*'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 return'd to his enemies where he had been prisoner, though he knew he went to an inevitable death: But well did that faithless cunning Knight who betrayed Sir *Walter Rawleigh* in his intended escape being come ashore, fall to that contemptible end, as to dye a poor distracted Beggar in the Isle of *Lyndey*, having for a bag of mony falsified his Faith, confirm'd by the tye of the holy Sacrament as you write, as also before the year came about to be found clipping the same coin in the Kings own house at *White-hall*, which he had receiv'd 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 *Walter Rawleigh* (*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 vertues 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 Rawleigh, *a man infortunate in nothing else but in the greatness of his wit and advancement, whose eminent worth was such both in domestick policy, forreign 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 judgement touching my opinion of that illustrious Knight your *Father*, give me 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, though in a differing manner; I also much value that favourable censure you give of those rambling Letters of mine, which indeed are nought else then a Legend of the cumbersom 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 stile, adorn'd with much eloquence, and stuck with the choicest flowers pick'd from the Muses garden*; whereas you also please to

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 gawdy for me to put on, yet I will lay it up among my best Reliques, 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 coopt 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 breaths air under this Meridian, I will except none: And for my Religion I defie any creature 'twixt heaven and earth, that will say that I am not a true English Protestant. I have from time to time employed divers of my best Friends to get my liberty, at least wise 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 Sepulcher, 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 entred into the imagination of man, that the Scheme and whole frame of ſo ancient and well compounded a government ſhould be ſo ſuddenly ſtruck off the hinges, quite out of joynt, 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 prophaneneſs 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 turn the white deſcent Robe of the Presbyter the Miniſter Smock; the Pipes through which nothing came but Antemnis and Holy Hymns, the Devil's Bagpipes; the Liturgy of the Church, though extracted moſt of it out of the Sacred Text, called by ſome another kind of *Alchoran*, by others raw Porredge, 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 produced ſuch monſters, as to rejoyce 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 through *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* the Eighth, which Earl, having a deadly feud with the Biſhop of *Caſſiles*, 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 Gods Church? he anſwered, *I had never burnt the Church unleſs I had thought the Biſhop had been in t.* Laſtly, who would have imagined that the *Accize* 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*; although he nam'd it to no ill ſenſe, but to ſhew what advantage of happineſs the People of *England* had o're other Nations, having neither the Gabells of *Italy*, the Tallies of *France*,

or the Accise of *Holland* said upon them, yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted, and call'd to the Bar: Such a strange metamorphosis poor *England* is now come unto, 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 unto you is, that the *Kentish* Knight of your acquaintance whom I writ in my last had an *apoplacy* in his Brain, dyed suddenly this week of an *Impostume* in his breast, as he was reading a Pamphlet of his own that came from the Press, wherein he shew'd a great mind to be nibling 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 Musqueteer; It made me think upon the Tale of the *Gallego* in *Spain*, who in the Civil Wars against *Aragon*, 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 the brain was touch'd, the Souldier wish'd him to search it again, which he did, and told him that he found he was hurt in the Brain and could not possibly scape, whereupon the *Gallego* fell into a chafe, and said he lyed; for he had no brain at all, *porque se tuviera, yo nunca huiera venido esta guerra*, for if I had had any brain, I would never have come to this War: All your Friends here are well, except the maym'd Souldier, 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. Farewell 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 entirely affect. mate Servant, J. H.

LXIII.

To his Majesty at Oxon.

SIR,

I Prostrate this Paper at your Majesties *feet*, hoping it may find way thence to your *eyes*, and so descend to your Royal *heart*.

The Correspondent Minister of State, by whose conveyance this comes, did lately intimate unto me, that among divers things which go abroad under the 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 lake-warmness in the Subject: This added much to the weight of my present suffrances, and exceedingly imbitter'd the sense of them unto 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 rectifie 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 disservice any way imaginable; Therefore I humbly beseech, that your Majesty would vouchsafe to conceive of me accordingly, and of one who by this reclufe passive condition hath his share of this hideous storm: yet he is in assurance, rather than hopes, that though 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 shrew'd 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 worse condition, being in the midst of two sorts of People, (the *Catalan* and *Portuguis*) which 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, though I believe the *white* are more in number, and your Majesties countenance by returning to your great Counsel and your Court at *White-Hall* would quickly turn them all *white*: That Almighty Majesty who useth to draw light out of darkness, and strength out of weakness, making mans extremity his opportunity, preserve and prosper your Majesty accordingly to the Prayers early and late of your Majesties most loyal Subject, Servant, and Martyr,

Feb. 3 Stylo Vetusto. *Howell.*

LXVI. To

LXIV.

To E. Benlowes *Esq*; *upon the 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 *Ptolomy* is recorded by *Aristæus* to have sent *Eleazer* to *Hierusalem*, which was counted a stupendious piece of Art, and the wonderment of those times: what the curiosity of that Table was, I have not read, but I believe it consisted in extern 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, though Pagan Philosopher, the high-wing'd *Plato*, who fancied that our souls at the first infusion were as so many Tables, they were *Abrasæ Tabulæ*, and that all our future knowledge was but a reminiscence; But under favour, the rich and elaborate Poems which so loudly eccho 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 *Eccho* deserves to dwell in some marble or porphyry grot cut about *Parnassus* Mount near the source of *Helicon*, rather then upon such a slight superficies.

I much thank you for your visits, and other fair respects you shew me; specially that you have enlarg'd my quarters 'mong 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 meet with *Apollo* himself and all his daughters, with other excellent society; I stumble also there often upon my self, 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,

Fleet, 25 *Aug.* 1645. *Your affectionate Servant*, J. H.

LXV. *To*

LXVI.

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'le 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,

Fleet 3 *May*. 1645. Your most obedient humble Servitor, J. H.

LXVII.

To Master G. Stone.

SIR,

I Heartily rejoyce 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 fraighted 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. Though you have learnt to play at* Baggamon, *you must not forget* Irish, *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 bargain, 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 Gentlemans expectation, though happy it may prove advantagious to a Merchant, to whom common Languages are more useful. I am eager with desire to meet you, and to mingle a days discourse with you, if not two; how you escap'd the claws of the Inquisition, whereunto I understand you were like to fall, and of other Travelers*

of your Peregrination: Farewell 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 Carrats: So I rest,*

Your most affectionate Servitor,

Westmin. 30 Novem. 1635.

J. H.

LXVII.

To J. J. *Esq;*

SIR,

I Received 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 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 out 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 overlong in praise than prayer, yet I would be careful it should be free from any Pharisaical babling:* prayer *compar'd with praise, is but a fuliginous smoak issuing from the sense of sin, and human infirmities, praises are the*

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 Septem. 1645.

Yours most ready to be commanded,
J. H.

LXVIII.

To Captain William Bridges *in* Amsterdam.

My noble Captain,

I *Had yours of the tenth current, and besides your* avisos, *I must thank you for those rich flourishes wherewith your letter was imbroidered 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 amongst 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* Ligue, *which continueth to this day, notwithstanding the cause ceas'd about threescore years since; touching this, I remember a pleasant tale that is recorded of* Henry *the Great, who some years after peace was established throughout all the whole body of* France, *going to his own Town of* Orleans, *the Citizens petitioned him that his Majesty would be pleased to abolish that new tax; the King asked who had impos'd it upon them? they answered* Monsieur de la Chatre, *(during the Civil Wars of the* Ligue*) who was now dead; the King replyed,* Monsieur de la Charte vous a ligué quil vous desligue, Monsieur de la Chatre *ligu'd you, let him then unligue you for my part; now that we have a kind of peace the Goals are full of Souldiers, and some Gentlemens Sons of quality suffer daily, the last week Judge* Rives *condemned four in your Country at* Maidstone *Assizes, but he went out of the world before them though they were executed four days after: you know the saying in* France, *that* la guerre fait les lattons, & la paix les amcine au gibet, *War makes thieves, and peace brings them to the gallows. I lie still here* in limbo, in limbo innocentium, *though 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

for my good gualities *as your cosin* Fortescue *jeer'd me not long since, I know none I have, unless it be to love you, which I would continue to do, though I tug'd at an oar in a Gally, much more as I walk in the Galleries of this Fleet: In this resolution I rest*

Fleet, 2 Septem. 1645.

Your most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

LXIX.

To Mr. W. B. *at* Grundesburgh.

Gentle Sir,

YOurs of the seventh I received yesternight, and read o're with no vulgar delight; in the perusal of it me thought 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 *fasciis*, 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 magnifie some pieces of mine, and that you seem to spy the Muses pearching upon my Trees, I fear 'tis but *deceptio visus*, for they are but Satyrs, or happily 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 casknet that keeps a jet ring, or a horn lantern that holds a small taper of course 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,

Your most affectionate Friend to serve you, J. H.

Fleet 1 July,

LXX. *To*

LXX.

To J. W. *of Grayes Inn, Esquire.*

SIR,

I Was yours before in a high degree of affection, but now I am much more yours since I perus'd 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 ones breast, all the cells of the brain, and truly set forth the inward man, nor can the pensil so lively represent the face, as the pen can do the Fancy*: I much thank you that you would please to impart them unto

Fleet, 1. *April*, 1645.

Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

LXXI.

To Cap. T. P. *from* Madrid.

Captain *Don Tomas*,

COuld I write my love unto you, with a *ray of the Sun* as once *Aurelias* the *Roman* Emperour 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 clowdy clyme 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 time 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 threatning 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 L. Ambassadour *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 ones joynts, 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 know-

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 Epigrams or Epitaphs more properly, upon our *Henry* the Eighth, and upon his Daughter Queen *Elizabeth*, which in requital I thought worth the sending you:

A Henrique octavo Rey de Ingalatierra.

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,
Dezidme enganado Ingles,
Quere una muger a los pies,
Ser de la yglesia cabesa?

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 greatness, tell me, O cosen'd *English-man*, to cast thy self at a womans feet, and yet to be head of the Church? That upon Queen *Elizabeth* was this,

De Isabela Reyna de Ingalatierra

Aqui yaze Iesabel,
Aquila nueva Athalia,
Del oro Antartico Harpia,
Del mar incendio cruel:

Aqui el ingenio, mas dino
De loor que ha tenido el suelo,
Se para illegar al cielo
No huuiera errado el camino.

Here lies *Jezabel*, here lies the new *Athalia*, the *Harpy* 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 Queen *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

Anagram as I have heard or read which a Gentleman lately made, upon his own name *Tomas*, and a nun call'd *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 joyn'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 Courtesan.

Eres puta tan artera
Qu'en el vientre de tu madre
Tu tuuiste de manera
Que te cavalgue el padre.

To this I will joyn that which was made of *de Vaca* husband to *Jusepe de Vaca*, the famous Comedian, who came upon the Stage with a cloak lin'd with black plum, and a great Chain about his neck, whereupon the Duke of *Medina* broke into these witty lines,

Con tanta felpa en la Capa
Y tanta cadena de oro,
El marido de la Vaca
Que puede ser sino toro?

The conclusion of this rambling letter shall be a rime 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*: *Abeja y oueja y piedra que rabeia, y 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.* 1622. *Your most affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

LXXII.

To Sir Tho. Luke, *Knight.*

SIR,

HAd you traversed all the world over, specially 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

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 Kings service, otherwise I would have ventur'd 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, specially 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 *France*, *Les plaideurs sont les oyseaux le palais le Champ, les Juges les rets, les Advocats les Rats, les procureurs les souris del estat.* The poor clients are the birds, *Westminster-Hall* the field, the Judge the net, the Lawyers the rats, the Atturnies the mice of the common wealth. I believe this saying was spoken by an angry clyent, 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 rime

Pouvre pladeur,
j'ay gran pitie de ta doleur.

Westmin. 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 *Hamborough*, you for your last home, as I understand by Doctor *Baskervil*, who tells me much to my grief, that this hectical disease will not suffer you to be long 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, though it be to some (σοφῶν σοφώτατον) as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare your self, 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 pass'd the boysterous Sea and swel-

 ling

ling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, pass'd o're some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill favour'd reaches, while others sail in the sleeve of fortune; you and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oyl 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 stanzas's.

1. *Weak crazy Mortal, why dost fear*
To leave this earthly Hemisphear?
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 natures dore,
And warm lodgings left; Others there are
Must trudge to find a room, and shift for fare.

3. *This life's, at largest but one day*
He wh in Youth posts hence away,
Leaves us to Morn, *He who hath run*
His race till Manhood, *part at noon.*
And whoat seventy odd forsakes this light,
He may be said to take his leave at night.

4. *One part makes up the Prince and Peasant,*
Though one eat roots, the other Peasan,
They nothing differ in the stuff,
But both extinguish like a snuff:
Why then poor man should it thy soul dismay,
To sally out of these gross walls of clay?

And now my dear Friend adieu, and live eternally in that world of endless life 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

Westmin. 15 *Aug.* 1630. *Your* J. H.

LXXIV. *To*

LXXIV.

To Sir R. Gr. *Knight and Bar.*

Noble Sir,

I Had yours upon Maundy Thursday late, and the reason that suspended my answer till now, was, that the season engaged me to sequester my thoughts from my wonted negotiations to contemplate the great work of mans *Redemption*, so great, that were it cast in counterballance with his creation, it would out-poyze it for I summon'd all my intellectuals to meditate upon those passions, upon those pangs, upon that despicable and most dolorous death, upon that cross whereon my Saviour suffer'd, 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 alter whereon it was offer'd; I applyed 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 serue up my spirits to reach it, the more I am swallowed in a gulf of admiration, 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-week, divers of their greatest Princes and Ladies will betake themselves to some convent or reclus'd house to wean themselves from all worldly encombrances, 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 *Byron* now Marshal of *France*, having been long persecuted by Cardinal *Richelieu*: put himself so into a Monastery, and his next day news was brought him of the Cardinals death, which I believe made him spend the rest of the week with the more devotion in that way. *France* braggs that our Saviour had his face turn'd 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 Christian 4000 years before him of *France*, (as all Historians

concur) notwithstanding that he arrogates to himself the title of the first Son of the Church.

Let this serve for part of my Apology: the day following, my Saviour being in the grave, I had no lift to look much abroad, but continued my retiredness, 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 winnow his thoughts from the chaff and tares of the world before-hand: This then took up a good part of that day to provide my self a wedding garment, that I might be a fit guest at so precious a banquet, so precious, that Manna and Angels food are but course 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,

Your most ready and humble servitor,
J. H.

Fleet 30 *April*, 1647.

LXXV.

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 my self. *There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest; I trusted* T. 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: Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his, nor would I exchange my dammage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the Comic Poet speaks of,* plenus rimarum, *he is full of Chinks, he can hold nothing: you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two, but* Tom *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 injoyn'd me silence, and I had promis'd it, though I had been shut up in* Perillus *brasen Bull, I should not have bellowed it out; I find it now true, that he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his*

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 my self is to expunge him quite ex albo amicorum, *to rase him out of the catalogue of my* Friends, *(though I cannot of my* acquaintance*) where your name is inserted in great golden Characters: I will endeavour to lose 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 blaterons*

Odi illos ceu claustra Erebi ———

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 to serve you,

From the Fleet 14. J. H.
Febr. 1647.

LXXVI.

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 indearments 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 10 and 15 current, I am sorry to hear of your *achaques*, and so often in disposition 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 us'd to be breath'd 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 whirle-winds of wars; but I fear, that while *France* sets all wheels a going, and stirs all the *Cacodæmons* 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 Saint *Mark* and puzzle the peace of *Italy*. I want faith to believe it yet, nor can I entertain in my

I C 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* 'twixt us and them once again, *dear* indeed, for they have cost us first and last, above nineteen hundred thousand pound 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 *mestizos* 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 *Seas* emptied shortly, and some do hope to find abundance of Treasure in the bottom of them, as no doubt they will, but many doubt that it will prove but *aurum Tolosanum* to the finders, God grant that from *Acrians* we turn not to be *Arrians*: The Earl of *Straffore* was accounted by his very enemies to have an extraordinary Talent of judgement and parts (though 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 Star gazers, who obtrude to the world such confident bold Predictions, and are so familiar with heavenly bodies, that *Ptolemy*, and *Tychobrach* 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 busie upon any part of the earth that was enlightned with the beams of Christianity nor do I wonder at it, for there's never a cross left to fright him away: *Edenburgh* I hear is fallen into a relapse of the Plague, the last they had rag'd 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; *Don* 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

so

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 *Eagles* wings are pretty well clip'd, 'tis time to look that your *flower-de-luce* grow not too rank, 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 clowded for a time that he cannot shoo the beams of Majesty with that lustre he was wont to do: never did Cavalier woos fair Lady as he wooes the Parliament to a peace, 'tis much the *Head* should to stoop to the *Members*.

Farewel my noble Friend, cheer up, and reserve your self for better days; take our royal Master for your pattern, who for his longanimity, patience, courage and constancy is admir'd of all the world, and in a passive way of fortitude hath out-gone all the nine *Worthies*. If the *Cedar* be to 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,

THough you know well that in the carriage and course of my rambling life, I had occasion to be as the *Dutchman* saith, a *Landloper*, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travell'd more since I have been immur'd and martyr'd 'twixt these walls than ever I did before, for I have travelled 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 ones self, to be his own Geometrician: If one do so, he need not gad abroad to see Fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling o're of ones self, is one of the paths that leads a man to Paradise, it is true, that 'tis a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd Comerads, 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 turn many times to be good fellows, and the best company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls, I am never less alone, than when I am alone, I am oft-times *sole*, but seldom solitary: some there are, who are over-postered with these companions, and have too much *mind* for their bodies, but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with *England*) many strange things happened here, which posterity 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 success good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other, nor are there any contingencies present or future, but they have their parallels from time passed for the great wheel of *Fortune*, upon whose Rim (as the twelve signs upon the *Zodiac*) all worldly chances are emboss'd, turns round perpetually, and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human Actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution, which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly: if the *Liturgy* is now suppress'd the *Missal* and the Roman *Breviary* was us'd so a hundred years since: If *Crosses*, *Church-Windows*, *Organs*, and *Fonts* are now battered down, I little wonder at it, for *Chappels*, *Monasteries*, *Hermitaries*, *Nunneries*, and other Religious Houses were us'd so in the time of old King *Henry*; If *Bishops* and *Deans* are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for *Abbots*, *Priors*, *and the Pope himself* had that fortune here, an age since; That our King is reduc'd to this pass, I do not wonder much at it, for the first time I travell'd *France*, *Lewis* the thirteenth (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that Countrey had) in a dangerous civil War was brought to such straights; for he was brought to dispence with part of his Coronation Oath, to remove from his *Court of Justice*, from the *Counsel Table*, from his very *Bedchamber* 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 that 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 *Spanish* Counsels did predominate 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

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 recompence ill times with better, if we can live to ſee them, which I pray you may do, whatſoever becomes of

From the Fleet, London 3 *Mar.* 1676.

Your ſtill moſt faithful humble Servitor, J. H.

LXXVIII.

To Sir K. D. *at his houſe in Saint* Martins *Lane.*

SIR,

THat Poem which you pleaſed to approve of ſo highly in a Manuſcript, it is now manumitted, and made free denizen 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 entirely devoted, *Servitor*, J. H.

To

To the intelligent Reader.

AMongst 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 amongst 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 dissyllables, 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 then the* French, *whereby divers letters are spar'd, as* P[illegible]ic, L[illegible]gic, Africk, *not* Physique, Logique, Afrique; favor, honor, l[illegible]r, [illegible]ur, honour, labour, *and very many more [illegible] be omi[illegible]* Dutch k, *in most words; here you shall read* [illegible] *not* p[illegible]ple [illegible]re, *not* treasure, toung, *not* ton-gue, *&c.* Parliament *not* Parl[illegible]ment, busines, witnes, sicknes, *not* business, witness, sickness, star, war, far, *not* starre, warre, farre, *and multitudes of such words, wherein the two last Letters may well be spar'd. Here you shall also read* pity, piety, witty, *not* piti-e, pieti-e, witti-e, *as strangers at first sight pronounce them, and abundance of such like words.*

The new Academy of wits call'd l' Academie de beaux esprits, *which the late Cardinal* de Richeliu *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 expos'd themselves to this contumelious Proverb,* The Frenchman doth neither pronounce as he writes, nor speaks as he thinks, nor sing as he pricks.

Aristotle hath 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 observ'd in Orthography.*

A THIRD

A *THIRD VOLUME* OF Familiar LETTERS, *Of a fresher Date.*

I.

To the Right Honourable Edward *Earl of* Dorset, (*Lord Chamberlain of his Majesties Houshould*, &c.) *at* Knowles.

My Lord,

HAving so advantagious a hand as Doctor *S. Turner*, I am bold to send your Lordship a new Tract of *French* Philosophy, call'd *L'usage de Passions*, which is cryed up to be a choice piece. It is a Moral Discourse of the right use of *Passions*, the *Conduct* whereof as it is the principal Employment of *Vertue*, so the *Conquest* of them is the difficultest part of *Valour*: To *know* ones self is much, but to *conquer* ones 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 ballanc'd, and in subjection unto him, but like *Muscovia* wives, they will oftentimes insult, unless they be check'd, yet we should make them our *Servants* not our *Slaves*. Touching the occurrences of the times, since the King was snatch'd 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 *Tantaliz'd*, being brought often within the sight

ſight of *London* and ſo off again : there are hopes that ſomething will be done to his advantage ſpeedily; becauſe the Gregarian Soldiers and groſs of the army is well affected to him, though ſome of the chiefeſt Commanders be ſtill averſe.

