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HOWELL'S
FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Ballantyne Press

BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON



PHYLOSOPHIA.



HISTORIA.



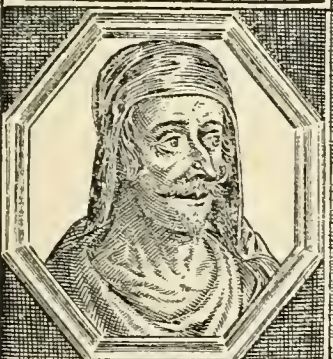
C CÆSAR.

Epistolæ Ho Elianæ
FAMILIAR LETTERS
DOMESTIC & FORREN
Partly { Historical.
Political.
Phylosophical.



M AVRELIUS.

BY
James Howel Esq. one of
the Clerks of his Majesties most
Honble Privy Council.



M. TUL. CICERO.



L. ANNÆVS. SENECA

—Sub-
mole resurgo.



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62218
EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

The
Familiar Letters

Lit
H

of

James Howell

Historiographer Royal to Charles II.

EDITED, ANNOTATED, AND INDEXED

BY

JOSEPH JACOBS

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY, MADRID



LONDON: PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT IN THE STRAND

MDCCCXC

1895
1895



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1890
p 2

To Mr. (now Dr.) JAMES GOW, at Nottingham.

MY DEAR GOW,

IT is some years ago, you may remember, that you asked me to procure you a Howell, if I chanced upon another copy. Here then at last you have him, tricked out in braver apparel than he ever yet has known, and provided with such aids to the better understanding and enjoying of him as my poor skill could devise.

You were probably attracted to Howell, as I was, by our Thackeray's perhaps too enthusiastic praise; but, once the ceremony of introduction is over, he wins us to himself by his own merits. His wide range of experience and of interest, his vicissitudes of travel and of fortune, the many cities he visited, the many men he knew, his fund of gossip and anecdote, his quaint yet earnest reflections on life, all combine to make his Letters a more varied literary repast than almost any other collection of the kind in our literature; and with it all there goes his unabashed self-satisfaction in his own cleverness which gives an added piquancy to all he says. In short, he is first in point of time of the order of men to which Pepys, Boswell, and Walpole belong. I am hoping that he will take his place by their side as one of the perennial sources, instructive at once and amusing, of English "Culturgeschichte."

Amid all his vanity and superficiality, there is one note of
sentiment

sentiment which rings true. He could make friends and keep them. I have therefore thought it not inappropriate to connect this attempt to win for him a secure place in English Letters with the name of one of my oldest and truest friends.

I am, my dear Gow,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH JACOBS.

KILBURN, this 1st of October, 1890.

P R E F A C E.



THE text of the following edition is that of the tenth edition of 1737, with the proper names restored to the form of the original editions. The additional letters and documents in the Supplement have for the most part never appeared in print before. In view of recent events, it may be necessary to state that this volume, including the Supplement, was issued to subscribers in March 1890. The Introduction, biography of Howell, and bibliography of his works, with full notes and an Index of over 40 pp., double columns, will be ready, it is hoped, before the New Year of 1891.

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TESTIMONIA.



NOR to know the Author of these Poems, were an ignorance beyond *Barbarism* . . . He may be called the prodigie of his Age, for the variety of his Volumes; for from his *Δενδρολογία* or *Parly of Trees* [1640], to his *Θηζολογία* or *Parly of Beasts* [1660] (not inferior to the other), there hath pass'd the Press above forty of his Works on various subjects; useful not only to the present times, but to all posterity. And 'tis observed that in all his Writings there is something still *New*, either in the *Matter, Method* or *Fancy*, and in an untrodden Tract. Moreover, one may discover a kinde of Vein of *Poesie* to run through the body of his *Prose*, in the Continuity and succinctness thereof all along. He teacheth a new way of Epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not only consist of Words and a bombast of Compliments, but that they are capable of the highest Speculations and solidest kind of Knowledge.

PETER FISHER, Preface to *Mr. Howel's Poems*, 1664.

HE had a singular command of his pen whether in verse or in prose, and was well read in modern Histories, especially in those of the Countries wherein he had travelled, had a parabolical and allusive fancy, according to his motto *Senesco non segnesco*. But the Reader is to know that his writings, having been only to gain a livelihood, and by their dedications to flatter great and noble persons, are very trite and empty, stolen from other authors without acknowledgment, and fitted only to please the humours of novices. . . . Many of the said Letters were never written before the Author of them was in the Fleet, as he pretends they were,
only

only feigned (no time being kept with their dates) and purposely published to gain money to relieve his necessities, yet give a tolerable history of these times.

ANTHONY À WOOD, *Athenæ Oxon* (1691), iii. 744 (ed. 1817).

HE was master of more modern languages and author of more books than any other Englishman of his time.

J. GRANGER, *Biogr. Hist. of Engl.* (1769).

I BELIEVE the second published correspondence of this kind and in our own language, at least of any importance after Hall, will be found to be *EPISTOLÆ HOELIANÆ*, or the letters of James Howell, a great traveller, an intimate friend of Jonson, and the first who bore the office of historiographer, which discover a variety of literature, and abound with much entertaining and useful information.

T. WARTON, *Hist. of English Poetry* (1781), § lxiv. *ad fin.*

HOWELL, the author of *Familiar Letters*, &c., wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet Prison; some say for debts which his irregular living had occasioned, and others for political reasons. This is certain, that he used his pen for subsistence in that imprisonment, and there produced one of the most agreeable works in the English language.

I. D'ISRAELI, *Curiosities of Literature*.

A WORK containing numberless anecdotes and historical narratives, and forming one of the most amusing and instructive volumes of the seventeenth century.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, *Censura Literaria* (1808), vi. 232.

THE *Epist. Ho-Eliaæ* is one of the most amusing volumes extant. And I purpose, God willing, at some future time to give a new and corrected impression of this excellent book, with notes and an appendix, for which work I have for a long time past been making the necessary collections.

PH. BLISS, notes on *Athen. Oxon.* (1817), iii. 747.

HOWELL

HOWELL has no wit, but he has abundance of conceits, flat and commonplace enough. With all this he was a man of some sense and observation. His letters are entertaining.

H. HALLAM, *Literature of Europe* (1839), iii. 393 (ed. 1872).

WHAT old English work, it might be asked, is there which gives so vivid a picture of the period to which it relates, in so amusing a style, and which so pleasantly varies its subjects, passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as Howell's *Letters*? If Anthony Wood's statement is true that many of the letters were composed in prison for the press, and were never actually sent to the correspondents whose names are prefixed to them, the volume is entitled to a still higher place in a critical review of the literature of the time. None but a "master of the craft" could have given to a series prepared for such a purpose, so much of "the form and pressure" of the ordinary letters which pass in the social intercourse of life, without a view to any ulterior destination, between man and man.

J. CROSSLEY, *Diary of Worthington* (1874), p. 349.

MONTAIGNE and "Howel's *Letters*" are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves for ever and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours and only half remember them. I am informed that both of them tell coarse stories. I don't heed them. It was the custom of their time, as it is of Highlanders and Hottentots, to dispense with a part of dress which we all wear in cities. . . . I love, I say, and scarcely ever tire of hearing, the artless prattle of those two dear old friends, the Perigourdin gentleman and the priggish little Clerk of King Charles's Council.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Roundabout Papers : On Two Children in Black*.

A THOROUGH Welshman, Howell became a celebrated English author in his day. He was past forty years of age before his first book was published. Then for the remaining twenty odd
years

years of his life, with an incessant and unwearying industry, he wrote, compiled, or translated book after book, each varying greatly in subject. Lastly, he is one of the earliest instances of a literary man successfully maintaining himself with the fruits of his pen.

E. ARBER, Pref. to Howell's *Instructions* (1869).

To the list of writers whom it is impossible to use with confidence must, I am afraid, be added that agreeable letter-writer Howell. But there can be no doubt that many of his letters are mere products of the bookmaker's skill, drawn up from memory long afterwards [*E.g.* I. ii. 12]. On the other hand, some of the letters have all the look of being what they purport to be, actually written at the time, but even then, the dates at the end are frequently incorrectly given.

S. R. GARDINER.

HOWELL had something of the versatile activity of Defoe; like Defoe, he travelled on the Continent for commercial purposes, and like Defoe, he was often employed on political missions. Only Howell had less power than the later adventurer, and was less intensely political, observing men good-humouredly, and recording his observations with sparkling liveliness.

W. MINTO, *Engl. Prose Lit.* (1872), p. 351.

HE may be called the Father of Epistolary Literature, the first writer, that is to say, of letters which, addressed to individuals, were intended for publication. A style animated, racy, and picturesque; keen powers of observation; great literary skill; an eager, restless, curious spirit; some humour and much wit, and a catholicity of sympathy very unusual with the writers of his age—are his chief claims to distinction.

W. B. SCOONES, *English Letters* (1880), p. 71.

MY BOOKS.

For the row that I prize is yonder,
 Away on the unglazed shelves,
 The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
 The dear and the dumpy twelves.

Montaigne

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd.
For the others I never have opened,
But those are the books I read.

AUSTIN DOBSON, *At the Sign of the Lyre* (1885), p. 82.

HE wrote all manner of things, but has chiefly survived as the author of a large collection of *Familiar Letters*, which have been great favourites with some excellent judges. They have something of the agreeable garrulousness of Walton. But Howell was not only much more of a gossip than Izaak; he was also a good deal of a coxcomb, while Walton was destitute of even a trace of coxcombry. In one, however, as in the other, the attraction of matter completely outdoes the purely literary attraction. The reader is glad to hear at first hand what men thought of Raleigh's execution; how Ben Jonson behaved in his cups; how foreign parts looked to a genuine English traveller early in the seventeenth century, and so forth. Moreover, the book was long a very popular one, and an unusual number of anecdotes and scraps passed from it into the general literary stock of English writers. But Howell's manner of telling his stories is not extraordinarily attractive, and has something self-conscious and artificial about it which detracts from its interest.

G. SAINTSBURY, *Elizabethan Literature* (1887), p. 441.

Epistolæ Ho-Elianae:

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.

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus.

L O N D O N :

M D C C X X X V I I



TO HIS
M A J E S T Y.

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 styles 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 Sovereign 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

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 Repositories of Truth, as any Story whatsoever,

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

SIR,

Your Majesty's most Loyal

Subject and Servant,

J. HOWELL.



The Vote, or a Poem-Royal,

PRESENTED

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

Calendis Januarii, 1641.

P O E M A.

ΣΤΡΗΥΕΤΙΚΟΝ.



THE World's bright Eye, Time's measurer, begun
Through wat'ry *Capricorn* his Course to run ;
Old *Janus* hasten'd on, his Temples bound
With Ivy, his grey Hairs with Holly crown'd :
When in a serious quest my Thoughts did muse
What Gift, as best becoming, I should chuse
To *Britain's* Monarch (my dread Sov'reign) bring,
Which might supply a *New-Year's* Offering.
I rummag'd all my Stores, and search'd my Cells,
Where nought appear'd, God-wot, but *Bagatels* :
No far-fetch'd *Indian* Gem cut out of Rock,
Or fish'd in Shells, were trusted under Lock ;
No Piece which *Angelo's* strong Fancy hit,
Or *Titian's* Pencil or rare *Hillyard's* Wit ;
No Ermines, or black Sables, no such Skins,
As the grim *Tartar* hunts or takes in Gins ;

No

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, *Bufs*, or *Cordovans*,
 Made drunk with *Amber* by *Moreno's* Hands ;
 No *Arras* or rich *Carpets* freighted o'er
 The surging *Seas*, from *Asia's* doubtful *Shore* ;
 No *Lion's Cub*, or *Beast* of strange *Aspect*,
 Which in *Numidia's* fiery *Womb* had slept ;
 No old *Toledo* *Blades*, or *Damaskins* ;
 No *Pistols*, or some rare-spring *Carabines* ;
 No *Spanish* *Gennet*, or choice *Stallion* sent
 From *Naples*, or hot *Afric's* *Continent* :
 In fine, I nothing found, I could descry
 Worthy the *Hands* of *Cesar*, or his *Eye*.

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

M U S E.

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

P O E T.

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* climb,
 And venture on a *King* with ginglyng *Rhyme* ?
 Tho' all thy *Words* were *Pearls*, thy *Letters* *Gold*,
 And cut in *Rubies*, or cast in a *Mould*

Of Diamonds ; yet still thy Lines would be
Too mean a Gift for such a Majesty.

M U S E.

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

Once in a *Vocal Forest* I did sing,
And made the Oak to stand for *CHARLES* my King :
The best of Trees, whereof (it is no vaunt)
The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.
There you also shall find Dame * *ARHETINE*,
Great *Henry's* Daughter, and *Great Britain's* Queen,
Her Name engraved in a Laurel-Tree,
And so transmitted to Eternity.
For now I hear that *Grove* speaks, besides mine,
The language of the *Loire*, the *Po* and *Rhine* ;

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

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

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

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

And find the Table ready laid ; but some
Must for their Commons trot, and trudge, for Room :
With easy Pace some climb *Promotion's* Hill,
Some in the Dale, do what they can, stick still ;
Some through false Glasses, Fortune smiling spy,
Who still keeps off, tho' she appears hard by ;
Some like the Ostrich with their Wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or soar above the Gutter :
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hope's* Cape ;
Some ne'er can do't, tho' the same course they shape.
So that poor Mortals are so many Balls
Toss'd some o'er Line, some under Fortune's Walls.

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

P O E T.

But whither rov'st thou thus—— ?
Well ; since I see thou art so strongly bent,
And of a gracious Look so confident,
Go and throw down thyself at *Cæsar's* Feet,
And in thy best Attire thy Sov'reign greet.
Go, an auspicious and most blissful Year
Wish him, as e'er shin'd o'er this Hemisphere.
Good may the Entrance, better the Middle be,
And the Conclusion best of all the Three :
Of Joy ungrudg'd may each Day be a Debtor,
And ev'ry Morn still usher in a better :
May the soft gliding *Nones*, and ev'ry *Ide*,
With all the *Calends* still some good betide ;
May *Cynthia* with kind Looks, and *Phæbus'* Rays,
One clear his Nights, the other gild his Days ;

Free Limbs, unphysick'd Health, due Appetite,
 Which no Sauce else but *Hunger* may excite :
 Sound Sleeps, green Dreams be his, which represent
 Symptoms of Health, and the next day's content ;
 Cheerful and vacant Thoughts, not always bound
 To Counsel, or in deep Ideas drown'd,
 (Tho' such late Traverses, and Tumults might
 Turn to a *Lump of Care*, the airest Wight)
 And since while fragile Flesh doth us array,
 The Humours still are combating for sway,
 (Which were they free from this reluctancy,
 And counterpois'd, Man would immortal be)
 May *Sanguine* o'er the rest predominate
 In him, and their malignant Flux abate.

May his great Queen, in whose imperious Eye
 Reigns such a world of winning Majesty,
 Like the rich Olive or Falernian Vine,
 Swell with more *Gems of Cyons* masculine :
 And as her Fruit sprung from the Rose and Luce,
 (The best of Stems Earth yet did e'er produce)
 Is tied already by a sanguine Lace,
 To all the Kings of *Europe's* high-born Race ;
 So may they shoot their youthful Branches o'er
 The surging Seas, and graff with every shore.

May Home-commerce and Trade increase from far,
 Till both the *Indies* meet within his bar,
 And bring in Mounts of Coin his Mint to feed,
 And *Banquers* (*Traffic's chief supporters*) breed,
 Which may enrich his Kingdom, Court, and Town,
 And ballast still the Coffers of the Crown ;
 For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Chests
 The Ballast, which if empty, when distress'd
 With Storms, their Holds are lightly trimm'd, the Keel
 Can run no steady Course, but toss and reel :

May

May his Imperial Chamber always ply
To his Desires her Wealth to multiply,
That she may praise his Royal Favour more,
Than all the Wares fetch'd from the Great *Mogor*.
May the Grand Senate,* with the Subjects Right,
Put in the counter-scale the Regal Might,
The Flow'rs 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 roam ;
Yet Passions have their turns to rouse the Soul,
And stir her slumb'ring Spirits, not controul :
For as the Ocean, besides Ebb and Flood,
(Which † Nature's greatest Clerk ne'er understood)
Is not for Sail, if an impregning Wind
Fill not the flagging Canvas ; so a Mind
Too calm is not for Action, if Desire
Heats not itself at Passion's quick'ning 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 Sphere ;
Unto whose Palace all Access should have
Through *Virtue's* 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 assuage
That fearful Tempest in the *North* did rage,

* *The Parliament.*

† Hippocrates.

May those Frog Vapours in the *Irish* Sky
Be scatter'd by the Beams of Majesty ;
That the *Hybernian* Lyre give such a Sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful Echoes bound.

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

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

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

So prayeth,
The worst of Poets,
to
The best of Princes,
yet
The most Loyal of
His
Votaries and Vassals,

JAMES HOWELL.

* King *James*.



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

They can the Cabinets of Kings unscruce,
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 *Jove's* beleagred *Hill*,
Once by her *Noise*, but oftner by her *Quill* :
It twice prevented, *Rome* was not o'er-run
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.

Letters can *Plots*, tho' moulder'd under Ground,
Disclose, and their fell *Complices* confound ;

Witness

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

Credential *Letters*, States and Kingdoms tie,
 And Monarchs knit in Leagues of Amity ;
 They are those golden Links that do enchain
 Whole Nations, tho' discind'd by the Main ;
 They are the Soul of Trade, they make Commerce
 Expand itself throughout the Universe.

Letters may more than *History* inclose
 The choicest Learning both for Verse and Prose :
 They Knowledge can unto our Souls display,
 By a more gentle, and familiar way ;
 The highest Points of State and Policy,
 The most severe Parts of Philosophy
 May be their Subject, and their Themes enrich,
 As well as private Businesses, in which
 Friends use to correspond, and Kindred greet,
 Merchants negotiat, and the whole World meet.

In *Seneca's* rich Letters is enshrin'd
 Whate'er 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 *Antonine* the Emperor did gain
 More Glory by his *Letters* than his *Reign* :

His

His *Pen* out-lasts his *Pike*, each golden Line
In his Epistles doth his Name enshrine.

Aurelius by his *Letters* did the same,
And they in chief immortalise his Fame.

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

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

Speech is the *Index*, *Letters* Ideas are
Of the informing Soul ; they can declare,
And shew the inward Man, as we behold
A Face reflecting in a Crystal Mould ;
They serve the Dead and Living, they become
Attorneys and Administers in some.

Letters, like *Gordian* Knots, do Nations tie,
Else all Commerce, and Love, 'twixt Men would die.

J. H.



Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.

Familiar Letters.

BOOK I.—SECTION I.

I.

To Sir J. S. at Leeds-Castle.

SIR,



T was a quaint Difference the Ancients did put 'twixt a *Letter* and an *Oration*; that the one should be attired like a Woman, the other like a Man: the latter of the two is allowed large side Robes, as long Periods, Parentheses, Similes, Examples, and other Parts of Rhetorical Flourishes: But a *Letter* or *Epistle* should be short-coated, and closely couched; a Hungerlin becomes a *Letter* more handsomely than a Gown: Indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar Letter which expreseth one's Mind, as if he were discoursing with the Party to whom he writes, in succinct and short Terms. The *Tongue*, and the *Pen*, are both of them Interpreters of the Mind; but I hold the Pen to be the more faithful of the two: The *Tongue in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery Place, may fail and faulter in her sudden extemporal Expressions;

B

but

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*, tho' they be capable of any Subject, yet commonly they are either *Narratory*, *Objurgatory*, *Consolatory*, *Monitory*, or *Congratulatory*. The first consists of *Relations*, the second of *Reprehensions*, the third of *Comfort*, the two last of *Counsel* and *Joy*: There are some, who in lieu of *Letters*, write *Homilies*; they preach, when they should epistolize: There are others that turn them to tedious *Tractats*: This is to make *Letters* degenerate from their true Nature. Some modern Authors there are who have exposed their *Letters* to the World, but most of them, I mean among your Latin Epistolizers, go freighted with mere *Bartholomew Ware*, with trite and trivial Phrases only, listed with pedantic Shreds of School-boy Verses. Others there are among our next transmarine Neighbours Eastward, who write in their own Language, but their Style is soft and easy, that their *Letters* may be said to be like Bodies of loose Flesh without Sinews, they have neither Joints of *Art* nor *Arteries* in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic Expressions made up of a Bombast of Words, and finical affected Compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy Stuff, with such Cobweb-compositions, where there is no Strength of Matter, nothing for the Reader to carry away with him, that may enlarge the Notions of his Soul. One shall hardly find an Apothegm, Example, Simile, or anything 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 distill Cream out of Froth; insomuch, that it may be said of them, what was said of the *Echo*, *That she is a mere Sound and nothing else*.

I return you your *Balzac* by this Bearer: and when I found those *Letters*, wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat; and those to *Richlieu*, so puffed with prophane Hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross Flatteries,

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 most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

Westmin., 25 July 1625.

II.

To my Father upon my first going beyond Sea.

SIR,

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that Obligation of Duty, the Law of God, and his *Handmaid* Nature, hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the Course and Quality of my Affairs and Fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the Seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common Relation of a Son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly Care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my Breeding (tho' but one Child of *fifteen*) by placing me in a choice methodical *School* (so far distant from your Dwelling) under a learned (tho' *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 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 Shipwreck, or Pirates at Sea, nor by Robbers, or Fire, or any other Casualty on shore: and at my Return to *England*, I hope at least-wise I shall do my endeavour, that you may find this Patrimony improved somewhat to your Comfort.

The main of my Employment is from that gallant Knight Sir *Robert Mansell*, who, with my Lord of *Pembroke*, and divers others of the prime Lords of the Court, have got the sole Patent of making all sorts of Glass with Pit-coal,
only

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 suitable to my Years, and that will, I hope, prove more advantageous to my future Fortunes.

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

Touching the News of the Time: Sir *George Villiers*, the new Favourite, tapers up apace, and grows strong at Court: His Predecessor the Earl of *Somerset* hath got a Lease of 90 years for his Life, and so hath his *Articulate Lady*, called so, for artieling against the frigidity and impotence of her former Lord. She was afraid that *Coke* the Lord Chief Justice (who had used such extraordinary art and industry in discovering all the circumstances of the poisoning of *Overbury*) would have made white *Broth* of them, but that the *Prerogative* kept them from the *Pot*: yet the subservient Instruments, the lesser Flies could not break thorow, but lay entangled in the Cobweb; amongst others Mistress *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 rendered them so ridiculous

lous and fantastic, will receive its Funeral. Sir *Gervas Elways*, Lieut. of the *Tower*, was made a notable Example of Justice and Terror to all Officers of Trust: for being accessory, and that in a passive way only, to the murder, yet he was hang'd 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 ruthless Example; for being in the Low Countries, and much given to Gaming, he once made a solemn Vow, (which he brake afterwards) that if he played above such a Sum, *he might be hanged*. My Lord (*William*) of *Pembroke* did a most noble Act, like himself; for the King having given him all Sir *Gervas Elways's* Estate, which came to above a thousand 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 Countries. I humbly pray your Blessing may accompany me in these my Travels by Land and Sea, with a continuance of your Prayers, which will be as so many good Gales to blow me to safe Port; for I have been taught, *That the Parents' Benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of Prophetic Virtue to make the Child prosperous*. In this opinion I shall ever rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Broad Street, London, 1 March 1618.

III.

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

SIR,

BEING to take leave of *England*, and to launch out into the World abroad, to breathe foreign Air a while, I thought it very handsome, and an Act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured Mother *Oxford*: Otherwise both of you might have just grounds

grounds to exhibit a Bill of Complaint, or rather a Protest against me, and cry me up; *You* for a forgetful Friend; *She* for an ungrateful Son, if not some spurious Issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: *You* with the best of my most candid affections; *Her* with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the Milk she pleased to give me in that Exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of Life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study *Men* as well as *Books*. The small time I supervis'd the Glass-house, I got among those *Venetians* some smatterings of the *Italian* Tongue, which besides the little I have, you know, of *School-language*, is all the Preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to *Gravesend*, and so embark for *Holland*. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, *Rome* and *St. Omers* excepted. I pray let me retain some room, tho' never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our Souls meet sometimes by intercourse of Letters: I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your Friendship at a very high rate. So with appreciation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever—Your friend to serve you,

J. H.

London, 20 March 1618.

IV.

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

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

The news that keeps greatest noise here now, is the return of Sir *Walter Raleigh* from his Mine of Gold in *Guiana*, the South parts of *America*, which at first was like to be such a hopeful boon Voyage, but it seems that that Golden Mine is proved a mere *Chimera*, an imaginary airy Mine; and indeed his Majesty had never any other conceit of it: But what will not one in Captivity (as Sir *Walter* was) promise, to regain his Freedom? who would not promise, not only Mines, but Mountains of Gold, for Liberty? and 'tis pity 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 carry'd 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 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 lie in his own House. Count *Gondamar* the *Spanish* Ambassador speaks high language; and sending lately to desire Audience of his Majesty, he said he had but one word to tell him: his Majesty wondring what might be delivered in one word, when he came before him, he said only, *Pirates, Pirates, Pirates*, 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

mainly laboured in it before he went: but his Majesty could never be brought to it, for he said he would keep this as a Curb to hold him within the bounds of his Commission, and the good behaviour.

Gondamar cries out, that he hath broke the sacred Peace '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 preserv'd the Magazine of *Tobacco* only, besides other things in that Town, something might have been had to countervail the charge of the Voyage. *Gondamar* alledgeth farther, That the enterprize of the Mine failing, he propounded to the rest of his Fleet to go and intercept some of the Plate Galeons, with other Designs which would have drawn after them apparent Acts of Hostility; and so demands Justice: besides other Disasters which fell out upon the dashing of the first design, Captain *Remish*, who was the main instrument for discovery of the mine, 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 *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting upon the King at Supper, the King call'd for his Journal, and ask'd what he had observ'd that day; thereupon he produc'd his Table-book, and among other things, he read how *Alphonso* King of *Naples* had sent *Beltram* the *Moor*, who had been a long time his
Prisoner

Prisoner, to *Morocco* (his own Country) with so many thousand Crowns, to buy Horses. The King asked him why he inserted that; Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again, and so you have lost both Man and Money. But if he do come, then your Jest is 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 extremely, that so great a wise Man as Sir *Walter Raleigh* would return to cast himself upon so inevitable a Rock, as I fear he will; and much more, that such choice Men, and so great a power of Ships, should all come home and do nothing.

The Letter you sent to my Father, I convey'd 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—
Your humble and ready Servant, J. H.

London, 28 March 1618.

V.

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

BROTHER,

I AM newly landed at *Amsterdam*, and it is the first foreign Earth I have ever set foot upon. I was pitifully sick all the Voyage, for the Weather was rough, and the Wind untowards; and at the mouth of the *Texel* we were surpriz'd by a furious Tempest, so that the Ship was like to split upon some of those old stumps of trees wherewith that River is full; for in Ages past, as the Skipper told me, there grew a fair Forest in that Channel where the *Texel* makes now her Bed. Having been so rock'd and shaken at Sea, when I came a-shore, I began to
incline

incline to *Copernicus* his Opinion, which hath got such a sway lately in the World, *viz.* That the Earth, as well as the rest of her Fellow-Elements, is in perpetual Motion, for she seemed so to me a good while after I had landed. He that observes the Site and Position of this Country, will never hereafter doubt the Truth of that *Philosophical Problem* which keeps so great a noise in the Schools, *viz.* That the Sea is higher than the Earth, because, as I sailed along these Coasts, I visibly found it true; for the Ground here, which is all 'twixt Marsh and Moorish, lies 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 greatest Abyss) of any People upon Earth, because they dwell lowest: Most of that ground they tread, is plucked, as it were, out of the very Jaws of *Neptune*, who is afterwards 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 Parts of his Litany, *From the Sea, the Spaniard, and the Devil, the Lord deliver me.* I need not tell you who preserves him from the last, but, from the *Spaniards*, his best Friend is the Sea itself, notwithstanding that he fears him as an Enemy another way: for the *Sea* stretching himself here into divers Arms, and meeting with some of those fresh Rivers that descend from *Germany* to disgorge themselves into him through these Provinces, most of their Towns are thereby encompassed with Water, which by Sluices they can contract or dilate as they list. This makes their Towns inaccessible, and out of the reach of Cannon; so that *Water* may be said to be one of their best Fences; otherwise I believe they had not been able to have borne up so long against the gigantic Power of *Spain*.

This City of *Amsterdam*, though she be a great Staple of
News

News, yet I can impart none unto you at this time, I will defer that till I come to the *Hague*.

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

J. H.

Amsterdam, 1 April 1617.

VI.

To Dan. Caldwell, *Esq.*; from Amsterdam.

MY DEAR DAN,

I HAVE made your Friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my Life, that Happiness itself would be but a kind of Infelicity without it: It is as needful to me, as Fire and Water, as the very Air I take in, and breathe out; it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*: Therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first Ligue of Love, you know, was contracted among the Muses in *Oxford*; for no sooner was I *matriculated* to her, but I was *adopted* to you; I became her *Son*, and your *Friend*, at one time: You know I follow'd you then to *London*, where our Love receiv'd *confirmation* in the *Temple*, and elsewhere. We are now
far

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 verify'd in us; let that Love which formerly us'd to be nourish'd 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, tho' millions of Paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of Spirits. Therefore among your civil Speculations, I pray let your Thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self) and wrap those Thoughts in Paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best Affections.

Commend me to *Tom Bowyer*, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no Niggard in distributing my Love plentifully among our Friends at the Inns of Court: Let *Jack Toldervy* 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

J. H.

Amsterdam, 10 April 1619.

VII.

To my Father, from Amsterdam.

SIR,

I AM lately arriv'd in *Holland* in a good plight of Health, and continue yet in this Town of *Amsterdam*, a Town I believe, that there are few her Fellows, being from a mean Fishing-Dorp, come in a short revolution of time, by a monstrous increase of Commerce and Navigation, to be one of the greatest Marts of *Europe*: 'Tis admirable to see what various sorts of Buildings, and new Fabricks are now here erecting

erecting everywhere; 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 *Frenchman'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 itself as long as it will, the *United Provinces* one way, I am persuaded 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 happen'd 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 inferior to *London* for populousness; and this I infer out of their weekly Bills of Mortality, which come not at most but to fifty or thereabout; whereas in *London*, the ordinary number is betwixt two or three hundred, one Week with another: Nor are there such wealthy Men in this Town as in *London*; for by reason of the generality of Commerce, the Banks, Adventures, the common Shares and Stocks which most have in the *Indian* and other Companies, the Wealth doth diffuse itself here in a strange kind of Equality, not one of the Burghers being exceeding rich, or exceeding poor: Insomuch, that I believe our four and twenty Aldermen may buy a hundred of the richest Men in *Amsterdam*.

It

It is a rare thing to meet with a Beggar here, as rare as to see a Horse, they say, upon the Streets of *Venice*; and this is held to be one of their best pieces of Government: for besides the strictness of their Laws against Mendicants, they have Hospitals of all sorts for young and old, both for the relief of the one, and the employment of the other; so that there is no Object here to exercise any Act of Charity upon. They are here very neat, tho' not so magnificent in their Buildings, especially in their Frontispieces and first Rooms; and for Cleanliness, they may serve for a Pattern to all People. They will presently dress half a dozen Dishes of Meat, without any noise or shew at all: for if one goes to the Kitchen, there will be scarce appearance of anything but a few cover'd Pots upon a Turf Fire, which is their prime Fuel; after Dinner they fall a scouring of those Pots, so that the outside will be as bright as the inside, and the Kitchen suddenly so clean, as if no Meat had been dress'd there a Month before. They have neither Well or Fountain, or any Spring of fresh Water, in or about all this City, but their fresh Water is brought to them by Boats; besides, they have Cisterns to receive the Rain-water, which they much use: so that my Landress bringing my Linen to me one day, and I commending the whiteness of them, she answer'd, That they must needs be white and fair, for they were washed in *Aqua Cælestis*, 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 pays the *States* almost the one Moiety as much as he paid for the Commodity at first: nor doth any murmur at it, because it goes not to any Favourite or private Purse, but to preserve them from the *Spaniard*, their common Enemy, as they term him; so that the Saying is truly verify'd 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*, especially *Leyden* (the University) where I shall sojourn some days. So humbly craving a continuance of your Blessing and Prayers, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

1 May 1619.

VIII.

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

SIR,

IT is the Royal Prerogative of Love, not to be confin'd to that small local compass which circumscribes the Body, but to make his Sallies and Progresses abroad, to find out and enjoy his desir'd Object, under what Region soever: Nor is it the vast Gulph of *Neptune*, or any distance of Place, or difference of Clime, can bar him of this Privilege. I never found the Experiment hereof so sensibly, nor felt the Comfort of it so much, as since I shook hands with *England*: For tho' you be in *Oxford*, and I at *Leyden*; albeit you be upon an Island, and I now upon the Continent, (tho' the lowest part of *Europe*) yet those swift 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 enjoys you often in my Sleep, when all my Senses are lock'd up, and my Soul wanders up and down the World, sometimes thro' pleasant Fields and Gardens, sometimes thro' odd uncouth Places, over Mountains and broken confus'd Buildings. As my love to you doth thus exercise his power, so I desire yours to me may not be idle, but rouz'd up sometimes to find me out, and summon me to attend you in *Jesus College*.

I am now here in *Leyden*, the only Academy besides *Francker* of all the *United Provinces*: Here are Nations of all sorts, but the *Germans* swarm more than any. To compare

pare their *University* to yours, were to cast *New-Inn* in counterscale with *Christ-Church* College, or the Alms-houses on *Tower-hill* to *Sutton's* Hospital. Here are no Colleges at all, God-wot, (but one for the *Dutch*) nor scarce the face of an *University*, only there are general Schools where the *Sciences* are read by several Professors, but all the Students are *Oppidanes*: A small Time and less Learning will suffice to make one a *Graduate*; nor are those Formalities of Habits, and other Decencies here, as with you, much less those Exhibitions and Supports for Scholars, with other Encouragements; insomuch, that the *Oxonians* and *Cantabrigians*——*Bona si sua norint*, were they sensible of their own Felicity, are the happiest *Academians* on Earth: yet *Apollo* hath a strong influence here; and as *Cicero* said of them of *Athens*, *Athenis 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 subtle Wits*, (some of them) witness also *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; & tu Armini nostram Religionem*: Thou *Baudius* disgracest our University, and thou *Arminius* our Religion. The Heaven here has always some Cloud in his Countenance, and from this grossness and spissitude of Air proceeds the slow nature of the Inhabitants; yet this slowness is recompens'd with another Benefit, it makes them patient and constant, as in all other Actions, so in their Studies and Speculations, tho' 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—Yours,

J. H.

Leyden, 3 May 1619.

IX.

IX.

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

DEAR SIR,

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

I desire to know how you like *Plowden*: I heard it often said, that there's no Study requires Patience and Constancy more than the Common Law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known Perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful Practice. This (I think) made *Jack Chaundler* throw away his *Littleton*, like him that, when he could not catch the Hare, said, *A 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 obtain'd it: For if the *Mathematics*, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded thro' the very midst of them, and arriv'd to so excellent a Perfection; I believe it is not in the power of *Plowden* to dastardize or cow 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

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good

good *Lawyer*: And hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that Study and Profession; and you know as well as I, that *Logicians*, who went under the name of *Sophisters*, were the first *Lawyers* that ever were.

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

Hague, 30 May 1619.

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

I am now newly come to the *Hague*, the Court of the six (and almost seven) *Confederated* Provinces; the Council of State, with the Prince of *Orange*, makes his firm Residence here, unless he be upon a March, and in motion for some design abroad. This Prince (*Maurice*) was cast in a Mould suitable to the temper of this People: He is slow and full of wariness, and not without a mixture of Fear; I do not mean a pusillanimous but politick Fear: he is the most constant in the quotidian course 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 doing here every hour of the day, tho' he be in *Constantinople*. In the Morning he awakes about six in Summer, and seven in Winter; the first thing he does, he sends one of his Grooms or Pages to see how the Wind sits,

sits, and he wears or leaves off his Wastecoat accordingly ; then he is about an hour dressing himself, and about a quarter of an hour in his Closet: Then comes in the Secretary, and if he hath any private or public Letters to write, or any other Dispatches to make, he does it before he stirs from his Chamber; then comes he abroad, and goes to his Stables, if it be no Sermon-day, to see some of his Gentlemen or Pages (of whose Breeding he is very careful) ride the great Horse: He is very accessible to any that hath Business with him, and sheweth a winning kind of Familiarity, for he will shake Hands with the meanest Boor of the Country, 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 uses to sit down at it: After Dinner he stays in the Room a good while, and then any one may accost him, and tell his Tale; then he retires to his Chamber, where he answers all *Petitions* that were deliver'd him in the Morning; and towards the Evening, if he goes not to Council, which is seldom, he goes either to make some Visits, or to take the Air abroad. And according to this constant Method he passes his Life.

There are great stirs like to arise 'twixt the *Bohemians* and the elected King the Emperor; and they are come already to that height, that they consult of deposing him, and to 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 thro' the *Zodiac*, before those comely gray Hairs of yours go to the Grave, I rest—
Your very humble Servant,
J. H.

3 June 1619.

XI.

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

SIR,

MY last to you was from *Amsterdam*, since which time I have 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 crestfallen since the Staple of *English Cloth* was remov'd hence, as is *Flishing* also, her next Neighbour, 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 redeemed, which were thus: The nine hundred and odd Soldiers at *Flishing*, and the *Rammakins* hard by, being many Weeks without their Pay, they borrow'd divers Sums of Money of the States of this Town, who finding no Hopes of Supplies from *England*, Advice was sent to the *States-General* at the *Hague*; they consulting with Sir *Ralph Winwood*, our Ambassador (who was a favourable Instrument to them in this Business, as also in the Match with the *Palsgrave*) sent Instructions to the Lord *Caroon*, to acquaint the Earl of *Suffolk* (then Lord Treasurer) herewith; and in case they could find no Satisfaction there, to make his Address to the King himself, which *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 Money they ow'd 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 perceiv'd him to be a little transported; his Majesty answer'd, that he knew the *States* of *Holland* to be his good Friends and Confederates, both
in

in point of Religion and Policy; therefore he apprehended not the least fear of any difference that should fall out between them, in contemplation whereof, if they desired to have their Towns again, he would willingly surrender them. Hereupon the *States* made up the Sum presently, which came in convenient time, for it serv'd to defray the expenceful Progress he made to *Scotland* the Summer following. When that Money was lent by Queen *Elizabeth*, it was articed, 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 receiv'd in divers of their Towns as she pass'd to *Heidelberg*.

The Bearer hereof is Sig. *Antonio Miotti*, who was Master of a Crystal-Glass Furnace here a long time; and as I have it by good Intelligence, he is one of the ablest and most knowing Men for the guidance of a Glass-Work in Christendom: therefore, according to my Instructions, I send him over, and hope to have done Sir *Robert* good Service thereby. So with my kind Respects unto you, and my most humble Service where you know it is due, I rest—
Your affectionate Servant, J. H.

6 June 1619.

XII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Antwerp.

SIR,

I PRESUME that my last to you from the *Hague* came safe to hand: I am now come to a more chearful Country, and amongst a People somewhat more vigorous and metal'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

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 streeeted 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, tho' it be an addition to the stateliness and strength of the Town, yet it serves as a shrewd Curb unto her; which makes her chomp upon the Bit, and foam sometimes with anger, but she cannot help it. The Tumults in *Bohemia* now grow hotter and hotter; they write how the great Council at *Prague* fell to such a hurliburly, that some of those Senators who adher'd to the Emperor were thrown out at the Windows, where some were maim'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, J. H.

5 July 1619.

XIII.

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

I HAVE now taken firm footing in *France*, and tho' *France* be one of the chiefest Climates of Compliment, yet I can use none towards you, but tell you in plain downright 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 *infirmæ species*, the lowest in the Predicament of your Friends.

I shall sojourn a good while in this City of *Rouen*; therefore I pray make me happy with the comfort of your Letters, which I shall expect with a longing impatience: I pray send me ample advertisement of your welfare, and of the rest of your Friends, as well upon the Banks of *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 Favourite (and Foster-Brother), the late Marquis of *Aucre*, 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 Theboal*, 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,

J. HOWEL.

6 Aug. 1619.

XIV.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Rouen.

MY dear Dan, when I came first to this Town, amongst other Objects of Contentment which I found here, whereof there are variety, a *Letter* of yours was brought to me, and '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

towards me, whereof I am as fond as any 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 need not much tending, for it is a lusty strong Love, and will not easily miscarry.

I pray, when you write next, to send me a dozen pair of the best white Kid-skin Gloves the *Royal-Exchange* can afford; as also two pair of the purest white worsted Stockings you can get of Women's 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 deliver'd. My kind Respects to your Brother *Sergeant* at Court, to all at *Battersay* or anywhere else, where you think my Commendations may be placed.

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

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

—Yours,

J. H.

13 Aug. 1619.

XV.

To my Father, from Rouen.

SIR,

YOURS of the third of *August* came safe to hand in an inclos'd from my Brother; you may make easy conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a height
of

of comfort it rais'd my Spirits, in regard it was the first I receiv'd from you since I crossed the Seas: I humbly thank you for the Blessing you sent along with it.

I am now upon the fair Continent of *France*, one of Nature's choicest Master-pieces; one of *Ceres*' chiefest Barns for Corn; one of *Bacchus*'s prime Wine-Cellars, and of *Nep-tune*'s best Salt-pits; a compleat self-sufficient Country, where there is rather a Superfluity than Defect of anything, either for Necessity or Pleasure, did the *Policy of the Country correspond with the Bounty of Nature, in the equal distribution of the Wealth amongst the Inhabitants*; for I think there is not upon the Earth a richer Country, and poorer People. 'Tis true, *England* hath a good repute abroad for her Fertility, yet be our Harvests never so kindly, and our Crops never so plentiful, we have every year commonly some Grain from thence, or from *Dantzick*, and other Places imported by the Merchant: Besides, there be many more Heaths, Commons, bleak barren Hills, and waste Grounds in *England*, by many degrees, than I find here; and I am sorry our Country of *Wales* should give more Instances hereof than any other Part.

This Province of *Normandy*, once an *Appendix* of the Crown of *England*, tho' it want *Wine*, yet it yields the King as much Demesnes as any one of the rest; the Lower *Norman* hath *Cyder* for his common Drink; and I visibly observ'd that they are more plump and replete in their Bodies, and of a clearer Complexion, than those that drink altogether *Wine*. In this great City of *Rouen* there be many Monuments of the *English* Nation yet extant. In the outside of the highest Steeple of the great Church, there is the Word *GOD* engrav'd in huge golden Characters, every one almost as long as myself, to make them the more visible. In this Steeple hangs also the greatest Bell of Christendom, called *d'Amboise*, for it weighs near upon forty thousand pound weight. There is also here *St. Oen*, the greatest Sanctuary of the City, founded by one of our Compatriots, as the Name imports: This Province is also subject to *Wardships*,
and

and no other part of *France* besides; but whether the *Conqueror* translated that Law to *England* from hence, or whether he sent it over from *England* hither, I cannot resolve you. There is a marvellous quick Trade driven in this Town, because of the great navigable River, *Sequena* (the *Seine*) that runs hence to *Paris*, whereon there stands a strange Bridge that ebbs and flows, that rises and falls with the River, it being made of Boats, whereon Coach and Carts may pass over as well as Men: Besides, this is the nearest Mercantile City that stands betwixt *Paris* and the Sea.

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

I begin more and more to have a sense of the sweetness and advantage of foreign Travel: I pray when you come to *London*, to find a time to visit Sir *Robert*, and acknowledge his great Favours to me, and desire a continuance thereof, according as I shall endeavour to deserve them. So with my due and daily Prayers for your Health, and a speedy successful issue of all your Law-businesses, I humbly crave your Blessing, and rest—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

7 Sept. 1619.

XVI.

To Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D two of yours in *Rouen*, 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 Magazine of Men, the Epitome of this large populous Kingdom, and Rendezvous of all Foreigners. The Structures here are indifferently fair, tho' the Streets generally foul all the four Seasons of the year; which I impute first to the Position of the City, being built upon an Isle, (the Isle of *France*, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the River of *Seine*) and having some of her Suburbs seated high,
the

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 disintangle. 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 black unctuous Oil, that where it sticks no Art can wash it off of some Colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper Comparison to say, That an ill Name is like the *Crot* (the *Dirt*) of *Paris*, which is indelible; besides, the Stain this Dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that it may be smelt many miles off, if the Wind be in one's Face as he comes from the fresh Air of the Country: this may be one cause why the Plague is always in some corner or other of this vast City, which may be call'd, as once *Scythia* was, *Vagina populorum*, or (as Mankind was call'd by a great Philosopher) a great Molehill of Ants: yet I believe this City is not so populous as she seems to be, for her Form being round (as the whole Kingdom is) the Passengers wheel about, and meet oftener than they used 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 Mine 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 pulley'd up with the open Air, it receives a crusty
kind

kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect Freestone; 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 Fabrick, 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,

J. H.

Paris, 30 March 1620.