For Forreign News, they ſay *St. Mark* bears up ſtoutly againſt *Mahomet* both by Land and Sea: In *Dalmatia* he hath of late ſhaken him by the Turban ill-favouredly ; I could heartily wiſh that our Army here were there to help the *Republick*, and combat the Common Enemy, for then one might be ſure to die in the bed of Honour. The commotions in *Sicily* are quaſh'd, but thoſe of *Naples* increaſe, and 'tis like to be a more raging and voracious fire than *Veſuvius*, or any of the ſulphurious Mountains about her did ever belch out : The *Catalan* and *Portuguez* bait the *Spaniard* on both ſides, but the firſt hath ſhrewder 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 horridſt things happen'd 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 *Africk*, where the Emperor of *Ethiopia* (with two of his Sons) was encountred and kill'd in open field by the Groom of his Camels and Dromedaries, who had levied an army out of the dreggs of the People againſt him, and is like to hold that ancient Empire in *Aſia*. The *Tartar* broke o're the four hundred mil'd wall, and ruſh'd into the heart of *China*, as far as *Quinzay*, and beleager'd the very Palace 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 *Seraglio* 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 chiefeſt Counſellors, Favourites, and Officers before his face, and dragging their bodies to the Market-place, their heads were chopp'd off, thrown into Veſſels of hot water, and ſo ſet upon Poles to burn more bright before the Court gate : In *Naples* a common fruterer hath raiſed ſuch an Inſurrection, that they ſay above 60 Men have bin ſlain already upon the ſtreets of that City alone : *Catalonia* and *Portugal* have quite revolted from *Spain*. Your Lordſhip knows what knocks have been 'twixt the Pope and *Parma*: The *Pole* and the *Coſacks* are hard at it, *Venice* wraſtleth with the *Turk*, and is like to loſe

her

her Maiden head unto him, unlêſs other Chriſtian Princes look to it in time: and touching theſe three Kingdoms, there's [illegible] more capable than your Lordſhip to judge what monſtrous thi[illegible] ave happen'd; ſo that it ſeems the whole earth is off the hinges [illegible] 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 ears, the States of *Holland* would be quiet, for advice is come that the peace is concluded, and interchangeably ratified 'twixt 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

Marte triumphabis Batavia, Pace *peribis*.

The King of *Denmark* hath buried lately his eldeſt Son *Chriſtian*, ſo that he hath now but one living, viz. *Frederic*, who is Arch-Biſhop of *Breme*, and is ſhortly to be King Eleſt.

My Lord, this Lettter runs upon Univerſals, 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 humility I kiſs your hands, being

My Lord,

From the *Fleet*, this 20 of *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 [illegible] that more ſubtile Air of yours, *tinſel* ſometimes paſſes for *tiſſue*, *Venice* Beads for Pearl, and Demicaſters for Bevers; But I know you have ſo diſcerning a judgement, that you will not ſuffer your ſelf 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

I make a business of it to be punctual in my answers to you, let our [illegible] as Ecchoes, let them bound back and make mutual rer[illegible]s, I know you that breath upon the Continent have c[illegible]echoes there, witness that in the *Twilleries*, specially that a[illegible] *enton* Bridge, which quavers and renders the voice ten times when 'tis open Weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turn'd upside down, and it hath been long a going so, you know a good while since we have had leather Caps and Bever shooes, but now the Arms are come to be leggs, for Bishops Lawn-sleeves are worn for Boot-house tops; the wast is come to the knee, for the Points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there. Boots and shooes are so long snouted that one can hardly kneel in Gods 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 Cross to fright him any where, and it seems he was never so busie in any Country upon earth, for there have been more witches Arraign'd and Executed here lately than ever were in this Island since the Creation.

I have no more to communicate unto 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 contentment to live among the Elements, and (were it my Makers 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 entirely 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

Your most faithful Servitor

The Fleet 20 *Feb.* 1646. J. H.

XI. To

III.

To Master W. B.

SIR,

I Had yours of the last week, and by reason of some sudden encombrances 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 'tis a Subject fitter for a Treatise than a Letter, yet I will endeavour to satisfie you in some part.

Touching the word Πρεσβύτερος, it is as ancient as Christianity it self, and every Church-man compleated in holy Orders was called *Presbyter*, as being the chiefest name of the Function, and so 'tis us'd in all Churches both Eastern and Occidental to this day: We by contraction call him *Priest*, so that all Bishops and Arch-Bishops are Priests though not *vice versa*: These holy Titles of Bishop and Priest are now grown odious among such poor Sciolists who scarce know the Hoties of things, because they savor of Antiquity: Though their *Minister* that officiates in their Church be the same thing as *Priest*, and their *superintendent* the same thing as *Bishop*: but because they are lovers of novelties, they change old *Greek* words for new *Latin* ones. The first broacher of the Presbyterian Religion, and made it differ from that of *Rome* and *Luther*, was *Calvin*; who being once banished *Geneva*, was revok'd, at which time he no less petulantly than prophanely applyed himself to 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 Episcopal *Sea*, and Church-Lands were made secular, which was the white they levell'd at. This *Geneva* Bird flew thence to *France* and hatch'd the *Huguenots*, which make about the tenth part of that People: it took wing also to *Bohemia* and *Germany* high and low, as the *Palatinate*, the land of *Hesse*, and the Confederate Provinces of the States of *Holland*, whence it took flight to *Scotland* and *England*: It took first footing in *Scotland*, when King *James* was a child in his Cradle, but when he came to understand himself, and was manumitted from *Buchanan*, he grew cold in it, and being come to *England* he utterly disclaim'd it, terming it in a publick Speech of his to the Parliament, a *Sect* rather than a *Religion*. To this Sect may be imputed all the failures that have happen'd in Christianity, with most of the Wars that have lacerated poor *Europe* ever since, and it may be called the Source of the civil distractions that now afflict [illegible] *Ireland*.

Thus

Thus have I endeavoured to fulfil your desires in part, I shall enlarge my self further when I shall be made happy with your conversation here, till when, and always, I rest

Your most affectionate to love and serve you,
J. H.

From the *Fleet* this 29 of *Novem.* 1647.

IV.

To Sir J. S. *Knight at* Roüen.

SIR,

OF all the blessings that ever dropt down from Heaven upon Man, that of his *Redemption* may be call'd the blessing paramont; 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't, and that in the highest degree, 'tis rank poison to some, though a most sovereign cordial to others, *ad modum recipientis*, as the Schoolmen say, whether they take *panem Dominum*, as the *Roman Catholic*,or *panem Domini*, as the *Reformed Churches*; The Bee and the Spider suck honey and poison out of one Flower. This, Sir, you have divinely expressed in the Poem you pleas'd to send me upon this subject, and whereas you seem to wooe my Muse to such a task, something you may see she hath done in pure obedience only to your commands.

Upon the holy Sacrament.

1.

Hail Holy Sacrament,
—The Worlds great Wonderment,
Mysterious Banquet, much more rare
Then Manna, *or the Angels fare;*
Each crumm, though Sinners on Thee feed,
Doth Cleopatra's *Pearl exceed:*
Oh how my soul *doth hunger, thirst, and pine*
—After these Cates so precious so divine!

2.

Shee *need not bring her stool*
As some unbidden fool;
The Master of this heavenly Feast
Invites and woees her for his Guest,

Though

Though deaf and lame, forlorn and blind,
Yet welcome here shee's sure to find
So that she bring a Vestment for the day,
And her old tatter'd rags throw quite away.

3.

This is Bethsaida's *Pool*
That can both cleanse and cool
Poor leprous and diseased souls,
An Angel here keeps and controuls,
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 Lilly bends
In a Sea-compass, and still tends
By a Magnetic Mystery
Unto the Artic point in skie.
Whereby the wandring Piloteer
His course in gloomy nights doth steer.

So the small Needle *of my heart*
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Atomes *of love and so attracks*
All my affections, which like Sparks
Fly up, and guide my soul by this
To the true centre of her bliss.

As one Taper lightneth another, so were my spirits enlightned 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 chance, *Præ quo quisquilia cætera.* You shall hear further from me within a few days, in the interim be pleas'd to reserve still in your thoughts some little room for

From the Fleet,
10 of Decemb.
1647

Your most entirely affectionate
Servitor,
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 Lawyers study, or Scriveners 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 Monster in* Scotland *in* James *the 4ths. 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 shews that the judgement is seated in the* animal *parts, not in the* vital *which are lodg'd 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 ranked among the number of* the living or dead *(being but four inches distant from drowning, only the thickness of a plank) so 'tis a doubt whether the* Merchant *adventurer be to be numbred 'twixt the* rich *or the* poor, *his estate being in the mercy of that devouring element the Sea, which hath so good a stomack 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 compar'd to a fat Cheese which is most subject to ingender magots. God amend all, and me first, who am*

Yours most faithfully to serve you,

Fleet, this St. Tho. day. J. H.

VI. *To*

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 perfum'd with delight and pleasure, as the rich scented gloves I wear for your sake; May such benedictions attend you both, as the Epithalamiums of* Stellatus Statius, *and* Julia *in* Catullus *speak of; I hope also to be married shortly to a Lady whom I have woed 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 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* amnestia *in him of his friends here upon the* Thames, *among whom for reality and seriousness I may march among the foremost, but I impute it to some new task that his Muse might haply impose upon him, which hath ingross'd all his speculations; I pray present my cordial kind respects unto him.*

So praying that a thousand blisses may attend this confarreation, I rest my dear Nephew

Yours most affectionately to
love and serve you,
J. H.

From the Fleec this
20 of March, 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* Spains *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 oar 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 belly open: A leaf or two being slept one 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 pouring long upon a book, or is toil'd with the pen, and stupified with study, it quickneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually oreset the brain. The smoak of it is one of the wholsomest sents that is, against all contagious airs, for it oremasters all other smells, as King James *they say found true, when being once a hunting, a shower of rain drave him into a sigsty for shelter, where he caus'd a pipe full to be taken of purpose: It cannot endure a Spider, or a Flea, with such like vermin, and if your Hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers it frees him: It is good to fortifie and preserve the sight, the smoak 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 Cholick, and taken into the stomach 'twill heat and cleanse it; for I could instance in a great Lord (my Lord of* Sunderland, *President of* York) *who told me, that he taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up an impostume bag and all, which had been a long time engendring out of a bruise he had receiv'd at football, and so preserv'd his life for many years. Now to descend from the substance of the smoak 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 conclusion how much smoak 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 weighed afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be denied to have been smoak, 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 smutchin, 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 plowshare, when they are tir'd with labour, take out their boxes of smutchin and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again. In* Barbary *and other parts of* Africk *'tis wonderful what a small pill of Tobacco will do; for those who use to ride post through the sandy deserts, where they meet not with any thing that's potable or edible, sometimes three days 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 edge of the appetite for some days.*

if

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern Herb, you must read Doctor Thorus pætologie, *an accurate piece couchd in a strenuous heroic verse full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last; Insomuch that for the bigness it may be compard to any piece of antiquity, and in my opinion is beyond* βατραχομυομαχία, *or* γαλεομυομαχία.

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept this small argument of my great respects unto 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 affection is fire, *you shall need no other than the clear flames of the Donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this Distich.*

Ignis Amor si sit, Tobaccum accendere 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 my self a most happy new year; may the beginning be good, the middle better, and the end best of all.

1 January, 1646.

Your most faithful and truly affectionate servitor, *J. H.*

VIII.

To the Right Honourable 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 pleas'd to weigh well the reasons: *Learning* is a thing that hath been much cryed up, and coveted in all ages, specially in this last century of years, by People of all sorts, though never so mean and mechanical; every man strains his fortunes to keep his children at School, the Cobler will clout it till midnight, the Porter will carry burthens till his bones crack again, the Ploughman 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 restrain it only to the *Book*, whereas indeed, any artisan whatsoever (if he know the secret and mystery of his Trade) may be call'd a learned man; A good *Mason*, a good *Shoemaker*, that can manage Saint *Crispins* lance handsomely, a skilful *Yeoman*, a good *Shipwright*, &c. may

be all call'd learned men, and indeed the usefullest sort of learned men, for without the two first, we might go barefoot, and lye abroad 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 *Polymathists*, that stand poring all day in a corner upon a moth eaten Author, and converse only with dead men; The *Chinese* (who are the next neighbours to the rising Sun on this part of the Hemisphere, and consequently the acutest) have a wholsome piece of policy, *that the son is always of the fathers Trade*, and this and the learning he aims at, which makes them admirable artisans, for besides the dextrousness and propensity of the child, being descended lineally from so many of the same trade, the Father is more careful to instruct him, and to discover unto 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 *R. Grosthead* 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 mony 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 humor 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 a State, than a meer Scholar, then a only self-pleasing student, he is,

——— *Tellurisinutile pondus.*

The *Goths* forbore 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 *Syracusa* 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 *Angelical* Doctor, and of *Bonadventure* the *Seraphical* Doctor, of whom *Alex. Hales* (our Countryman and his Master) reports whether it appear'd not in him that

Adam

Adam had sinn'd: 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 cryed out, *Conclusum est contra Manichæos*, The other fell a gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he lik'd her, he answered, 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 meer book men, your deep Clerks, whom we call the only learned men, are not always the civillest or the best moral men: Nor is too great a number of them convenient for any state, leading a soft sedentary life, specially those 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 Common-wealth 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 ascrib'd that spiritual pride, that variety of Dogmatists which swarm among us: Add hereunto that the excessive number of those which 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, specially the last, make them of far less esteem. There is an odd opinion among us, that he who is a contemplative man, a man who wedds himself to his study, and swallows many books, must needs be a profound Schollar, and a great learned man, though 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 lyeth upon dead lees, and never grows fit to be broach'd: Besides, he may want judgement 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 cryed up for great Clerks, who want discretion. Others though they wade deep into the causes and knowledge of things, yet they are subject to serue 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 through bryery odd uncouth paths, and so fall into the fallacy call'd *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, though they be but smatterers and meer 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 suck'd in, they are accounted great Schollers. Amongst all book learned men, except the *Divine*, to whom all learned men should be laquays, the Philosopher who hath waded through all the Mathematicks, who hath div'd into the secrets of the elementary world, and converseth also with celestial bodies, may be term'd a learned man: the critical *Historian* and *Antiquary* may be call'd also a learned man, who hath convers'd with our Forefathers, and observ'd the carriage and contingencies of matters pass'd, whence he draws instances and cautions for the benefit of the *Times* he lives in: The *Civilian* may be call'd 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 carryed in a wheelbarrow*, as my Countryman Dr. *Gwin* told Judge *Finch*: The Physician must needs be a learned man, for he knows himself inward and outward, being well vers'd in *Autology*, in that lesson *Nosce Teipsum*; and as *Adrian* the sixth 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 term'd a useful learned man, specially if vers'd 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, then your self, 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

IX.

To Doctor J. D.

S I R,

I *Have many* ſorts of Civilities to thank you for, but among the reſt, I thank you a thouſand times (twice told) for that delightful ſit of Society, and conference of Notes we had lately in this little *Fleet*-Cabin of mine upon divers Problems, and upon ſome which are exploded (and that by thoſe who ſeem to ſway moſt in the Common wealth of Learning) for *Paradoxes* meerly by an *implicite* faith without diving at all into the Reaſons of the Aſſertors: And whereas you promiſed a further expreſſion of your ſelf by way of a Diſcourſive Letter what you thought of *Copernicus* opinion touching the movement of the earth, which hath ſo ſtirr'd 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 concave of the Moon, which I willingly undertook upon thoſe conditions. To acquit my ſelf 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 priviledge an Error, ſo Novelty cannot prejudice Truth*: Now, *Truth* hath her degrees of growing and expanding her ſelf 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 Embroy's or Problems, nay ſome of them ſeem to be meer Paradoxes at firſt: The opinion that there were *Antipodes* was exploded when it was firſt broach'd, it was held abſurd and ridiculous, and the thing it ſelf to be as impoſſible as it was for men to go upon their heads, with their heels upwards, nay, 'twas adjudg'd to be ſo dangerous a Tenet, that you know well the Biſhops name who in the primitive Church was by ſentence of condemnation ſent out of this world without a Head to go to and dwell amongſt 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 Tropicks 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 ſeem'd 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

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 in the Air, sails were held then as uncouth, as if one should attempt to make himself wings to mount up to heaven *a 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 observ'd not to throw down all gifts and knowledge to mankind confusedly at once, but in a regular parsimonious method, to disperse 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 Hysope to the Cedar: *One day teacheth another*, and one age rectifieth another; The morrow hath more experience than the precedent day, and is oftentimes able to be his Schoolmaster; The Grandchild laughs at some things that were done in his Grandfiers days; Insomuch that hence it may well be interr'd, that natural human knowledge is not yet mounted to its Meridian, and highest point of elevation. I confess it cannot be denyed without great 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*, was 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-liv'd 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 longævity of things. We are more properly the older Cosmopolites: In this respect the *Cadet* may be term'd more ancient then his elder brother, because the world was older when he entred into it. Moreover, besides *Truth*, *Time* hath also another daughter which is *Experience*, who holds in her hands the great Looking-glass of Wildom 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 analogy with those of this Elementary world*; Although it be not my purpose to maintain and absolutely assert this Problem, yet I will say this, that whosoever cryeth it down for a new *heterical opinion*, as divers do, commit a grosser error than the opinion may be in its own nature: For 'tis almost as ancient as Philoso-

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phy her self, 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* avouch'd it, the first of whom was pronounc'd 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 these modern times the most speculative and scientificall'st Men, both in *Germany* and *Italy* seem to adhere to it, subinnuating that not only the Sphear of the Moon is peopled with *Selenites* or Lunary men, but that likewise every Star in Heaven is a peculiar world of it self, which is Coloniz'd and replenish'd with *Astrean* Inhabitants, as the Earth, Sea, and Air are with Elementary; The body of the Sun not excepted, who hath a so his *Solar* Creatures, and these 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 *Astrean* Inhabitants are of a mixt 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 tho 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 *Beatifical 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 refin'd there they ascend to some higher Star, and so to some higher than that, till at last by these degrees 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 beforehand by certain degrees, which might be done by passing from one Star to another, who, 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

one, who by artificial prospectives hath brought us to a nearer commerce with Heaven, by drawing it sixteen times nearer earth then it was before in occular appearance, by the advantage of the said optic Instrument.

Among other arguments which the Assertors of Astrean Inhabitants do produce for proof of this high point, one is, that it is neither repugnant to *Reason* or *Religion* to think, that the Almighty Fabricator of the Universe, who doth nothing in vain nor suffers his handmaid Nature to do so, when he created the Erratic and fixed stars, he did not make those huge immense bodies, whereof most are bigger than the earth and Sea, though conglobated to twinkle only, and to be an ornament to the roof of heaven, but he plac'd in the convex of every one of those vast capacious spheres some living creatures to glorifie his Name, among whom there is in every one of them supereminent like *man*, upon *earth* to be Lord paramount of all the rest; To this happly may allude the old opinion that there is a peculiar *Intelligence* 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 purest, the most immaterial and refined'st 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 diffonant from the opinion of the *Turk*, who holds that the Sun is a great burning globe design'd 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 high 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 wholsome 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 unto him in the generation and encrease 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 unto him, and take up his burthen, That he can make the fierce Bull though ten

times

times ſtronger than himſelf to endure his yoke; that he can ſetch down the Eagle from his neſt, with ſuch priviledges: 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 *footſtool*, and though ſome take it to be the *Centre*, 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 *Triſmegiſt* ſay, that *Terra non mundus eſt nequitiæ locus*, The *Earth*, not the *World* is the ſeat of wickedneſs; And though, '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 fulneſs of my opinion in this point, till I receive yours touching *Copernicus*.

It hath bin always my practice in the ſearch and eventilation of natural verities, to keep to my ſelf a Philoſophical freedom, as not to make any ones opinion ſo magiſterical and binding, but that I might be at liberty to recede from it upon more pregnant and powerful reaſons. For as in Theological tenents 'tis a rule, *Quicquid non deſcendit a monte Scripturæ, eadem authoritate contemnitur, qua approbatur*; Whatſoever deſcends 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 phyſical truths, *Quicquid non deſcendit a monte Rationis, &c.* Whatſoever deſcends 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,

Fleet this 2 of Novem. 1647. *Your faithful Servant,* J. H.

X.

To the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

Madam,

THoſe rays of goodneſs which are diffuſedly ſcatter'd in others, are all concentred in you, which were they divided into equal portions were enough to compleat a whole Jury of Ladies; This draws you a mixture of love and envy, or rather an admiration from all who know you, ſpecially from me, and that in ſo high a degree, that if you would ſuffer your ſelf to be

adored

adored, you ſhould quickly find me *Religious* in that kind; How ſoever I am bold to ſend 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 vertues: And if you pleaſe to lay any of your commands upon me, your will ſhall be a law unto me, which I will obſerve with as much allegiance as any branch of *Magna Charta*, they ſhall be as binding to me as *Lycurgus*'s laws were to the *Spartans*, and to this I ſubſcribe

Fleet this 20 of Aug. 1647. J. H.

XI.

To R. B. *Eſquire*, *at* Grunsburgh.

S R,

WHen I o're 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 plac'd. If any thing upon earth, partakes of Angelick 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 my ſelf much in the ſpeculation of it.

I am glad you are ſo well return'd 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 reſtleſs, though 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 apace to the top of the wheel: I hope there will be no cauſe to apply to them the old verſe I learnt at School,

Aſperius nihil eſt humili cum ſurgit in altum.

But there is a tranſcendent over-ruling providence, who cannot only check the rowlings of this petty wheel, and ſtrike a nail into it that it ſhall not ſtir, but ſtay alſo when he pleaſeth the motions of thoſe vaſt ſphears or Heaven, where the ſtars are always ſtirring, as likewiſe the whirlings of the *Primum Mobile* it ſelf, which the Aſtronomers ſay draws all the world after it in a rapid revolution, that divine providence vouchſafe to check the motions of that malevolent Planet, which hath ſo long lowr'd up on poor

poor *England* and send us better days. So saluting you with no vulgar respects, I rest my dear Nephew,

Fleet this 26 of July 1646. *Yours most affectionately to serve you,* J. H.

XII.

To Mr. Em. P. *at* Paris.

SIR,

That which the Plots of the Jesuits in their dark Cells, and the policy of the greatest Roman Catholick 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 so great a glory and power to be in one Heretical *Prince his hands (as they esteem'd 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 further than the rind of things, for Cabinet-Councel rather rejoyceth 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 serv'd that Nation for a brand to set* England *afire 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 applyed to poor* England, I was well, I would be better, I took Physic and dyed. *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 to 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 *Tongue*; I have known divers, and of those pregnant and ripe capacities, who had spent more oyl and time in those Countrys, yet

yet could they not arrive 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 *Spartam nactus*, which was but a petty Republic, *sed Italiam & Galliam nactus es, hanc ornа*; you have got all *Italy* and *France*, adorn these.