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 exquisite Strains and Raptures of *Love*, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the Motions, from the *Diastole* and *Systole* of a Heart truly affected; certainly your Heart did dictate every Syllable you writ, and guided your Hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that

not

not a dram, nor a dose, 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 wandering 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 exchang'd 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, pass'd by, and so rescu'd us; but *Jack White* was hurt, and I had two Thrusts in my Cloak. There's never a Night passes but some Robbing or Murder is committed in this Town; so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the *Pont-Neuf*, the New-bridge, tho' *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. Germain*s to Supper, left order with one of his Lacqueys to bring him his horse about nine; it so happen'd that a Mischance befell the Horse, which lam'd him as he went a-watering to the *Seine*, insomuch that the Secretary was put to beat the Hoof himself, and foot it home; but as he was passing the *Pont-Neuf* with his Lacquey carrying a Torch before him, he might o'erhear a Noise of clashing of Swords, and fighting, and looking under the Torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bad his Lacquey go on; they had not made many Paces, but two armed Men with their Pistols cock'd and Swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a Paper in his Hand, which he said he had casually took up in the Streets, and the
Difference

Difference between them was about that Paper; therefore they desir'd the Secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment: The Secretary took out his Spectacles and fell a reading of the said Paper, whereof the substance was, *That it 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 Comrades 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 gives good words to the Watch. There is a gentle calm of Peace now throughout all *France*, and the King intends to make a Progress to all the Frontier Towns of the Kingdom, to see how they are fortify'd. The Favourite *Luines* strengtheneth himself more and more in his Minionship; but he is much murmured at, in regard the access of Suitors to him is so difficult: which made a Lord of this Land say, That three of the hardest things in the World were, *To quadrate a Circle, to find out the Philosopher's-stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines.*

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

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

J. H.

Paris, 1 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 *St. Malo's*, I must

must be forc'd to journey it all the way by Land, and clamber up the huge *Pyreney-Hills*; but I could not bid *Paris* adieu, till I had convey'd my true and constant Respects to you by this Letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir *Herbert Crofts* at *St. Germain's*, where I met with a *French* Gentleman, who, amongst other curiosities, which he pleas'd 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 betwixt *Spain* and the *Hollanders*) was in a profound Peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when *Henry IV.* fell upon some great martial Design, the Bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heap'd up in the *Bastile* a Mount of Gold that was as high as a Lance) he levy'd a huge Army of 40,000 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 to 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 twelvemonth 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

Command given that no Violence should be offer'd him, that he might be reserved 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 carry'd in a Cart standing half-naked, with a Torch in that Hand which had committed the Murder: And in the Place where the Act was done, it was cut off, and a Gauntlet of hot Oil was clap'd upon the Stump, to staunch the Blood; whereat he gave a doleful Shriek. Then was he brought upon a Stage, where a new pair of Boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling Oil; then his Body was pincer'd, and hot Oil 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 Arm to staunch the Flux at that time of reeking Blood, he gave a Shriek only. He bore up against all these Torments about three hours before he died: All the Confession that could be drawn from him, was, *That he thought to have done God good Service, to take away that King which would have embroil'd all Christendom in an endless War.*

A fatal thing it was, that *France* should have three of her Kings come to such violent Deaths, in so short a revolution of time. *Henry II.* running at Tilt with *M. Montgomery*, was kill'd by a Splinter of a Lance that pierc'd his Eye: *Henry III.*, not long after, was kill'd by a young Friar, who, in lieu of a *Letter* which he pretended to have for him,
pull'd

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 dispatch'd him; but that *Regicide* was hack'd to pieces in the Place by the Nobles. The same Destiny attended the King by *Ravillac*, which is become now a common Name of Reproach and Infamy in *France*.

Never was King so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his Pictures, but Statues up and down *France*; and there's scarce a Market-Town but hath him erected in the Market-place, or o'er some Gate, not upon Sign-posts, as our *Henry VIII.*; and by a publick Act of Parliament, which was confirm'd in the Consistory at *Rome*, he was entitl'd *Henry the Great*, and so plac'd 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 anything with some *Repartee*, 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, Cousin, I have chang'd no Religion, but an Opinion*: And the Cardinal of *Perron* being by, he enjoin'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 been 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

D

Bedchamber,

Bedchamber, and thrusting in his bald Head, and long Neck, in a Posture to make the King merry, it happen'd 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, Cousin, 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 the Count of *Soissons* (who had 100,000 Franks a Year Pension from the Crown) to assist him in those Wars, and that the Count excus'd 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 reply'd, *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 100,000 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 answer'd, *As lame as I am, if there were Occasion, your Master the King of Spain should no sooner have his Foot in the Stirrup, but he should find me on Horseback.*

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

Paris, 12 May, 1620.

XIX.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell.

BROTHER,
BEING to-morrow to part with *Paris*, and begin my Journey for *Spain*, I thought it not amiss to send you

you this, in regard I know not when I shall have Opportunity to write to you again.

This Kingdom, since the young King hath taken the Sceptre 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 to in time, for she hath a strong Party; and the murdering of her Marquis of *Ancre* will yet bleed, as some fear.

I was lately in Society of a Gentleman, who was a Spectator of that Tragedy; and he was pleas'd to relate to me the Particulars of it, which was thus: When *Henry IV.* was slain, the Queen-Dowager took the Reins of the Government into her hands during the young King's Minority; and amongst others whom she advanc'd, Signior *Conchino*, a *Florentine*, and her Foster-Brother, was one: Her Countenance came to shine so strongly upon him, that he became her only Confident and Favourite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of *Ancre*, one of the twelve Mareschals of *France*, Governor of *Normandy*; and conferr'd divers other Honours and Offices of Trust upon him; and who but he? The Princes of *France* could not endure the domineering of a Stranger; therefore they leagu'd together to suppress him by Arms: The Queen-Regent having Intelligence hereof, surpriz'd the Prince of *Condè*, 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 *M. de Vitry*, Captain of his Guards, to arrest him, and in case of Resistance to kill him: This Business was carry'd very closely till the next Morning, that the said Marquis was coming to the *Lowre* with a ruffling Train of Gallants after him; and passing over the Drawbridge at the Court-Gate,

Gate, *Vitry* stood there with the King's Guard about him; and as the Marquis enter'd, 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 meantime *Vitry* discharg'd 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 answer'd, Nothing, Sir, but that the Mareschal of *Ancre* is slain. Who slew him? The Captain of your Guard. Why? Because he would have drawn his Sword at your Majesty's Royal Commission: Then the King reply'd, *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 banish'd *Paris*, and commanded to retire to *Blois*: *Ancre's* Body was bury'd that Night in a Churchyard by the Court; but the next Morning the Lacqueys and Pages (who are more unhappy here than the Apprentices in *London*) broke open his Grave, tore 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 carry'd to the New-bridge, and hung him his Heels upwards and Head downwards upon a new Gibbet, that had been set up a little before, to punish them who should speak ill of the present Government; and it was his Chance to have the Maidenhead of it himself. His Wife was hereupon apprehended, imprison'd, 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 form'd against the Marquis (her Husband) and so he
was

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 embruing the Walls of his own Court with Blood in that manner, there are divers Censures.

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

J. H.

Paris, 8 Sept. 1620.

XX.

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

COUSIN,

I AM now in *French Britany*. I went back from *Paris* to *Rouen*, and so thro' all *Low Normandy*, to a little Port call'd *Granville*, where I embark'd for this Town of *St. Malo*; but I did purge so violently at Sea, that it put me into a burning Fever for some few days, whereof (I thank God) I am newly 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, tho' it pass for *Latin*, yet it is pure *Welsh*, and signifies a Country bordering upon the Sea; as that Arch-Heretick was call'd *Pelagius*, à *Pelago*, his Name being *Morgan*. I was a little curious to peruse the

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 call'd *Hoell* the Great.

This Town of *St. 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 uncertain Removes and Perambulations, until it shall please God to fix me again in *England*: nor need you, while you are thus my Concomitant thro' new Places every Day, to fear any ill Usage, as long as I fare well.—Yours *χρήσει καὶ κτήσει,*
J. H.

St. Malo, 25 Sept. 1620.

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

For the Story tells us, That this Town having by a perfidious Stratagem (by forging a Counterfeit Commission from *England*) induc'd the *English* Governor to make a general Muster of all his Forces out of the Town; this being one Day done, they shut their Gates against him, and made him go shake his Ears, and to shift for his Lodging, and so render'd 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 I seen the like in any Town of *Holland*, whose Safety depends upon Water. I am bound To-morrow for *Bourdeaux*, then thro' *Gascogny* to *Tholouse*, so thro' *Languedoc* o'er the Hills to *Spain*: I go in the best Season of the Year, for I make an *Autumnal* Journey of it. I pray let your Prayers accompany me all along; they are the best Offices of Love, and Fruits of Friendship: So God prosper you at home, as me abroad, and send us in good time a joyful Conjunction.—Yours,

J. H.

Rochel, 8 Octob. 1620.

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. Porter, after Capt. Porter; from Barcelona.

MY dear *Tom*, I had no sooner set foot upon this Soil, and breath'd *Spanish* Air, but my Thoughts presently reflected upon you: Of all my Friends in *England*, you were the first I met here; you were the prime Object of my Speculation; methought the very Winds in gentle Whispers did breathe out your Name, and blow it on me; you 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 fastneth upon a pleasing Subject, its sets the Imagination in a strange Fit of working, it employs all the Faculties of the Soul, so that

not

not one Cell in the Brain is idle; it busieth the whole inward Man, it affects the Heart, amusethe the Understanding; it quickneth the Fancy, and leads the Will as it were by a silken Thread to co-operate with 'em all: I have felt these Motions often in me, especially at this time, that my Memory fix'd upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in *Spain* was, that I remember'd I had heard you often discoursing how you have receiv'd 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 thro' your Town of *Valencia* to *Alicant*, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The Duke of *Ossuna* pass'd by here lately, and having got leave of Grace to release some Slaves, he went aboard the *Cape Gallies*, and passing thro' the *Churma* of Slaves, he ask'd divers of them what their Offences were: Every one excus'd himself; one saying, That he was put in out of Malice, another by Bribery of the Judge, but all of them unjustly: Amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black Man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for, *Sir*, said he, *I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted Money, and so took a Purse hard by Tarragona, 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 priùs*, 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 Nov. 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 *Catalunia*, 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 *Pyrenees* that border upon the *Mediterranean* are never without Thieves by Land (called *Bandoleros*) and Pirates on the Sea-side, which lie seulking in the hollows of the Rocks, and often surprise Passengers unawares, and carry them Slaves to *Barbary* on the other side. The safest way to pass, is to take a *Bordon* in the Habit of a Pilgrim, whereof there are abundance that perform their Vows this way to the Lady of *Montserrat*, 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* Sunburnt, and tann'd, it seems when she went to *Egypt*; and to this Picture, a marvellous confluence of People, from all Parts of *Europe*, resort.

As I pass'd between some of the *Pyreney-Hills*, I perceiv'd 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 Oil; and when Dinner or Supper-time comes, they go abroad and gather their Herds, and so cast Vinegar and Oil upon them, and will pass thus two or three Days without Bread or Wine; yet they are strong lusty Men, and will stand stiffly under a Musket.

There

There is a Tradition, that there were divers Mines of Gold in Ages past amongst those Mountains: And the Shepherds that kept Goats then, having made a small Fire of Rosemary-stubs, with other combustible Stuff to warm themselves, this Fire graz'd along, and grew so outrageous, 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 Vallies, and so carry'd all into the Sea, that monstrous Gulph which swalloweth all, but seldom disgorgeth anything: and in these Brooks to this Day some small Grains of Gold are found.

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

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

Barcelona, 24 Nov. 1620.

XXIV.

To Dr. Fr. Mansel, *from* Valentia.

SIR,

THO' it be the same glorious Sun that shines upon you in *England* which illuminates also this Part of the Hemisphere;

Hemisphere ; tho' it be the Sun that ripeneth your Pippins, and our Pomgranets; your Hops, and our Vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his Heat in different Degrees of Strength: those Rays that do but warm you in *England*, do half roast us here; those Beams that irradiate only, and gild your Honeysuckle Fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping Soil, and so put too many Wrinkles upon the Face of our common Mother the Earth. O blessed Clime, O happy *England*, where there is such a rare temperature of Heat and Cold, and all the rest of elementary Qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either Shade in Summer, or Fire in Winter.

I am now in *Valentia*, one of the noblest Cities in all *Spain*, situate in a large Vega or Valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest Silks, the sweetest Wines, the excellentest Almonds, the best Oils, and beautiful'st Females of all *Spain*, for the prime Courtesans in *Madrid* and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute Animals make themselves Beds of Rosemary, and other fragrant Flowers hereabouts; and when one is at Sea, if the Wind blow from the Shore, he may smell this Soil before he come in sight of it, many Leagues off, by the strong odoriferous Scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the 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 banish'd 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*, thro' which I pass'd, 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 *Hanibal* 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—Yours,

J. H.

Valentia, 1 March 1620.

XXV.

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

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to *Alicant*, the chief Rendezvouz I aim'd at in *Spain*; for I am to send hence a Commodity call'd *Barillia* to Sir *Robert Mansel*, for making of Crystal Glass; and I have treated with Signior *Andriotti*, a *Genoa* Merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000*l.* 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 Maritime Town doth partly subsist; for it 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 Barberries, betwixt blue 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 to dry many days like Hay; then they make a Pit of a Fathom deep in the Earth, and with an Instrument like one of our Prongs, they take the Tuffs and put fire to them, and when the Flame comes to the Berries, they melt and dissolve into an *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 blue 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 *Gazull*, that grows here, but the Glass that's made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three Months, and most of my Food hath been Grapes and Bread, with other Roots, which have made me so fat, that I think, if you saw me, you would hardly know me, such Nutriture this deep sanguine *Alicant* Grape gives.

I have not received a Syllable from you since I was in *Antwerp*, which transforms me to wonder, and engenders odd thoughts of Jealousy in me, that as my Body grows fatter, your Love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these Scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a Schism in Friendship, which I hold to be a very holy League, and no less than a Piacle to infringe it; in which Opinion I rest—Your constant Friend, J. H.

Alicant, 27 Mar. 1621.

XXVI.

To Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

HAVING endur'd the Brunt of a whole Summer in *Spain*, and try'd the Temper of all the other three Seasons of the Year, up and down the Kingdoms of *Catalonia*, *Valentia*, and *Marcia*, with some parts of *Aragon*, I am now to direct my course for *Italy*: I hop'd to have embark'd at *Carthagen*, 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 ask'd by *Philip II.* which were his best Harbours? he answer'd, *June*, *July*, and *Carthagen*; meaning that any Port is good in those two Months, but *Carthagen* was good any time of the year. There was a most ruthful Accident had happen'd there a little before I came: For whereas five Ships had gone thence laden with Soldiers for *Naples*, amongst whom there was the Flower of the Gentry of the Kingdom of *Mercia*; those Ships had hardly sail'd three Leagues, but they met with sixteen Sail of *Algier* Men of War, who had lay skulking in the Creeks thereabout; and they had the Winds and all things else so favourable, that of those five Ships they took one, sunk another, and burnt a third, and two fled back safe to Harbour. The Report hereof being bruited up and down the Country, the Gentlewomen

women 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 been made either Food for Haddocks, or turn'd to Cinders, or have been by this time a Slave in the Bannier at *Algier*, or tugging at an Oar; but I hope God hath reserved me for a better Destiny: So I came back to *Alicant*, where I lighted upon a lusty *Dutchman*, who hath carried me safe hither, but we were near upon forty Days in Voyage: we pass'd by *Majorca* and *Minorca*, the *Baleares Insulæ*, by some Ports of *Barbary*, by *Sardinia*, *Corsica*, and all the Islands of the *Mediterranean Sea*. We were at the Mouth of *Tyber*, and thence fetch'd our Course for *Sicily*; we pass'd by those sulphureous fiery Islands, *Mongibel* and *Strombolo*; and about the Dawn of the Day we shot thro' *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and so into the Phare of *Messina*; thence we touch'd upon some of the *Greek* Islands, and so came to our first intended Course, into the *Venetian Gulph*, and are now here at *Malamocco*, where we remain yet aboard, and must be content to be so, to make up the Month before we have *pratic*, that is, before any be permitted to go ashore, and negotiate, in regard we touch'd at some infected Places: For there are no People so fearful of the Plague as the *Italians*, especially the *Venicians*, tho' their Neighbours the *Greeks* hard by, and the *Turks*, have little or no Apprehension at all of the Danger of it; for they will visit and commerce with the Sick without any Scruple, and will fix their longest Finger in the Midst of their Forehead, and say, *Their Destiny and Manner of Death is pointed there*. When we have gain'd yon Maiden City, which lieth before us, you shall hear farther from me: So leaving you to His holy Protection, who hath thus graciously vouchsafed to preserve this
Ship

Ship, and me, in so long and dangerous a Voyage, I rest—
Yours, J. H.

Malamocco, 30 April 1621.

XXVII.

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

BROTHER,

IF this Letter fail either in point of *Orthography* or *Style*, you must impute the first to the tumbling Posture my Body was in at the writing hereof, being a Shipboard; the second the muddiness of my Brain, which, like Lees in a narrow Vessel, hath been shaken at Sea in divers Tempests near upon forty Days—I mean natural Days, which include the Nights also, and are compos'd of twenty-four hours, by which number the *Italian* computes his Time, and tells the Clock; for at the writing hereof, I heard one from *Malamocco* strike twenty-one 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 thro', 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 thro' *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, about which the ancient Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, keep such a Coil; but they are nothing so horrid or dangerous as they make them to be; they are two white keen-pointed Rocks that lie under Water diametrically 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,

by, as she useth to be sometimes more than other, especially when the Wind is southward, for then she is more subject to belching out flakes of Fire (as Stutterers use to stammer more when the Wind is in that Hole). Some of the Sparkles fell aboard us; but they would make us believe in *Syracusa*, now *Messina*, that *Ætna* in times past 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 practically speak, any of the old Dialects of the pristine *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 betwixt *Upsilon*, *Iota*, and *Eta*.

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

J. H.

5 May 1621.

XXVIII.

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

SIR,

AS soon as I came to *Venice*, I apply'd myself 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 ally'd to *Antonio Miotti*, the other is Cousin to *Maxalao*: 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 wish'd 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 *St. Mark*, either in Course, at Anchor, in Dock, or upon the Careen, as there be days in the year: here they can build a compleat Galley in half a day, and put her afloat in perfect Equipage, having all the Ingredients fitted beforehand; as they did in three hours, when *Henry III.* pass'd this way to *France* from *Poland*, who wish'd, that besides *Paris*, and his Parliament Towns, he had this *Arsenal* in exchange for three of his chiefest Cities. There are 300 People perpetually here at work; and if one comes young, and grows old in *St. Mark's* Service, he hath a Pension from the State during Life. Being brought to see one of the *Clarissimos* that govern this *Arsenal*, this huge Sea Storehouse, among other matters reflecting upon *England*, he was saying, That if *Cavaglier Don Roberto Mansel* were
E here,

here, he thought verily the Republic would make a Proffer to him to be Admiral of that 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 altho' one should transplant a Glass-Furnace from *Murano* to *Venice* herself, or to any of the little Assembly of Islands about her, or to any other part of the Earth besides, and use the same Materials, the same Workmen, the same Fuel, the self-same Ingredients every way, yet they cannot make 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'er the Place, which is purify'd 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 an 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 Capt. *Bacon*: So I rest—Your most humble and ready Servant,
J. H.

Venice, 30 May 1621.

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 enrich'd me with the Knowledge of my Father's Health, and your own, with the rest of my Brothers and Sisters in the Country, with divers other Passages of Contentment: besides, she went also ballasted with your good Instructions, which as Merchants use to do of their Commodities, I will turn to the best Advantage, and *Italy* is no ill Market to improve anything. The only *Procede* (that I may use the Mercantile Term) you can expect is Thanks, and this way shall not be wanting to make you rich Returns.

Since I came to this Town, I dispatched sundry Businesses of good value for Sir *Robert Mansel*, which I hope will give content. The Art of Glass-making here is very highly valued; for whosoever be of that Profession are Gentlemen *ipso facto*, and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of Knowledge and *Chymistry* to transmute Dust and Sand (for they are the only main Ingredients) to such a diaphanous pellucid dainty Body as you see a Crystal-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, tho' you use it never so long. When I saw so many sorts of curious Glasses made here, I thought upon the Compliment which a Gentleman put upon a Lady in *England*, who having five or six comely Daughters, said, *He never saw in his life such a dainty Cup-board of Crystal Glasses*. The Compliment proceeds, it seems, from a Saying they have here, *That the first handsome Woman that ever was made, was made of Venice Glass;*

Glass; which implies *Beauty*, but *Brittleness* withal (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 persuaded but he was an *Urinal*, surely he deserved to be piss'd in the Mouth. But when I pry'd into the Materials, and observ'd the Furnaces and Calcinations, the Transubstantiations, the Liquefactions that are incident to this Art, my Thoughts were rais'd to a higher Speculation; 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 *vitriify* 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—Your
Brother, J. H.

Ven., 1 June 1621.

XXX.

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

GENTLE SIR,

—————*O dulcior illo
Mille quod in ceris Attica ponit Apis.
O thou that dost in sweetness far excel
That Juice the Attic Bee stores in her Cell.*

MY DEAR DICK,

I HAVE now a good while since taken footing in *Venice*, this admired Maiden-City, so call'd, because she was
never

never deflowered by any Enemy since she had a Being, not since her *Rialto* was first erected, which is now above twelve Ages ago.

I protest to you, at my first landing I was for some days ravished with the high Beauty of this Maid, with her lovely Countenance. I admired her magnificent Buildings, her marvellous Situation, her dainty smooth neat Streets, whereon you may walk most days in the year in a Silk Stockin and Sattin-Slippers, without soiling them; nor can the Streets of *Paris* be so foul as these are fair. This beautiful Maid hath been often attempted to be vitiated; some have *courted* her, some *bribed* her, some would have *forc'd* her, yet she hath still preserv'd her Chastity entire: and tho' she hath lived so many Ages, and passed so many shrewd brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very day without the least Wrinkle of old Age, or any symptoms 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 tho' 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 tho' she clos'd with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her Maidenhead; tho' some that envy her happiness would brand her to be of late times a kind of *Concubine* to him, and that she gives him ready Money once a year to lie with her, which she minceth by the name of *Present*, tho' it be indeed rather a *Tribute*.