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 convers'd withal: Neither have you courted only all their fair Cities, Castles, Houses of Pleasure, and other places of curiosity, but you have pryed into the very mysteries of their Government, as I find by those 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 Ambassadour 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 hear 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 'tis feared the *Spanish* will out-weary the *French* last in fighting, for the *Earth* her self, I mean 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 imployed to correspond with a Gentleman of such choice and gallant parts; In which desires I rest

29 *Aug.* 1649. *Your most affectionate and faithful Servitor*, J.H

XIV.

To Mr. W. B.

HOw glad was I, my choice and precious Nephew, to receive yours of the 24 current, wherein I was sorry; though 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 though 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 fool'd her self into a slavery, the Army, though forbidden to come within ten miles of Her by Order of Parliament, quarters now in the Bowels of Her; they threaten to break her Percullies, 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 doth insensibly creep upon us, and the Mint is starv'd for want of Bullion; *Trade* which was ever the sinew of this Island doth visibly decay, and the *Insurance* of Ships is risen from two to ten in the hundred: Our Gold is ingrossed in private hands, or gone beyond Sea to travel without License, and much I believe of it is return'd to the earth (whence it first came) to be buried where our late Nephews may chance to find it a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, so that the exchanging of white earth into red (I mean silver into gold) is now above six in the hundred: and all these with many more are the dismal effects and concomitants of a civil War. 'Tis true, we have had many such *black* days in *England* in former ages, but those parallel'd to the present are as the shadow of a *Mountain* compar'd 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 chear us again with the light of his countenance. And I am well assur'd you will joyn with me in the same Orison to Heavens gate; in which confidence I rest,

From the Fleet, 10 *of Decemb.* 1647.

Yours most affectionately to serve you, J. H.

XV.

To Sir K. D. *at* Paris.

SIR,

NOw, that you are return'd, and fix'd 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 infortunate Isle when you did, and got your liberty by such a royal mediation as the Queen Regents, for had you staid, you would have taken but little comfort in your life, in regard that ever since there have been the fearfullest distractions here that ever happen'd upon any part of the earth, a Bellum kind of inhumanity never rang'd so among men, insomuch that the whole Country might have taken it appellation from the smallest part thereof, and be call'd the *Isle of Dogs*; for all humanity, common honesty, and that Manuetude 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* humor hath ſeiz'd upon moſt of this People, a true *lycanthrophy*, 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 happieſt who is furtheſt off from this woful Iſland. The King is ſtreightned of that liberty he formerly had in the Iſle of *Wight*, and as far as I ſee, may make up the number of *Nebuchadnezzars* 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 adjoyn the true reſpects of

From the Fleet, this 5 of May, 1647.

Your moſt faithful humble Servitor,
J. H.

XVI.
To Mr. W. Blois *in* Suffolk.

SIR,

YOurs of the ſeventeenth 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 my ſelf much in the contemplation of it, as alſo in the continuance of this Letter correſpondence, which is perform'd on your part with ſuch ingenuous expreſſions, and embroder'd 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 near the Shore, yet is ſtill toſs'd back by contrary winds, ſo I have had frequent hopes of freedom, but ſome croſs 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 'twas a great exploit whereof I am not ſorry, in regard that the Engliſh have regain'd hereby the honor which they had loſt abroad of late years in the opinion of the world, ever ſince the Pacification at *Barwick*, and divers traverſes of War ſince. What *Hamiltons* deſign was is a myſtery, moſt think that he intended no good either to King or Parliament.

So

So with my daily more and more endeared affections unto *you I rest,*

Fleet 7 May, 1647.

Yours ever to love and serve you, J. H.

XVII.

To Mr. R. Baron *in* Paris.

Gentle Sir,

I *Receiv'd and presently ran over your* Cyprian Academy *with much greedinesse, and no vulgar delight, and Sir, I hold my self much humor'd for the Dedication you have been pleas'd to make thereof to me, for it deserv'd a far higher Patronage: Truly, I must tell you without any Complement, 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 handsomely, 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 unweldy 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* Mazarini *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 'twixt* 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

Fleet, this 20 of June, 1647.

Yours most entirely to love and serve you while,

Jam. Howel.

XVIII.

To Mr. Tho. More *at* York.

SIR,

I *have often partak'd 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 hand, wherein methought each line, each word, each syllable breath'd out the Passions of a clear and candid soul, of a vertuous and gentle spirit; Truly Sir, as I might perceive by your ingenious 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 of extasie possess'd 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 extraordinary parts of vertue and worth which I have discover'd in you, and such a love is the most Permanent as you shall find in*

Elect 1 *of Sep.* 1647.

Your most affectionate Uncle, J. H.

XIX.

To Mr. W. B. 30 *Maii.*

SIR,

YOur 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 Vegetals, they did cast a greater suavity than the *Arabian* spices use to do in the grand *Cayro*, 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, specially in the court of the City, in and about *Pauls* 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 through it, which was accounted one of his twelve labours: but it was a bitter taunt of the *Italian* who passing by *Pauls* Church, and seeing it full of horses, *Now I perceive* (said he) *that Church and Mass and Stable agree alike*: No more now, but that I am

Your most faithful Servant, J. H.

XX.

XX.

To Sir *Paul Pindar* Knight, upon the version of an *Italian* piece into English, call'd St. *Paul's* Progress upon earth; a new and a notable kind of Satyr.

SIR,

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 convertant 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, and have been so since I first knew you, therefore as a small testimony hereof, I send you this fresh fancy compos'd by a Noble Personage in* Italian, *of which language you are so great a Master.*

For the first part of the Discourse which consists of a Dialogue 'twixt 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* Christs Passion, *which may serve to free it from all exceptions. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and am,*

Sir,

Fleet 25 Martii. 1646.

Your very humble and ready Servant,
J. H.

XXI.

To Sir Paul Neale *Knight, upon the same Subject.*

SIR,

SAint *Paul* cannot reascend 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 ma-

my 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 'twixt the Pope and the Duke of *Parma*, with the grounds, procedure, and success 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, though shallow ones) to enchain himself to a verbal servitude, and the sense of another. Moreover, Translations *are but as turn coated things at best, specially 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 compar'd to the* English. *Or I may say* Translations *are like the wrong side of a* Turky *Carpet, which seeth 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 tane off the lees, and powr'd into other vessels, that must needs lose somewhat of their first strength and briskness, which in the powring, or passage rather evaporates into air.*

Moreover touching Translations, it is to be observ'd, that every language hath certain *Idioms*, proverbs and peculiar expressions of its own, which are not rendible in any other, but paraphrastically, 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 Linners, call'd 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 sence of the Author, with the main design he drives at: and this was the principal thing which was observ'd in this *Version*.

Furthermore, let it not be thought strange that there are some *Italian* words made free denizons of *England* in this discourse, for by such means our language hath grown from time to time to be copious, and still grows more rich, by adopting or *naturalizing*

lizing rather the choicest Foreign words of other Nations, as a Nosegay is nothing else but a tuft of flowers gather'd 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 pleas'd to take this as a small argument of the great respects I owe you for the sundry rare and high vertues I have discover'd 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.

Fleet 25 Martii. *Your most obliged and ready 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 bad) you pleas'd to send me lately; specially that of* Nostredamus, *which I shall be very chary to preserve for you, I could requite you with divers predictions more, and of some of the* British Bards, *which were they translated to* 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* Pengruns, *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 correspond with you in some part for the like courtesie, I send you these following prophetic verses of* White-Hall, *which were made above twenty years ago to my knowledge, upon a Book call'd* Balaams Ass, *that consisted of some invectives against King* James *and the Court* in statu quo tunc: *It was compos'd by one Mr.* Williams *a Counseller of the Temple, but a* Roman *Catholic, who was hang'd, drawn and quarter'd at Charing Cross for it, and I believe there be 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,
Whoſo ere ſhall ſee that day,
Will nothing find within that Court,
But only graſs and hay, &c.

Which was found to happen true in *White-Hall*, 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 Church-man was, the Lawyer is, the Soldier ſhall be.* Welcome be the will of God, who tranſvolves Kingdoms, and tumbles down Monarchies 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 *Honourable Sir* Edward Spencer *Knight at his Houſe near* Branceford.

SIR,

WE are not ſo bear of intelligence between theſe walls, but we can hear of your doings in *Branceford*; That ſo generall applauſe whereby you were cryed up Knight of the ſhire for *Middleſex*, ſounded round about us upon *London* ſtreets, and eccho'd in every corner of the Town; nor do I mingle ſpeech with any, though half affected to you, but highly approves of and congratulates the election, being glad that a Gentleman of ſuch extraordinary parts and probity, as alſo of ſuch a mature judgement ſhould be choſen to ſerve the Publick.

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 a meer negative genius, like *Johannes ad oppoſitum*, who will deny

deny,or at least crofs and puzzle any thing though never so clear in it self,with their *but,yet,if,&c.* they will flap the lie in *Truths* teeth, though she visibly stand before their face without any vizard, such perverse crofs-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 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 busie spirits, and such poor passive creatures upon whom they work, which commonly are call'd *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 *Christendom*, and our Ancestors here in *England* enacted laws against *Witches*; sure they were not so silly as to wast their brains in making laws against Chymeras,against *non entia*, or such as *Plato's Kterismata's* were: The *Judaical* law is apparent in the holy Codex,*Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live*;the *Roman* law which the *Decemviri* made is yet extant in the twelve Tables,*Qui fruges incantassent pœnas danto.* They who shall inchant the fruit of the earth let them be punish'd: The *Imperial* law is known by every Civilian, *Hi cum hostes naturæ sint supplicio afficiantur*: These, meaning Witches,because they are enemies to nature let them be punish'd; 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 lam'd 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 *Charlemains* Mistress inchanted him with a ring,which as long as she had about her,he would not suffer her dead carcase

to

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 cloyed with his excess of favour, threw it into a pond, where the Emperors 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 Saint *Paul* for a *Witch*: Saint *Augustin* speaks of women who could turn men to horses, and make them carry their burthens; *Danæus* 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 *Sweetblands*) corner'd cap, who could make the wind sift to any point of the compass, 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 among the *Romans*; yea, they had Colledges for their Augurs, and Aruspices, who us'd 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 had recourse except the *Jews*. But you will say, that since Christianity displayed her banners, 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 asleep, an airy cold voice came to his ears, saying, *Thamus, Thamus, Thamus, The great God of Pan is dead*, who was the chiefest Oracle of that Country; yet though the light of the Gospel chas'd away these great Owls, there be some Bats and little night birds that fly flit abroad, I mean petty spirits that by secret pactions, 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, and contemn the Sacrament, tread on the Cross, spit at the host, &c.* There is a famous story of such a paction, which Fryer *Louis* made some half a hundred years ago with the Devil in *Marseilles*, who appear'd to him in shape of a Goat, and promis'd him the enjoyment of any woman whom he fancied, with other pleasures for 40 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 [illegible]

to this day with the Devils claw to it) at which time the Fryer was detected for Witchcraft and burnt, and all those children whom he had christned during that term of 14 years were repabtized, the Gentlewomen whom he had abus'd, put themselves into a Nunnery by themselves. Hereunto may be added the great rich *Widdow that* was burn'd in *Lions*, because 'twas prov'd the Devil had lain with her; as also the history of Lieutenant *Jaquette* 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 happen'd to my Lord *Francis* of *Rutlands* children convinc'd him, who were bewitch'd by an old woman that was servant at *Belvoir Castle*, but being displeas'd, she contracted with the Devil (who convers'd with her in form of a Cat, whom she call'd *Rutterkin*) to make away those children, out of meer malignity and thirst of revenge.

But since the beginning of these unnatural Wars there may be a cloud of witnesses produc'd for the proof of this black tenet: for within the compass of two years near upon three hundred witches were arraign'd, and the Major part executed in *Essex* and *Suffolk* only. *Scotland* swarms with them now more then ever, and persons of good quality executed daily.

Thus, Sir, have I hudled 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 then a loose letter.

Touching the new Commonwealth you intend to establish now that you have assign'd 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 vertue which I have discern'd in you, which makes me entitle my self

Fleet this 20 of Febr. 1647.

Your most humble and affectionate faithful Servant, J. H.

XXIV. *To*

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 cur'd, as they say, of the* Kings-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 there is a younger Common-wealth in* Christendom, *than her self. No more now but that I always rest,*

Sir,

Fleet, 20 of *Mar.* 1648.

Your most humble Servitor, J. H.

XXV.

To Mr. W. B. *at* Grundsburgh.

SIR,

NEver credit me if *Liberty* it self be as dear to me as our *Letters*, they come so full of choice, and learned applications, with such free unforc'd 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 ictu
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 though 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 surpriz'd by

by an inexpected occasion, therefore *I* must abruptly break off will you for this time, I will only add, my most dear Nephew, that I rest

June the 3d 1648.

Yours intirely to love and serve you, J.H.

XXVI.

To R. K. *Esquire at St.* Giles.

SIR,

DIfference in *opinion*, no more than a differing *complection*, 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, though mine be *black*, or if I have a *fair* opinion, though another have a hard *favour'd* 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, though 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*, though he hath not the same *Church* for his *Mother*. The omniscient *Creator*, as He is only *Kardiognostic*, so He is the sole Lord of the whole inward man; It is He who reigns o're 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 extention, whereof the one draws from East to West, the other from North to South.

Some of the Pagan Philosophers, specially *Themistius* who was Prætor of *Byzantium*, maintain'd 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 replenish'd with such numberless sorts of several species, and that the *Individuals* of those species differ'd so much one from the other, specially *Mankind*, amongst whom one shall hardly find two in ten thousand that hath exactly (though twins) the same tone of voice, similitude of face, or Idæas of mind therefore, the *God of Nature* ordain'd from the beginning, that he should be worshipped in various and sundry forms of adorations, which nevertheless like to 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 fat broads 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 confus'd 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.

Your most faithful Servant,
J. H.

28*th July*,
1648.

A *FOURTH VOLUME* OF Familiar LETTERS.

I.

To Sir James Crofts *Knight, at his house near* Lemster.

SIR,

EPistles, or (according to the word in use) *Familiar Letters*, may be call'd the *larum 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 so long; yet I would not have this *larum* make any harsh obstreperous sound, but gently summon you to our former correspondence; your returns to me shall be more than *larum 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 Natures *Cabinet Clerks*, that when he slept his *Siesta* (as the *Spaniard* calls it) or afternoon sleep to avoid Excess that way, he us'd 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 *Phantasie* began to work, the ball would fall down, the noise whereof would awake him, and draw the spring-lock back again to let the outward senses at liberty; I have seen in *Italy* a finger-ring which in the bosse 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 pleas'd in the night; Let the *pen* between us have the vertue of that *pin*: but the *Pen* hath a thousand vertues more. You know that *Anser*, *Apis*, *Vitulus*, The Goose, Bee, and the *Calf* do rule the World, the one affording Parchment, the other two sealing Wax, and quils to write withal: You know also how the *gaggling* of Geese did once preserve the Capitol from being surpriz'd by my Country man *Brennus*, which was the first Forreign force that *Rome* felt. But the *Goose quill* doth daily greater things, it conserves Empires, (and the feathers of it gets Kingdoms; witness what exploits the English perform'd by it in *France*) the Quill being the chiefest instrument of intelligence, and the Ambassadors prime tool; Nay, the *quill* is *the usefull'st* thing which preserves that Noble Vertue *Friendship*, who 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 involv'd here in a strange confusion, but the Stars may let down milder influences, therefore chear up, and reprieve your self against better times, for the world would be irksome unto 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 Receiv'd 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 employed to *Flanders* by Queen *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 superscrib'd, To his *dear Wife*, and that for his Wife, *To her most Excellent Majesty*; so that the *Queen* having open'd 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 mony; 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 mony; This perchance may be your policy to endorse me your

brother

brother, thereby to endear me the more unto 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 *brethers*, which the Writer doth think he should do for you, if the case requir'd. But since I am fallen upon Doctor *Dale*, who was a witty kind of Drole, I will tell you instead of news (for there is little *good* stirring now) of two other facetious tales of his: and Familiar *Tales* may become *Familiar Letters* well enough: When Queen *Eliz.* did first propose to him that Foreign employment to *Flanders*, among other encouragements she told him, that he should have 20 s. *per diem* for his expences; then, Madam, said he, I will spend 19 s. a day; What will you do with the odd shilling, the Queen replied? I will reserve that for my *Kate*, and for *Tom* and *Dick*, meaning his wife and Children, this induc'd the Queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be call'd the superlatif of the three, which was, when at the overture of the Treaty the other Ambassadors came to propose in what Language they should treat, The *Spanish* Ambassador answer'd, that the *French* was the most proper, because his Mistriss entitled her self *Queen of France*; Nay then, said Dr. *Dale*, let us treat in *Hebrew*, for your Master calls himself King of *Jerusalem*.

I perform'd the civilities you enjoyn'd me to your Friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth

Your entire Friend,

May 12. J. H.

III.

To the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

Madam,

THere is a *French* saying, that courtesies and *favors* are like *flowers*, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and whither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compar'd to some kind of *flowers* (and they would make a thick *Posie*) but they should be to the flower call'd *life everlasting*; or that pretty Vermilion *flower* which grows at the foot of the Mountain *Ætna* in *Sicily*, which never looses any thing of its first colour and scent: those favours you did me 30 years ago in the life-time of your incomparable brother Mr. *R. Altham*, (who left us in the *flower* of his age) methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other *flowers*, as I use them; for I distil them in the limbeck of my memory, and so turn them to *essences*.

But Madam, I honour you not so much for favours, as for that precious broode of vertues, which shine in you with that brightness, but specially for those high motions whereby your Soul soars up so often towards heaven; Insomuch, Madam, that if it were safe to call any Mortal a *Saint*, you should have that title from me, and I would be one of your chiefest *Votaries*; howsoever, I may without any *superstition* subscribe my self

Your truly devoted Servant,

April. 8. J. H.

IV.

To the Lord Marquis of Hartford.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordships of the eleventh current, with the commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account in my next.

Forreign Parts afford not much matter of intelligence, it being now the dead of Winter, and the season unfit for action; But we need not go abroad for news, there is store enough at home. We see daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes, but the greatest marvel is, that nothing should now be marvell'd at, for we are so habituated to wonders, that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor *England* may be said to be like a Ship toss'd up and down the surges of a turbulent Sea, having lost her old Pilot, and God he knows when she can get into safe harbor again; yet doubtless this tempest according to the usual operations of nature, and the succession of mundane effects by contrary agents, will turn at last into a calm, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it. Your Lordship knows that the κόσμος, this fair frame of the Universe came out of a *Chaos*, an indigested lump; And that this Elementary World was made of a Millions of Ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature and the whole is still preserved by the reluctancy and restless Combatings of these principles. We see how the Shipwright doth make use of knee-timber, and other cross grained pieces as well as of streight and even, for framing a goodly vessel [illegible] on Neptune's back. The Painter useth many [illegible]

trary characters in his art, to put forth a fair volume; as *d* is a *p* revers'd, and *n* is an *u* turn'd upward, with other differing Letters, which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole work: there go many and various dissonant tones to make an harmonious consort, this puts me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir *P. Herbert*) hath in his late *Conceptions* to's Son: How a holy Anchorite being in a Wilderness, among other contemplations, he fell to admire the method of Providence, how out of causes which seem *bad* to us he produceth oftentimes *good* effects; how he suffers vertuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppress'd, and others to prosper: As he was transported with these Ideas, a goodly young man appear'd to him, and told him, Father I know your thoughts are distracted, 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 encomber 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 jusled him into the water, and so drown'd him: The old Anchorite being much astonish'd 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 crue of *Banditi*, and debauch'd Ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revell'd with them till the morning, while the Anchorite spent most of the night in numbring his beads; but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crue of *Banditi* they had left behind them. The next day they came to a Gentlemans house which was a fair Palace, where they receiv'd 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 Gentlemans, 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 imbezzel'd a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still encreas'd 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 unto them, 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 them so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a

great rich Town, but some miles before they came at it, they meet with a Merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of mony about him, and asking the next passage to the Town, the young put him in a clean contrary way; the Anchorite and his guide being come to the Town, at the gate they spyed a devil, which lay as it were centinel, but he was asleep: they found also both men and women at sundry kind of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of 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 lodg'd 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, that I am an Angel sent from Heaven to rectifie your judgement, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providences too far; for though separately they seem strange to the shallow apprehension 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 damnified 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 crue 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 unto 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 prefer'd him by that deviation.

Now concerning this great luxurious City, whereas we spied but one Devil which lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor Convent, you must consider, that

Lucifer

Lucifer being already assur'd of that riotous Town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one single Centinel to secure it; But for this holy place of retirement, this Monastery inhabited by so many devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, he hath brought so many legions to beleager 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 tediousness thereof, but I hope the sublimity of the matter will make some compensation, which if I am not deceived, will well suite 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 judgement, 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 Lordships hands, as being,

My most highly honoured Lord,

Your thrice obedient, and obliged Servitor,
J. H.

V.

To Richard Baker, *Esq;*

SIR,

NOw that *Lent* and the *Spring* do make their approach, in my opinion *Fasting* would conduce much to the advantage of Soul and Body; Though 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 *Ramirans* 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 obſerve in the devout and delicate Poem you pleas'd to communicate unto 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 bleſs'd Prince who for this faſt
Will give us Angels food at laſt.

3. But to abſtain from Beef, Hogg, 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,
Anchovees, Oyſters, and like fare;

5. Or to forbear from Fleſh, Fowl, Fiſh,
And eat Potatoes in a diſh
Done o're with Amber, or a meſs
Of Ringos in a Spaniſh dreſs.

6. Or to refrain from each hot thing
Which Water, Earth, or Air doth bring,
And loſe a hundred pound at Gleek,
Or be a Saint when we ſhould ſleep.

7. Or

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* aright,
But play the juggling Hypocrite
He truly *Lent* observes who make 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 shambles, 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 offer'd 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 answer'd, That he was grown decrepit 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 Cosen of *Soissons* said the King, answer me so? They say, *That* prayer *without* fasting *hath nothing of that efficacy, as when they are joyn'd. 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 then any other Religion, take *Lent* and *Emberweeks* 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 return'd to *Constantinople*, and ask'd, what he had observ'd most remarkable in that so rare a City? he answer'd, that among other things the Christian hath a kind of *ashes* which thrown upon the head doth presently cure madness; for in *Venice* I saw the People go up and down the streets (said he) in ugly antick strange disguises, as being in the eye of human reason stark mad, but the next day (meaning *Ash-wednesday*) they are suddenly cur'd of that madness 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 *ashe* 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 off-springs of good actions, I rest,

Ash-wednesday. 1654.