I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at *Gray's-Inn*, tho' I hold your Walks to be the pleasant'st place about *London*, and that you have there the choicest Society. I pray present my kind Com-
mendations

mendations to all there, and Service at *Bishopsgate-street*,
and let me hear from you by the next Post. So I am—
Intirely yours, J. H.

Ven., 5 June 1621.

XXXI.

To Dr. Fr. Mansell, from Venice.

GIVE me leave to salute you first in these *Sapphics* :

*Insulam tendens iter ad Britanniam
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 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 Galeass call'd the *Bucentoro*, wherein the first Ceremony was perform'd by the Pope himself above three hundred

hundred years since; and they say it is the self-same Vessel still, tho' often put upon the *Careen* and trimm'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 decays, and consequently requiring ever and anon a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue 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, breathe out, and waste away thro' 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, tho' 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 been, 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 Sachel to School in *Hereford*, as when I wore a Lambskin Hood in *Oxford*; or whether I have the same Mass of Blood in my Veins, and the same Flesh now in *Venice*, which I carry'd 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

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 tho' 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 fight of *Bucentoro* infus'd into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a Letter, and I fear to trespass too much upon your patience: I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own Contemplations, who are a far riper Philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into, and drank more of, *Aristotle's Well*. But, to conclude, tho' 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:

Cælum 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., 25 Jun. 1621.

XXXII.

To Richard Altham, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR,

I WAS plung'd in a deep Fit of melancholy, *Saturn* had cast his black Influence o'er 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 3rd of this Month was brought 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 poisoned by reading of a Letter; but yours produced contrary Effects in me, it became an Antidote, or rather a most sovereign Cordial to me, more operative than *Bezoar*, of more Virtue than potable Gold, or the Elixir of Amber, for it wrought a sudden Cure upon me: That fluent and rare Mixture of Love and Wit, which I found up and down therein, were the Ingredients of this Cordial; they were as so many choice Flowers strew'd here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous Scent, that they reviv'd all my Senses and dispell'd those dull Fumes which had formerly o'er-clouded my Brain: Such was the Operation of your most ingenious and affectionate Letter, and so sweet an Entertainment it gave me. If your Letter had that Virtue, what would your Person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your Person here a-while; did you know the rare beauty of this Virgin City, you would quickly make love to her, and change your *Royal Exchange* for the *Rialto*, and your *Gray's-Inn-Walks* for *St. Marks-Place* for a time. Farewell, dear Child of Vertue, and Minion of the Muses; and love still—Yours,

J. H.

Ven., 1 July 1621.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

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

NOBLE SIR,

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

Ven., 13 July 1621.

XXXIV.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Venice.

MY DEAR DAN,

COULD *Letters* fly 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 she fear interception or
any

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 swaddled, should have the same privilege as *Love*, which is a spiritual thing, having something of Divinity in it, and partakes in celerity with the *Imagination*, than which there is not anything 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 deny'd such a velocity, I allow this of mine twenty days, which is the ordinary time allow'd betwixt *Venice* and *London*, to come unto you, and thank you a thousand times over for your last of the tenth of *June*, and the rich Venison Feast you made, as I understand not long since, to the remembrance of me, at the *Ship Tavern*: Believe it, Sir, you shall find that this Love of yours is not ill employ'd, for I esteem it at the highest degree, I value it more than the *Treasury of St. Mark*, which I lately saw, where among other things there is a huge Iron Chest as tall as myself that hath no Lock, but a Crevice thro' which they cast in the Gold that's bequeath'd to *St. Mark* in Legacies, whereon there is engraven 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 *St. Mark* to waste much of this Treasure in the late Wars, which he made purposely to that end; which made them have recourse to us, and the *Hollander*, for Ships, not long since.

Among the rest of *Italy*, this is call'd the *Maiden City*
(notwithstanding

(notwithstanding her great number of Courtesans), and there is a Prophecy, *That she should continue a Maid until her Husband forsake her*, meaning the *Sea*, to whom the Pope marry'd her long since; and the *Sea* is observ'd not to love her so *deeply* as he did, for he begins to shrink, and grows shallower in some places about her: nor doth the *Pope* also, who was the Father that gave her to the *Sea*, affect her so much as he formerly did, specially since the extermination of the Jesuits: so that both *Husband* and *Father* begin to abandon her.

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

Farewell, gentle soul, and correspond still in pure love with—Yours,

J. H.

Ven., 29 July 1621.

XXXV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight; from Venice.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D one of yours the last Week, that came in my Lord Ambassador *Wotton's* Packet; and being now upon point of parting with *Venice*, I could not do it without acquainting you (as far as the extent of a Letter will permit) with her Power, her Policy, her Wealth and Pedigree. She was built out of the Ruins of *Aquileia* and *Padua*; for when those swarms of tough northern People over-ran *Italy*, under the Conduct of that *Scourge of Heaven*, *Attila*, with others, and that this soft voluptuous Nation, after so long a desuetude from Arms, could not repel their Fury, many of the 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 sixty; and in tract of time, they
conjoin'd

conjoin'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. Tho' 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, *Padua*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *Brescia*, *Crema*, and *Bergamo*; she hath in the *Marquisat*, *Bassan* and *Castelfranco*; she hath all *Friuli* and *Istria*; she commands the Shores of *Dalmatia* and *Sclavonia*; she keeps under the Power of *St. Mark* the Islands of *Corfu* (anciently *Corcyra*) *Cephalonia*, *Zant*, *Cerigo*, *Lucerigo*, and *Candy* (*Jove's Cradle*); she had a long time the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, but it was quite rent from her by the *Turk*: which made that high-spirited *Bassa*, being taken Prisoner at the Battle of *Lepanto*, where the Grand Signior lost above 200 Gallies, to say, *That that Defeat to his great Master was but like the shaving of his Beard, or the paring of his Nails; but the taking of Cyprus was like the cutting off of a Limb, which will never grow again.* This mighty Potentate being so near a Neighbour to her, she is forced to comply with him, and give him an annual Present in Gold: She hath about 30 Gallies most part of the Year in course to scour and secure the *Gulph*; she entertains by Land, in *Lombardy*, and other Parts, 25,000 Foot, besides some of the Cantons of *Suisses*, whom she gives Pay to; she hath also in constant Pay 600 Men of Arms, and every of these must keep two Horses a-piece, for which they are allowed 120 Ducats a Year, and they are for the most part Gentlemen of *Lombardy*. When they have any great Expedition to make, they have always a Stranger for their General, but he is supervised by two *Proveditors*, without whom he cannot attempt anything.

Her great Council consists of above 2000 Gentlemen, and some of them meet every Sunday and Holiday to chuse Officers and Magistrates; and every Gentleman being past

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

The Wealth of this *Republick* hath been at a stand, or rather declining, since the *Portugal* found a Road to the *East-Indies*, by the *Cape of Good-Hope*; for this City was used to fetch all those Spices and other *Indian Commodities* from *Grand Cairo* down the *Nile*, being formerly carried to *Cairo* from the *Red Sea* upon Camels' and Dromedaries' Backs, sixty Days' Journey: And so *Venice* us'd to dispense those Commodities thro' all *Christendom*, which not only the *Portugal*, but the *English* and *Hollander* now transport, and are Masters of the Trade. Yet there is no outward Appearance at all of Poverty, or any Decay in this City; but she is still gay, flourishing, and fresh, and flowing with all kind of Bravery and Delight, which may be had at cheap Rates. Much more might be written of this antient wise Republic, which cannot be comprehended within the narrow Inclosure of a Letter. So, with my due and daily Prayers for a Continuance of your Health, and Increase of Honour, I rest—
Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Ven., 1 Aug. 1621.

XXXVI.

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

ROBIN,

I HAVE now enough of the *Maiden-City*, and this Week am to go further into *Italy*: for tho' I have been a good while

while in *Venice*, yet I cannot say I have been hitherto upon the Continent of *Italy*; for this City is nought else but a Knot of Islands in the *Adriatic Sea*, join'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 among ourselves, that our Discourse be always in the Language of the Country, under Penalty of a Forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. *Randal Symns* made us a curious Feast lately, where, in a Cup of the richest *Greek*, we had your Health, and I could not tell whether the Wine or the Remembrance of you was sweeter; for it was naturally a kind of Aromatick Wine, which left a fragrant perfuming Kind of Farewel behind it. I have sent you a Runlet of it in the Ship *Lion*, and if it come safe, and 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 acknowledge the good Hospitality and extraordinary Civilities I received from him. Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common Saying that is used of this dainty City of *Venice*:

Venetia, Venetia, *chi non te vede non te Pregia,*
Ma chi l'ha troppo veduto te Dispreggia.

English'd and rhym'd thus (tho' I know you need no Translation, you understand so much of the *Italian*):

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

I will conclude with that famous *Hexastic* which *San-nazaro* made of this great City, which pleaseth me much better:

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

When

*When Neptune saw in Adrian Surges stand
 Venice, and give the Sea Laws of Command:
 Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
 And Mars' proud Walls: this were for to extol
 Tiber beyond the Main; both Towns behold;
 Rome, Men thou'lt say, Venice the Gods did mould.*

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

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

Ven., 12 Aug. 1621.

XXXVII.

To Captain Thomas Porter, from Venice.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

AS I was going a-Shipboard in *Alicant*, a Letter of yours in *Spanish* came to hand: I discovered two Things in it, first, what a Master you are of that Language; then, how mindful you are of your Friend. For the first, I dare not correspond with you yet: for the second, I shall never come short of you, for I am as mindful of you as possibly you can be of me, and some Hours my Pulse doth not beat more often than my Memory runs on you, which is often enough in Conscience; for the *Physicians* hold, that in every well-dispos'd Body there be above 4000 Pulsations every Hour, and some Pulses have been known to beat above 30,000 times an Hour in acute Fevers.

I understand you are bound with a gallant Fleet for the *Mediterranean*; if you come to *Alicant*, I pray commend me to *Francisco Marco*, my Landlord; 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 asked him whether he carried any Weapons about him (for none must wear any Weapons there after Ten at Night). No, quoth the Boy, being pleasant, I have but a little Dagger. The Watch came and searched him, and finding the *Borracho* 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 *Borracho*. But another Passage pleased me better of *Don Beltran de Rosa*, who being to marry a rich *Labrador's* (a Yeoman's) Daughter hard-by, who was much importun'd by her Parents to the Match, because their Family should thereby be ennobled, he being a Cavalier of *St. Jago*; the young Maid having understood that *Don Beltran* had been in *Naples*, and had that Disease about him, answer'd wittily, *En verdad por adobar me la Sangre, no quiero damarmi 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—Yours,

J. H.

Ven., 21 Aug. 1621.

XXXVIII.

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

SIR,

HAVING seen *Antenor's* Tomb in *Padua*, and the *Amphitheatre* 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

F

Communis

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 anvwhere.

But whereas I expected to have found *Rome* elevated upon seven Hills, I met her rather spreading upon a Flat, having humbled herself since she was made a *Christian*, and descended from those Hills to *Campus Martius*, with *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's* Time: for *Vopiscus* writes, she was then of fifty Miles circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free Citizens, in a famous Cense that was made; which, allowing but six to every Family, in Women, Children, and Servants, came to three million of Souls: but she is now a Wilderness in comparison of that Number. The *Pope* is grown to be a great temporal Prince of late Years, for the State of the Church extends above 300 Miles in length, and 200 Miles in breadth; it contains *Ferrara*, *Bologna*, *Romagnia*, the Marquisate of *Ancona*, *Umbria*, *Sabina*, *Perugia*, with a Part of *Tuscany*, the *Patrimony*, *Rome* herself, and *Latium*: In these there are above fifty Bishopricks; the *Pope* hath also the Duchy of *Spoletto*, and the Exarchate of *Ravenna*; he hath the Town of *Benevento* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and the Country of *Venisse*, call'd *Avignon* in *France*; he hath title also good enough to *Naples* itself, but rather than offend his Champion the King of *Spain*, he is contented with a white Mule, and Purse of Pistoles about the Neck, which he receives every Year for a Herriot or Homage, or what you will call it: he pretends also to be Lord-Paramount of *Sicily*, *Urbino*, *Parma*, and *Maserano*, of *Norway*, *Ireland*,
and

and *England*, since King *John* did prostrate our Crown at *Pandulfo* his Legate's Feet.

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

The Consistory of Cardinals meet but once a Week, and once a Week they solemnly wait all upon the Pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight Cardinals, whereof there are six Cardinal-Bishops, fifty-one Cardinal-Priests, and eleven Cardinal-Deacons: the Cardinal-Bishops attend and sit near the Pope, when he celebrates any Festival: the Cardinal-Priests assist him at Mass, and the Cardinal-Deacons attire him. A Cardinal is made by a short *Breve* or *Writ* from the Pope, in these Words: *Creamus te Socium Regibus, superiorem Ducibus, & fratrem nostrum: We create thee a Companion to Kings, superior to Dukes, and our Brother.* If a Cardinal-Bishop should be question'd for any Offence, there must be twenty-four Witnesses produc'd against him.

The Bishop of *Ostia* hath most Privilege 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 Annats of Benefices to support their greatness.

For point of Power, the Pope is able to put 50,000 Men in the Field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in Gallies. We read how *Paul III.* sent *Charles III.* 12,000 Foot and 500 Horse. *Pius V.* sent a greater Aid to *Charles IX.* and for Riches, besides the temporal Dominions, he hath in all the Countries before-nam'd, the Datary or dispatching of *Bulls*. The Triennial Subsidies, Annats, and other Ecclesiastic Rights mount to an unknown Sum; and it is a common Saying here, *That as long as the Pope can finger*

finger a Pen, he can want no Pence. Pius V., notwithstanding his Expences in Buildings, left four millions in the Castle of *St. Angelo*, in less than five years, more I believe than this *Gregory XV.* will, for he hath many Nephews; and better it is to be the *Pope's* Nephew than to be Favourite to any Prince in Christendom.

Touching the Temporal Government of *Rome*, and Opidan Affairs, there is a Pretor and some choice Citizens, who sit in the Capitol. Among other pieces of Policy, there is a Synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of *Italy*) under the *Pope's* Nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their Hats; they are tolerated for advantage of Commerce, wherein the *Jews* are wonderful dexterous, tho' most of them be only Brokers and *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 *Pope's* long Life, in regard the oftner the Change is, the more advantageous it is for the City, because commonly it brings Strangers and a recruit of new People. The Air of *Rome* is not so wholesome as of old; and among other Reasons, one is, because of the burning of Stubble to fatten their Fields. For her Antiquities, it would take up a whole Volume to write them; those which I hold the chiefest are, *Vespasian's Amphitheatre*, where eighty thousand People might sit; the Stoves of *Anthony*, divers rare Statues at *Belveder* and *St. Peter's*, especially that of *Laocoon*, the *Obelisk*; for the Genius of the *Roman* hath always been much taken with Imagery, Limning, and Sculptures, insomuch that as in former times, so 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 Trophy for *Duillius* the Consul, after a famous naval Victory obtain'd against the *Carthaginians* in the second *Punic* War, where these words are engraven, and remain legible to this day: *Exemet leco-ines Macistrates Castreis exfocient pugnandod cepet enque, navebos*

navebos marid Consul, &c., and half a dozen lines after, it is call'd *Columna restrata*, having the Beaks and Prows of Ships engraven up and down; whereby it appears, that the *Latin* then spoken was much differing from that which was us'd in *Cicero's* time 150 years after. Since the dismembring of the Empire, *Rome* hath run thro' many vicissitudes and turns of Fortune: And had it not been for the Residence of the Pope, I believe she had become a heap of Stones, a mount of Rubbish by this time; and howsoever that she bears up indifferent well, yet one may say:

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

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

Present *Rome* may be said to be but the Monument of *Rome* past, when she was in that flourish that *St. Austin* desir'd to see her in: She who tam'd the World, tam'd herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a Prey to Time; yet there is a Providence seems to have a care of her still; for tho' her Air be not so good, nor her circumjacent Soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep Life and Soul together still, by her Ecclesiastical Courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now. So it may be said, When the Pope came to be her Head, she was 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;*
*N'er Horse or Man did mend,
That unto Rome did wend.*

Truly I must confess, that I find myself much better'd by it; for the sight of some of these Ruins did fill me with symptoms of Mortification, and made me more sensible of the frailty of all sublunary things, how all Bodies, as well
inanimate

inanimate as animate, are subject to dissolution and change,
and everything else under the Moon, except the Love of—
Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

13 Sept. 1621.

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* itself. This is a delicate luxurious City, fuller of true-bred Cavaliers than any place I saw yet. The Clime is hot, and the Constitutions of the Inhabitants more hot.

The *Neapolitan* is accounted the best Courtier of Ladies, and the greatest embracer of Pleasure of any other People: They say there are no less here than twenty thousand Courtesans registered in the Office of *Savelli*. This Kingdom, with *Calabria*, may be said to be the one moiety of *Italy*; it extends itself 450 miles, and spreads in breadth 112; it contains 2700 Towns, it hath 20 Archbishops, 127 Bishops, 13 Princes, 24 Dukes, 25 Marquisses, and 800 Barons. There are three Presidial Castles in this City; and tho' the Kingdom abounds in rich staple Commodities, 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 betwixt Governors, Garrisons, 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 Garrison; 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 awe; 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

one shall hear them groan up and down under the *Spanish Yoke*: And commonly the King of *Spain* sends some of his *Grandeess* hither to repair their decay'd Fortunes; whence the Saying sprung, *That the Viceroy of Sicily gnaws, the Governor of Milan eats, but the Viceroy of Naples devours.* Our *English* Merchants here bear a considerable Trade, and their Factors live in better Equipage, and in a more splendid manner than in all *Italy* besides, than their Masters' and Principals in *London*; they ruffle in Silks and Sattins, and wear good *Spanish* Leather-shoes, while their Master's Shoes upon our *Exchange* in *London* shine with blacking. At *Puzzoli*, not far off amongst the *Grottes*, there are so many strange stupendous things, that Nature herself seem'd to have study'd of purpose how to make herself there admir'd: I reserve the discoursing of them, with the nature of the *Tarantola* and *Manna*, which is gather'd here, and nowhere else, with other things, till I see you, for they are fitter for Discourses than a Letter. I will conclude with a Proverb they have in *Italy* for this People:

Napolitano

Largo di bocca, stretto dimano.

The Neapolitans

Have wide Mouths, but narrow Hands.

They make strong masculine 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 accepting only one 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,

J. H.

1 Octob. 1621.

XL.

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

HONOURED FATHER,

I MUST still style you so, since I was adopted your Son by so good a Mother as *Oxford*: My Mind lately prompted me, that I should commit a great Solecism, if among the rest of my Friends in *England* I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, specially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy Gentleman your Cousin *Morgan*, who is now posting hence for *England*. He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time these thirty odd Months I have been toss'd from shore to shore, and pass'd under various Meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant City of *Naples*: And tho' these frequent removes and tumbings under Climes of differing Temper were not without some danger, yet the Delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any Man to conceive the true pleasure of Peregrination but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, Sir, that one year well employ'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 *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 thro' some parts of *Lombardy*, among 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 been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four Legions
(before

(before the *English* Nation or Language had any being) by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two Nations must needs copulate and mix: insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in *Wales* many of the *Roman* Race, and divers in *Italy* of the *British*. Among other resemblances, one was in their Prosody, and vein of Versifying or Rhyming, which is like our *Bards*, who hold Agnominations, and enforcing of consonant Words or Syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest Elegance. As, for Example, in *Welsh*, *Tewgrîs, todyrris ty'r derry'n, gwillt*, &c., so have I seen divers old Rhymes in *Italian* running so: *Donne, O danno, che Felo affronto affronta: In selva salvo a me: Piu caro cuore*, &c.

Being lately in *Rome*, among other *Pasquils*, I met with one that was against the *Scots*; tho' it had some gaul in't, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the Conclusion: so that I think if *K. James* saw it, he would but laugh at it.

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

*Now God preserve the King, the Queen, the Peers,
And grant the Author 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 at *Oxford*, I rest—Your constant Son to serve you,

J. H.

8 Octob. 1621.

XLI.

To Sir J. C., from Florence.

SIR,

THIS Letter comes to kiss your Hauds from fair *Florence*, a City so beautiful, that the great Emperor *Charles V.* said, *That she was fitting to be shown and seen only upon Holidays*: She 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, *Ligorn*, which is the Key of *Tuscany*, being a Maritime and a great Mercantile Town, hath mightily enrich'd this Country, by being a Frank Port to all Comers, and a safe Rendevouz to Pyrates as well as to Merehants. 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 20,000 Men enroll'd, train'd up, and paid, and none but they can carry Arms; he hath 400 Light-Horse in constant pay, and 100 Men at Arms besides; and all these quarter'd in so narrow a compass, that he can command them all to *Florence* in twenty-fours 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 *Tuscany* is fene'd by Nature herself, I mean with Mountains, except towards the Territories
of

of the Apostolic See, and the Sea itself: 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 tho' his Court surpasseth the bounds of a Duke's, it reacheth not to the Magnificence of a King's. The Pope was sollicitd to make the Grand Duke a King, and he answered, That he was content he should be King in *Tuscany*, not of *Tuscany*; whereupon one of his Counsellors reply'd, 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 withal; yet the People go the plainest of any other, and are also most parsimonious in their Diet: they are the subtillest, I will not say the most subdolous Dealers: they are wonderful wealthy, specially in Money. 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 been the Scale by which he hath conveyed his Treasure to *Flanders*, since the Wars in the *Netherlands*, for the support of his Armies, and that she hath got some Privileges for the exportation of Wools and other Commodities (prohibited to others) out of *Spain*, she hath improv'd extremely in Riches, and made *St. George's* Mount swell higher than *St. Mark's* in *Venice*.

She hath been often ill-favouredly shaken by the *Venetian*, and hath had other Enemies, which have put her to hard shifts for her own defence, specially in the time of *Lewis XI.* of *France*; at which time, when she would have given herself up to him for Protection, K. *Lewis* being told that *Genoa* was content to be his, he 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 *Genowaies* have not the Fortune to be so well belov'd as other People in *Italy*; which proceeds, I believe, from their Cunningness and Over-reachings in bargaining,
wherein

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 a-piece, which upon occasions attend the *Signory* abroad, in Velvet Coats; there be eight Chief Governors, and four hundred Counsellors, among whom there be five Sovereign *Syndics*, who have authority to censure the Duke himself, his time being expir'd, and punish any Governor else, tho' after Death, upon the Heir.

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

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

She hath a Council call'd the *Discoli*, which pries into the profession and life of every one, and once a year they rid the State of all Vagabonds: So that this petty pretty Republic may not be improperly parallel'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

Communication. Here is the prime Dialect of the *Italian* spoken, tho' the Pronunciation be a little more guttural than that of *Sienna*, and that of the Court of *Rome*, which occasions the Proverb :

Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.

The Tuscan Tongue sounds best in a Roman Mouth.

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

*Chi ha da far con Tosco,
Non bisogna che sia Losco.*

*Who dealeth with a Florentine,
Must have the use of both his Ey'n.*

I shall bid *Italy* farewell now very shortly, and make my way o'er the *Alps* to *France*, and so home by God's Grace, to make a review of my Friends in *England*; among whom the sight of yourself will be as gladsome to me as of any other: for I profess myself, and purpose to be ever—Your thrice affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

1 Nov. 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, *Bologna* the Fat, *Rome* the Holy, *Naples* the Gentle, *Genoa* the Proud, *Florence* the Fair, and *Milan* the Great; from this last I came hither, and in that City also appears the Grandeur of *Spain's* Monarchy very much: The Governor of *Milan* is always Captain-General of the Cavalry to the King of *Spain* throughout *Italy*. The Duke of *Feria* is now Governor; and being brought to kiss his Hands, he us'd me with extraordinary Respect, as he doth all of our Nation, by being by maternal Side a *Dormer*.

The

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

Before I wean myself from *Italy*, a Word or two touching the *Genius* of the Nation. I find the *Italian* a Degree higher in Compliment than the *French*; he is longer and more grave in the Delivery of it, and more prodigal of Words; insomuch, that if one were to be worded to death, *Italian* is the fittest Language, in regard of the Fluency and Softness of it: for thro'out 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

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 herself.* The Cardinal *de Medicis's* Rule is of much Authority among them, *That there is no Religion under the Navel.* And some of them are of the Opinion of the *Asians*, who hold, that touching those natural Passions, Desires, and Motions, which run up and down in the Blood, God Almighty, and his Handmaid Nature, did not intend they should be a Torment to us, but be used with Comfort and Delight. To conclude, in *Italy* there be *Virtutes magnæ, nec minora Vitia; Great Virtues, and no less Vices.*

So, with a Tender of my most affectionate Respects unto you, I rest—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

30 Nov. 1621.

XLIII.

To Sir J. H., from Lions.

SIR,

I AM now got over the *Alps*, and return'd to *France*; I had crossed and clambered up the *Pyreneans* to *Spain* before; they are not so high and hideous as the *Alps*; but for our Mountains in *Wales*, as *Eppint* and *Penwinmaur*, which are so much cry'd up among us, they are *Molehills* in comparison of these; they are but *Pigmies* compar'd to *Giants*, but *Blisters* compar'd to *Imposthumes*, or *Pimples* to *Warts*. Besides, our Mountains in *Wales* bear alway something useful to Man or Beast, some Grass at least; but these uncouth huge monstrous Excrescences of Nature bear nothing (most of them) but craggy Stones: the Tops of some of them are blanch'd over all the Year long with Snows; and the People who dwell in the Valleys, drinking,
for

for want of other, this Snow-Water, are subject to a strange Swelling in the Throat, called *Goytre*, which is common among them.

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

Being at *Turin*, I was by some Disaster brought to an extreme low Ebb in Money, so that I was forced to foot it along with some Pilgrims, and with gentle Pace and easy Journeys, to climb up those Hills, till I came to this Town of *Lions*, where a Countryman of ours, one Mr. *Lewis*, whom I knew in *Alicant*, lives Factor; so that now I want not anything for my Accommodation.

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

In this great mercantil Town there be two deep navigable Rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Sone*; the one hath a swift rapid Course, the other slow and smooth: And one Day, as I walk'd upon their Banks, and observ'd so much Difference in their Course, I fell into a Contemplation of the Humours of the *French* and *Spaniard*, how they might be not improperly compar'd to these Rivers; the *French* to the *swift*, the *Spaniard* to the *slow* River.

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

J. H.

6 Nov. 1621.

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 convers'd withal 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 fly upon him. But they say the *Savoyard* hath the justest Title; for there are Imperial Records extant, *That altho' the Bishops of Geneva were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, yet they should acknowledge the Duke of Savoy for their Superior.* This Man's Ancestors went frequently to the Town, and the Keys were presently tender'd to them. But since *Calvin's* Time, who had been once banish'd, and then call'd in again, which made him to apply that Speech to himself, *That the Stone which the Builders refused is become the Head-stone of the Corner*; I say, since they were 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 to you a wonderful strange Accident that happen'd here

not many Years ago. There is an Officer call'd *Le Chevalier du Guet*, who is a kind of Night-guard here, as well as in *Paris*; and his Lieutenant, called *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 drank at the Merchant's House, for I find myself so hot, that if I meet with the Devil's Dam to-night, I should not forbear using of her.* Hereupon, a little after, he overtook a young Gentlewoman mask'd, whom he would needs usher to her Lodging, but discharged all his Watch, except two; she brought him, to his thinking, to a little low Lodging hard by the City-Wall, where there were only two Rooms: and after he had enjoy'd her, he desir'd that, according to the Custom of *French* Gentlemen, his two Comrades might partake also of the same Pleasure; so she admitted them one after the other: And when all this was done, as they sat together, she told them, if they knew who she was, none of them would have ventur'd upon her; thereupon she whistled 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 dy'd presently after.

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

J. H.

5 Dec. 1621.



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 altho' I am come safely, I am come sickly: For when I landed in *Venice*, after so long a Sea-Voyage from *Spain*, I was afraid the same Defluxion of salt Rheum which fell from my Temples into my Throat in *Oxford*, and distilling upon the *Uvula* impeach'd 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 carry'd with me to *England*. Dr. *Harvey*, who is my Physician, tells me, that it may turn to a Consumption, therefore he hath stopped the Issue, telling me there is no danger at all in it, in regard I have not worn it a full 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, M. *Cadenet*, expressly to visit our King: He had Audience two days since, where he, with his Train of ruffling long-hair'd *Monsieurs*, carry'd 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. Ay, his Majesty reply'd,
but

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 furnish'd.*

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

J. H.

Lond., 2 Feb. 1621.

II.

To Rich. Altham, *Esq.*; at Norberry.

SALVE pars animæ dimidiata meæ; Hail, half my Soul, my dear *Dick*, &c. I was no sooner return'd to the sweet Bosom of *England*, and had breath'd the Smoke of this Town, but my Memory ran suddenly on you; the *Idea* of you hath almost ever since so fill'd up and engross'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 lye, there was never Female long'd more after anything 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—Yours,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Feb. 1621.

III.

To D. Caldwell, *Esq.*; at Battersay.

MY DEAR DAN,

I AM come at last to *London*, but not without some danger, and thro' divers difficulties; for I fell sick in
France,

France, and came so over to *Kent*: And my Journey from the Seaside hither was more tedious to me than from *Rome* to *Rouen*, where I grew first indisposed; and in good faith, I cannot remember anything to this hour how I came from *Gravesend* hither, I was so stupify'd, and had lost the knowledge of all things; but I am come to myself indifferently well since, I thank God for it, and you cannot imagine how much the Sight of you, much more your Society, would revive me: Your Presence would be a Cordial to me more restorative than exalted Gold, more precious than the Powder of Pearl; whereas your Absence, if it continue long, will prove to me like the dust of Diamonds, which is incurable Poison. I pray be not accessory to my death, but hasten to comfort your so long weather-beaten Friend—Yours,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Feb. 1621.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, at the Lord Darcy's in St. Osith.

SIR,

I AM got again safely to this side of the Sea, and tho' I was in a very sickly case when I first arriv'd, yet thanks be to God I am upon point of perfect recovery, whereunto the sucking in of *English* Air, and 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 Emperor's 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*, and to be able to go thro' stitch with the work, in regard of his powerful Alliance, the King of *Great Britain* being his Father-in-Law, the K. of *Denmark*, the Pr. of *Orange*, the Marq. of *Brandenburg*, the D. of *Bouillon* his Uncles, the States of *Holland* his Confederates, the

French

French King his Friend, and the D. of *Brunswick* his near Ally: The Prince *Palsgrave* made some difficulty at first, and most of his Counsellors oppos'd it; others incited him to it, and among other hortatives, they told him, *That if he had the Courage to venture upon a King of England's sole Daughter, he might very well venture upon a sovereign Crown when it was tenderd him.* Add hereunto, that the States of *Holland* did mainly advance the Work, and there was good reason in policy for it; for their twelve years' Truce being then upon point of expiring with *Spain*, and finding our King so wedded to Peace, that nothing could divorce him from it, they lighted upon this design to make him draw his Sword, and engage him against the House of *Austria* for the defence of his sole Daughter and his Grandchildren. What his Majesty will do hereafter I will not presume to foretell; but hitherto he hath given little countenance to the business, nay he utterly mislik'd it at first; for whereas Dr. *Hall* gave the Prince *Palsgrave* the title of K. of *Bohemia* in his Pulpit-Prayer, he had a check for his pains; for I heard his Majesty should say, That there is an implicit Tie among Kings, which obligeth them, tho' there be no other interest or particular engagement, to stick to and right one another upon an insurrection of Subjects; therefore he had more reason to be against the *Bohemians* than to adhere to them in the deposition of their Sovereign Prince. The King of *Denmark* sings the same Note, nor will he also allow him the appellation of King. But the fearful News I told you of at the beginning of this Letter is, that there are fresh Tidings brought how the Prince *Palsgrave* had a well-appointed Army of about 25,000 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 fly with his Queen and Children; and after many Difficulties, they write, that they are come to the Castle of *Castrein*,
the

the Duke of *Brandenburg's* Country, his Uncle. This News affects both Court and City here with much heaviness.

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

J. H.

1 *Mar.* 1621.

V.

To *Dr. Fr. Mansell*, at *All-Souls' in Oxford*.

I AM return'd safe from my foreign Employment, from my three years' Travel; I did my best to make what Advantage I could of the time, tho' not so much as I should; for I find that Peregrination (well 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 Mansel*, who is now in the *Mediterranean*, hath been very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my Education from him. He hath melted vast Sums of Money in the Glass-business, a Business indeed more proper for a Merchant than a Courtier. I heard the King should say, That he wonder'd *Robin Mansel*, being a Seaman, 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 advis'd me to hearken after some other Condition. I attempted to go Secretary to *Sir John Ayres* to *Constantinople*, but I came too late. You have got yourself a great deal of good Reputation by the voluntary Resignation you made of the Principality of *Jesus College* to *Sir Eubule Theolall*, in hope that he will be a considerable Benefactor to it. I pray God he perform what he promiseth

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—At your friendly dispose,

J. H.

5 *Mar.* 1618.

VI.

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

SIR,

I SEND you most due and humble thanks, that notwithstanding I have 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 purchas'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 publick works of Piety use to be crown'd withal; it is the Apprecation of—Your truly devoted Servitor,

J. H.

London, idibus Mar. 1621.

VII.

VII.

To my Father.

SIR,

ACCORDING to the Advice you sent me in your last, while I sought after a new course of Employment, a new Employment hath lately sought after me; my Lord *Savage* hath two young Gentlemen to his Sons, and I am to go travel with them: Sir *James Crofts* (who so much respects you) was the main Agent in this business, and I am to go shortly to *Long-Melford* in *Suffolk*, and thence to *St. Osith* in *Essex* to the Lord *Darcy*. *Q. Anne* is lately dead of a Dropsy in *Denmark-House*; which is held to be one of the fatal Events that follow'd 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 interested in the Quarrel, and it is not the custom of that House to set by any Affront, or forget it quickly. *Q. Anne* left a world of brave Jewels behind, but one *Piero*, an outlandish Man, who had the keeping of them, embezzled many, and is run away; she left all she had to Prince *Charles*, whom she ever lov'd 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 Goody *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 Countries*, *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,



Adversary, is one of the shrewdest Solicitors in all the thirteen Shires of *Wales*, being so habituated to Law-suits and Wrangling, that he knows any of the least starting-holes in every Court: I could wish you had made a fair end with him; for besides the cumber and trouble, especially to those that dwell at such a huge distance from *Westminster-Hall* as you do, Law is a shrewd Pick-purse, and the Lawyer, as I heard one say wittily not long since, is like a *Christmas-box, which is sure to get, whosoever loseth.*

So, with the continuance of my due and daily Prayers for your health; with my love to my Brothers and Sisters, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

20 Mar. 1618.

VIII.

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

MY DEAR DAN,

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

House, whence from the Gallery one may see much of the Game when they are a-hunting. Now for the Gardening and costly choice Flowers, for Ponds, for stately large Walks, green and gravelly, for Orchards and choice Fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in *England*: here you have your *Bon Christian Pear* and *Bergamot* in perfection, your *Muscadell* Grapes in such plenty, that there are some Bottles of Wine sent every year to the King; and one Mr. *Daniel*, a worthy Gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his Vintage. Truly this House of *Long-Melford*, tho' it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted and contriv'd 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 Manor of *Sheriff* in *Essex*, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, tho' it be only to see him who would think it a short Journey to go from *St. David's-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 1619.

IX.

To Robert Brown, Esq.

SIR,

THANKS for one Courtesy 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 3d 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

his Master for the time, and taking Commission from the Emperor, become his Servant for invading the *Palatinate* with the Forces of the King of *Spain* in the *Netherlands*. I am sorry also the Princes of the *Union* should be so stupid as to suffer him to take *Oppenheim* by a *Parthian* kind of back Stratagem, in appearing before the Town, and making semblance afterwards to go to *Worms*; and then perceiving the Forces of the *United Provinces*, to go for succouring of that, to turn back and take the Town he intended first, whereby I fear he will be quickly master of the rest. Surely I believe there may be some treachery in't, and that the Marquis of *Anspach*, the General, was overcome by Pistols made of *Indian* Ingots, rather than of Steel; else an Army of 40,000, which he had under his Command, might have made its Party good against *Spinola's* less than 20,000, tho' never such choice Veterans. But what will not Gold do? It will make a Pigmy too hard for a Giant. There's no fence or fortress against an *Ass laden with Gold*. It was the saying, you know, of his Father, whom partial and ignorant Antiquity cries up to have conquer'd the World, and that he sigh'd there were no more Worlds to conquer, tho' 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 adjoining, where I often wander up
and

and down, and I have my several Walks. I make one to represent the *Royal Exchange*, the other the middle Isle of *Paul's*, another *Westminster-hall*: and when I pass thro' 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—Yours,

J. H.

24 May 1622.

X.

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

SIR,

LIFE itself is not so dear to me as your Friendship, nor Virtue in her best Colours as precious as your Love, which was lately so lively pourtray'd unto me in yours of the 5th 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 *Polldavie* Ware from me, for you must not expect from us Country-folks such *Urbanities* and quaint Invention, that you, who are daily conversant with the Wits of the Court, and of the Inns of Court, abound withal.

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

invites me, I wish you a merry *Christmas*, resting—Yours
while J. HOWELL.

20 Dec. 1622.

XI.

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

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

I CONGRATULATE your safe Return from the *Straits*, but am sorry you were so streightned in your Commission, that you could not attempt what such a brave naval Power of twenty Men of War, such a gallant General, and other choice knowing Commanders might have perform'd, if they had had Line enough. I know the Lightness and Nimbleness of *Algier* Ships; when I liv'd 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 of the promis'd Supply for furtherance of that noble adventurous Design you had to fire the Ships and Gallies in *Algiers* Road: And according to the Relation you pleas'd to send me, it was one of the bravest Enterprizes, and had prov'd such a glorious Exploit that no Story could have parallel'd; but it seems their *Hoggies*, *Magicians*, and *Maribots* were tampering with the ill Spirits of the Air all the while, which brought down such a still Cataract of Rain-waters suddenly upon you, to hinder the working of your 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 anotherghess thing now than she was then, being I believe an hundred degrees stronger by Land and Sea; and for the latter strength we may thank our Countryman *Ward*, and *Danskey* the Butterbag *Hollander*, who may be said to have been two of the fatalest and most infamous Men that ever Christendom

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 been the chief raisers of those *Picaroons* to be Pirates, who are now come to that height of strength, that they daily endamage and affront all Christendom. When I consider all the circumstances and 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 secur'd 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 Judgments 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 *Land's-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 *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—Yours,

J. H.

St. Osith, Dec. 1622.

XII.

To my Father, upon my second going to travel.

SIR,

I AM lately return'd to *London*, having been all this while in a very noble Family in the Country, where I found far greater Respects than I deserv'd; I was to go with two of my Lord *Savage's* Sons to travel, but finding myself too young for such a Charge, and our Religion differing, I have now made choice to go over Comrade to

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a very worthy Gentleman, Baron *Altham's* Son, whom I knew in *Staines*, when my Brother was there. Truly, I hold him to be one of the hopefulest young Men of this Kingdom for Parts and Person; he is full of excellent solid Knowledge, as the Mathematics, the Law, and other material Studies: besides, I should have been ty'd to have staid three years abroad in the other Employment at least, but I hope to get back from this by God's Grace before a Year be at an end, at which time I hope the Hand of Providence will settle me in some stable home-fortune.

The News is, that the Prince *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 D. of *Bavaria's* 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 D. of *Brunswick*, who is a Temporal Bishop of *Halverstade*, have a considerable Army on foot for the Lady *Elizabeth*, who, in the *Low Countries* and some parts of *Germany*, is call'd 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 been greater, or none at all.

My Lord of *Buckingham*, having been long since Master of the Horse at Court, is now made Master also of all the *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 been 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 beter prosper in my Proceedings: So I am—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

19 Mar. 1622.

XIII.

To Sir John Smith, Knight.

SIR,

THE first ground I set foot upon after this my second transmarine Voyage was *Trevere* (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 swallow'd up by a Deluge within the Memory of Man: we went afterwards to the *Hague*, where there are hard by, tho' in several Places, two wonderful things to be seen, the one of *Art*, the other of *Nature*; that of *Art* is a Wagon, or Ship, or a Monster mix'd of both, like the *Hippocentaur*, who was half Man and half Horse: This Engine hath Wheels and Sails that will hold above twenty People, and goes with the Wind, being drawn or 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 deliver'd at one Birth; they were half Male, half Female; the two Basons in 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 Beggar-woman with two 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,

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and by one Father, who was her Husband. The Countess would not only not give her any Alms, but revil'd her bitterly, saying, It was impossible for one Man to get two Children at once. The Beggar-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 *Zucchie*, likest a *Bat* of any other Creature, which the Midwives throw into the Fire, holding Sheets before the Chimney lest it should fly away. Mr. *Altham* desires his Service be presented to you and your Lady, to Sir *John Franklin*, and all at the *Hill*; the like do I humbly crave at your Hands: The *Italian* and *French* Manuscripts you pleas'd to favour me withal I left at Mr. *Scil's* 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—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Trevere, 10 April 1623.

XIV.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Colchester,
after Earl 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 foreign Travel. Marquis *Spinola* is return'd from the *Palatinate*, where he was so fortunate, that (like *Cæsar*) he
came,

came, saw, and overcame, notwithstanding that huge Army of the Princes of the Union, consisting of 40,000 Men; whereas his was under 20,000, 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 *Cæsar's* 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 Emperor's 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 Countries are feudatory to the Empire; else they had incur'd the Imperial Ban. It is fear'd this *German* War will be, as the *Frenchman* saith, *de longue haleine*, long-breath'd; for there are great Powers on both sides, and they say the King of *Denmark* is arming.

Having made a leisurely sojourn in this Town, I had yours to couch in writing a survey of these Countries, which I have now travers'd 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, my Lord,—Your thrice humble Servitor, J. H.

Antwerp, 1 May 1623.

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

absolute and supreme Governors, some subaltern and subject to a superior Power. Among the rest, the Earls of *Flanders* and *Holland* were most considerable; but of them two he of *Holland* being homageable to none, and having *Friesland* and *Zealand* 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 receiv'd most growth, but in the House of *Austria* it came to its full perfection; for in *Charles V.* they all met as so many Lines drawn from the circumference to the centre; who, lording as supreme Head not only over the fifteen temporal, but the two spiritual, *Liége* and *Utrecht*, had a Design to reduce them to a Kingdom, which his Son *Philip II.* attempted after him: But they could not bring their intents home to their Aim; the cause is imputed to that multiplicity and difference of privileges which they are so eager to maintain, and whereof some cannot stand with a Monarchy without Incongruity. *Philip II.* at his Inauguration was 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 foreign Soldiers should retire, and that he himself would come to visit them once every seventh year; but being once gone, and leaving in lieu of a *Sword* a *Distaff*, an unwieldy 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 counsel of 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 Allegiance (all which conduc'd to settle the Inquisition,

tion and to curb the Conscience), the broils began; to appease which Ambassadors 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 II.* had prepared 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 established the *Bloetrad*, as the Complainants term'd it, a *Council of Blood*, made up most of *Spaniards*: *Egmond* and *Horn* were apprehended, and afterwards beheaded; Citadels were erected, and the Oath of Allegiance, with the political Government of the Country, in divers things alter'd. This pour'd Oil 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 Garrisons in the Citadels he had erected at *Grave*, *Utrecht*, and *Antwerp* (where he caus'd his Statue made of *Cannon-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 Cousin *Pacecio* hang'd at *Flushing-Gates*, after he had trac'd out the Platform of a Citadel in that Town also, he receiv'd Letters of Revocation from *Spain*. Him succeeded *Don Luys de Requiluis*, who came short of his Predecessor in Exploits; and dying suddenly in the Field, the Government was invested for a time in the Council of State: The *Spanish* Soldiers being without a Head, 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 *Ghent* was transacted, whereof among other Articles one was, That all foreign Soldiers should

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 *Landsknechts* at his devotion still for some secret Design, and, as some conjectur'd, 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 dismiss'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 an *Italian*, so of a differing temper and more moderate spirit, and of greater performance than all the rest; for, whereas all the *Provinces* except *Luxemburg* and *Hainault* had revolted, he reduc'd *Ghent*, *Tourney*, *Bruges*, *Malines*, *Brussels*, *Antwerp* (which three last he beleaguerr'd at one time), and divers other great Towns to the *Spanish* obedience again. He had 60,000 Men in pay, and the choicest which *Spain* and *Italy* could afford. The *French* and *English* Ambassadors, interceding for a Peace, had a short Answer of *Philip II.*, who said that he needed not the help of any to reconcile himself to his own Subjects and reduce them to Conformity; but the difference that was he would refer to his Cousin the Emperor: Hereupon the 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 been at for so many years, and that matters began to exasperate more and more, which were like to prolong the Wars *in infinitum*, he would abate nothing in point of Ecclesiastick Government. Hereupon the States perceiv'd that King *Philip* could not be wrought either by the sollicitations of other Princes, or their own supplications so often reiterated, that they might enjoy the freedom of Religion, with other infranchisements; and finding

finding him inexorable, being incited also by the Ban which was publish'd against the Prince of *Orange*, that whosoever kill'd him should have 5000 Crowns, they at last absolutely renounc'd and abjur'd the King of *Spain* for their Sovereign: They broke his Seals, chang'd the Oath of Allegiance, and fled to *France* for shelter; they inaugurated the Duke of *Anjou* (recommended to them by the Queen of *England*, to whom he was a Suitor) for their Prince, who attempted to render himself absolute, and so thought to surprize *Antwerp*, where he receiv'd an ill-favour'd repulse; yet nevertheless the *United Provinces*, for so they term'd themselves ever after, fearing to distaste their next great Neighbour *France*, made a second Proffer of their Protection and Sovereignty to that King, who having too many irons in the fire at his own home, the *League* growing stronger and stronger, he answer'd 'em, That the *Shirt* was nearer to him than his *Doublet*. Then had they recourse to Queen *Elizabeth*, who, partly for her own security, partly for Interest in Religion, reach'd them a supporting hand, and so sent them Men, Money, and a Governor, the Earl of *Leicester*, who not symbolizing with their humour, was quickly 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 lent them afterwards some considerable sums of moneys, and she receiv'd *Flushing* and *Brill* for caution. Ever since the *English* have been the best sinews of their war, and achievers of the greatest exploits amongst them. Having thus made sure work with the *English*, they made young Count *Maurice* their Governor, who for twenty-five years together held task with the *Spaniard*, and during those traverses of War was very fortunate: an overture of peace was then propounded, which the States would not hearken to *singly* with the King of *Spain*, unless the *Provinces* that yet 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

English and *French* Ambassadors, a Truce was concluded for twelve years.