Your ready and real Friend, J. H.

VI.

To Mr. R. *Harwayring.*

My dear Dick,

If 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 absence; 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 ofttimes 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 Common-wealth; 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 tho' 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 a 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 stutter'd out this verse, that there are but two good hours of any woman.

Τὴν μὲν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ: *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 conterraneo and mingled with men, Angels would descend and dwell among us.* But a far wilder speech was that of of the *Dogg-Philosopher*, who term'd 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 et Orcus* ——— *idem.*

Yet I confess, that among this Sex, as among men, there are some good, some bad, some vertuous, some vicious, and some of an indifferent nature, in whom vertue makes a compensation for vice. If there was an Empress in *Rome* so cunning 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 husband to know her carnally no longer when once she found her self quick. If there were a Queen of *France* that poyson'd her King, there was a Queen in *England*, who when her Husband had been shot with an envenom'd arrow in the Holy Land, suck'd out the poyson with her own mouth, when none else would do it. If the Lady *Barbara* Wife to *Sigismond* the Emperor, being advis'd 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 Emperors death lived after like a *Dove*, and immur'd her self in a Monastic Cell. But what shall I say of Queen *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 denyed, but some Females are of a high and harsh nature, witness those two that of our great-

est

eſt 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 *Moyſes* and *Socrates* Wives, who were *Zipporah* and *Zantippe*, you may gueſs at the humor of One in the holy Code ; And for *Zantippe*, among many other inſtances which might be produc'd let this ſerve for one ; After ſhe had ſcolded her Husband one day out of doors, as the poor man was going out, ſhe whipp'd up into an upper loft, and threw a piſpot full upon his Sconce, which made the Patient *Philoſopher* (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 *Strowd'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 bequeath'd him ; The ſtaring Husband having heard her a great while with ſilence, at laſt anſwer'd, 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 Colt ſtaves, 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 policing 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 defaut of one, the next akin ; I utterly diſlike : Nor do I approve of the 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-brain'd *puppy*, who upon ſuch a cauſe of diſſaffection, *would* have men to have a *priviledge* to change their Wives, or repudiate them, deſerves to be hiſs'd at rather then confuted ; for nothing can *tend more to* uſher in all confuſion

and beggery throughout the world; Therefore that Wife-aker deserves of all other to wear a toting 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 Common-wealths men use to wear Invisible horns, it would be a wholsome constitution, that they who upon too much jealoulie 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 specially 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 Common-wealth, 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, Caveto.* 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 Dowrists exceeding 100 *l.* there should be *two* out of every *cent.* deducted and put into a common Treasury for putting off hard-favor'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 unto their Creator, do immure their bodies within perpetual bounds of chastity, dieting themselves and using austerities accordingly, whereby, bidding a farewel, and dying unto the world, they bury themselves alive, as it were, and do pass their time in constant exercises of piety, and penance night and day, or in some other employments of vertue, holding idleness to be a mortal sin: were this cloyster'd course of life meerly spontaneous and unforc'd, I could well be contended that it were practis'd in your new Republic.

But there are other kind of Cloysters in some Common-wealths, and among those who are accounted the wiselt and best policed, which Cloysters are of a clean contrary nature to the former: these they call the Courtesan Cloysters. And as in other, some females shut up themselves to keep the sacred fire of pudicity and continence, so in these latter there are some of the handsom'st sorts of females who are conniv'd at to quench the flames of irregular lust, lest they should break into the lawful married bed. 'Tis true, Nature hath pour'd more active, and hotter blood into the veins of some menwherein there are stronger appetites and motions

which

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 denyed, 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 Venerean Cloysters, rather than abuse their neighbours Wives, and break into other mens inclosures. But whether such a custom may be conniv'd at in this your Republic, and that such a *Common* may be allow'd to them who have no *Inclosures* of their own, I leave to wiser Legislators than my self to determine, specially in South-East hot Countrys, where Venerean *titillation* (which *Scaliger* held to be a fixt outward sense, but ridiculously) is in a stronger degree, I say, I leave others to judge whether such a Rendezvous be to be conniv'd at in hotter climes where both Air and Food, and the blood of the grape do all concur to make one more libidineus. But it is a vulgar error to think that the heat of the clime is the cause of lust; It proceeds rather from adhust choler and melancholy that predominate, which humors 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 Cloysters or Houses for Ladies of pleasure: Witness the tale of* Hans Boobikin *a rich Boor's Son, whom his Father had sent abroad a* Fryring, *that is, Shooting 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 handsome Ladies; but* Hans *not knowing where to go else, went to his Grandmothers house, where he fell courting and feasting her; But his Father questioning him at his return where he had been a* Fryring, *and he answering that he had been at his Grandmothers; The Boor replyed, Gods Sacrament, I hope thou hast not lain with my Mother: Yes, said* Boobikin, Why should not I lye with your Mother, as you have lain with mine?

Thus in conformity to your desires, and the task impos'd upon me have I scribled out this peece 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 Republick.

So with a thousand thanks for your last hospitable favours, rest as I have reason, and as you know me to be

Lond. this 24. of Jan.

Your own true Servant.

J. H.

VIII.

VIII.

To Mr. T. V. *Barister, at his Chamber in the* Temple.

Cosen Tom,

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 stoop'd hereunto; '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 pejus agit quam si saxo saliat,* to be tormented with love is worse than to dance upon hot stones: Therefore partly out of a sense of your suffering, as well as upon the seriousness of your request, but specially understanding that the Gentlewoman hath Parts and Portion accordingly, I have done what you desir'd me in these lines; which though plain, short, and sudden, yet they display the manner how you were surpriz'd, 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 moments space*
Have pourtraied in my Heart your face.

I wish this Hexastic may have power to strike her as deep as I said her eyes struck you. The *Spaniard* saith there are four things requir'd in a Woer, *viz.* to be *Sano, Secreto, Solo* and *Sollicito,* that is, to be Sollicitous, Secret, Sole and Sage: observe these rules, and she may make Her self your *Client,* and to employ you to ordher Case, and recover her Portion, which I hear is in Bucklers hands.

So my dear Cosen, I heartily wish you the accomplishment of your desires, and rest upon all occasions

At your desire, J. H

M. To

IX.

To Sir R. Williams *Knight.*

SIR,

I Am one among many who much rejoice at the fortunate wind-fall that happen'd lately, which hath so fairly rais'd and recruted your fortunes. It is commonly seen, that *Ubi est multum Phantasiæ* (viz. *ingenii*) *ibi est parum Fortunæ, & ubi est multum Fortunæ ibi est parum Phantasiæ.* Where there is much of *Fancy*, there is little of *Fortune*; and where there's much of *Fortune*, there's little of *fancy.* It seems that Recorder *Fleetwood* reflected upon one part of this saying, when, in his speech to the *Londoners*, among some other passages whereby he sooth'd and stroak'd them, he said, *When I consider your wit, I admire your wealth.* But touching the Latin saying it is quite convinc'd 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 smil'd 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*, mony his God, but makes himself *Dominum Nummi*, but becomes Master of his penny. The first is the arrand'st beggar and slave that is; nay, He is worse than the *Arcadian* Ass, 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 posteriors.

Now, it is observ'd to be the nature of Covetousness, that when all other sins grow old, *Covetousness* 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 lean when I die, then 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 couching, 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 unto you, and so doth,

My most Noble Knight,

Your ever obliged Servant, J. H.

Y.

X.

To Sir R. Cary *Knight.*

SIR,

I Had yours of the 20 current on St. *Thomas* Eve, which was moſt welcome unto me; and (to make a *ſeaſonable* compariſon) yours are like *Chriſtmas*, they come but once a year; yet I made very good chear with your laſt, ſpecially with that Seraphic *Hymn* which came incloſed therewith to uſher in this Holy tyde; and to correſpond with you in ſome meaſure that way, I have return'd you another of the ſame ſubject: For as I have obſerv'd, two Lutes being tun'd alike, if one of them be played upon, the other, though being a good way diſtant, will ſound of it ſelf, and keep ſymphony with the firſt that's played upon, which whether it proceeds from the meer 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 mingleth with *Eternity*,
And *Matter* with *Immenſity*.

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 mans arrear
Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majeſty both infinite and juſt
Offended was, therefore the offring 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

6. The Prince of Life himself descends
To make *Astræa* full amends,
And humane souls from Hell defends.

7. Was ever such a love as this,
That the 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 my self (according to the instant season; and the old complement of *England*) a merry Christmas, and consequently a happy new year, I subscribe my self,

Your entirely devoted

St. Innocents day, 1654. *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 Emperors Reign, I cannot choose 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 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 unto him, much less astonish him: He will leave off wondring at any thing, in regard he may remember to have read of the same; or much like the same that happen'd 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

thing. Whence may be inferr'd, 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 admir'd that of the *Liguers* in *France*: He who had read the near upon fourscore years Wars in *Low-Germany*, I believe never wondred at the late thirty years Wars in *High-Germany*. I had wondred more that *Richard* of *Bourdeaux* was knock'd down with Halbards, 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* Emperour should be lately strangled in his own Court at *Constantinople*, yet considering that *Osman* his Predecessor had been knock'd 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 appear'd in *Cassiopeia* and other Constellations some years before. Hence may be inferr'd, 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 intrinsecals of the *Castillian*, 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 produc'd out of this story, I will instance in one: When *Juan de Padillia* 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, us'd to pray publickly in the Church, *Let us pray for the holy Cominalty, and his Majesty Don Juan de Padillia, and for the Lady Donna Maria Pachecho his Wife*, &c. But a little after some of *Juan de Padillia*'s Souldiers having quarter'd in his house, and pitifully plunder'd 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 billetted in my House, Truly they have not left me one chicken, they have drunk up a whole barrel of Wine, devour'd 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 suppress'd in *Spain*, that it should not cross the Seas, or clammer o're the *Pyreneans* to

 acquaint

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 deriv'd, though I must tell you by the by, 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 my self,

Your most affectionate

London 15 *Jan.* *Servant*, J.H.

XII.

To the Lord Marquis of Dorchester.

My Lord,

THere is a sentence that carrieth a high sense with it, *viz. Ingenia Principium fata Temporum.* The fancy of the Prince is the fate of the times so in point of Peace or War, Oppression or Justice, vertue or vice, prophaneness 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 humor of the People. There cannot be a more pregnant example hereof, then in that successful and long-liv'd Queen, Q. *Elizabeth*, who having come as it were from the *Scaffold* to the *Throne*, enjoy'd a wonderful *calm* (excepting some short gusts of insurrection that happen'd 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 *boysterous* King not long before, with so many revolutions in Religion, and a *Minor* King afterward, which made them to be govern'd by their fellow-Sujects; And the fire and fagot being frequent among them in Queen *Marys* days, the humor of the common People were pretty well spent, and so were willing to conform to any Government that might preserve them and their estates in quietness. Yet in the reign of that so popular and well-belov'd Queen, there were many traverses which French'd as much as if not more upon the Priviledges of Parliament and the Liberties of the People, then any that happen'd 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 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 wondred at their rashness that they should offer to introduce such an Innovation.

Another Parliament would have propos'd ways for the reformation of her Court; but she sent them another such Message, That she wondr

wondred they being call'd 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 her self.

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 propos'd it, was committed to the *Tower* where he breath'd his last; and *Bromley* upon a less occasion was clap'd in the *Fleet*.

Another time the House petitioning that the Lords might joyn in private Committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how *Stubbs* and *Page* had their hands cut off with a Butchers Knife and a Mallet, because they writ against the Match with the Duke of *Anjou*; and *Penry* was hang'd at *Tyburn*, though *Allured* who writ a bitter invective against the late *Spanish* Match, was but confin'd for a short time; how Sir *John 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 poysoning 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 *Haure de Grace*? and how were we baffled for the arrears that were due unto *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 Book) 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 two duly every Morning, one for the Houshold, 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 Queen *Elizabeth* may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of mens minds in those days, for the purse of the common People, and

Londoners did beat nothing so high as it did afterwards when they grew pamper'd 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 humor 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 'tis pluck'd: The memory of others is like the *Tulyp* and *Poppie*, which make a gay shew, and fair florish while they stand upon the Stalk, but being cut down, they give an ill-favour'd sent: It was the happiness of that great long-liv'd Queen to cast a pleasing odor among her people both while she stood, and after she was cut off by the common stroak of mortality; and the older the world grows, the fresher her Fame will be. Yet she is little beholden 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, tho' with the expence of much *English blood*, and *bullion*, rais'd them to a Republick, by casting that fatal bone for the *Spaniard* to gnaw upon, which shook his teeth so ill-favoredly 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 with the great *Turk* to expell the *Jesuits*, who had got a Colledge in *Pera*, as also that her Secretary *Walsingham* should project the poysoning of the Waters of *Douay*; and lastly, how she suffer'd the Festival of the Nativity of the *Virgin Mary* in *September* to be turn'd 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 *knowingst* spirits, among whom your Lordship doth shine as a Star of the first magnitude; For your *House* may be call'd a true Academy, and your *head* the Capitol of knowledge, or rather an *Exchequer*, wherein there is a *trea-*

sure

ture enough to give *Pensions* to all the Wits of the Time; with these thoughts I rest,

My most highly honour'd Lord,
Your very obedient, and ever obliged Servant, J H

Lond. this 15. of Aug.

XIII.

To Mr. R. Floyd.

Cosen Floyd,

THE first part of Wisdom is to *give* good Counsel, the second to *take* it, and the third to *follow* it; Though you be young yet you may be already capable of the two latter parts of wisdom, and it is the only way to attain to 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-weigh'd Gentleman, and I can judge something of men, for I have studied many: Therefore if you *steer* by his compass in this great business you have undertaken you need not fear *shipwrack*. This is the advice of

Lond. 6. Apr. *Your truly affectionate Cosen,* J H.

XIV.

To my Reverend and Learned Country man, Mr. R. Jones.

SIR,

IT is, among many other, one of my imperfections, that I am not vers'd 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 peggs in a Wainscote dore, which useth to thrust out one another oftentimes: Yet the old *British* is not so driven out of mine (for the cask favors 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 unto 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 Βιβλιοσοφία, or Scripture knowledge, and consequently to the public good; It will also tend to the honor 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.

SIR,

THis new piece of Philosophy comes to usher in the new year unto you; dropp'd from the brain of the subtillest spirits of *France*, and the great Personage (the Duke of *Espernon*) though *heterodoxal*, and cross-grain'd to the old Philosophers. Among divers other Tenents 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 infirmities which Nature hath entail'd upon man while he gropes here for 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 supplyed 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* Ricot.

My Lord,

I Most humbly thank your Lordship for the noble Present you commanded to be sent me from *Grimsthorp*, 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 battail of *Kinton*, where having all your Officers kill'd, yet you kept the Field, and preserv'd 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, in the heighth of his troubles) I say, among other high parts to speak you *noble*, you are cryed up my Lord, to be an excellent *Horsman*, *Huntsman*, *Foresser*. This makes me bold to make your Lordship the Judge of a small Discourse, which upon a Critical dispute touching the *Vocal Forrest* that goes abroad in my name, was impos'd upon me, to satisfie them who thought I knew something more then ordinary, what belong'd to a true Forrest.

There be three for Venery or Venatical pleasure in *England*, viz. a

Forrest

Forrest, a *Chase*, and a *Park*, they all three agree in one thing, which is, that they are habitations for wild beasts; The two first lye open, the last inclos'd: The *Forrest* 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 *Forrest*, If he chance to pass one over to a Subject, 'tis no more *Forrest* but *franck Chase*. Moreover, a *Forrest* hath the Pre-eminence of the other two both in *Laws*, in *Officers*, 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 *Forrest* hath Laws of her own to take cognisance of all trespasses; she hath also her peculiar-Officers, as *Forresters*, *Verderers*, *Regarder*, *Agisiers*, &c. whereas a *Chase* or *Park* hath only *Keepers* and *Woodwards*. A *Forrest* 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 beast; The *Hart*, the *Hind*, the *Bare*, the *Wolf*, are *Forrest*-beasts. The *Buck*, the *Doe*, the *Fox*, the *Matron*, the *Roe* are beasts belonging to a *Chase* and *Park*.

The greatest Forrester 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 *Laws* was, *Omnis Homo abstineat à Venariis meis super pœnam Vitæ*; Let every one refrain from my places of hunting upon pain of death.

Henry fitz Empresse (viz. the second) did afforest much land which continued all his reign, though much complain'd of: But in King *John*'s time most of the Nobles and Gentry met in the great Medow 'twixt *Winsore* and *Stanes*, to petition the King that he would disafforest some, which he promised to do, but death prevented him; But in *Henry* the thirds time the *Chart. de Foresta* (together with *Magna Charta*) were establish'd; so that there was much land disafforested, which hath been call'd *pourleins* ever since, whereof there were appointed *Rangers*, &c.

Among other innocent Animals which have suffer'd by these Wars, the poor *Deer* have felt the fury thereof as much as any; Nay, the very *Vegetals* have endur'd 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 destroy'd in most places. So craving your Lordships pardon for this rambling piece of paper, I rest,

My most highly honour'd Lord,
Your obedient and ever obliged
Servant, J. H.

London, 3 Aug.

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 *Attique* 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 32 other Rivers which she disgorgeth all into the Sea at *Nants*, she may be called a more drunken River then *Ebro* in *Spain*, which takes her name from *Ebrio* according to the proverb there, *Meliamo Ebro porque de todas aguas bevo*, I call my self *Ebro* because I drink of all waters.

Moreover, Though you sojourn now in one of the *plentifull'st* Continents upon Earth, yet I believe you will find the People, I mean the *Peasans*, 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 *Asses*: If he were living now he would avouch the greatest part of the Inhabitants to be all *Asses*, they lye 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 breath *French* Air, he is free *ipso facto*, if we may believe *Bodin*, it being a fundamental Law of *France*, *Servi perigrini, ut primùm, Gallia fines penetraverint liberi sunto*, Let stranger-slaves as soon as they shall penetrate the borders of *France* be free. I know not what priviledge *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 inhibites *women to rule*; but what benefit doth acrue 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 *Huguents* have long since voted the first two to Hell, to encrease 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 then her husband did.

So I wish you all happiness in your peregrination, advising you to take heed of that turbid humor of melancholy, which they say you are too prone unto. For take this for a *rule*, that He who

makes

makes much of *Melancholy* will never be rid of a *troublesome* Companion; So I rest,

Gentle Sir,

London 3 May.

Your most affectionate Servant. J.H.

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, wherein you may behold that admired Maiden-City in her true complection, 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, I 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,

London 15 Junii.

Your most constant and dutiful Servant, J. H.

XIX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Clare.

My Lord,

AMong those high parts that go to make up a *Grandee* which I find concentred 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 most exact manner both in point of *practice* and *theory*; This induc'd me to give your Lordship an account of a task that was impos'd lately upon me by an emergent occasion, touching the *Original*, the *growth*, the *changes* and present *consistence* 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 wondred at, considering that the Elements themselves which are the principles or primitive Ingredients whereof they be compounded, are naturally so qualified: It were as easie a thing for the Spectators eye to fasten a firm shape upon a running clowd, or to cut out a garment that

but

but for a few days together might fit the Moon (who by privi-ledge 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 pleas'd the Almighty to imprint his own Image, and make him as it were Lord Paramount of this lower World, 'tis ſubject to the ſame lubricity of Muration; Neither is his *Body* and *Blood* only liable thereunto, but the *Ideas of his mind*, and interior operations of his Soul, *Religion* her ſelf 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 priviledges which are peculiar to mankind, as Emanations flowing from the Intellect, *Language* is none of the leaſt. And Languages are ſubject to the ſame fits of inconſtancy and alteration as much as any thing elſe, ſpecially the *French* Language; Nor can it ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who know the Airy volatil humor of that Nation, that their ſpeech ſhould partake ſomewhat of the diſpoſition of their ſpirit, but will rather wonder it hath receiv'd no oftner change, ſpecially 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 *Engliſh* 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 Countrys caus'd by the firſt, and the Forreign Courtiers 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 alluvions take in and 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 entire.

Touching the true ancient 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 fortifie it, which are not altogether to be ſlighted.

The firſt is, that the ancient *Gauls* us'd to come frequently to be inſtructed here by the *Britiſh Druyds* who were the Divines

and

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 *Cæsar* 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 *Calabria*, and *Denmark* to *Germany*) by an *Istmos* or neck of land from *Calais* to *Dover*; for if one do well observe the quality of the Cliffs on both shores, his eye will judge that they were but one homogeneal piece of earth at first, and that they were rented and shiver'd asunder by some act of violence, as the impetuous waves of the sea.

The third reason is, that before the *Romans* conquer'd the *Gauls*, the Country was call'd *Wallia*, which the *Romans* call'd *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 *Gaulick* words yet remaining in the *French* which are pure *British* both for sense and pronunciation, as *Haven* a Haven, which is the same in *Welsh*, *drechef* again, *putane* a whore, *airain* brass mony, *preu* an interjection of stopping, or driving of a beast; but specially, 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*.

Last, *Pausanias* saith, That *Mark* in the Celtick 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 my self to *Gallia Celtica*, which when the *Roman* Eagle had fattned his talons there, and planted 23. Legions up and down the Country, he did in tract of time utterly extinguish; It being the ordinary ambition of *Rome* wheresoever she prevail'd, to bring in her *Language* and *Laws* also with *the Lance*, which yet she could not do in *Spain*, or this Island, because they had Posts and places of fastness to retire unto, as *Biscay* and *Wales*, where Nature hath cast up those Mountains as propugnacles of defence, therefore the very aboriginal Languages of both Countrys remain there to this day. Now *France* being a passable and plain previous Continent, the *Romans* quickly diffus'd and rooted themselves in every part thereof, and so coplanted their Language, which in a short revolution of time came to be call'd *Romand*; But when the *Franconians* a People of *Germany* came afterwards to invade, and possess *Gallia*, both speech and

People

People was call'd *French* ever after, which 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* her self in the times of the *Sabins* was but rude, afterwards under *Ennius* and *Cato* the Censor it was refin'd in twelve Tables; but in *Cæsar*, *Cicero* and *Salusts* 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 enfranchis'd among them, or enter into any of their *Diplomatas* 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 receiv'd 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 4 *Greek* Letters Θ Χ Φ Ψ should be added to the *French* Alphabet to make the Language more masculine and strenuous, but afterwards it was not long observ'd:

Nor is it a worthless observation, that *Languages* use to comply with the humor, and to display much the inclination of a People; The *French* Nation is quick and spriteful, 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 call'd *Latin* shortned, 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*, *Cabeca*. 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 paule so in his pronunciation, that his *Tongue* seldom foreruns his *Wit*, and his brain may very well raise and superfœte a second thought before the first be utter'd: 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

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 polish'd, and arrive to that delicacy she is now come unto, in the midst of the reign of *Philip de Valois*. *Marot* did something under *Francis* the first, (which King was a Restorer of *Learning* in general, as well as of *Language*;) but *Ronsard* did more under *Henry* the second: 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* hath receiv'd from what it was, I will produce these few instances in verse and prose, which I found in some ancient Authors: The first shall be of a Gentlewoman that translated *Esop*'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 Guillaume
Le plus vaillant de ce Royaume,
M' entremis de ce livre faire
Et de L' Anglois en Roman traire,
Esope appelle l' on ce Livre,
Qu'on translata & fit Escrivre;
De Griec en Latin le tourna,
Et le Roy Alvert qui l' ama,
Le translata puis en Angloiz,
Et je l' ay tournè en Francois.

Out of the *Roman de la Rose* I will produce this Example.

Quand ta bouche toucha la moye,
Ce fut dont au Cœur jeus joye;
Sire Juge, donnes sentence
Par moy, Car la pucelle est moye,

Two of the most ancient and approved st Authors in *France* are *Geoffry de Villardovin*, Marshal of *Campagne*, and *Hugues de Bersy*, a Munk 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.

Scachiez que l' an 1188 ans apres l'incarnation al temps Innocent 3. Apostoille de Rome, & Philippe Roy de France, & Richard Roy d' Engleterre ent un Saint homme en France, qui eut nom Folque

de

de Nuilly, et il ere prestre, et tenoit le pariochre de la ville et ce Folque commenca a parler de Biex, et nostre sire fit manits miracles par luy, &c.

Hugues de Bersy who made the *Guiot* Bible so much spoken of in *France*, begins thus in verse,

D'un siecle puant et horrible
M' estuet commencer une Bible,
Per-poindre, et per aiguillonnir
Et per bons exemples donner,
Ce n' est une Bible bisongere
Mais fine, et voire en droit ur'ere
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, he should find a greater alteration.

But to know how much the *Modern French* differs from the *ancient*, let him 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 *Maratre*, *paratre*, *filatre*, *scourge*, a step mother, a step-father, a Son or daughter in-law, a sister in-law, which now they express in two words, *belle mere*, *beau pere*, *belle sœur*. Moreover, I find there are some words now in *French* which are turn'd to a countersense, as we use the *Dutch* word *crank* in English to be *well dispos'd*, 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 Cuckcow, doth use to lay her eggs in another birds nest. This word *pleiger* is also to drink after one is drunk unto, whereas the first true sense of the word was, that if the party drunk unto was not dispos'd 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 *Abry* derived from the Latin *apricus*, is taken in French for a close place or sheker, whereas in the Original it signifieth an open free Sunshine. They now term in French a free-boon Companion. *Roger Bontemps*, 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 berne vee*. A Beacon or Watch-Tower is call'd *Beffroy*, whereas the true word is *Leffroy*: A travelling warrant is call'd *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

hoarse

hoarſneſs is wrought in whom the Wolf hath 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 her ſelf to be ſtill indebted to *England*, which is, when one hath paid all his Creditors, he uſeth to ſay, *j'ay paye tous mes Anglois*, ſo that in this, and other phraſes *Anglois* is taken for *Greanoier* or Creditor, And I preſume it had its Foundation from this, that when the *French* were bound by Treaty in *Bretigny* 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* the 8. time at the ſurrendry of *Bullen*, and upon other Treaties, as alſo in Queen *Elizabeths* reign, beſides the monys which ſhe had disburs'd her ſelf to put the Crown on *Henry* the Fourths Head, which makes me think on a paſſage that is recorded in *Paſquier*, that happen'd 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 a good time to remain a pledge for the monys that *France* owed her Father, and other of her Progenitors; whereunto the Duke anſwer'd, That he *was come not only to be a pledge, but her cloſe priſoner.*

There be two other ſayings in *French*, which though they be obſolete, yet are they worthy the knowledge; the firſt is, *Illæ perdu ſes cheveux*, he hath loſt his *hair*, meaning his *honor*; For in the firſt race of Kings there was a Law call'd *La loy de la Cheveleure*, whereby it was lawful for the *Nobleſs* only to wear long hair, and if any of them had committed ſome foul and ignoble act, they us'd to be condemn'd to have their long hair to be cut off as a mark of ignominy, and it was as much as if he had been *fleuerdeliz'd*, viz burnt on the back or hand, or branded in the face.

The other Proverb was, *Illa a quittè ſa cienture*, 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 ancient Law of *France*, that when any upon ſome offence had that penalty of confiſcation inflicted upon him, he us'd before the Tribunal of Juſtice to give up his *Girdle*, implying thereby, that the *girdle* held every thing that belong'd to a mans eſtate, as his budget of mony 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 preſerv'd it, which is, *Hony ſoit qui mal y penſe*, this we Engliſh, *Ill to him who thinks ill*, though the

the true ſenſe be, *Let him be bewrayed who thinks any ill*, being a Metaphor taken from a child that hath bewray'd his clouts, and I dare ſay, there's 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 attend *men*, among whom ſome riſe to preferment, others fall to decay and an undervalue; I will inſtance in a few; This word *Maiſtre* was a word of high eſteem in former times among the *French*, and appliable to Noblemen, and others in high office only, but now 'tis fallen from the *Baron* to the *Boor*, from the Count to the *Cobler*, or any other mean Artiſan, as *Maiſtre Jean le Cabaretier*, Mr. *John* the Cobler; *Maiſtre Jaquet le Cabaretier*, Mr. *Jammy* the Tapſter.

Sire, was alſo appropriate only to the King, but now adding a name after it, 'tis appliable to any mean man upon the Endorſement of a Letter or otherwiſe: But this word *Soveraign* hath rais'd it ſelf to that pitch of greatneſs, That it is applied now only to the King, whereas in times paſs'd, the Preſident of any Court, any Bailiff or Seneſhal was us'd to be ſo call'd *Soveraign*.

Mareſhal likewiſe was at firſt the name of a Smith, Farrier, or one that dreſs'd horſes, but it is clim'd by degrees to that height, that the chiefeſt Commanders of the Gendarmery and Miſitia of *France* are come to be call'd *Marſhals*, which about 100 years ſince were but two in all, whereas now they are twelve.

This Title *Majeſty* hath no great antiquity in *France*; For it began in *Henry* the ſeconds time: And indeed the ſtyle of *France* at firſt as well as of other Countrys, was to *Tutoyer*, that is, to *Thou* any perſon that one ſpake unto, though never ſo high; but when the *Common-Wealth* of *Rome* turn'd to an *Empire*, and ſo much power came into one mans hand, then, in regard he was able to confer Honor, and Offices, the Courtiers began to magnifie him, and treat him in the plural number by *You*, and by degrees to deify him by tranſcending Titles, as we read in *Symmachus* in his Epiſtles to the Emperour *Theodoſius*, and to *Valentinian*, where his ſtile to them is, *Veſtra æternitas*, *veſtra numen*, *veſtra ſerenitas*, *veſtra clementia*, ſo that *You* in the plural number with other complements and Titles ſeems to have their firſt riſe with the Weſtern Monarchy, which afterwards by degrees deſcended upon particular perſons.

The *French* tongue hath divers Dialects, *viz.* the *Picardy*, that of *Jerſey* and *Guernſey* appendixes once of *Normandy*, the *Provençal*, the *Gaſcon* or the ſpeech of *Languedoc*, which *Scaliger* would etymologize from *Langue d'oc*, whereas it comes truly from *Langue de Got*,

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 *Leige* 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 Kings 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 learnedst, and most indifferent persons, it was adjudg'd, that the stile of the Kings Court was the purest and most elegant, because the other two did smell the one of *pedantery*, the other of *chiquanery*: And the late Prince of *Conde*, with the Duke of *Orleans* that now is, were us'd to have a *Censer* in their Houses, that if any of their Family spoke any word that savor'd of the Palace or the Schools, he should incur the penalty of an amercement.

The late Cardinal of *Richlieu* 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 *matter*, and not spend time to study *words* only.

Thus have I presum'd to send your Lordship a rambling discourse of the *French* Language, pass'd and present, humbly expecting to be corrected when you shall please to have perused it: So I subscribe my self *Your Lordships thrice obedient Servant*, J.H.

Lond. 1 *Octob.*

XX.
To Dr. Weames.

SIR,

I Return you many thanks for the additionals you pleas'd to communicate unto me in continuance of Sir *Philip Sidneys Arcadia*, and I admir'd it the more because it was the composition of so young a spirit, which makes me tell you, without any complement, that you are Father to a Daughter that *Europe* hath not many of her equals; therefore all those gentle Souls that pretend to vertue, 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* Mann,

Then,

Then, sure, some sparks *of* Sidney's *soul hath flown*
Into your breast, which may in time be blown
To flames, *for 'tis the course of* Enthean fire
To kindle by degrees, and brains inspire :
As budds to blossoms turn to fruit,
So Witts *ask time to ripen and recruit :*
But yours gives Time the start, as all may see
In this smooth piece of early Poesie,
Which like sparks of one flame may well aspire,
If Phœbus *please, to a* Sydneyan *fire.*

So with my very affectionate respects to your self, and to your choice Family, I rest *Your ready and Real*
London 9 Novemb. *Servant*, J. H.

XXI.

To the incomparable Lady, the Lady M. Cary.

Madam,

I Have discover'd so much of Divinity in you, that he who would find your Equal, must seek 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* then of the *Bird* : or rather like one who hath a Pearl of an invaluable price, and esteems the poor box that holds it more then 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 Gods face, and make his breath stink : The *Soul* is a spark of Immortality, she is a Divine Light, and the body is but a basket of Clay that holds it : In some this light goes out with an ill-favour'd 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

Your Ladyships truly devoted
London 2 Novemb. *Servant*. J.H.

XXII.

To the Lord Bishop of Ro. *at* Knolls.

My Lord,

A Christian Philosopher tells us, That a *good Conscience is a perpetual feast* ; And the *Pagan Philosopher* hath a saying, *That a vertuous man is always drunk* : Both these sayings aim at

one

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 jarring: He values this world as it is, a vale of trouble, and a valley of tears, full of Encombrances, and Revolutions; and ſtands arm'd againſt all events: *Si fractus 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 bubling, yet the bridge never ſtirs, *pons manet immotus*——; ſo among thoſe monſtrous mutations, and traverſes that have lately happen'd you are ſtill the ſame,

Mens immota manet————

I receiv'd your laſt under the covert of Sir *John Sackvil*, to whom I preſent my affectionate ſervice, with a thouſand thanks for that ſeaſonable Preſent he pleas'd to ſend me, which will find me and my friends ſome employment, ſo deſiring your *benediction*, I conclude, and ſubſcribe my ſelf,

My Lord,
Your truly devoted
Servant, J. H.

London, 7. Decemb.

XXIII.

To Sir W. Maſon, *Knight.*

SIR,

I Preſent you with the ſecond part of the *Vocal Forreſt*, but before you make an entrance into the laſt *Walk* thereof, be pleas'd 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 is there contain'd, not penetrating the main deſign of the Author in that Allegorical diſcourſe, nor in the quality of the Times, or the prudential Cautions, and indifferencies that an Hiſtorical piece expos'd to publick 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 *Oke*, conſiſts of imperfect ſuggeſtions, foreign Criticiſms, and preſumptions, *&c.* Now, every petty Sciolift 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, Apologs, Parables, and Metaphors, though press'd 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 *Satyrs*, for otherwise it had been a vain superfluous curiosity to have spent so much oil and labour in shrowding *Realities* under disguises, unless the Author had promis'd himself before-hand a greater latitude and scope of liberty to pry into some miscarriages and delicisms of State; as also to question and perstring some sort of Actors, especially the *Cardenian* and *Classican*, who, as the whole World can witness, were the first Raisers of those hideous tempests which pour'd down in so many showers of blood upon infortunate *Druina*, and all her coastorelled Territories.

Now, touching that which is spoken of the Oak in the last *Walk*, if any intemperate *Basilean* take exceptions thereat, let him know, that, as 'twas said before, most of them are but traducements, and pretensions; yet, it is a human principle, (and will ever be so to the worlds 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 haply at some of those *motes* in the Royal *Oke*, he makes good what he promis'd in the Entrance of the *Forest*, that he would endeavour to make a constant grain of *evenes*, and *impartiality*, to pass through the whole bulk of that *Arborical* Discourse.

We read that there being a high feud 'twixt *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 crimen*, that he might by way of prevention cut off the Advantages and intention which *Cicero* might have had to aperse him in that particular; the application hereof is easie and obvious.

But if the sober minded Reader observe well what is spoken throughout the *Oke* throughout the body and series of the story, he will easily conclude, that 'was far from the design of the Author, out of any lewd or sinister ends to let any *foul droppings* fall from

from these *Trees* to hurt the *Oke*; and give me leave to tell you, That he who hath but as much wit as may suffice to preserve him from being begg'd for a *Fool* will judge so.

Lastly, they who know any thing of the Laws of History, do well know, that verity and indifference are two of the prime vertues 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 chang'd his principles, and were affected to *Republicks*; whereas there's not a syllable therein but what makes for *Monarchy*: therefore I rather pitty than repine at such poor Criticks, with the shallowness of their Judgments.

Thus much I thought good to intimate unto 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

Your truly affectionate
Servant, J. H.

Lond. 4. Apr.

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 measur'd with my feet, and perform'd a pilgrimage over all those large Continents wherein I have travell'd, to have reprieved him! Truly Madam, I shall mourn for him while I have a heart beating in my breast; and tho' time may mitigate the sense of grief, yet his Memory *shall be to me, like his Worth and Vertues, 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 Ladiship 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 your self, and to that goodly brave Issue of his, which may serve as so many living Copies of the Original.*

God Almighty comfort your Ladiship, so prayeth,

Madam, your most humble, and
sorrowful Servant, *J. H.*

London, 2. *Feb.*

XXV.

To *the Right honourable* John *Lo.* Sa.

My Lord,

I Should be much wanting to my ſelf, if I did not congratulate your lately deſcended Honours: But truly, my Lord, this congratulation is like a vapor exhal'd from a Soyl overwhelm'd with a ſudden inundation, ſuch is the ſtate of my mind at this time, it being o'recaſt with a thick Fogg of grief for the death of your incomparable Father.

I pray from the centre of my heart that you may inherit his high worth and vertues as you do all things elſe, and I doubt it not having diſcover'd in your nature ſo many pregnancies, and ſparkles of innated honour. So I reſt in quality of

London, 10. *Decemb.* — *Your Lordſhips 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'll tell you of one whom I heard lately; for dropping caſually 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 *Scythian* or *Greenlander*, who are habituated to ſuch extream cold, had heard and underſtood him, would have thought he had preach'd of *Paradice*, his mouth methought did fume with the Lake of Brimſtone, with the Infernal torments, and the thundrings of the Law, not a ſillable of the Goſpel, ſo I concluded him to be one of thoſe who uſe to preach the *Law* in the *Church*, and the *Goſpel* 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.

XXVI

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* correspondences with divers, but I never remember that I pleas'd my self more in paying these civilities to any then to your self; for when I undertake this task, I find that my *head*, my *hand*, and my *heart* go all so willingly about it. 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; word do I call it? 'tis rather a sport, my pen and paper are as a *Chessboard*, 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 vertue that your *Letters* 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 tatter'd and torn, and as the times are, I do not think it worth the labor and cost to put him in better cloaths, for the Genius of the Age it 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 & in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot Aves, quot sunt & in Æquore Naves,
Quot volucrum Pennæ, quot sunt tormenta Gehennæ,
Quot cœle 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,

DID your Letters know how truly welcome they are to me, they would make more haft, and not loyter so long in the way; for I did not receive yours of the second of *June*, till the first

first of *July*; which is time enough to have travell'd not only a hundred *English* miles, 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 Northern parts where there is a wea bit to every mile: But that yours should spend 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 you dwell near *Leinster Ore* that you dwell in a gentle Soil which is good for cheese as well as for *cloth*, therefore if you send me a good one, I shall return my Cosen 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 *Britains* barbarous because they had not the Art of making *cheese* till the *Romans* came: But I believe you will preserve them from this imputation again. I know you can want no good grass 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 commends to your self, and to the partner of your couch and cares, I rest, my dear Cosen,

Lond. 5 July. *Yours always to dispose of,* J.H.

XXIX.

To W. Roberts, *Esq;*

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 *our selves* 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 centre of our hearts, as a Gentleman doth wittily compare them: But what offence the *Lords 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 first prescribes us what we should do, the second what we

ſhould believe, the third how and what we ſhould pray for: Of all the Hereticks that I ever heard of, I never read of any who bore analogy with theſe.

Touching other opinions, they are but old fancies newly furbiſh'd; 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 *Agonclitæ*, 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 malign'd *Biſhops* and the *Hierarchy* of the Church, but we read thoſe *Aerians* turn'd *Arrians*, and *Atheiſts* at laſt: The greateſt *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers inveigh againſt thoſe *Aerians* more bitterly then againſt any other: *Chryſoſtom* ſaith, *Hereticks who have learnt of the Devil not to give due honor to Biſhops*; and *Epiphanius* ſaith, *It is the voice of a Devil rather then of a Chriſtian, that there is no difference twixt 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 a Cimiteries, 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 animum, et mihi credite ſemper
Junctus cum falſo eſt dogmate cædis amor.

Let the *Turk* ſpread his *Alcoran* by the ſword, but let Chriſtianity expand her ſelf 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 Coſen,

I Send you herewith according to your deſires 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

Madoc *wif mw y die wed*
Jawn genan Owen Gwyneth,
Ni funnum dir fy enridd oedd,
Ni da mowr ondy moroedd.

Which is Englifh'd thus in Mr. *Herberts* Travels.

Madoc *ap* Owen *was I call'd,*
Strong, tall, and comely, not inthrall'd
With home-breed pleafure, but for Fame
Through Land and Sea I fought the fame.

This *Britifh* Prince *Madoc* (as many Authors make mention) made two Voyages thither, and in the laft left his bones there, upon which this Epitaph lay. There be other pregnant remarks that the *Britifh* were there, for there is a Promontory not far from *Mexico* call'd *Cape Britain*, there is a creek call'd *Gyndwor*, which is in *Welfh White-water*, with other words, as you fhall find in Mr. *Herbert* and others, they had alfo the fign of the *Crofs* in reverence among them.

And now that I am upon *Britifh* obfervations, I will tell you fomething of this name *Howel*, which is your *firft*, and my *fecond* name: paffing lately by the Cloyfters of the Abby at *Weftminfter*, I ftepp'd up to the Library that Archbifhop *Williams* erected there, and I lighted upon a *French* Hiftory, *Bertrane a Argentre* Lord of *Forges*, who was Prefident of the Court of Parliament in *Renes* the chief Town of little *Britany* in *France* call'd *Armorica*, which is a pure *Welfh* word, and fignifies a Country bordering upon the Sea as that doth, and was firft coloniz'd by the *Britains* of this Iland in the reign of *Theodofius* the Emperour, *An.* 387, whofe Language they yet preferve in their radical words: In that Hiftorian I found that there were four Kings of that Country of the name *Hopel*, viz. *Howel* the firft, *Howel* the fecond, *Howel* the Great, (who bore up fo ftoutly againft *Aetius* the famous *Roman* General) and *Howel* the fourth, that were all Kings of *Armorica*, or the leffer *Britany*, which continued a Kingdom till the year, 874, at which time the Title was chang'd to a *Dutchy*, but *Soveraign* of it felf, till it was reduc'd to the *French* Crown by *Francis* the firft. There are many Families of quality of that name to this day in *France*: And one of them defir'd to be acquainted with me by the mediation of Monfieur *Augier* who was there Agent for *England*. Touching the Caftle of Good King *Howel* hard by you, and other ancient places of that name, you know them better then I, but the beft Title which *England* hath to *Wales* is by *that Caftle*, as a great Antiquary told me: So in a true bond of Friendfhip, as well as of blood, I reft,

London 8 Oct. *Your moft affectionate Cofen*, J.H.

XXX To

XXX.

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 pass'd thro' the briers of *Logick*, 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 Authors coat, he will endeavour to make it much more wide, thinking to make himself some body 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 sate 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 Camarades ask'd him what he meant by that; He answer'd 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 easie, therefore I advise you not to neglect old Authors, for tho' 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 *obscurius*.

Give me leave to tell you, Cosen, 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 Countrey-man who coming to *Oxford*, and being at the Townsend, stood listning to a flock of Geese, and a few dogs that were hard by, being ask'd the reason, He answer'd 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 discover'd

ver'd in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your Friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of *Your truly affectionate*

Lond. 3. *Feb.* *Uncle*, J. H.

XXXII.

To Sir K. D. *in* Paris.

SIR,

I Had been guilty of such an offence whereof I should never have absolv'd my self, if I had omitted so handsome an opportunity to quicken my old Devotions to you: Among those multitudes here resent your hard condition, and the protractions of your Business, 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 my self, I am like an Almanack out of date, I am grown an unprofitable thing, and good for nothing as the times run, yet in your business I shall play the Whetstone, which though it be a dull thing of it self, and cannot cut, yet it can make other bodies to cut, so shall I quicken those who have the managing of your business, and power to do you good, whensoever I meet them. So I rest

Lond. 2. Sept. *Your thirty years Servant*, J. H.

XXXIII.

To Mr. R. Lee *in* Antwerp.