These Wars did so drain and discommodate the King of *Spain*, by reason of his distance (every Soldier that he sent either from *Spain* or *Italy* costing him near upon 100 Crowns before he could be render'd in *Flanders*), that notwithstanding his Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*, it plung'd him so deeply in debt, that, having taken up Moneys in all the chief Banks of Christendom, he was forced to publish a *Diploma*, wherein he dispensed with himself (as the *Holland* Story hath it) from payment, alledging that he had employ'd those Moneys for the publick Peace of Christendom: this broke many great Bankers, and they say his credit was not current in *Sevil* or *Lisbon*, his own Towns; and which was worse, while he stood wrestling thus with his own Subjects, the *Turk* took his opportunity to take from him *Tunis* and the *Goletta*, the Trophies of *Charles V.*, his Father. So eager he was in this quarrel, that he employ'd the utmost of his strength and industry to reduce his People to his Will; in regard he had an intent to make these *Provinces* his main Randevous and Magazine of Men of War; which his Neighbours perceiving, and that he had a kind of aim to be *Western Monarch*, being led not so much for love as reasons of State, they stuck close to the revolted *Provinces*; and this was the *Bone* that Secretary *Walsingham* told *Q. Elizabeth* he would cast the K. 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 been formerly knit and centred under one Sovereign Prince, were thus dismember'd; and as they subsist now, they are a *State* and a *Province*: The *Province*, having ten of the seventeen at least, is far greater, more populous, better soiled, and more stor'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

being defensible by Rivers and Sluices, by means whereof they can suddenly overwhelm all the whole Country: witness that stupendous Siege of *Leyden* and *Haerlem*; for most of their Towns, the marks being taken away, are inaccessible, by reason of shelves of Sands. Touching the transaction of these *Provinces*, which the K. of *Spain* made as a Dowry to the Archduke *Albertus*, upon marriage with the *Infanta* (who thereupon left his red Hat and *Toledo* Mitre, the chiefest spiritual Dignity in Christendom for revenue, after the *Papacy*), it was 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 tutele and ward of his Children, that they were to marry with one of the *Austrian* Family recommended by *Spain*, and in default of Issue, and in case *Albertus* should survive the *Infanta*, he should be but Governor only: add hereunto, that K. *Philip* reserv'd still to himself all the Citadels and Castles, with the Order of the Golden Fleece, whereof he is Master, as he is Duke of *Burgundy*.

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

and the Policy of the *Provinces*: The Primate hath the granting of all Patents and Requests, the publishing of all Edicts and Proclamations, the prizing of Coin, the looking to the Confines and Extent of the *Provinces*, and the enacting of all new Ordinances. Of these two Councils there is never a *Spaniard*, but in the actual Council of War their Voices are predominant: There is also a Court of Finances or Exchequer, whence all they that have the fingring of the King's Money must draw a Discharge. Touching matters of Justice, their Law is mix'd betwixt Civil and Common, with some Clauses of Canonical. The High Court of Parliament is at *Malines*, whither all civil Causes may be brought by Appeal from other Towns, except some that have municipal Privileges and are Sovereign in their own Jurisdictions, as *Mons* in *Hainalt*, and a few more.

The prime *Province* for Dignity is *Brabant*, which, among many other Privileges it enjoys, hath this for one, not to appear upon any Summons out of its own Precinct; which is one of the reasons why the Prince makes his residence there: but the prime, for extent and fame, is *Flanders*, the chiefest Earldom in Christendom, which is three days' journey in length; *Ghent*, its Metropolis, is reputed the greatest Town of *Europe*, whence arose the Proverb, *Les flamene tient un Gan, qui tiendra Paris dedans*. But the beautifullest, richest, strongest, and most privileged City is *Antwerp* in *Brabant*, being the *Marquisate* of the Holy Empire, and drawing near to the nature of a *Hans Town*, for she pays the 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 Merchandize 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

thing is long lasting, and as 'tis fatal to all Kingdoms, States, Towns, and Languages to have their period, so this renown'd Mart hath suffer'd a shrewd Eclipse, yet no utter downfal; the exchange of the King of *Spain's* Money and some small Land-traffic keeping still Life in her, tho' nothing so full of Vigor as it was. Therefore there is no Town under the Archduke where the States have more 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 *Scheld*, and lieth in the teeth of the Town, some small cross-sail'd Ships to pass hither: There is no place hath been more passive than this, and more often pillaged; among other times she was once plunder'd most miserably by the *Spaniards* under the conduct of a Priest, immediately on *Don John* of *Austria's* death; she had then her *Stadt-house* burnt, which had cost a few years before above 20,000 Crowns the building; and the spoils that were carried away thence amounted to forty tuns of gold: thus she was reduced not only to poverty, but a kind of captivity, being commanded by a Citadel, which she prefer'd before a Garrison. This made the merchants retire and seek a more free Randevous, some in *Zealand*, some in *Holland*, especially in *Amsterdam*, which rose upon the fall of this Town, as *Lisbon* did from *Venice* upon the discovery of the *Cape of Good Hope*, tho' *Venice* be not near so much crestfallen.

I will now steer my discourse to the *United Provinces*, as they term themselves, which are six in number, *viz.*, *Holland*, *Zealand*, *Friesland*, *Overyssel*, *Gronnighen*, and *Utrecht*, three parts of *Gelderland*, and some Frontier Towns and Places of contribution in *Brabant* and *Flanders*: In all these there is no innovation at all introduced, notwithstanding this great change in point of Government, except that the College of States represent the Duke or Earl in times past; which College consists of the chiefest Gentry of the Country,
Superintendants

Superintendants of Towns, and the principal Magistrates: Every *Province* and great Town chuse 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 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 is no appeal, but a revision; and then some of the choicest Lawyers among them are appointed.

For their *Oppidan* Government, they have variety of Officers, a Scout, Burgmasters, a Balue, and *Vroetschoppens*: The Scout is chosen by the States, who with the Balues have the judging of all criminal matters in last resort without appeal; they have also the determining of civil Causes, but those are appealable to the *Hague*. Touching their chiefest Governor (or General rather now), having made proof of the *Spaniard*, *German*, *French*, and *English*, and agreeing with none of them, they alighted 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, sacrificed their Lives in the States Quarrel: he hath thriven well since he came to the Government; he clear'd *Friesland*, *Overysse*, and *Groningen* in less than eighteen months: He hath now continued their Governor and General by Sea and Land above thirty-three years; he hath the election of Magistrates, the pardoning of Malefactors, and divers other Prerogatives; yet they are
short

short of the reach of Sovereignty, and of the Authority of the antient Counts of *Holland*: Tho' I cannot say 'tis a mercenary employment, yet he hath a limited allowance; nor hath he any implicit command when he goes to the field, for either the Council of War marcheth with him, or else he receives daily directions from them: moreover, the States themselves reserve the power of nominating all Commanders in the Army, which being of sundry Nations, deprive him of those advantages he might have to make himself absolute. Martial Discipline is nowhere so regular as among the States; nowhere are there lesser insolences committed upon the Burgher, nor robberies upon the Country Boors; nor are the Officers permitted to insult over the common Soldier: When the Army marcheth, not one dares take so much as an apple off a tree or a root out of the earth in their Passage; and the reason is, they are punctually paid their Pay, or else I believe they would be insolent enough; and were not the Pay so certain, I think few or none would serve them. They speak of 60,000 they have in perpetual Pay by Land and Sea, at home, and in the *Indies*: The King of *France* was used to maintain a Regiment, but since *Henry the Great's* death the Payment hath been neglected. The means they have to maintain these Forces, to pay their Governor, to discharge all other expence, as the preservation of their Dikes, which comes to a vast expence yearly, is the antient revenue of the Counts of *Holland*, the impropriate Church-livings, Imposts upon all Merchandise, which is greater upon exported than imported Goods; 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 years: Add hereunto the Art they use in their Bank by the rise and fall of Money, the fishing upon our Coasts, whither they send every Autumn above 700 Hulks or Busses, which in the Voyages they make return above a Million in Herrings; moreover, their fishing for green Fish and Salmon amounts to so much more; and for their Cheese and Butter,

'tis

'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. Traffic is their general Profession, being all either Merchants or Mariners; and having no Land to manure, they furrow the Sea for their living: and this universality of Trade, and their Banks of Adventures, distributes the Wealth so equally, that few among them are exceeding rich or exceeding poor; Gentry among them is very thin, and as in all Democracies, little respected, and coming to dwell in Towns, they soon mingle with the Merchant, and so degenerate: Their Soil being all 'twixt Marsh and Meadow, is so fat in pasturage that one Cow will give eight Quarts of Milk a day; so that, as a Boor told me, in four little *dorps* near *Harlem* 'tis thought 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.

Among all the confederate Provinces, *Holland* is most predominant, which, being but six hours' Journey in breadth, contains forty-nine 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-India* Trade, whither she sends yearly forty great Ships, with another Fleet to the *Baltic* Sea; but they send not near so many to the *Mediterranean* as *England*: Other Towns are passably rich, and stor'd with Shipping, but not one very poor; which proceeds from the wholesome Policy they use, to assign every Town some firm Staple Commodity; as to (their Maiden-Town

Maiden-Town) *Dort* the *German* Wines and Corn, to *Middelburgh* the *French* and *Spanish* Wines, to *Trevere* (the Prince of *Orange's* Town) the *Scots* Trade: *Leyden*, in recompense of her long Siege, was erected to an University, which with *Franiker* in *Friesland* is all they have; *Harlem* for Knitting and Weaving hath some Privilege; *Rotterdam* hath the *English* Cloth: and this renders their Towns so equally rich and populous. They allow free harbour to all Nations, with liberty of Religion (the *Roman* only excepted) as far as the *Jew*, who hath two *Synagogues* 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 *Jews* in *Venice*, in *Rome*, and other places go with some outward Mark of Distinction, but here they wear none: and these two Republics, that in the *East* and this in the *West*, are the two *Remora's*, that stick to the great Vessel of *Spain*, that it cannot sail to the Western Monarchy.

I have been long in the Survey of these Provinces, yet not long enough, for much more might be said, which is fitter for a Story than a Survey: I will conclude with a *mot* or two of the People, whereof some have been renown'd in time past for Feats of War. Among the States, the *Hollander* or *Batavian* hath been most known, for some of the *Roman* Emperors have had a selected Guard of them about their Persons for their Fidelity and Valour, as now the King of *France* hath of the *Swisse*. The *Frisians* also have been famous for those large Privileges wherewith *Charlemain* endow'd them; the *Flemings* also have been illustrious for the martial Exploits they achiev'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 used up and down Christendom, were first used by them; and for the Mariner's Compass, tho' the matter be disputable 'twixt the

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 haunted 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 seven or eight 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 Wives are so well vers'd in Bargaining, Cyphering, and Writing, that in the absence of their Husbands in long Sea-voyages they beat the Trade at home, and their Words will pass in equal Credit: These Women are wonderfully sober, tho' their Husbands make commonly their Bargains in drink, and then are they more 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* II. 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 Humours of People than in the *Netherlands*: The *Walloon* is quick and sprightful, accostable and full of Compliment, and gaudy in Apparel, like his next Neighbour the *French*: The *Fleming* and *Brabanter*, somewhat more slow and more sparing of Speech: The *Hollander* slower than he, more surly and disrespectful of Gentry and Strangers, homely in his clothing, of very few words, and heavy in action; which may be well imputed to the quality of the Soil, which works so strongly upon the Humours,
that

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 Soil than the Sire: and so it is in all Animals besides.

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

Antwerp, 1 May, 1622.

XVI.

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

SIR,

YOU have had a good while the Interest of a Friend in me, but you have me now in a straiter Tie, for I am your Brother by your late Marriage, which hath 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 Prophaness to add the Saying of the *Lyric Poet Horace*, in whom I know you delight much; and I send it you as a kind of *Epithalamium*, and wish it may be verify'd 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, my dear Brother, I much rejoice for this Alliance,
and

and wish you may increase and multiply to your Heart's content.—Your affectionate Brother,

J. H.

20 May 1622.

XVII.

To my Brother, Doctor Howell, from Brussels.

SIR,

I HAD yours in *Latin* at *Rotterdam*, whence I corresponded with you in the same Language; I heard, tho' not from you, since I came to *Brussels*, that our Sister *Anne* is lately marry'd 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 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 foil lately in *Germany*, and that the Duke of *Brunswick*, *alias* Bishop of *Halverstadt*, hath lost one of his Arms: this makes them vapour here extremely, and the last Week I heard of a Play the *Jesuits* of *Antwerp* made, in derogation, or rather derision of the Proceedings of the Prince *Palsgrave*, where, among 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 100,000, the *Hollanders* 100,000, and the King of *Great Britain* 100,000; but being ask'd thousands of what? he reply'd, The first would send 100,000 *Red Herrings*, the second 100,000 *Cheeses*, and the last 100,000 *Ambassadors*; alluding to Sir *Richard Weston*, and Sir *Edward Conway*, my Lord *Carlisle*, Sir *Arthur Chichester*, and lastly the Lord *Digby*, who have been all employ'd in quality of *Ambassadors* in less than two years, since the beginning of these *German Broils*. Touching the last, having been with the Emperor and the Duke of *Bavaria*, and carry'd himself with such high Wisdom in his Negotiations with the one, and Stoutness with the other, and having preserv'd Count *Mansfelt's*

Troops

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 Ambassador that ever was in this Court; and the Report yet is very fresh of his high Abilities.

We are to remove hence in Coach towards *Paris* the next week, where we intend to winter, or hard by. When you have opportunity to write to *Wales*, I pray present my duty to my Father, and my love to the rest; and pray remember me also to all at the *Hill* and the *Dale*, especially to that most virtuous Gentleman, Sir *John Franklin*. So, my dear Brother, I pray God continue and improve His Blessings to us both, and bring us again together with comfort.—
Your Brother, J. H.

10 June 1622.

XVIII.

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

SIR,

FRIENDSHIP is the great Chain of human Society, and intercourse of Letters is one of the chiefest links of that Chain: you know this as well as I; therefore I pray let our Friendship, let our Love, that nationality of *British Love*, that virtuous tie of *Academic Love*, be still strengthened (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more Vigor. I am now in *Paris*, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send: and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of Religion to be punctual in this kind of Payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a *domestic Member* to that most noble Family of the *Worcesters*, and I hold it to be a very good Foundation for future Preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them, as I know they will be happy in you. *France* is now barren of News, only there was a shrewd Brush lately 'twixt the young King and his Mother, who having the Duke of *Epernon* and others for her Champions, met him in open Field about *Pont de Cé*, but she went away with the
worst

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, tho' he be slow in Speech, yet he is active in Spirit, and loves Motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young Gentleman, my old Acquaintance, who is full of excellent Parts, which he hath acquired 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—Yours whiles

JAM. HOWELL.

Paris, 3 Aug. 1621.

XIX.

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

HONOURABLE SIR,

THOSE many undeserv'd Favours for which I stand obliged to your self and my noble Lady, since the time I had the happiness to come first under your roof, and the command you pleased to lay upon me at my departure thence, call upon me at this time to give you account how Matters pass in *France*.

That which for the present affords most plenty of News, is *Rochell*, which the King threateneth to block up this Spring with an Army by Sea, under the Command of the Duke of *Nevers*, and by a Land Army under his own Conduct: both sides prepare, he to assault, the *Rochellers* to defend. The King declares that he proceeds not against them for their Religion, which he is still contented to tolerate, but for holding an Assembly against his Declarations. They answer, That their Assembly is grounded upon His Majesty's Royal Warrant, given at the dissolution of the last Assembly at *Lodun*, where he solemnly gave his word,

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 Council, as they stile themselves the Deputies of the Assembly at *Rochell*; 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 on a Siege. This Resolution of the King is much fomented by the *Roman* Clergy; especially by the *Celestines*, who have 200,000 Crowns of Gold in the Arsenal of *Paris*, which they would sacrifice all to this Service; besides, the Pope sent him a Bull to levy what Sums he would of the *Gallican* Church, for the advancement of his Design. This Resolution also is much 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 soure Grapes their Fathers tasted in the time of the *League*; for if the King begins with *Rochell*, '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, *Rochell* is the chiefest, a Place strong by Nature, but stronger by Art. It is a maritime Town, and landward they can by Sluices 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, among other cautionary Towns, was granted by *Henry IV.* 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

pretend to have divers Grievances; first, they have not been paid these two years the 160,000 Crowns which the last King gave them annually, to maintain their Ministers and Garrisons: They complain of the King's Carriage lately at *Bearn* (*Henry the Great's Country*), which was merely Protestant, where he hath introduced two years since the publick Exercise of the *Mass*, which had not been sung 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 Parliament for the whole Kingdom of *Navar* (that's under *France*), he hath put it down and publish'd an Edict, That the *Navarrois* should come to *Toulouse*, the chief Town of *Languedoc*; and lastly, he left behind him a Garrison in the said Town of *Navarrin*. These and other Grievances they of the Religion proposed to the King lately, desiring His Majesty would let them enjoy still those Privileges his Predecessor *Henry III.* and his Father *Henry IV.* afforded them by Act of Pacification: But he made them a short Answer, That what the one did in this Point, he did it out of *fear*; what the other did, he did it out of *love*; but he would have them know, that he neither *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 D. of *Nevers* and the Cardinal of *Guise*, who have had a long Suit 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 abide to *ripen*; for he is but young, and they speak of a *Bull* that is to come from *Rome* to decardinalize him. I fear to have trespass'd too much upon your Patience, therefore I will conclude

conclude for the present, but will never cease to profess myself—Your thrice humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Paris, 18 Aug. 1622.

XX.

To D. Caldwell, Esq., from Poissy.

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 *Poissy*, a pretty genteel place at the Foot of the great Forest of *St. Germain* upon the River *Sequana*, and within a mile of one of the King's chiefest standing Houses, and about fifteen miles from *Paris*. Here is one of the prime Nunneries of all *France*. *Lewis IX.*, who in the Catalogue of the *French Kings*, is call'd *St. Lewis*, which Title was confirm'd by the *Pope*, was baptiz'd in this little Town; and after h's 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 Poissy*. Reply being made, that there were divers other Places and Cities of 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 Poissy*, because there I got the most glorious Victory that ever I had, for *there I overcame the Devil*; meaning he was christen'd there.

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

7 Sep. 1622.

XXI.

XXI.

To my Father, from Paris.

SIR, I was afraid I should never have had Ability to write to you again, I had lately such a dangerous Fit of Sickness; but I have now pass'd the Brunt of it, God hath been pleas'd to reprieve me, and reserve me for more days, which I hope to have Grace to number better. Mr. *Altham* and I having retir'd to a small Town from *Paris*, for more privacy, and sole conversation with the nation, I ty'd myself to a task for the reading of so many books in such a compass of time; and thereupon, to make good my word to myself, I us'd to watch many nights together, tho' it was in the depth of Winter; but returning to this Town, I took cold in the head, and so that mass of rheum which had gather'd by my former watching, return'd to an imposthume in my head, whereof I was sick above forty days: at the end they cauteriz'd and made an issue in my cheek, to make vent for the imposthume, 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 one's little finger ache, they presently open a vein; and to balance the blood on both sides, they usually let blood in both arms. And the 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 twenty-four 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 at last came so about the throat, that I had scarce vent left for respiration; and my body was brought so low with all sorts of Physic, that I appear'd like a mere *Skeleton*. When I was indifferently well recover'd, some of the Doctors and Chirurgeons that tended me, gave me a visit;

visit; and among other things, they fell into discourse of Wines which was the best, and so by degrees they fell upon other beverages; and one Doctor in the company who had been in *England*, told me that we have a Drink in *England* call'd Ale, which he thought was the wholsomest liquor that could go into one's Guts; for whereas the body of Man is supported by two columns, *viz.*, the natural heat and the radical moisture, he said, there is no Drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the increase of the other, than Ale: for while the *Englishmen* drank only Ale, they were strong, brawny, able Men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much 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 meantime I humbly crave your blessing, and your acknowledgment to God Almighty for my recovery; be pleas'd further to impart my love among my brothers and sisters, with all my kinsmen and friends in the Country: So I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

10 Dec. 1622.

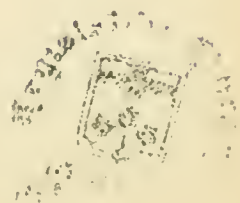
XXII.

To Sir Tho. Savage, Knight and Baronet.

HONOURABLE SIR,

THAT of the 5th of this present which you pleas'd to send me was receiv'd, and I begin to think myself something more than I was, that you value so much the slender endeavours of my pen to do you service: I shall continue to improve your good opinion of me as opportunity shall serve.

Touching the great threats against *Rochell*, 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



and to this end some think all these bravado's were made. The D. of *Luynes* is at last made Ld. High Constable of *France*, the prime Officer of the Crown; he hath a peculiar Court to himself, a guard of 100 Men in rich liveries, and 100,000 livres a year Pension. The old D. of *Lesdiguieres*, one of the ancientest Soldiers in *France*, and a Protestant, is made his Lieutenant.