SIR,

AN *acre* of *performance* is worth the whole *Land of Promise*; Besides, as the *Italian* hath it, *Deeds are men, and words women*: you pleas'd 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 answer'd, Thus you Cavaliers still fool your selves, 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 those true jests.*

This tale puts me in mind of another: There was a Gentleman lately

lately, who was offer'd by the Parliament a parcel of *Church or Crown Lands*, equivalent to his arrears, and asking Counsel of a friend of his *which* he should take, he answer'd, *Crown Lands* by all means, for if you take *them*, you run a hazard only to be *hang'd*, but if you take *Church-Lands* you are sure to be *damn'd*; whereunto the other made him a shrewd reply, Sir, I'le tell you a tale; There was an old Usurer not far from *London*, who had train'd up a dog of his to bring his meat after him in a handbasket. so that in time the shag dog was so well bred, that his Master us'd 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 handsomely home; it happen'd 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 snatch'd 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 hang'd before you have all: I will have also my share, and so fell a eating amongst them; I need not said he, make the application unto 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 banish'd 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 irrevertible.

Your Friends in *Fleet-street* are all well both long-coats and short-coats, and so is

Your inalterable friend to
love and serve you, J. H.

Lond. 9. Nov.

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*,

James, tho' I know for many years your own judgment to be strong and clear enough of it self, yet to comply with your desires, and for 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 inclin'd to Popery, and to bring it into *England*: Whereas I dare avouch, that neither of them entertain'd the least thought that way, they had as much design to bring in *Presser-John* as the *Pope*, or *Mahomet* as soon as the *Mass*: 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 fouly 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*, beleager'd *Montauban* in Person, while the Duke of *Espernon* block'd up *Rochel*: The King having lain a good while before the Town, a cunning report was rais'd that *Rochell* was surrendred, this report being blown into *Montauban*, must needs dishearten them of *Rochel*, being the prime and tenablest propugnacle they had; Mr. *Hicks* happen'd to be then in *Rochell*, 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 domestick 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 Gods 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 *Moysak*, where my Lord of *Doncaster*, afterwards Earl of *Carlile*, was in quality of Ambassador from *England*, to observe the *French* King's

proceedings

proceedings, and to mediate a Peace 'twixt him and the Protestants: At his first arrival thither it was his good hap to meet casually with Mr. *Peregrin Fairfax*, one of the Lords Ambassadors retinue, who had been a former Camarade 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 belong'd to the Marshal, St. *Gerand*, who lodg'd them both in his own Hut that night; and having shew'd 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* ask'd him whether he came thither to be hang'd; for divers were us'd so a little before: The next day *Hicks* taking his leave of *Webb*, desir'd *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 Kings party: being entred, 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 a 1000 Crowns he were as safely got back to *Rochel* as he came thither: And having stayed there three weeks, he, in a sally that the Town made one Evening, got clear through the Leaguer before *Montauban*, as he had formerly done before that of the Duke of *Esperon*, and so recover'd *Rochel* again. But to return to Mr. *Fairfax*, after he had parted with Mr. *Hicks* he was taken prisoner, and threatned the rack, but whether out of the apprehension thereof, or otherwise, he died a little after of a Feaver at *Moyssac*; though 'tis true that the *Gazetts* in *Paris* do publish that he died at the torture, with the *French* Mercury since.

Mr. *Hicks* being returned to *London* was question'd by Sir *Ferdinando Fairfax* for his brother's death, thereupon Mr. *Webb* being also come back to *London*, who was upon the very place where these things happen'd in *France*, Mr. *Hicks* brought him along with

with him to Sir *Ferdinand*'s Lodgings, who did possitively affirm, that Mr. *Hicks* had communicated his design to Mr. *Peregrin Fairfax* (and that he reveal'd it first to him) so he did fairly Vindicate Mr. *Hicks*, wherewith Sir *Ferdinand* remain'd 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 the beginning to the end thereof: The design was generous, the conduct of it discreet, and the conclusion very prosperous, in regard it preserv'd both *Montauban* and *Rochel* for that time from the fury of the Enemy; for the *King* rais'd his siege a little after from before the one, and *Espernon* 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 *infamy* 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, endear'd and strengthn'd by so long a tract of time, I rest

Your faithful true

Lond. 9 *Novemb.* *Servant*, J.H.

XXXV.

To *Mr.* R. Lewis *in* Amsterdam.

Cozen,

I Found yours of the first of *February* in the Post house, as I casually had other business there; else it had miscarried, I pray be more careful of your directions hereafter. I much thank you for the avisos 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* her self near upon the one moyety 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

fall of 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 *Pauls* 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 crofs'd the line twelve times, and made three Voyages into the *East-Indies*, lies rotting upon the Strand. Truly I think not *Turk* or *Tartar*, or any Creature except the *Devil* himself, would have us'd *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 pectora Cœcas Noctis habent.*——

There are strange *Heteroclites* in Religion now a days, among whom some of them may be said to indeavour the exalting of the Kingdom of *Christ*, in lifting it upon *Belzebubs* 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 breath, 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 specially, my dear Coten.

Lond. 2 Jan. *Yours, J.H.*

XXXVI.

To J. Anderson *Esq;*

SIR,

YOu have been often at me (though I know you to be a *Protestant* to in *grain*, that all the Waters of the *Tyber* is not able to make you change colour) that I should impart unto you in *Writing* what I observ'd *commendable* and discommendable in the *Roman* Church, because I had eaten my bread often in those Countrys where that Religion is profess'd and practis'd in the greatest height. Touching the *second* part of your request I need not say any thing to it, for there be Authors enough of our Church to inform you of the positions and tenets wherein we differ, and for which we blame them: concerning the *first* part, I will give you a short relation what I noted to be praise-worthy 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 *Ecclesiastic* us'd to keep such a world of People of several Nations and humors in one *Religion*; though at first when the *Church* extended but to one *Chamber*, then to one *House*, after to one *Parish*, then to one *Province*, such policy was not so requisite. For the *Church* of Christ may be compar'd to his *Person* in point of degrees of growing; and as that coat which serv'd him in his *Child-hood* could not fit him in his *Youth*, nor that of his *Youth* when he was come to his *Manhood*, no more would the same *Government* (which compar'd 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 humors of Men. Insomuch that it was a wholsome caution of an ancient Father, *Distinguas inter tempora, & concordabis cum Scriptura.* This Government is like a great Fabric rear'd 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 dependance of mutual support by a rare contignation, concinnity and indentings one in the other, that if you take out but *one* stone it hazards the downfall of the *whole* Edifice: This makes me think that the Church of *Rome* would be content to part with, and rectifie some things, if it might not endanger the Ruine of the whole, which puts the world in despair of an *Oecumenical* Council again.

The *Uniformity* of this *Fabric* is also to be admir'd, which is such as if it were but one entire, continued Homogeneous piece; for put case a *Spaniard* should go to *Poland*, and a *Pole* should travel to the furthest 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 Gods 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 clothes to fall a sweeping some part of the Church, and decking it with flowers, as I heard [illegible] White used to do [illegible] Chappel; be-

ful

ſides, they keep them in conſtant repair, ſo that if but a quarry of glaſs chance to be broken, or the leaſt ſtone be out of ſquare, ſtis preſently mended. Moreover their Churches ſtand wide open early and late, inviting as it were all Comers, ſo that a poor troubled ſoul may have acceſs 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* gig by geoul with her *Lady*, there being no *Pews* there to cauſe pride and envy, contentions and quarrels, which are ſo rife in our Churches.

The comely proſtrations of the body, with genuflection, and other acts of humility in time of Divine Service is 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 Capuchins ſleeve, or the Surplice of a Prieſt: Beſides I have ſeen the greateſt and beautifull'ſt 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 Governours of the Church are remarkable; There are not ſuch *Sceptticks* and cavilers 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 preſently know the ſhapes of trees, whereunto he thought the firſt men 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 advance'd ſooner then the latter.

Laſtly, They think nothing too good or too much for Gods *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 Gods 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 *merit* thereby, accounting them works of *Supererogation*.

Truly Sir, I have diſcours'd 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

into that great vessel, and so must needs be made Wine, not that the *Water* hath any inherent vertue of it self, to make it self 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 endow'd them with large revenues, as one did much magnific him for these extraordinary works, for which doubtless he merited a high reward in Heaven, he answer'd, *'Tis true, I employed much treasure that way, yet when I look over my leger book of accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one peny, 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 retiredness, 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 hurle away in a kind of scorn as others do, but by putting it gently into the beggars 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 practis'd 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 establish'd by the Laws of *England* did ever allow of them ever since *Reformation* began, yet you know how few have run thither. Nay the *Lutherans* who use far more ceremonies symbolizing with those of *Rome*, then the *English Protestants* ever did keep still their distance, and are as far from her now, as they were at first.

England had *lately* (though *to me* it seems a *great while* since) the face and form, the government and gravity, the constitution and comelinesse of a *Church*; for she had *something* to keep her self *handsome*; she had wherewith to be *hospitable*, and do *deeds* of *Charity* to build *Alms Houses*, *Free-Schools*, and *Colledges*, 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 honor is a great encouragement to vertue: Now if all professions have steps of Rising, why should *Divinity* the *Queen* of all professions be without them? The *Apprentice* doth not the

t much to wipe his Master shooes, and sweep the gutters, because he hopes one day to be an *Alderman.* The *Common Soldier* carrieth hopes in his Knapsack to be one day a *Captain* or *Colonel*: The *Student* in the Inns of Courts turns over *Ployden* with more alacrity, and tugs with that crabbed study of the Law, because he hopes one day to be a *Judge*; So the *Scholar* thought his labor sweet, because he was buoy'd up with hopes that he might be one day a *Bishop*, *Dean*, or *Cannon.* This comely subordination of degrees we once had, and we had a *Visible* conspicuous 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 hereunto what various kinds of confusions she is involv'd, 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 lost 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 endeavour'd to satisfie 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

——*Fas est et ab Hoste doceri.*

But I desire you would expound all with a *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 *Judgement* in one thing, because you magnifie so much my *talent* in your last; alas Sir, a small *hankerchief* 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

Your ready and real Servant,

Lond. 3 July. J. H.

XXXVII.

To *Doctor* Harvey, *at St.* Laurence Poultney.

SIR,

I Remember well you pleas'd not only to pass a favourable censure, but give a high character of the first Part of *Dodona's Grove*, 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 occurrences of the times in

in an allegorical way under the shadow of *Trees*, and I believe it omits not any material passage which happen'd 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 haply find therein some recreation: And if it be true what the Ancients write of some Trees that they are *Fatidical*. These come to foretel, at leastwise to wish you, as the season invites me, a Good New year, according to the *Italian* complement, *buon principio, miglior mezzo, ed ottimo fine*, with these wishes of happiness in all the three degrees of comparison, I rest

Lond. 2 *Jan.* *Your devoted Servant*, J.H.

XXXVIII.

To R. Bowyer, *Esq*;

SIR,

I Received yours of the tenth current, where I made a new Discovery, finding therein one argument of your Friendship which you never urg'd 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 heed 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*, to 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 pass'd; 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 'tis thought they will never leave, till they peck out one anothers eyes. They are daily seeking new alliances to fortifie themselves, and the quarrel is still so hot, that they would make a League with *Lucifer* to destroy one another.

For home news, the freshest is, that whereas in former times there were complaints that *Church-men* were *Justices of Peace* now the clean contrary way, *Justices of the Peace* are become *Church-men*; for by a new *Act* of that *Thing* in *Westminster* call'd now a *Parliament*, the power of giving in Marriage is pass'd over to them, which is an *Ecclesiastick Rite* every where else throughout the world.

A Cavalier coming lately to a Book-sellers shop desir'd to buy this *Matrimonial Act*, with the rest of that holy Parliament, but he would have them all bound in *Calfs*-Leather bought out of Mr. *Barebones* Shop in *Fleet-street*.

The Soldiers have a great spleen to the Lawyers, insomuch th

that they threaten to hang up their *Gowns* among the *Scots 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 Apothecaries shop can afford us *Purges* and *Cordials*.

So with my kind and cordial respects unto you, I rest

London 9 Novemb. *Your entire and truly affectionate Servant*, J.H.

XXXIX.

To Mr. J. B. *at his House in St.* Nicholas *Lane.*

SIR,

WHen I exchang'd speeches with you last, I found (yet more by your *discourse* then *countenance*) 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 dropp'd from you then, I extreamly wondred, which I should not have done at another, in regard since the first time I had the advantage of your Friendship, I discover'd that you were naturally of generous and freeborn thoughts; I have found also, that by a rare industry you have stor'd up a rich stock of Philosophy, and other parts of prudence, which induc'd me to think that no wordly revolution, or any cross winds though never so violent, no not a *Hurracane* 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 'tis a *passive* Age, and the stoutness of the prudent'st and most Philosophical men were never put to such a tryal. I thank God, the School of Affliction hath brought me to such a habit of patience, it hath caus'd 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: 'Tis true, that some do find the way thither more smooth, and fair, they find it flowry, and tread upon Camamel all along, Such may be said to have their Paradice here, or to Sail still in Fortunes *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 infortunate of men. Others there are who in their journey to their last home do meet with rocks, and craggs, with

ill-favor'd floughs and boggs, and divers deep and dirty passages; for my part I have already pass'd 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 encombrances, and disasters, with mischances and crosses. Now, 'twas 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 then *Phormio* did, when he discours'd of War before *Hannibal*, I know you have Prudence enough to cheer up and instruct your self; Only let me tell you, that you superabound with *fancy*, you have more of *mind* then of *body*, and that sometimes you overcharge the *Imagination* by musing too much upon the cold traverses of the *World*: therefore I pray rouse up your spirits, and reserve your self for better times, that I may long enjoy the sweetness of your friendship, for the Elements are the more pleasing unto me, because you live with me amongst them. So God send you such tranquillity of thoughts as I wish.

5 *Aprilis.* *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 cross'd the *Scythian Vale*, for so old *Gildas* calls the *Irish* Seas in regard they are so boystrous 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 then a miracle that none of them were mortal, being eleven in all: It makes me think on a witty complement that Captain *Miller* put upon the *Persian* Ambassador when he was here, who shewing him many wounds that he had *receiv'd* in the Wars against the *Turk*, the Captain said, That his *Lordships skin after his death would yield little mony, because it had so many holes in it.*

I find the same Fate hangs o're the *Irish*, as befel the old *Britains* here, for as they were hemm'd among the *Welsh* Mountains, so the *Irish* are like now to be all kennell'd in *Connaught*: We see daily

aily ſtrange revolutions, and God knows what the iſſue will be t laſt; howſoever let us live and love one another, in which eſolution I reſt

2 *May.* *Entirely yours.* J.H.

XLI.

To Mr. T.C. *at his Houſe upon* Tower-hill.

S I R,

TO inaugurate a good and Jovial New-year unto you, I ſend you a mornings draught (*viz.* a bottle of *Metheglin.*) Neither Sir *John Barly*-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 *Druyds* and old Britiſh *Bards* were wont to take a carowſe hereof before they entred into their ſpeculations, and if you do ſo, when your fancy labours with any thing, it will do you hurt, and I know your *fancy* to be very good.

But this drink always carries a kind of ſlate with it, for it muſt be attended with a brown toſt, 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 *Hive* it comes from, I mean the *Hive*, as I gave a caution elſewhere; and becauſe the bottle might make more haſt, have made it go upon theſe (Poetick) feet:

J. H. T. C. *Salutem, et annum Platonicum.*
Non Vitis, *ſed* Apis *ſuccum tibi mitto bibendum*
Quem legimus Bardos *olim potaſſe* Britannos.
Qualibet in bacca Vitis Megera *lateſcit,*
Qualibet in gutta Melis Aglaia *niet.*

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 Honey-comb 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 me an auſpicious and joyful New-year, becauſe you know I am

Your truly affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XLII.

To Sir E. S.

S I R,

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

luſtre then any ſuch *Muſcle-beads*, for they diſplayed the white-neſs 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 paſs'd, and for your other Invitation; But I have obſerv'd a civility they uſe in *Italy* and *Spain*, not to viſit a ſick perſon too often, for fear of putting him to waſte his ſpirit by talk, which they ſay ſpends much of the Inward man; but when you will have recover'd your ſelf, 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 podagrical pain which afflicts you.

I ſend you a thouſand thanks for your kind acceptance of that ſmall New-Years gift I ſent, and that you concur with divers other in a good opinion of it. So I reſt,

London 18 *Feb.* *Your own true Servant*, J.H.

XL.

To the truly Honoured the Lady Sybilla Brown *at her Houſe near* Sherburn.

Madam,

WHen I had the happineſs to wait upon you at your being in *London*, there was a diſpute rais'd about the ten *Sybills* 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 Ladyſhips ſatisfaction.

Madam, In theſe peeviſh times, which may be call'd the *ruſt* of the *Iron* Age, there is a race of croſs-grain'd People which are malevolent to all Antiquity. If they read an old Author it is to quarrel with him, and find ſome hoal in his coat; they ſlight the Fathers of the Primitive times, and prefer *John Calvin*, or a *Caſaubon* before them all: Among other tenents of the firſt times they hold the ten *Sybills* to be fictitious and fabulous, and no better then *Urganda*, or the Lady of the Lake, or ſuch doting beldams: They ſtick not to term their predictions of Chriſt to be meer mock-Oracles, and odd arreptitious frantick extravagancies; They cry out that they were forg'd and obtruded to 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

the Primitive times do hold forth, I give credit thereunto without any scruple.

Now, touching the works of the *Sybills*, they were in high request among the Fathers of the first 4 Centuries, insomuch that they us'd to urge their Prophecies for conversion of *Pagans*, who therefore call'd the Christians *Sybillianists*, 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 Idæas 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 call'd *Siobulæ* that is, of the Counsels of God, *Sios* in the *Eolic* dialect being *Deus*: They were preferr'd before all the *Chaldean* Wisards, before the *Bacides*, *Branchydæ* and others, as also before *Tyresias*, *Manto*, *Matis*, or *Cassandra*, &c.

Nor did the *Christians* only value them at that height, but the most learned among the *Ethnicks*, did so, as *Varro*, *Livie*, *and Cicero*, the first being the greatest *Antiquary*, the second the greatest *Historian*, and the third the greatest *Orator*, that ever *Rome* had, who speaks 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 Ladiship, I will rank all the ten before you, with some of their most signal Predictions.

The *Sybills* were ten in number, whereof there were 5. born in *Europe*, to wit, Sybilla *Delphica*, *Cumæa*, *Samia*, *Cumana*, and *Tyburtina*, the rest were born in *Asia* and *Africa*.

The first was a *Persian* call'd *Samberta*, 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 Sybilla *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 *Delphica*, who saith, *A prophet shall be born of a Virgin.*

The fourth was Sybilla *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 *Erythræa* born at *Babylon*, who compos'd that famous *Acrostic* which St. *Augustin* took so much pains to

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 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 dissolv'd, and the Moon shall be darkned, 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 Sybilla *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 raign here in poverty, he should rule in silence, and be born of a Virgin.*

The eighth was *Sybilla Hellespontica*, who foretels plainly, that *A Woman shall descend of the Jews call'd* 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 Council in heaven, and a Virgin shall be shew'd in the Valleys of the deserts*, &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 despis'd*, &c.

Moreover, St. *Austin* recites the these Prophecies following of the Sybils; *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 whipp'd: He also shall be crown'd with thorns, they shall give him gall to eat, and vinegar to drink; Then the vail of the Temple shall rend, and at mid-day it shall be dark night*, &c.

Lactantius relateth these Prophecies of theirs, *He 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 Sybills may be deduc'd 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 *Sybills* 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 *Trismegistus* his *Pymandra*, and *Aristæus*, &c.) who have been handed over to posterity as incontroulable truths for so many Ages.

Thus, Madam, have I done something of that task you impos'd

upon

on me touching the *ten Sybills*, whereunto I may well add your Ladyship for the Eleventh, for among other things I remember you foretold confidently that the Scottish *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 call'd *Presbyterians*, or *Jews* of the New Testament, and they not improperly may be call'd so, for they sympathize much with that Nation in a revengeful sanguinary humor and thirsting after blood, I could produce a cloud of examples, but let two suffice.

There liv'd a few years before the Long *Parliament near* Clun *Castle in* Wales *a good old Widow that had two Sons grown to mens estate, who having taken the holy Sacrament on a fast Sunday in the month, at their return home they entred 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, *oppos'd it, and the dispute grew high, but it ended without much heat; The next day being both came 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 labor, the* Puritan *brother, called* Enoch Evans, *spying his opportunity fetch'd an axe which he had provided it seems on purpose, and stealing softly to the Table, he chopp'd off his brothers head; the old mother hearing a noise came suddenly from the next room, and there found the body and head of her eldest Son both asunder, and reaking in hot Blood, O Villain, cryed she, hast thou murther'd thy brother? yes, quoth he, and you shall after him, and so striking her down, he drag'd her body to the threshal of the door, and there chopp'd 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 murtherer the Assizes after was condemned, and the Law could but only hang him, though he had committed* matricide *and* fratricide.

I will fetch another example of their cruelty from *Scotland* The late Marquis of *Montrose* being betrayed by a *Lord* in whose house he lay, was brought prisoner of War to *Edenburgh*, where the common hang man met him at the [illegible] end, and first pull'd off his hat, then he [illegible]

him like a condemn'd person, though he had not yet been arraign'd, much less convicted through the great street, and brought him before the Parliament, where being presently condemn'd, he was posted away to the Gallows, which was above 30 Foot high, there his hand was cut off first, then he was lifted up by pullies to the top, and then hang'd in the most ignominious manner that could be; being taken down, his Head was chopp'd off, and nail'd 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 deprivd of Christian burial. Thus was this Nobleman us'd, though one of the ancient'st Peers of *Scotland*, and esteem'd the greatest honour of that Country, both at home and abroad. Add hereunto the mortal cruelty they us'd to their young King, with whom they would not treat unless he first acknowledg'd his Father to be a *Tyrant*, and his Mother an *Idolatress*, &c.

So I most humbly kiss your hands, and rest always

Madam,

London this 30 *of Aug.* 1 *Your La. most faithfully devoted Servant*, J.H.

XLIV.

To Sir L. D. *in* Paris.

Noble Knight,

YOurs of the 22 current came to safe 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 return'd me in yours.

Concerning the posture of things here we are still involv'd in a cloud of confusion, specially touching Church matters, a race of odd crack-brain'd Schismaticks do croak in every corner, but poor things they rather want a *Physitian* to cure them of their *madness*, then 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 *Apocalyps*, they make a shallow *rivulet* of it that one may pass over and scarce wet his ankles, whereas the greatest Doctors of the Church compar'd it to a deep *Ford* wherein an Elephant might swim. They think they are of the Cabinet Counsel 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 *should 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 mans health and food she brings,
If Natures *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 magnitude is so immense,
That it transcends both soul and sense.

6. *Poor purblind man then sit thee still,*
Let wonderment thy temples fill,
Keep a due distance, do not pry
Too near, lest like the silly fly
While she the wanton with the flames doth play,
Singe fryes her wings, then fools her life away.

There are many things under serious debate in Parliament, which the results may be called yet but the unpolished principles

ons 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 dyet* 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't; 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 labor.

Sir, if there be any thing imaginable wherein I may steed 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 pleas'd to present the humblest of 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 towards 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 freatful humor, which hath confin'd you so long to your Chamber, and *bar'd* 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 12 current, which makes me think on a speech of *Severus* the Emperour, who having lain sick a long time of the Gout at *York*, and one of his Nobles telling him that he wondred much how he could rule so vast an Empire being so lame and unweldy, the Emperour answer'd, That *He rul'd 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.

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* pronounc'd the wisest man, so a true *harmonious* spirit seems to govern you, in regard you are so naturally inclin'd to the ravishing art of *Music*.

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 your, and I please my self much in being

1 *Martii.* *Your truly faithful Servant*, J. H.

XLVI. To

XLVI

To Mr. Sam. Bon *at his House in the* Old Jury.

SIR,

I Receiv'd 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 smoak; but your Letter did sparkle with actual fire, for me-thought there were pure flames of love, and gentleness waving in every line: The Poets do frequently compare affection to fire, therefore whensoever I take any of this *Varina*, 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 stupendious piece of Story: I am in the arrear to you for sundry courtesies more, which shall make me ever entitle my self

Holborn, 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 her self, for her power and wealth did never appear more both by Land and Sea; this makes *France* to cringe unto her so much; this makes *Spain* to purchase Peace of her with his *Italian* Patacoons: This makes the *Hollander* to dash his colours, and vail 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 *Emperour*, 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 *cudgel'd* rather than *cajoll'd* to obedience, if upon a glut of plenty and peace they should forget it. There is not such a windy wa-

 vering

vering 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 is the worst *solæcism* in Government for a Prince to depend meerly upon their Affections; Riches and long rest makes them insolent and wanton: It was not *Tarquin*'s wantonness so much as the *Peoples*, that ejected Kings in *Rome*; It was the Peoples concupisence as much as *Don Rodrigo*'s lust that brought the *Moörs* into *Spain*, &c.

Touching the *Wealth* of *England*, it never also appear'd so much by publick Erogations and Taxes, which the long Parliament rais'd; Insomuch, 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 *dociblenes* of the *English*, that Persons of ordinary Breeding, Extraction and Callings should become *States-men* and *Souldiers*, *Commanders* and *Councellors* both in the Art of War, and Mysteries of State, and know the use of the Compass in so short a tract of time.

I have many thanks to give you for the *Spanish* Discourse you pleas'd 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

Jam. Howel.

XLVIII.

To the R. H. the E. of S.

My Lord,

SInce my last, that which is the greatest Subject of our Discourse 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 hammer'd yet to any shape. The Parliament likewise hath many things in debate, which may be call'd yet but *Embryo's*, in time they may be hatch'd into Acts.

The Pope they write hath been of late dangerously sick, but hath been cur'd in a strange way by a young *Padova* Doctor, who having kill'd a lusty young Mule, clapp'd the Patients Body naked in the Paunch thereof, by which gentle fomentation he recover'd him of the Tumors he had in his Knees and else-where.

Donna Olympia sways most, and hath the highest ascendent 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 his Holiness laid upon Corn, there was a Pasqu-

fix

fix'd upon a corner-stone of his Palace, *Beatissime Pater fac ut hi lapides fiant panes*; O blessed Father, grant that these *Stones* be made *Bread.* But it was an odd Character that our Country-man Doctor *B.* gave lately of him, who being turn'd *Roman Catholick*, and expecting a Pension, and having one day attended his Holiness a long time about it, he at last brok 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-favoured'st Popes that sate in the Chair a great while; so that some call him L' *Huomo 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 bang'd 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 to 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 *Cavalleers* but the shallowest and sillyest sort of them; and such may well deserve the epithet of *Malignants.* So I humbly kiss your hands in quality of

Your Lordships 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 call'd the *Gallery of Ladies*, which my Lord Marquis of *Winchester* (your Brother) hath set forth.

Upon the glorious Work of the Lo. 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 should thus display
Their Virtues, and expose them to the day.

2 His praises are like those coruscant beams
Which *Phœbus* on high Rocks of Chrystal 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 Saphires yet unworn.

4 Rise early, gather Flowers now in the 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 characterii'd inwardly and outwardly.

An Elegy *upon the most accomplish'd, and Heroick* Lord Edward, *Earl of* Dorset, *Lord Chamberlain to His late Majesty of* Great Britain, *and Kt. of the most Noble Order of the* Garter, *&c.*

The Quality of the Times,
Alluding to:
- His admired Perfections,
- His goodly Person,
- His ancient Pedigree,
- His Coat of Arms crested with a *Star*,
- The Condition of Mortality,
- The Passion of the Author closing with an Epitaph.

Lor

LOrds have been long declining, (we well know)
And making their laſt Teſtaments, but now
They are defunct, they are extinguiſh'd all,
And never like to riſe by this Lords *fall*;
A Lord, whoſe Intellectuals alone
Might make a Houſe of Peers, and prop a Throne,
Had not ſo dire a Fate hung o're the Crown
That Priviledge Prerogative ſhould drown;
Where e're he ſate 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 *Aſtrea* bow
To his opinion; for where he did ſide
Advantag'd more than half the Bench beſide.
But is great *Sackvile* 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 agen,
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 conquering one,
To have confounded that whole Nation,
Thoſe parts which ſingle do in ſome appear,
Were all concentred here in one bright ſphear;
For Brain, Tongue, Spirit, Heart, and Perſonage,
To mold 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 uncancell'd debt
Which Nature claims, and raiſeth by Eſchet
On all Mankind by an old Statute paſt
Primo Adami, 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 thy self, 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.

THus have I blubber'd out some Tears and Verse
On this Renowned Heroe, and his Herse,
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 wo :
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.

HEre 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.

Totus in lachrymis solutus
sic singultivit,

J. H.

So I most humbly kiss your Lordship's hands, and rest in the highest degree of service and Affection, ever most ready

At your Lordship's Command,

Lond. 20.
Decem.

J. H.

L. To

L.

To T. Harris, *Esq*;

SIR,

YOurs of *Decemb.* the tenth 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 vertue 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 *Spanairds* us'd to send one to another, were certain kind of Conjurers or *Spirits* that us'd 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, ask'd him what became of the rest? whereat the Boy stood all astonish'd; 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 sate 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 possess'd with *melancholly*, 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 *Atomes* whereby they operate, which is now an old Philosophy newly furbish'd, and much cried up, that all natural Actions and Motions are perform'd by emission of certain Atomes, whereof there is a constant effluvium from all elementary Bodies, and are of divers shapes, some Angular, others cylindrical, some spherical, which Atomes are still hovering up and down, and never rest till they meet with some pores proportionable and cognate unto their figures where they acquiesce: By the expiration of such Atomes the Dog finds the scent as he hunts, the Pestilence infects, the Loadstone attracts Iron, the *Sympathetick* Powder or *Zaphyrian* salt calcined by *Apollinean* heat, operating in *July* and *August* till it come to a lunary complexion; I say, by the vertue and intervention of such Atomes, 'tis found that this said Powder heals at a distance without *topical* applications to the place affected. They who are of

this opinion hold that all sublunary bodies operate thus by atomes 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 discern'd 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 inhere 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. 'Tis 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 sickness 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 confin'd, yet the noblest part of us may be said to be then set at liberty, when having shaken of this slough of flesh, she mounts up to her true Country, the Country of Eternity, where one moment of joy is more than if we enjoy'd 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 it self 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 call'd *de statu vitæ* but he should rather have entitled it *de cursu vitæ*; for this Life is still upon the speed.

You

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

Yours verily and Invariably,

Holborn, 10.
Jan.

J. H.

To

To the Sagacious Reader.

UT clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus;
Clauditur Hæc cera, clauditur Illa sera.

As *Keys* do open Chests,
So *Letters* open Breasts.

ΤΕΛΟΣ.

*Gloria Laus*q; *Deo Sæclorùm in sæcula sunto.*

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.

An Extract of the Heads of the choiſeſt Matters that go interwoven 'mongſt the Letters of the firſt Volume.

The firſt Section.

Page.

OF *Abuſers of Familiar Letters* 1

Of Somerſet's *fall and* Buckingham's *riſe* 3

Miſtris Turner *executed in yellow ſtarch at* Tyburn, *and Sir* Gervas Elways on *Tower-Hill, his memorable caution againſt ſwearing, and the Lo.* Will. *of* Pembrook's *noble act to his Lady and Children* 2, 3

Sir Walter Rawleigh's *ſorry return from* Guiana, *Count* Gondomar's *violent proſecution of him, and a facetious Tale of* Alphonſo *King of* Naples, &c. 5, 6

Of the ſtudy of our Common-Law, and what Genius is apteſt for it 13

The true manner of the Surrender of the cautionary Towns Fluſhing *and* Brill 16

The force of Letters 18

A Letter of Love 22

Some choice Obſervations of Amſterdam 7, 10, 11

Of the Univerſity of Leyden, *and a claſh 'twixt* Arminius *and* Baudius 13

Of Grave Maurice *Prince of* Orange, *and of his regular courſe of Life* 14

Of Antwerp, *and her Cittadel* 17

Of France, Normandy, *and the City of* Rouen 19, 20

Of Paris, *and an odd miſchance that befel a Secretary of State there* 23

Of

The Index of the first Volume.

Of Luines *the Favourite* 24
An exact relation from an Eye-Witness of the assassinate committed on the Person of Henry *the Great* 25
His rare Perfections, and divers witty Speeches of his 26
An exact Relation of that Monstrous death of the Marquis of Ancre *by an Eye-Witness* 28
Of St. Maloes *and the Province of* Bretany, *the Vicinity of their Language with the* Welsh 29
Of Rochel, *and the humours of the People* 30
The strong Operations of Love, and a facetious Tale of the Duke of Ossuna's 31
Of the Pyreney *Hills* 32
Of the noble City of Valentia, *and various effects of the Sun* 34
Of Alicant; *and the Grapes thereof* 34
Of Carthagena 35
Of Scylla *and* Charybdis, *Mount* Ætna, *and the vulgar* Greek, *&c.* 36, 37
Of the admirable City of Venice, *her Glass Furnaces, with a Speculation raised thereon her renowned Arsenal and Treasury, her Age and Constitution, her famous* Bucentoro, *with a Philosophical notion arising thence, &c.* *from* 38, *to* 54
Of the vertue of Letters 44
A Letter of Gratitude 45
Some witty Sayings of Spaniards 51
Some witty Observations of Rome, *the manner of creating Cardinals* 52
Of Foreign Travel 54
Of the gentle City of Naples 55
A Saying of King James 57
A Resemblance 'twixt the old Lombards *and the* Welsh *ibid.*
A witty Saying of Lewis *the* 11th 59
Of Florence, Genoa, Lucca, *&c.* 58, 59
Of Milain *and the Duke of* Savoy 61
Of the Italian *Tongue* *ibid.*
Of the humour of the Italian 62
Of the hideous Mountains the Alps, *and of* Lions *in* France 62, 63
Of Geneva, *and a strange thing that happen'd at* Lions 63, 64
The six famous Verses made of Venice 50
A notable magnanimous Speech of a Turk 48

The second Section.

MY *Lord* Bacon's *opinion of Monsieur* Cadenet *the* French *Ambassador about little men* 65

Two

Two Letters of Endearments 66
A notable Saying of the La. Elizabeth 67
Of Sir Robert Mansel's *return from* Algier 68
Queen Ann's *death, and the last Comet* 69
M. of Buckingham *made Lord Admiral*, &c. 75
The beginning of the Bohemian *Wars* 67
The Palsgrave's *undertaking that Crown* 67
Prague *lost* 68
Spinola's *going to the* Palatinate, *the manner of taking* Oppenheim, *& the unworthiness of the Marq of* Ansback *the* Germ. *General* 72
The strange wonder in Holland, *of a Lady that brought forth as many Children as days in the Year*, &c. 76
Of the sailing Waggon *ibid.*
An elaborate survey of the seventeen Provinces, the ground of their quarrel with the Spaniard, *the difference of Government, and humors of People, from* 78, to 88
The difference 'twixt the Flemin, Walloon, *and* Hollander 87
The last French *King's Piety to his Mother* 90
Phlebotomy much used in France 93, 94
A congratulatory Letter for Marriage 88
A Satyrical Play in Antwerp *about the Prince* Palsgrave *proceedings* 89
Wars 'twixt the French *King and the Protestants* 91, 92
A famous Speech of St. Lewis 93
Of the French *Favourites* Luines, *and his two Brothers* Cadenet *and* Brand 105
The strange story of the Maid of Orleans, *and how the* English *were reveng'd of her* 96, 97
A facetious Passage of the Duke of Espernon 98
The opinion of a French *Doctor of* English *Ale* 94
The French *Pollette* 97

The third Section.

Gondamar's *first Audience about the* Spanish *Match, and the ill Augury that befel* 100
Sir Henry Montague *made Lord Treasurer; a facetious question ask'd him* *ibid.*
Cautions for travelling Italy 101
King James *his sharp Answer to the Parliament from* New-Market, *about the* Spanish *Match*, &c. Gondomer's *facetious Speech of my Lady* Hatton 102, 103
Of the Synod of Dort 104
Archbishop Abbot's *disaster to kill a Keeper*, &c. 107

Th

The French *King's Proceedings against the Protestants, and the death of* Luines 104, 105
Of the Infanta *of* Spain, *and her two Uncles* 109
The bold manner of Petitioning the King of Spain ibid.
Some commendable qualities of the Spaniards ibid.
Of the old Duke of Lerma 111
Material things of the Match 112
The witty Speech of the Marquis of Montesclaros 114
Of Count Mansfield's *notable Retreat to* Breda, *his chiefest exploit* 115
Of our Prince his arrival at the Court of Spain, *his usage there, and some Passages of* Gondamar 116
Of his comportment in courting the Lady Infanta, *&c.* 119
A witty Saying of a Spanish *Woman* 119
Of their baiting of Bulls with Men 124
Verses upon the Prince his Wooing 121
The monstrous manner of Osman *the great* Turk's *death, with some Observations thereon* 125, 126
Of his ominous Dream, and the grand Visier's *Prediction to Sir* Tho. Roe 127
A Discourse betwixt our Prince and the King of Spain 129
Of our Prince his departure thence 131
How matters stood after his departure ibid.
Preparations made for the Wedding-day 133
The Earl of Bristol's *Audience upon his receiving a new Commission* 134
Probabilities that the Spaniard *intended a Match with* England 133
My Lord Paget's *witty Speech in Parliament* 134
Of the Bishop of Halverstadt 135
The notable Plot the two Spanish *Ambassadors invented to demolish the Duke of* Buck. 136
The high proffers that were made the Earl of Bristol *if he would stay in* Spain 135
Of the manner of the Proceedings of the Spanish *Match by way of comparison* 137
The breach of the Spanish *Match by a Philosophical comparison* 138
An Abstract of the Spanish *Monarchy, of its growth, of the Soil, and the Humour of the Inhabitants, from* 140, to 146
Of things happen'd at the siege of Bergen op Zoom. *A pleasant tale of a lame Captain* 147
Of the vertue of Familiar Letters 148
Of that stupendious Monument the Escurial 149
Of the late famous Duke of Ossuna, *divers Passages* 150

Of

Of writing by Cyphers 151
A memorable Passage of the Jesuits ibid.
A facetious Tale of a Souldier. 152

This third Section contains divers intrinsecal Passages more, of the Treaties both of Match *and* Palatinat.

The fourth Section.

Of the Jewels that were left in the Court of Spain, *to be presented at the Betrothing day* 153
Of the fruitfulness of Friendship 154
Of Count Mansfelt 155
An exact Relation of his late Majesties death by an eye-witness 157
Of my Lord Verulam *after his fall* 159
Cautions for Marriage ibid.
The disasterous death of young Prince Frederick 161
Of the Treaty of a Match with France, *and of Cardinal* Richelieu 162
How lively Letters represent the inward man 163
The Capitulation of the Match with France 164
Of Monsieur's Marriage 165
The rare Perfections of the late Marchioness of Winchester ibid.
Of Grave Maurice's *death, and of the taking of* Breda 167
The sorry Success of our Fleet to Cales *under the Lord* Wimbledon 169
Some Advertisements to the Duke of Buckingham *before the Parliament* 170
The true nature of Love 171
Of Count Mansfelt 172
Cardinal Richelieu's *first rise* 162
A facetious Saying of the Queen of France *touching Count* Mansfelt 172
A clashing 'twixt Buckingham *and* Bristol ibid.
A comparison 'twixt the Infanta *and the Daughter of* France 174
A facetious Pasquil in Rome 173
The speedy conclusion of the French *Match, and a facetious Tale of the Pope* ibid.
Her Majesties arrival in England 174
The dissolution of the Parliament at Oxon, *and of the Lord Keeper* Williams 175
Of the Renvoy of her Majesties French *Servants*, &c. 177
The Reasons alledged for Lone-Monies 178, 179

The Index of the first Volume.

A memorable example in the Person of a Spanish *Captain, how strangely a sudden conceit may work within us* 179, 180

The fifth Section.

A *Northern Letter* 182
Our breach with France *and our ill success at the Isle of* Ree 185
The Lord Denbigh's *sorry return from before* Rochel 186
Of the Wars in Italy *about the Dutchy of* Mantoua 184
A circumstantial Relation of the Duke of Buckingham's *death by an Eye-Witness* 187
The Lord of Lindsey's *return from before* Rochel, *the taking and dismantling of her by the* French *King* 188
Colonel Gray's *quick device to save his life out of a Salt-pit* 185
A methodical Incitement for an Oxford *Student* 189
Of the taking the great Royal Ship, the Holy Spirit *of the* French, *by Sir* Sackvil Trever 190
A dehortary Letter from swearing, with examples of all sorts 191
A Hymn thereupon 194
The Properties of a Foot-man 196
Of Ben Johnson's *Genius* 198
Of tardy Courtesies 200
Some amorous Sonnets of Black-Eyes, &c. 201, 202
A check against the habit of drinking 205
A Poem upon the British *Language* 206
A witty Reply to Sir Edw. Cook *by a Country-man* 199
A Character of Sir Posthumus Hobby 200
The first rise of the Lord Stafford *ibid.*
The King of Sweeden's *first rushing into* Germany 207, 208
The King of Denmark's *ill success against* Tilly, *and the favourable peace he obtained* *ibid.*
Of a ragged illegible hand 208
The proud Inscription the French *King lift upon a triumphant Pillar, on one of the* Alpian *Hills* 209
Of Sir Ken. Digbies *exploits against the* Venetian *Galeasses, &c.* 210
A jeer put upon Sir Tho. Edmonds *being Ambassador in* France *ibid.*
Another jeer of the French *Embassador* *ibid.*
Of Sir Tho. Wentworth's *violent rising up* 211
Of the King of Sweden's *monthous Progress, his clashing with the* English *and* French *Embassador* 214
A Letter of Thanks 213
A Description of an Olla podriad 215

Of

Of the Spanish *Inquisition* 218, 219
The death of the Queen-Dowager of Denmark, *his Majesties Grand-mother, the richest Princess of Christendom, &c.* 216

The sixth Section.

AN exact Relation of the Earl of Leicester's *Embassy to the King of* Denmark, *and other Princes* 227
Some remarkable Passages in the Danish *Court* 222
Of Hamburgh *and the* Hans *Towns, their beginning, and the famous Quarrel they had with Queen* Eliz. 223, 224
The marvellous resemblance of Holstein *men with the* Eng. *&c.* 226
The King of Sweden's *death related by an Eye-Witness, his Aversion to the* English, *&c.* 229, 230
The Palsgrave's *death* 231
The late Pope's compliance with him ib.
A strange Apparition happened in the West about a dying Gentleman 232
Of Noy *the Atturney, and of Ship-money* 233
Of the Lord Weston's *Embassy to* Italy, *and a clashing 'twixt my Lord of* Holland *and him* 234
The Queen-Mother's and Monsieur's Retirement to Flanders 239
A Christmas Hymn 235
Of the condition of the Jews *squander'd up and down the World, how they came to be so cunning and hateful, from whence they expect their Messias, &c.* 236, 237, 238
Of Platonick *Love* 240
The sudden comfort of Letters 240
Of a strange Pattent given a Scotch-man ib.
Of Atturney Noy's *death, and the odd Will he made, &c.* 241
The Arrival of the Prince Elector, and of Prince Rupert *to* England, *their Designs* 242
Monsieur steals from Brussels 243
A Herald of Arms sent from France *to denounce War against* Spain 242
Of Mountmorency's *death* 243
A memorable example of the force of Affection in the Person of a French *Lady* 243, 244
Of Peter van Heyns *mighty Plate Prize, &c.* 245
Of Judgments fallen upon disobedient Children 247
The Earl of Arundel's *return from the* German *Diet* ib.
Lorain taken by the *French* 248
Of Translations 249
The young Prince Electors ill Success in Germany, *and Prince* Rupert *taken Prisoner, &c.*

The Index of the first Volume.