But in regard all Christendom rings of this Favourite, being the greatest that ever was in *France*, since the *Maires of the Palace*, who came to be *Kings* afterwards, I will send you herein this Legend: He was born in *Provence*, and is a Gentleman by descent, tho' of a petty Extraction; in the last King's time he was preferr'd to be one of his *Pages*, who, finding him industrious, and a good waiter, allow'd him 300 Crowns Pension *per an.*, 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 Favour by 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 honour. He is a Man of a passable good understanding and forecast, of a mild comportment, humble and debonair to all, and of a winning conversation; he hath about him choice and solid heads, who prescribe to him rules of Policy, by whose Compass he steers his course, which it's 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 marry'd 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) marry'd the Heiress
of

of *Picardy*, with whom he had £9000 lands a year ; his third Brother *Brand* to the great Heiress of *Luxemburgh*, of which House there have been five Emperors : so that these three Brothers and their Allies would be able to counterbalance any one Faction in *France*, the eldest and youngest being made Dukes and Peers of *France*, the other Marshal. There are lately two Ambassadors extraordinary come hither from *Venice* about the *Valtolin*, but their negotiation is at a stand, until the return of an Ambassador extraordinary who is gone to *Spain*. Ambassadors also are come from the *Hague* for payment of the *French* Regiment there, which hath been neglected these ten years ; and to know whether his Majesty will be 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 *Tessel* are ready ; to this he answer'd, that he desires to have ten more built ; for he intends to finish that design which his Father had a-foot a little before his Death, to establish a Royal Company of Merchants.

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

J. H.

Paris, 15 Dec. 1622.

XXIII.

To Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

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

I am now remov'd from off the *Sein* to the *Loire*, to the fair Town of *Orleans* : there was here lately a mixt Procession

sion '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, tho' 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, besieged *Orleans*, and driven *Charles VII.* 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 Arche*, 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 desired 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 pursu'd to *Paris*, and forced 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 Parliament of *Rouen* she was burnt for a Witch. There is a great business now a-foot in *Paris*, call'd 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 thro'out all the eight Courts of Parliament in *France*, besides a great number of other Offices are set to sale by the King, and they return to him, unless the Buyer liveth forty days after his resignation to another. It is now propounded that these casual Offices shall be absolutely hereditary, provided that every Officer pay a yearly revenue to the King, according to the valuation of and perquisites of the Office: this business is now in hot agitation, but the issue is yet doubtful.

The last you sent I receiv'd by *Vacandary* in *Paris*: So
highly

highly honouring your excellent Parts and Merit, I rest, now that I understand *French* indifferently well, no more your (*she*) *Servant*, but—Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Orleans, 3 Mar. 1622.

XXIV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight.

SIR,

WERE I to freight a Letter with Compliments, this Country would furnish me with variety, but of News a small store at this present; and for Compliment, it is dangerous to use any to you, who have such a piercing Judgment to discern semblances from realities.

The Queen-Mother is come at last to *Paris*, where she hath not been since *Ancre's* death; the King is also return'd post from *Bordeaux*, having travers'd most part of his Kingdom: he settled Peace everywhere 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 Ce*, 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, desir'd leave of the King to block up *Rochell*, 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 Courtesan, 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

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 try'd 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 commenced an Action of Fraud against the Pander; but what became of it I cannot tell you, but all *Paris* rang of it. I hope to return now very shortly to *England*, where, among the rest of my noble Friends, I shall much rejoice to see and serve you, whom I honour with no vulgar affection: So I am—Your true Servitor, J. H.

Orleans, 5 Mar. 1622.

XXV.

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

DEAR COUSIN,

I FIND you are very punctual in your performances, and a precise observer of the promise you made here to correspond with Mr. *Altham* and me by Letters. I thank you for the variety of *German* News you imparted to me, which was so neatly couch'd and curiously 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 of the Religion here, and there are visible preparations a-foot already: Among others that shrink in the Shoulders at it, the King's Servants are not very well pleas'd with it, in regard, besides *Scots* and *Swissers*, there are divers of the King's Servants that are Protestants. If a Man go to *ragion' di stato*, to reason of State, the *French* King hath something to justify this design; for the Protestants being so numerous, and having near upon fifty presidiary wall'd Towns in their hands for caution, they have power to disturb *France* when they please, and being abetted by a foreign Prince, to give the
King

King Law; and you know as well as I, how they have been made use of to kindle a Fire in *France*: Therefore rather than they should be utterly suppress'd, 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 remember'd 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 rejoice a little to meet you. The *English* air may confirm what foreign begun, I mean our Friendship and Affections; and in *Me* (that I may return you in *English* the *Latin* Verses You sent me):—

*As soon a little Ant
Shall bib the Ocean dry,
A Snail shall creep about the World,
E'er these Affections die.*

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

JAM. HOWELL.

Paris, 18 Mar. 1622.



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 *Gondomar*, doth strongly negotiate a Match 'twixt our Prince and the *Infanta* of *Spain*; but at his first Audience there happen'd an ill-favour'd accident (pray God it prove no ill augury), for my Lord of *Arundel* being sent to accompany him to *Whitehall*, upon a *Sunday* in the afternoon, as they were going over the Terrass, it broke under them, but only one was hurt in the Arm. *Gondomar* said, that he had not car'd to have dy'd in so good Company: He saith, there is no other way to regain the *Palatinate* but by this Match, and to settle an eternal Peace in Christendom.

The Marquis of *Buckingham* continueth still in fulness of grace and favour; the Countess his Mother sways also much at Court: she brought Sir *Henry Montague* from delivering Law on the *King's-Bench*, to look to his Bags in the *Exchequer*, for she made him Lord High-Treasurer of *England*; but he parted with his white *Staff* before the year's end, tho' his Purse had bled deeply for it (above £20,000), which made a Lord of this Land to ask him at his return from Court, *Whether he did not find that Wood was extreme dear at Newmarket*, for there he received the white *Staff*. There is now a notable stirring Man in the Place, my Lord *Cranfield*, who, from walking about the *Exchange*, is come to sit Chief-Justice in the *Chequer-Chamber*,

Chamber, and to have one of the highest Places at the Council-Table: He is marry'd to one of the Tribe of Fortune, a Kinswoman of the Marquis of *Buckingham*. Thus there is rising and falling at Court; and as in our natural pace one foot cannot be up till the other be down, so it is in the affairs of the World commonly, one Man riseth at the fall of another.

I have no more to write at this time, but that with tender of my duty to you, I desire a continuance of your Blessing and Prayers.—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

Lond., 22 *Mar.* 1622.

II.

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

SIR,

MY love is not so short but it can reach as far as *Florence* to find you out, and farther too if occasion required; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber o'er the *Alps* and *Appenin* 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 meantime you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts, or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to Virtue, and to beautify within that comely Edifice which Nature hath built without you. I

K

know

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 Theatre of Virtue: But tho' *Italy* give milk to *Virtue* with one dug, she often suffers *Vice* to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug: for there is an ill-favour'd Saying, That *Inglese Italionato è Diavolo incarnato*; an *Englishman Italianate* is a Devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good-will of the *latter*, unless the *first* speak a good word for you. When you go to *Rome*, you may haply see the ruins of two Temples, one dedicated to *Virtue*, the other to *Honour*; and there was no way to enter into the last but thro' the first. Noble Sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable Family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My Lord, your Grandfather was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: By the next Shipping to *Leghorn*, among other things, he intends to send you a whole Brawn in collars. 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 freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell, noble Heir of Honour, and command always.—Your true Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 24 *Mar.* 1622.

III.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at St. 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 boisterous; the King retir'd not long since to *Newmarket*, not very well pleased, and this week there went thither twelve from the House of Commons, to whom Sir *Richard Weston* was the mouth: the King not liking the Message they brought, call'd them his Ambassadors, and in the large Answer which he hath sent to the Speaker, he saith, that he must apply to them a Speech of Queen *Elizabeth's* to an Ambassador of *Poland*, *Legatum expectavimus, Heraldum accepimus; We expected an Ambassador, we have receiv'd a Herald*: he takes it not well that they should meddle with the Match 'twixt his Son and the *Infanta*, alleging an example of one of the Kings of *France*, who would not marry his Son without the advice of his Parliament; but afterwards the King grew so despicable abroad, that no foreign State would treat with him about anything without his Parliament. Sundry other high passages there were as a caveat he gave them, not to touch the honour of the King of *Spain*, with whom he was so far engaged in a matrimonial Treaty, that he could not go back: he gave them also a check for taking cognisance of those things which had their motion in the ordinary Courts of Justice, and that Sir *Edward Coke* (tho' these words were not inserted in the Answer), whom he thought to be *the fittest Instrument for a Tyrant that ever was in England*, should be so bold as to call the *Prerogative* of the Crown a *great Monster*. The Parliament after this was not long-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

'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta*; in which business *Gondomar* hath waded already very deep, and been very active, and ingratiated himself with divers Persons of Quality, Ladies especially: yet he could do no good upon the Lady *Hatton*, whom he desir'd lately, that in regard he was her next Neighbour (at *Ely-House*) he might have the Benefit of her Back-gate to go abroad into the Fields; but she put him off with a Compliment: whereupon in a private Audience lately with the King, among other passages of merriment, he told him, that my Lady *Hatton* was a *strange Lady*, for she would not suffer her Husband, Sir Ed. 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 kiss'd his hands, he call'd 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 humble service to my Lord of *Colchester*, I rest—Your most humble Servitor, J. H.
Lond., 24 *Mar.* 1622.

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 thousand thanks for him; I had occasion lately to try his mettle and his lungs, and every one tells me he is right, and of no mongrel Race, but a true Mountaineer; for besides his toughness and strength of Lungs up a Hill, he is quickly curry'd, and content with short Commons: I believe he hath not been 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 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

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 call'd *L'arc* (*arcum*) and upon the River of *Loire*, *Henry IV.* gave them *La fleche*, *Sagittam* in *Latin*, where they have two stately Convents, that is, *Bow* and *Arrow*; whereupon one made these Verses:—

*Arcum Dola dedit, dedit illis alma sagittam
Francia ; quis chordam, quam meruere, dabit ?
Fair France the Arrow, Dole gave them the Bow ;
Who shall the String, which they deserve, bestow ?*

No more now, but that with my dear Love to my Sister,
I rest—Your most affectionate Brother, J. H.

Lond., 16 Apr. 1622.

V.

To the Lord Viscount 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

Venetian Gazette: for foreign *Aviso's* they write that *Mansfelt* hath been 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 *Berghen 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 *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 been also before *St. 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 50,000 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 Herbert* is return'd, having had some clashings and counterbuffs with the Favourite *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 fallen upon him, because he incited his Master to these Wars against them. If he be not dead, let him die when he will, he will leave a fame behind him, to have been the greatest Favourite for the time that ever was in *France*, having from a simple *Falconer* come to be High Constable, and made himself and his younger Brother Grand Dukes and Peers; and his second Brother *Cadenet* Marshal; and all three married to Princely Families.

No more now, but that I most humbly kiss your Lordship's

ship's hands, and shall be always most ready and chearful to receive your Commandments, because I am—Your Lordship's obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 12 Aug. 1623.

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, among whom the chiefest were Sir *Robert Nap- per* and Captain *Leat*, propos'd to 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 follow'd: 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 to my benefit and credit. Now the business is this: There was a great *Turky* Ship call'd the *Vineyard*, sailing thro' the *Straits* towards *Constantinople*, but by distress of weather she was forc'd to put into a little Port call'd *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 £30,000, they cavill'd at some small proportion of Lead and Tin which they had only for the use of the Ship; which the Searchers alledg'd to be *ropa de contrabando*, prohibited Goods; for by Article of Peace, nothing is to be carry'd to *Turky* that may *arm* or *victual*. The Viceroy of *Sardinia* hereupon seized upon the whole Ship, and all her Goods, landed the Master and Men in *Spain*, who coming to Sir *Charles Cornwallis*, the Ambassador at that Court, Sir *Charles* could do them little good at present; therefore they came to *England*, and complain'd to the King and Council: His Majesty was so sensible hereof, that he sent a particular

particular Commission in his own Royal Name, to demand a restitution of the Ship and Goods, and Justice upon the Viceroy of *Sardinia*, who had so apparently broke the Peace, and wrong'd his Subjects. Sir *Charles* (with Sir *Paul Pindar* a-while) labour'd in the business, and commenced a Suit in Law, but he was call'd home before he could do anything to purpose. After him Sir *John Digby* (now Lord *Digby*) went Ambassador to *Spain*, and among other things he had that particular Commission from His Majesty invested in him, to prosecute the Suit in his own Royal Name: Thereupon he sent a well-qualify'd Gentleman, Mr. *Walsingham Gresly*, to *Sardinia*, who unfortunately meeting with some Men of War in the passage, was carry'd prisoner to *Algier*. My Lord *Digby* being remanded home, left the business in Mr. *Cottington's* hands, then Agent, but resum'd it at his return; yet it prov'd such a tedious intricate Suit, that he return'd again without finishing the work, in regard of the remoteness of the Island of *Sardinia*, whence the Witnesses and other Dispatches were to be fetch'd. 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 transmit the King's 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 i'faith 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 upon very good terms, touching expences and reward: So, with my dear love to my brothers and sisters, with other kindred and friends in the Country, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

8 *Sept.* 1622.

VII.

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 pleas'd 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 employ'd 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 King's Ships is to take him in at *Plymouth*, and transport him to the *Corunna* or *St. Anderas*.

Since that sad disaster 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 been 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 pronounced irregular: some were against him; but Bishop *Andrews* and Sir *Henry Martin* stood stiffly for him, that in regard it was no spontaneous act, but a mere contingency, and that there is no degree of men but is subject to misfortunes and casualties, they 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 restored to all things: But for the wife of him who was kill'd, it was no misfortune to her, for he hath endow'd herself, and her children

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.

Lond., 9 Nov. 1622.

VIII.

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

SIR,

I AM safely come to the Court of *Spain*; and altho' by reason of that misfortune which befel Mr. *Altham* and me, of wounding the Serjeants in *Lombard-Street*, we stay'd 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 Merchants and Commonalty much desire, tho' the Nobility and Gentry be not so forward for it: So that in this point the pulse of *Spain* beats quite contrary to that of *England*, where the People are averse to this Match, and the Nobility with most part of the Gentry inclinable.

I have 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, tho' closely press'd 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 adjudg'd to pay most part of this money, is here; and he is *Major-domo*, Lord Steward to the *Infanta* Cardinal: If he hath where-with, I doubt not but to recover the money, for I hope to have come in a favourable 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

as successful as I shall be faithful in this great business, I rest—Yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Madrid, 28 Dec. 1622.

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 ty'd me to you in no common obligation of thanks: I am in despair ever to cancel this bond, nor would I do it, but rather endear the engagement more and more.

The Treaty of the Match 'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta* is now strongly a-foot: 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-lipp'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 sixteen, and is of a tallness 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, tho' a Youth of twelve, yet he is Cardinal and Archbishop of *Toledo*; which, in regard it hath the Chancellorship of *Castile* annexed to it, is the greatest spiritual Dignity in Christendom after the Papacy, for it is valued at 300,000 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, nor 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 his People for his complexion; for one shall hear the *Spaniard* sigh and lament, saying, O when shall we have a King again of our own Colour!

I pray recommend me kindly to all at your House, and send me word when the young Gentlemen return from *Italy*. So with my most affectionate Respects to yourself, I rest—Your true friend to serve you, J. H.

5 Jan. 1622.

X.

To Capt. Nic. Leat, from Madrid.

SIR,

YOURS of the 10th of this present I receiv'd by Mr. *Simon Digby*, with the inclos'd to your Son in *Alicant*, which is safely sent. Since my last to you, I had access to *Olivares*, the Favourite 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 Council of State and War might be appointed to determine 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. When I have done with the *Viceroy* 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 250,000 Crowns, there are above forty thousand due to 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 *Majorca*, 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 cousin *Richard Altham* remembers his kind respects to you, and sends you many Thanks for the pains you took
in

in freeing us from that trouble which the Scuffle with the Serjeants brought upon us. So I rest—Yours ready to serve you,
J. H.

5 Jan. 1622.

XI.

To the Lord Viscount 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 enclosed: 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 embargu'd for the Service: and the *Persian* herein did no more than what is usual among *Christian* Princes themselves, and which is oftener put in practice by the King of *Spain* and his *Viceroy*s than by any other, *viz.*, to make an Embargue of any stranger's 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 prejudiced the proceedings of the Match; but the *Spaniard* is a rational Man, and will be satisfy'd with Reason. Count *Olivares* is the main Man 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 a-foot twixt Prince
Henry

Henry and this *Queen of France*: The Duke of *Lerma* was the greatest *Privado*, the greatest Favourite that ever was in *Spain*, since *Don Alvaro de Luna*; he brought himself, the Duke of *Uzeda* his Son, and the Duke of *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 yourself 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 among the *Spaniards*, when he hath passed his *Grand Climacteric*, and is grown decrepit, to make a voluntary resignation of Offices, be they never so great and profitable (tho' I cannot say *Lerma* did so), and sequestering 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 II.*, and so taking with him his two Sisters, he retir'd into a Monastery, they into a Nunnery. This does not suit with the Genius of an *Englishman*, who loves not to pull off his Clothes till he goes to bed. I will conclude with some Verses I saw under a huge *Rodomontado* 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 los ombres d'este Atlante
Yazen en aquestos dias
Estas tres Monarquias.*

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

So

So I most humbly kiss your Lordship's hands, and rest ever most ready—At your Lordship's Command, J. H.

3 Feb. 1622.

XII.

To my Father.

SIR,

ALL Affairs went on fairly here, 'specially that of the Match, when Master *Endymion Porter* brought lately my Lord of *Bristol* a Dispatch from *England* of a high nature, wherein the Earl is commanded to represent to this King, how much His Majesty of *Great Britain* since the beginning of these *German Wars* hath labour'd 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 Honour, his Daughter's Jointure, and Grand-children's Patrimony; yet how crosly all things had proceeded in the Treaty at *Brussels*, managed by Sir *Rich. Weston*, as also that in the *Palatinate*, by the Lord *Chichester*; how in Treating-time the Town and Castle of *Heidelberg* were taken, *Manheim* besieged, and all Acts of Hostility used, notwithstanding the fair Professions made by this King, the *Infanta* at *Brussels*, and other his Ministers; how merely out of respect to this King he had neglected all martial means, which probably might have preserv'd the *Palatinate*; those thin Garrisons 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 used towards the Emperor on the behalf of his Son-in-law, which he was so much encouraged by Letters from hence should take effect, have not sorted to any other issue than to a plain Affront, and a high injuring of both their Majesties, tho' in a differing degree: The Earl is to tell him, That His Majesty of *Great Britain* hopes and desires, that out of a true apprehension of these wrongs

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 render'd 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 then held to be reasonable: And in case that this be not yielded to by the Emperor, that then this King join forces with His Majesty of *England* for the recovery of the *Palatinate*, which upon this trust hath been lost; or in case his Forces at this time be otherwise employ'd, that they cannot give His Majesty that Assistance he desires and deserves, that at least he will permit a free and friendly passage thro' his Territories, such Forces as His Majesty of *Great Britain* shall employ in *Germany*; Of all which, if the Earl of *Bristol* hath not from the King of *Spain* a direct Assurance under his Hand and Seal ten days after his Audience, that then he take his Leave, and return to *England* to His Majesty's presence; also, to proceed in the negotiation of the Match, according to former instructions.

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

Notwithstanding all these Traverses, we are confident here that the Match will take, otherwise my Cake is 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 regimine Matris*, under the tutele of the Mother. This King demanded fourteen 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

it was no small comfort to me to hear of your health. I am to go hence shortly for *Sardinia*, a dangerous Voyage, by reason of *Algier* Pirates. I humbly desire your prayers may accompany—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Madrid, 23 Feb. 1622.

XIII.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight.

SIR,

YOURS of the 2d 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 and new Instructions which Mr. *Endymion Porter* brought my Lord of *Bristol* lately from *England* touching the Prince *Palatine*, fills us with apprehensions of fear: Our Ambassadors here have had audience of this King already about those Propositions, and we hope that Master *Porter* will carry back such thing as will satisfy. 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, and for so long time the *Infant* Princes shall remain under the Mother's Government. And for the other Point, the ecclesiastical Superior shall first take notice of the offence that shall be committed by any spiritual person belonging to the *Infanta's* family, and according to the merit 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 Monterre* goes *Viceroy* to *Naples*, the *Marquis de Montesclaros* 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 thro' a slit in the hanging, and spy'd *Don Rodrigo Calderon*, a great Man (who was lately beheaded here for poisoning the late Queen-Dowager), delivering the Duke a paper upon his knees; whereat the *Marquis* 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 baseness 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 *Turks* Men of War, and so was carried slave to *Algier*. So, with my due respects to you, I rest—Your faithful Servant,

J. H.

Madrid, 12 March 1622.

XIV.

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

SIR,

I BELIEVE it will not be unpleasing to you to hear of the procedure and success of that business wherein yourself hath been so long vers'd, I mean the great Suit against the *quondam Viceroy* of *Sardinia*, the *Conde del Real*. Count *Gondomar's* coming was a great Advantage unto me, who

who hath done me many favours; besides a confirmation of the two Sentences of View and Review, and of the execution against the *Viceroy*, 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 virtue of it priority of all other his Creditors; he hath made an imperfect overture of a Composition, and show'd me some trivial old-fashion'd Jewels, but nothing equivalent to the debt. And now that I speak of Jewels, the late surprizal of *Ormus* by the Assistance of our Ships sinks deep in their stomachs here, and we were afraid it would have spoil'd all proceedings; but my Lord *Digby*, now Earl of *Bristol* (for Count *Gondomar* brought him o'er 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 D. of *Bovillon* had levied for him; but some say they have not much reason to rejoice, for tho' 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 honourable Retreat. Besides, the report of his coming to *Breda* caus'd Marquis *Spinola* to raise the Siege before *Berghen*, to burn his tents, and to pack away suddenly, for which he is much censur'd here.

Capt. *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 altho' 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 Errand than—Your humble and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 15 Mar. 1622.

XV.

XV.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, Kt. and Bar.