The most tragical death of the Earl of Warfuzes *at* Leige 251
Upon Ben. Johnson's *death* 252
A method in devotion 252, 253, 254, 255
Kazevil *come from* Poland *Ambassador* 246
The Scots *Commanders returning from* Germany, *stint at the* English *Court* *ib.*
Of the Sovereign of the Sea, her dimensions and charge 256
Of King Edgar *his mighty Naval Power, and lofty title, &c.* *ib.*
Of the heat and medicinal virtue of the Bath 257
The Splendour of the Irish *Court* 259
Of a memorable passage in Suidas *touching our Saviour* 260
Of Edenburgh 261
A dispute 'twixt a Vintner and a Shoomaker about Bishops *ib.*
Of that furious Naval fight 'twixt Oquendo *and the* Hollanders *in the* Downs 263, 264
Of Chymistry *ib.*
The Revolt of Catalonia, *and the utter defection of* Portugal *from the* Spaniard 265
The doleful casting away of Captain Limmery's *Ship, valued at* 800000 *pounds* 266
Of an hideous Serpent found in a youngGentleman's heart in Holborn, *and other ill-favoured Auguries* *ib.*
Of monstrous profane Epithets given the French *Cardinal* 268
Some facetious passages of the old Duke of Espernon 269
No comfort in captivity 271
Of a miraculous accident happen'd in Hamelen *in* Germany 272
Of the calamities of the times *ib.*
Of self-examination 274
Of Merchant Adventurers 275
Of the late Pope's death, and the election of this by the Spanish *faction; his propensity to peace, and the impossibility of it* 277
Marquis Pawlet *his ingenious Motto* 278
Of the Ape of Paris *applied to these times* 279
Of Affliction *ib.*
Of a true Friend 280
Of a strange people lately discovered in Spain 281
Of Moderation and Equanimity 278
Of the Fruits of Affliction 281
Of Weeping 284, 285

An Index of the principal Matters contained in this second Volume of Familiar Letters.

ENcouragements to hasten a business 287
A strange disparity 'twixt a married couple ib.
The power of the Pen 288
Advice against detraction ib.
Of the general infirmities of men 289
Of natural corruption 290
Of the Passions of Love, and the humour of Women ib.
Of a clash that happen'd 'twixt Leo *the tenth, and the* French *King and their witty answers and replies* 292,
The Saying of Robert Grosthead *Bishop of* Lincoln, *touching the Pope* ib.
Advice to silence ib.
A Letter of thanks, and forgiving Injuries 293
Of Religion in general 294
Of the Religion of the Jews, and their several Sects 295
Of Christianity, and the difficulties that attend it 297
England *one of the first Christian Countries* ib.
The cause of the first division 'twixt the Eastern and Western Churches 297
Of the Eastern Church ib.
The extent of Christianity ib.
The lamentable decay of Christianity in Afric 298
Of Mahometism, with the beginning and policy thereof 300
The reverend opinion the Turks *have of Christ, and the Virgin* Mary ib.
The vast extent of Mahometism 301
The concurrence of the Turk with the Christian and Jew 302
Of the Pagans or Heathens Religion, and their extent 303
The best sort of Pagans 304
The degrees how Philosophy did propogate it self 305
A comparison in point of extent 'twixt all Religions 307
Some advice for a young Traveller 308
Of vain-glory 309
Of the arrogance of the Romans ib.
Advice to a young Souldier 310
A Letter of advice to give over a business 311
Of Secretary Wallingham, *and Secretary* Cecil 312
A true comparison of Charles *the Emperor* 313

The Mulberry a Pattern of Wisdom ib.
Of the falling off of Catalonia *and* Portugal *from the King of* Spain 314
Of extravagant humours 315
A Letter of reproachfull fo fierce 316
Of the vertue of Letters ib.
Advice to be carefull in collolizing ib.
An amorous Poem 317
An Apology for not answering a Letter 321
Of a monstrous new Island growing up in the Atlantick *Sea* ib.
Of the fearful Earthquakes in Italy ib.
Of Genoa, Venice *&c.* 322
A Letter of Love 323
A Letter of Friendly Rejects ib.
The difference 'twixt Prosperity and Adversity 327
A Letter of Recommendation for a Servant 328
What a Supernumerary Servant is like to ib.
Of the abuse of a great Picture taken at Arundel 330, 331
Of Crosses and Troubles 333
Of Chymical Knowledge 334
Of the Peace 'twixt Spain *and* Holland 336
A Letter of Condolement and Mortality 337
The Author's Apology for himself ib.
The French *Satyr of Queen* Elizabeth. 340
Of the exorbitant liberty of Printing ib.
Of post Pidgeons ib.
Private Contemplations of the Author upon divers Objects 341
A Remedy against Melancholy 343
Of the Wines of Spain, Italy, France, *and* Germany 350, 351
Of the Nile *Water* 349, 350
Of Metheglin, Meath and Bragget, Sider and Perry 347
How the Germans *drink Healths* 352
A strange tale of some Dutch *Drunkards* 353
Of tongues in general ib. &c.
Of the British *Tongues and her Dialects* 354
The Irish *a Dialect of the* Welsh ib.
Welsh *Words found in* America ib.
The ground of the Appellation of English-men 355
How his grace's Book at the beginning of the Book of Martyrs ib.
When the English *begun to be footing in* Scotland ib.
Of the German *Tongue, and the extent of it* 356
Some Persian *Words consider'd with the* Dutch ib.
Of the Slavonic *Language, her Dialects, and vast extent of it* ib.
Many other Languages the Slavonic *hath two Characters* 357

A Chur

The Index of the second Volume.

A Charter of Alexander *the Great, yet extant upon the Walls of a Church in* Prague ib.
Of the Greek *Tongue, her growth and progress* 358
The pittiful decay of the Greek *Tongue* 359
How strangely the Greeks *are degenerated above all other Nations* ib.
The ancient monstrous extent of the Greek *Tongue* ib.
Of the Latin *Tongue, and her Degrees of Perfection* 360
The Greek *always more esteem'd than* Latin *in the East and West* 361
How the Latin *did refine her self* ib.
Of the sundry barbarous People that invaded Italy 362
Of Italian, Spanish, *and* French *Languages* 363
Of the Arcadians 364
Where to find the true ancient Speech of any Country ib.
Of the mother tongues of Europe 366
A Philosophical reason of the imperfect Tongues 366
Of the vast extent of the Arabian *Tongue* 367
Of the Hebrew ib.
Languages subject to corruption and change as other things 367, 368
Of Sir Walter Rawleigh's *Voyage to* Guiana, *and a Judgment upon it* ib.
A facetious tale of the Earl of Kildare 374
Of my Lord Carleton ib.
A facetious tale of a Spanish *Souldier* 375
Friendly wishes ib.
A comparison 'twixt the case of the King *of* England *with other Kings* 376
A Letter of Respects to a Lady 378
A caution not to neglect the Latin *for any vulgar* Language ib.
Of praises to God, and how they are the best oblations 379
A facetious tale of Henry *the fourth of* France 380
America *only free from* Mahometism 384
The Alchoran *brought in by the* Alfanee 386
Arabick *the sole Language of the* Alchoran ib.
Of the black Bean in Mahomet's *Heaven* 389
Of Vanity of Beauties 388
The Mendican Friers make a kind of an excuse for the excess of the Cardinals and Bishops 291
Of borrowing and lending of Books 312
Canary the best of Wines 351
Christianity more subject to variety of Opinions than any other Religion, and the cause thereof 297
Advice from attempting a Business 318

Reputation like a Venice-glass 310
A Battle of Fire, Water, and Flame ib.
A facetious tale of a Souldier ib.
Of delay in business 312
Of dispatch ib.
Of Matches 'twixt England *and* Spain 313
The vertue of money 314
A famous saying of Captain Talbot ib.
Of a hard intricate business 315
A Letter of reprehension for careless writing 316
Some amorous Stanza's 318
A Letter of gratitude 318
An Apology for Women 319
Of good and bad Women 320
Of free courtesies ib.
A courtesy may be mar'd in the mode ib.
An Apology for silence 321
A tale of a Neapolitan *Confessor* ib.
A new Island discover'd hard by the Terceras ib.
Of the Hill Vesuvius. ib.
Some rarities of Venice 322
Of the Genowayes ib.
Of our Indian *Mariner* ib.
Grunnius Sophista's *last Will* 324
The Author's last Testament ib.
Of Melancholly 325
A facetious tale of a Porter 326
A modest reply of a Letter of praise 327
A Letter of Patience 327
Of Chymistry 328
Of the Diseases of the time ib.
A Letter of recommendation ib.
Of superfluous Servants ib.
An advice to travel 327
Of reading of Books 329
Of partiality of years 330
The history of Conanus *and the* 11000 *Virgins mistaken* 331
Of Prisoners 331
The Author's Epitaph. 332
Advice to a Cambridge Scholar 332
A Letter for Sot 333
The effects of imprisonment ib.
Of Chymistry 334
Of Dunkirk 335

A Let-

The Index of the second Volume.

A Letter of State ib.
A tale of the late Queen of Spain 336
The Turks *Prayer* ib.
Of Nature, Fate, and Time 337
A Consolatory Letter ib.
A modest reply to a Letter Encomiastic ib.
A Letter of reprehension for not writing 338
Of Qu. Eliz. pro & con 339
How the Spaniards *charge her* ib.
Of futilous Writers 340
Of speeding Letters ib.
A Letter of Mediation ib.
The advantage of Marriage 343
A Letter of Complement to a Lady ib.
A Hymn to the blessed Trinity 344
St. Austin's wish in a Hymn 345
Of fearing and loving of God 346
A large discourse of all sorts of Beverages that ornament the earth 347
Of all sorts of Wines 348
The Riddle of the Vineyard-man 347
Of German *and* Greek *Drinkers* 353
Of the pitiful condition of England 374
A Congratulatory Letter from travel 378
Of Prayer and Praise 379
Of the Excise 380
A tale of Monsieur de la Chatre ib.
The power of Letters 382
Some Spanish *Epitaphs* 383
Of French *Lawyers* 385
A Letter consolatory to a sick body ib.
Stanza's of mortality 386
Of the Passion-week 387
A Letter Congratulatory for marriage 385
A caution for imparting secrets 388
A Letter of Intelligence 389
Of Autology 387
A Letter of Consolation 391, 392
Self-travel one of the ways that lead us to Heaven 3[illegible]

An Index to the Third Volume of Familiar Letters.

Of the use of Passions 391
Passions like Muscovia Wives expect to be check'd ib.
The conquest of ones self the greatest point of valour ib.
Of the Nobles of Venice 396
The peaceful Commotions of Naples ib.
The bloody Commotions in Ethiopia ib.
Strange Revolutions in China ib.
The monstrous Insurrections in Africa ib.
A Highlander and Hieland 397
A Letter of Correspondence ib.
Letters compared to Leaches 398
Of Heaven ib.
Fundaments of Love ib.
Of the Presbyter and his first rise 399
Of Calvin his profane Applications ib.
Of Geneva ib.
King James call'd Presbytery a Sect ib.
Redemption the blessing Paramount 400
The Eucharist the prime act of Devotion ib.
A Hymn upon the Holy Sacrament ib.
A Rapture 401
The happiest condition of life 402
Opinion the great Lady that rules the World ib.
Conceit the chiefest thing that makes one happy ib.
Of the strange Monster in Scotland ib.
The uncertain state of a Merchant Adventurer ib.
A Mariner scarce to be ranked among the Living ib.
A rich City like a fat Cheese, subject to maggots ib.
Congratulation to a married couple 403
Of Tobacco, and the virtue of it ib.
A Range one wright upon my Lord Scroop by a Pipe of Tobacco 404
The way to know how much Smoak there is in a Pound of Tobacco 404
Of Doctor Thorius Pathologie 405
The different modes of taking Tobacco 404
A Dish of Tobacco 405

Of

The Index of the third Volume.

Of Learning in general ib.
Handicrafts-men may well be term'd learned men ib.
A wholsome piece of Policy of the Chineses 406
A tale of Bishop Grosthead ib.
A meer Scholar a uselefs thing 407
A facetious tale of Thomas Aquinas *and* Bonaventure 406
A Speech of Alexander Hales ib.
The general itching after Book-learning hurtful to England ib.
Gun-Powder and Printing about a time, and both hurtful 407
The true learned men 408
A Jeer upon the common Lawyer ib.
Of the Physician ib.
Pope Adrian's *Speech* ib.
Of the Lunary World 409
Antiquity cannot priviledge an Error ib.
Novelty cannot prejudice truth ib.
Of the Antipodes ib.
The method how God pours down his Blessings 410
The following day wiser than the foregoing ib.
The Cadet older than his elder Brother ib.
Of Experience ib.
The prime Philosophers held there was a World in the Moon 411
A notable comparison ib.
What kind of creatures are thought to be in the body of the Sun ib. 412
Of Galileo's *Glass* 411, 412
The Turks *opinion of the Sun* ib.
The Earth the basest of Creatures 413
Of Trismegistus ib.
The Prerogatives of man 412
A Letter of Complement to a Lady 413
Of Friendship 413
Of Fortune's Wheel 414
The Power of God ib.
What use France *hath made of* Scotland 415
An Italian *Saying appliable to* England *ib.*
The old Plot of the Jesuit now done in England ib.
A Letter of Congratulation from foreign Travel ib.
What a Traveller must carry home with him besides Language 416
'Tis probable the Spaniard *will be too hard for the* French ib.
A Letter complaining of the hard condition of England ib.
Another of the miseries of the time 417
A Conjunction 'twixt Spain *and* France *the wholsomest for Christendom* 419

A Let-

The Index of the third Volume.

A Letter of endearment 420
Of Paul's Church ib.
Of Translations 421
The English *and* Italian *compared* ib.
Translations like Wines taken off the Lees, and poured into bottles 422
How the English *Language grows rich* 423
What is chiefly expected from a faithful Translator 422
Of Prophecies 423
The strange prediction of Nostredamus *ib.*
Some wonderful Prophecies of the Welch Bards reflecting upon these times *ib.*
A Prophecy of White-Hall 424
A Prophecy for the Souldier ib.
Of Witches 425
How perverse men must be used in disputation ib.
All Nations enacted Laws against Witchcraft ib.
The Act of Parliament in England against Witches ib.
The Imperial Law against Witches ib.
The Judaical *and* Roman *Law against Witches* ib.
Nostredamus *his notable prediction reflecting upon* England 426
A notable story of Charlemain ib.
St. Austin *and* Danæus *his opinion of Witches* ib.
Olaus Magnus *his opinion of King* Ericus's *case, that could command the Winds* *ib.*
Of the Oracles ib.
A memorable story out of Plutarch ib.
The Oath that Witches use to take ib.
The famous tale of Frier Lovis *in* France ib.
Of Rutterkin *the Witch that inchanted my Lord of* Rutland's *Children* 427
A Letter of friendly endearments 428
England *cur'd of the Kings-evil* ib.
Of difference in opinion 429
Differences in opinion should not dissolve the bonds of humane society *ib.*
One of the special Priviledges of God Almighty *ib.*
Themistius *his opinion touching the worship of the Creator* *ib.*
Of spiritual pride, the greatest engine the devil useth to destroy People 431

An Index of the chiefest Passages in this fourth Volume of Familiar Letters.

A.

Of the Abuses of the times Page 494, 495
Of the Angel and Anchorit 435
Q. Artemisia made her body her Husband's Sepulcher 441
The advantages of History 448
The Americans at first thought a man on horseback was all but one creature ib.
Aristotle's error holding there were no Asses in France 456
Of the Apostolical Creed 472
Antiquity to be preferred before novelty 475
A rule to read old Authors ib.
An Acre of performance more than the whole Land of promise 477
Armorica in France planted by the Welsh Britains 474
Of the analogy 'twixt Amsterdam and Venice 481
Amsterdam smells rank of a Hans Town ib.
Of an Armenian Merchant 488
The Author's opinion of the World 434
The Advantages England hath had by the late Wars 497, 498

B.

BRennus the Britain the first Foreigner Rome felt 432
The Beasts proper to a Forest, to a Chase, to a Park 455
Bodin touching the freedom of the French 456
The British held to be the first Language of France 458
British Words found in France to this day 459
The Britains held barbarous by Strabo because they could not make cheese 472
We must believe for our selves, and beg for others 472
Of Bishops by Chrysostom and Athanasius 473
A British Prince first discoverer of the West-Indies 474
Of Babel and Babylon 485

C.

COurtesies compar'd by the French 433
A Comparison of the present case of England 434
Divers Comparisons touching the frame of the World ib.
Of Cuckolds 443
Of the Chineses incestuous custom 442
Of Courtesans 443

The

The cause of lust in Southern *People* 444
Of Counsel 453
A Complement about a Present 454
Canutus *a great Forester, his strict Laws* 455
The word Crank *abus'd in* English 462
A Censure of the times 467
A Censure of some things in the Roman *Church* 482

D

DOctor Dales *merry mistake* 432
His witty Answers to Q. Eliz. *and the* Spanish *Ambassadors* 433
Of a devout Lady 434
A dry cough the Trompeter of death 446
Divers Remarks upon Q. Eliz. *raign* 452
The Duke of Espernon *would have Love to be the third Principle* 454
The Dialects of the French 464, 465
Deeds Men, Words Women 477
Of Degrees in the Church 485
The Devil lurks in Grape-berries 490

E.

THe *Elementary World made of repugnant Ingredients* 434
Of Q. Eliz. 450
Of the Earl of Lindsey 454
Emblema *thrust out of* Rome *by a special* diploma 460
A Welsh *Epitaph found in* America 474
Sir Elias Hicks *vindicated of the Aspersions cast upon him by* Wilson 478, 479
Of Equity and Justice 487
An Elegy upon Edward *Earl of* Dorset 501
Of the Earl of Clare 457

F.

FAsting, *as Morning Spittle, kills Dragons and Devils* 437
Of the Female kind 441
Against Females 442
The fame of fair Princes like the Rose, of others like the Poppy 452
The Prerogatives of a Vixen over a Chase 455
France *a plentiful Country, but the People poor* 456
Four Kings in Armorica *call'd* Howell 474
Of the French *and* Spaniard 487
Of English *Natures* 450
The French *Peasants meer Asses* 450

Galen's

The Index of the fourth Volume.

G.

GAlen's *Course in sleeping in the After-noon* 431
Galen *Clerk of Nature's Cabinet* ib.
Of Church-Government 485
of good Works 483
of the grand Cosmo de Medici 484
or the Gallery of Ladies 500
Gallia *first call'd* Wallia 459

H.

of the Hermit and the Angel 435
How the Hugonots *of* France *do fall* 439
How to govern Women 449
of History 443, 449
Of Sir Elias Hicks *and* Fairfax *before* Montauban 478
The horrid Assassinate committed by a Puritan in Wales 494
The History of Wilson *conjur'd* 478

I.

An Invitation to correspond by Letters 431
The manner of the Jewish Fast 438
In the Church of Rome *some things commendable* 482
Justices of Peace made Church men 487
Of King John 455
Juan de Padillia *a* Spanish *Rebel* 449
of the Irish *Seas* 489

L.

LEtters *the* Larum-bells *of Love*, 431. *Of Lent* 437, 438
Of a Lover in Prose and Verse 445
The Earl of Leicester *brought in first the Art of Poisoning* 451
The Loire *a drunken River* 456
A Letter of Condolement 469
A Letter of Congratulation 470
Letters compar'd to Organ-Pipes 481
A Letter of comfort, 427. *A Letter of thanks* 497
A Love Sonnet 445
Lutherans *nearer* Rome *than the Protestants* 485

M.

of a Mer 445
A memorable Passage in the Civil Wars of Spain 449
Mr. L. Marquis of Dorchester 450
Melancholy an ill Companion 457
Magnificent an upstart Word for greatness 464
Mortification 464
A Metheglin in Prose and Verse 489
The malice and cruelty of the Presbyterians 492

Mon-

Montrose *pitifully butcher'd in* Scotland 494
Of the Marquis of Winchester 500

N.

Of a Noddy that writ a Book of Wiving 442
Of Nuns 443
New Heresies are but old ones furbished 473
News from Rome, 499. *Of a negative Face* ib.
Of the neatness and decencies of the Roman *Church* 482

O.

OF *the* French *liberty* 456
Of the French *language* 458
Of the mutability of tongues ib.
Of the original progress and perfection of the French *tongue* ib.
Of the Latin *tongue* 460
Of the Duke of Orleans 465
Of Sir Philip Sidney ib.
Of patience by way of comparison 467

P.

The Pen *the Ambassador's chiefest tool* 432
Of Providence 436
Of powdering the Hair by the Gallants of the time 439
Of the Preachments of these times 470
Of the Poet Skelton 471
Of Paul's *Church* 481
Of the common People 498
Divers Pasquils from Rome 499
The Pope strangely cur'd 499
A Philosophical Poem 495
A Poem for observing Lent 498
Of a hellish natured Puritan 494
A Poem upon Christmas Day 497
Of Presumption in search of Divine Knowledge 495
Of Pouhcus 455

Q.

The great advantages of the Quill 432
Queen Zenobia's *chastity* 441
A Queen of England's *notable love to her Husband* ib.
Of the three last Queen-Mothers of France 456

R.

A Ring made with art to awaken one in the Night 432
How the Ruffians *use their Wives* 445
Rules for a Wooer 445
Of Car. Richelieu 465
Of the Roman *Church* 483

A Bigl

The Index of the fourth Volume.

S.

A high Speculation consisting of many parts 436
Scaliger's *Error* 444
The Spaniards *as light as other men* 449
Of the Spanish *and* French *Languages* 460
Spanish *Latin lengthen'd*, French *Latin shortend* ib.
Soveraign an upstart Word for Greatness 454
Of the Sayings of the ten Sybils 490
The Sword the surest sway 498
Of the strength and wealth of England ib.
Of the Sympathetick Powder 503
Of the shallowness of human brain 495

T.

THE true way of fasting 437
The temper of the people, the happiness of the times 452
The abuse of some French *Proverbs* 463
Two witty tales 477
Two weighty Sayings 473
Some Trees fatidical 486
The Turks *saying of Wine* 490
A Tale of an Indian *Boy* 503

V.

VErses upon fasting 438
Of Venice 457
A Vindication of some things in the second part of Dodona's Grove 468
How Vatinius *took his advantage of* Cicero 468
A Vindication of some things in the Survey *of* Venice 469
Of the uniformity of the Roman *Church* 482

W.

A witty Saying of Henry *the Great of* France 439
A witty Passage of a Turkish *Ambassador* ib.
A witty Saying of the Lady Barbara *the Empress* 441
A witty Passage of a Cook in Westminster 442
A witty Tale of Hans Boobikin 444
Of Wit and Wealth 446
A witty Saying of Hector *to the Knight* ib.
A witty comparison ib.
Two weighty Latin Sayings 450
A witty Saying of News Lights 455
Words have their rise and fall as men 462
Witty Companions of the Soul 466
A witty Saying of Wales 453
A witty tale of a Spanish *Captain* 455

FINIS