HONOURABLE SIR,

THE great business of the Match was tending to a period, the Articles reflecting both upon Church and State being capitulated, and interchangeably accorded on both sides; and there wanted nothing to consummate all Things, when, to the wonderment of the World, the Prince and the Marquis of *Buckingham* arriv'd at this Court on *Friday* last, upon the close of the Evening: They alighted at my Lord of *Bristol's* House, and the Marquis (Mr. *Thomas Smith*) came in first with a Portmanteau under his Arm; then (Mr. *John Smith*) the Prince was sent for, who stay'd a while on t'other side of the Street in the dark. My Lord of *Bristol*, in a kind of Astonishment, brought him up to his Bed-chamber, where he presently call'd for Pen and Ink, and dispatch'd 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 rumours ran in every corner how some great Man was come from *England*; and some would not stick to say among the vulgar it was the King: but towards the evening on *Saturday* the Marquis went in a close Coach to Court, where he had private Audience of this King, who sent *Olivares* to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneel'd and kiss'd his hands, and hugg'd his thighs, and deliver'd how unmeasurably glad his Catholick 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 embraces which pass'd in the first Interview, they parted late. I forgot to tell you that Count *Gondomar* being sworn Counsellor of State

State that morning, having been before but one of the Council of War, he came in great haste to visit the Prince, saying he had strange news to tell him, which was, that an *Englishman* was sworn Privy Counsellor of *Spain*, meaning himself, who he said was an *Englishman* in his heart. On *Sunday* following the King in the Afternoon came abroad to take the Air, with the Queen, his two Brothers, and the *Infanta*, who were all in one Coach; but the *Infanta* sat in the Boot with a blue ribbon about her Arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her: There were above twenty Coaches besides, of Grandees, Noblemen, and Ladies, that attended them. And now it was publickly known among the vulgar, that it was the Prince of *Wales* who was come; and the confluence of People before my Lord of *Bristol's* 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 crowd 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 *Gondomar*; and so went to the *Prado*, a place hard by, of purpose to take the Air, where they stayed 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 *Major-domo* (his Steward), another to be Master of the Horse, and so to inferior 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—Your most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 27 Mar. 1623.

XVI.

To Sir Eubule Theolall, Knight, at Gray's-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 spoil'd in *France*, for if he had staid but a little longer at *Bayonne*, the last Town of that Kingdom hitherwards, he had been discover'd; for Mons. *Gramond*, the Governor, had notice of him not long after he had taken Post. The People here do mightily magnify the Gallantry of the Journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the *Infanta* thrown into his Arms the first night he came; he hath been entertain'd with all the magnificence that possibly could be devis'd. On *Sunday* last in the morning betimes he went to *St. 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 Councils, and the flower of the Nobility; he rid upon the King's right hand thro' the heart of the Town under a great Canopy, and was brought so into his Lodgings in the King's Palace, and the King himself accompany'd him to his very Bedchamber. It was a very glorious sight to behold; for the custom of the *Spaniard* is, tho' he go plain in his ordinary habit, yet upon some Festival or cause of Triumph there's none goes beyond him in gaudiness.

We daily hope for the *Pope's Breve* or Dispensation to perfect the business, tho' there be dark whispers abroad that it is come already; but that upon this unexpected coming of the Prince, it was sent back to *Rome*, and some new Clauses thrust in for their further advantage. Till this dispatch comes, matters are at a kind of stand; yet His Highness makes account to be back in *England* about the latter end of *May*. God Almighty turn all to the best, and to what shall be most conducive to His Glory. So with
my

my due Respects unto you, I rest—Your much obliged
Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 1 April 1623.

XVII.

To Captain Leat.

SIR,

HAVING brought up the Law to the highest point against the *Viceroy* of *Sardinia*, and that in an extraordinary manner, as may appear unto you by that printed *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 fram'd a Memorial to the King, and wrought good strong means to have it seconded, that in regard that predatory act of seizing upon the Ship *Vineyard* in *Sardinia*, with all her goods, was done by His Majesty's *Viceroy*, his Sovereign Minister of State, one that immediately represented his own Royal Person, and that the said *Viceroy* was insolvent, I desir'd 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 required me in the Prince's Name to proceed no further herein till he was departed: so his Highness's presence here hath turn'd rather to my disadvantage than otherwise. Among other *Grandexas* which the King of *Spain* conferr'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 been wonderfully sparing in receiving any, especially from any *English*, *Irish*, or *Scot*. Your Son *Nicholas* is come hither from *Alicant* about the Ship *Amity*, and I shall be ready to second him in getting satisfaction: so I rest—Yours ready to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, 3 June 1623.

XVIII.

XVIII.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

MY last to you was in *Spanish*, in answer to one of yours in the same Language; and among that confluence of *English* Gallants who, upon the occasion of His Highness being here, are come to this Court, I fed myself with hopes a long while to have seen you; but I find now that those hopes were imp'd with false feathers. I know your heart is here, and your best affections; therefore I wonder what keeps back your Person: but I conceive the reason to be, that you intend to come like yourself, to come Commander-in-chief of one of the Castles of the Crown, one of the Ships Royal: If you come to this Shore-side, I hope you will have time to come to the Court; I have at any time a good Lodging for you, and my Landlady is none of the meanest, and her Husband hath many good parts: I heard her setting him forth one day, and giving this Character of him: *Mi marido es buen musico, buen esgrimidor, buen escrivano, excelente arithmetico, salvo que no multiplica*;—My Husband is a good Musician, a good Fencer, a good Horseman, a good Penman, and an excellent *Arithmetician*, only he cannot multiply. For outward usage, there is all industry used to give the Prince and his Servants all possible contentment; and some of the King's own Servants wait upon them at Table in the Palace, where, I am sorry to hear, some of them jeer at the *Spanish* fare, and use other slighting speeches and 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' España voy
Por ver mi Estrella Maria.*

There

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 immovably fix'd upon the *Infanta* half an hour together in a thoughtful speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it: it was no handsome comparison of *Olivares*, that he watch'd her as a cat doth a Mouse. Not long since the Prince, understanding that the *Infanta* was used to go some mornings to the *Casa de Campo*, a Summer-house the King hath on t'other side the River, to gather *May-dew*, he rose betimes and went thither, taking your Brother with him; they were let into the House, and into the Garden, but the *Infanta* was in the Orchard: and there being a high partition-wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall, and sprung down a great height, and so made towards her; but she spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek, and ran back: the old Marquis that was then her Guardian came towards the Prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring His Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his Head if he admitted any to her company; so the door was open'd, 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 Interpreter; but the King always sat hard by to overhear all. Our Cousin *Archy* hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his Fool's-coat where the *Infanta* is with her *Menina's* and Ladies of Honour, and keeps a-blowing and blustering among them, and flurts out what he lists.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the D. of *Bavaria* with less than 15,000 Men, after a long toilsome March, should dare to encounter the *Palsgrave's* Army, consisting of above 25,000, and to give them

them an utter discomfiture, and take *Prague* presently after: Whereunto *Archy* answer'd, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: Was it not a strange thing, quoth he, that in the Year 88 there should come a Fleet of 140 Sail from *Spain* to invade *England*, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest? By the next opportunity I will send you the *Cordouan* Pockets and Gloves you writ for of *Francisco Moreno's* perfuming. So may my dear Captain live long, and love his—

J. H.

Madrid, 10 July 1623.

XIX.

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

COUSIN,

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 tho' it bore an old date, for it was forty days before it came safe to hand, yet the flowers were still fresh, and not a whit faded, but did cast as strong and fragrant a scent as when your hands bound them up first together, only there was one flower that did not savour so well, which was the undeserved Character you please to give of my small abilities, which in regard you look upon me thro' the prospective of affection, appear greater to you than they are of themselves; yet, as small as they are, I would be glad to employ them all to serve you upon any occasion.

Whereas you desire to know how matters pass here, you shall understand that we are rather in assurance, than hopes, that the Match will take effect, when one dispatch more is brought from *Rome*, which we greedily expect. The *Spaniards* generally desire it; they are much taken with our Prince, with the bravery of his journey, and his discreet comportment since; and they confess there was never Princess courted with more gallantry. The Wits of the Court here have made divers Encomiums of him, and of his affection

affection to the *L. Infanta*. Among others, I send you a *Latin Poem* of one *Marnierius*, a *Valencian*, 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 :
Mirum 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 lose,
These wounds to heal, I would not could I choose :
Strange sickness, where the wounds, the bonds, the fire
That burns, that bind, that hurt, I must desire.

In your next, I pray, send me your opinion of these Verses, for I know you are a *Critic* in Poetry. Mr. *Vaughan* of the *Golden-Grove* and I were Comrades and Bedfellows here many months together: his Father, Sir *John Vaughan*, the Prince his Controller, is lately come to attend his Master. My Lord *Carlisle*, 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 Cousin, I wish you all happiness, and our noble Prince a safe and successful return to *England*.—Your most affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

Madrid, 13 Aug. 1623.

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,

is, That the *Pope*, who allegeth that the only aim of the Apostolicall See in granting this Dispensation was the advantage and ease of the *Catholics* in the King of *Great Britain's* Dominions, therefore he desired a valuable Caution for the performance of those Articles which were stipulated in their favour; this hath much puzzled the 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 would 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 happen'd 'twixt the two Favourites, 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 *Gondomar* quash'd it, which I believe he could not have done, unless the times had been favourable; for such is the reverence they bear to the Church here, and so holy a conceit they have of all Ecclesiastics, that the greatest *Don* in *Spain* will tremble to offer the meanest of them any outrage or affront. Count *Gondomar* hath also help'd to free some *English* that were in the *Inquisition* in *Toledo* and *Sevill*; and I could allege many instances how ready and chearful he is to assist any *Englishman* whatsoever, notwithstanding the base affronts he hath often received of the
London

London Buys, 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, tho' I believe there's scarce a Man left there now but all Women and Children; for all the Men both in Court and City were ready booted and spurred to go away. And I am sorry to hear how other Nations do much tax the *English* of their incivility to public Ministers of State, and what Ballads and Pasquils, and Fopperies and Plays, were made against *Gondomar* for doing his Master's business. My Lord of *Bristol* coming from *Germany* to *Brussels*, notwithstanding that at his arrival thither the news was fresh that he had relieved *Frankindale* as he pass'd, yet he was 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 been the sole adviser of keeping Sir *Robert Mansel* 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 pleased to remember my humble Service, where you know it is due. So I am—
Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 15 Aug. 1623.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Colchester.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,
I RECEIV'D the Letter and Commands your Lordship pleased to send me by Mr. *Walsingham Gresley*; and House of the *West-Indies* in *Sevill*, I cannot procure it for love or money, upon any terms; tho' I have done all possible diligence therein: And some tell me it is dangerous, and no less than Treason in him that gives the copy of them
to

to any, in regard 'tis counted the greatest Mystery of all the *Spanish* Government.

That difficulty which happen'd 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, exemplify'd under the Great Seal of *England*, and confirmed by his Council of State, it being impossible to have it done by Parliament, in regard of the averseness 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*, thro'out His Majesty of *Great Britain's* Dominions. But he desires to consult his Ghostly Fathers, to know whether he may do it without wronging his Conscience: hereupon there hath been a *Junta* form'd of Bishops and Jesuits, who have been already a good while about it; and the Bishop of *Segovia*, who is, as it were, Lord-Treasurer, having written a Treatise lately against the Match, was outed of his Office, banish'd the Court, and confin'd to his Diocese. The Duke of *Buckingham* hath been ill-indispos'd a good while, and lies sick at Court, where the Prince hath no public exercise of Devotion, but only Bedchamber Prayers; and some think that his Lodging in the King's House is like to prove a disadvantage to the main business: for whereas most sorts of People here hardly hold us to be *Christians*, if the Prince had a Palace of his own, and been permitted to have used a room for an open Chapel to exercise the Liturgy of the Church of *England*, it would have brought them to have a better opinion of us; and to this end there were some of our best Church-plate and Vestments brought hither, but never 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 Catholics*

Catholicks by virtue of this Match, whether the King may do this *salvâ conscientiâ*.

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 happen'd 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-favour'd accident like to have happen'd lately at the King's House, in that part where my Lord of *Carlisle* and my Lord *Denbigh* were lodg'd; for my Lord *Denbigh* late at night taking a pipe of Tobacco in a *Balcony*, which hung over the King's Garden, he blew down the ashes, which falling upon some parch'd combustible matter, began to flame and spread: but Mr. *Davis*, my Lord of *Carlisle's* Barber, leap'd down a great height and quench'd it. So, with my continuance of my most humble Service, I rest ever ready—At your Lordship's Command,

J. H.

Madrid, 16 Aug. 1623.

XXII.

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 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: for *Sultan Osman*, the *Grand Turk*, a Man according to the humour

humour of that Nation, warlike and fleshed in blood, and a violent hater of *Christians*, was in the flower of his years, in the heat and height of his courage, knock'd in the head by one of his own Slaves, and one of the meanest of them, with a Battle-axe, and the Murderer never after proceeded against or question'd.

The ground of this Tragedy was the late ill success he had against the *Pole*, wherein he lost about 100,000 Horse for want of forage, and 80,000 Men for want of fighting; which he imputed to the cowardice of his *Janizaries*, who rather than bear the brunt of the Battell, 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 he studied a way to be reveng'd of the *Janizaries*; therefore by the Advice of his *Grand Visier* (a stout gallant Man, who had been 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 proposed to entertain 40,000 as a Lifeguard for his Person, tho' the main design was to suppress his lazy and lustful *Janizaries*, with Men of fresh new Spirits.

To disguise this Plot, he pretended a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, 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 disadvantageous 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

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 Pavilions, many of his Servants, with his Jewels and Treasure, resolving 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: thereupon, on the point of his departure, the *Janizaries* and *Spahies* came in a tumultuary manner to his Seraglio, and in a high insolent language dissuaded him from the Pilgrimage, and demanded of him his ill Counsellors. The first he granted, but for the second, he said that it stood not with his Honour to have his nearest Servants torn from him so, without any legal proceeding; but he assur'd 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 advised to go from his private Gardens that night to the *Asian* Shore, but his destiny kept him from it: so the next morning they came 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* Uncle, whom he had clapp'd there at the beginning of the Tumult, and who had been King before, but was depos'd for his simplicity, being a kind of *Santon*, or holy Man, that is, 'twixt an *Imocent* and an *Idiot*; this *Mustapha* they did reinthronize, and place in the *Ottoman* Empire.

The next day they found out *Osman*, and brought him before *Mustapha*, who excused himself with Tears in his Eyes for his rash attempts, which wrought tenderness in some, but more scorn and fury in others; who fell upon

the *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 clapp'd his upon *Osman's* Head, who in his passage begg'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 rush'd in, he being newly awak'd, and staring upon them, and thinking to defend himself, a robust boisterous Rogue knock'd 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 Grave of the Christian God, Lord of the Tree of Life, and of the River *Flisky*, 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*, Sovereign Lord and Commander of all *Greece*, *Persia*, both the *Arabias*, the most noble Kingdom of *Egypt*, *Tremisen*, and *African* Empire of *Trabesond*, and the most glorious *Constantinople*, Lord of all the White and Black Seas, of the Holy City *Mecca* and *Medina*, shining with divine Glory; Commander of all things that are to be commanded, and the strongest and mightiest Champion of the wide World; a Warrior appointed by Heaven in the edge of the Sword, a Persecutor of his Enemies, a most perfect Jewel of the Blessed Tree, the Chiefest Keeper of the Crucify'd 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

which drove him to violate the Church, and to melt the Lamps thereof, which made the *Mufti* say, That this was a due judgment fallen upon him from Heaven for his Sacrilege. 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 *Cauph-houses* and *Cabarets*, and apprehend Soldiers there: And these two things, it seems, were the cause, that when he was so assaulted in the Seraglio, not one of his domestick Servants, whereof he had 3000, would lift up an arm to help him.

Some few days before his death he had a strange dream, for he dreamed that he was mounted upon a great *Camel*, who would not go neither by fair nor foul means; and lighting off him, and thinking to strike him with his Scimiter, the body of the Beast vanish'd, leaving the head and the bridle only in his hands. When the *Mufti* and the *Hoggies* could not interpret this dream, *Mustapha* his Uncle did it; for he said, the *Camel* signify'd 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 *Tho. Roe*, our Ambassador there, who having gone a little before this Tragedy to visit the said *Visier*, told him what whisperings and mutterings there were in every corner for this *Asiatic Voyage*, and what ill consequences might ensue from it: therefore it might well stand with his great wisdom to stay it; but if it held, he desir'd him to leave a charge with the *Chimacham*, his Deputy, that the *English Nation* in the Port should be free from outrages: whereunto the *Grand Visier* answer'd, Trouble not yourself about that, for I will not remove so far from *Constantinople*, but I will leave one of my Legs behind to serve you; which prov'd too true; for he was murder'd afterwards, and one of his Legs was hung up in the Hippodrome.

This fresh Tragedy makes me give over wondering at anything that ever I heard or read, to shew the lubricity of *mundan Greatness*, as also the fury of the Vulgar, which,
like

like an impetuous Torrent, gathers strength by degrees as it meets with divers Dams, and being come to the height, cannot stop itself: for when this rage of the Soldiers began first, there was no design at all to violate or hurt the Emperor, but to take from him his ill Counsellors; but being once a-foot, it grew by insensible degrees to the utmost of outrages.

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

They who profess to be Criticks in Policy here, hope that this murdering of *Osman* may in time breed good blood, and prove advantageous to Christendom: for tho' this be the first Emperor of the *Turks* that was dispatch'd 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 pass'd the size and ordinary proportion of a Letter; for the matter it treats of is monstrous; besides, it is a rule, that Historical Letters have more liberty to be long than others. In my next you shall hear how matters pass here; and in the meantime, and always, I rest—Your Honour's most devoted Servitor, J. H.

17 Aug. 1623.

XXIII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, Kt. and Bar.

HONOURABLE SIR,

THE procedure of things in relation to the grand business of the Match was at a kind of stand, when the long winded *Junta* deliver'd their opinions, and fell at last upon this

this result, that his Catholick Majesty, for the satisfaction of *St. Peter*, might oblige himself in the behalf of *England*, for the performance of those Capitulations which related to the *Roman* Catholicks in that Kingdom; and in case of non-performance, then to right himself by war; since that the matrimonial Articles were solemnly sworn to by the K. of *Spain* and His Highness, the two Favourites, our two Ambassadors, the Duke of *Infantado*, and other Counsellors of State being present: Hereupon the 8th of *September* next is appointed to be the day of *Desposorios*, the day of *Affiance*, or the Betrothing-day. There was much gladness express'd here, and Luminaries of Joy were in every great Street thro'out 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 press'd the necessity of his speedy return with divers reasons; he said there was a general kind of murmuring in *England* for his so long Absence, that the King his Father was old and sickly, that the Fleet of his Ships were already, he thought, at Sea to fetch him, the winter drew on, and withal, that the Articles of the Match were 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 reply'd, 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 favour if he would depute *Him* to personate him; and ten days after the Ratification shall come from *Rome* the business shall be done, and afterwards he might send for his Wife when he pleas'd. The Prince rejoyn'd, that among those multitudes of royal Favours which he
had

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 engender'd 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 Fear 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. Notwithstanding this ill-favour'd stop, yet we are all here confident the business will take effect: In which hopes I rest—Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 18 Aug. 1623.

XXIV.

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

The Prince is preparing for his Journey; I shall to it again closely when he is gone, or make a shaft or a bolt of it. The Pope's death hath retarded the proceedings of the Match, but we are so far from despairing of it, that one may have wagers 30 to 1 it will take effect still. He that deals

deals with this Nation must have a great deal of phlegm ; 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* more at leisure to continue his favour and furtherance, which hath been much already : So I rest—
Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

Madrid, 19 Aug. 1623.

XXV.

To Sir James Crofts.

SIR,

THE Prince is now upon his Journey to the Sea-side, where my Lord of *Rutland* attends for him with a Royal Fleet : There are many here shrink in their shoulders, and are very sensible of his departure, and the Lady *Infanta* resents it more than any ; 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 woo'd. The King and his two Brothers accompany'd His Highness to the *Escorial*, 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 pass'd wonderful great Endearments and Embraces in divers postures between them a long Time ; and in that place there is a Pillar to be erected as a Monument to Posterity. There are some *Grandees*, and Count *Gondomar* with a great Train besides, gone with him to the *Marine*, to the Sea-side, which will be many days' journey, and must needs put the King of *Spain* to a mighty Expense, besides his seven months' Entertainment here. We hear that when he pass'd thro' *Valladolid*, the D. of *Lerma* was retired thence for the Time by special command from the King, lest he might have discourse with the Prince, whom

whom he extremely desired to see; this sunk deep into the old Duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the Acts of Malice which *Olivares* had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet under his Cardinal's Habit, which hath kept him from many a foul storm that might have fallen upon him else from the temporal Power. The Duke of *Uzeda*, his Son, finding himself decline in favour at Court, hath retir'd to the Country, and dy'd soon after of discontentment: during his sickness the Cardinal wrote this short weighty Letter unto him: *Dixen me, que Mareys de necio; por mi, mas temo mis años 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 embark'd, but not without some danger of being cast away, had not Sir *Sackvil Trever* 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—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 21 Aug. 1623.

XXVI.

To my Brother, Dr. Howel.

MY BROTHER,

SINCE our Prince's departure hence the Lady *Infanta* studieth *English* apace, and one Mr. *Wadsworth* and Father *Boniface*, two *Englishmen*, are appointed her Teachers, and have Access to her every Day: We account her, as it were, our Princess now; and as we give, so she takes that Title. Our Ambassadors, my Lord of *Bristol* and Sir *Walter Ashton*, will not stand now cover'd before her when they have Audience, because they hold her to be their Princess: She is preparing divers Suits of rich Clothes for His Highness of perfum'd Amber Leather, some embroider'd with Pearl, some with Gold, some with Silver: Her Family is a settling apace, and most of her Ladies and Officers are known already. We want nothing now but one

one

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 D. of *Buckingham's* Creatures, yet he lies at the E. of *Bristol's* House, which we wonder at, considering the darkness that happen'd '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 interested 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*, nor any other Prince or State besides the King of *Denmark*, whose Grandmother was of the House of *Austria*, being Sister to *Charles* the Emperor. Touching the 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* herself (said he) hath stirr'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 Catholick Majesty aim'd at. But we shall know shortly now what to trust to, we shall walk no more in mists, tho' some give out yet that our Prince shall embrace a Cloud for *Juno* at last.

I pray present my Service to Sir *John Franklin* and Sir *John Smith*, with all at the Hill and Dale; and when you send to *Wales* I pray convey the inclos'd 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, 12 Aug. 1623.

XXVII.

XXVII.

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 rumour ran it was come, insomuch that Mr. *Clerk*, who was sent hither from the Prince, being a-shipboard (and now lies sick at my Lord of *Bristol's* House of a Calenture), hearing of it, he desir'd to speak with him, for he had something to deliver him from the Prince; my Lord Ambassador being come to him, Mr. *Clerk* deliver'd 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 desir'd and requir'd him not to do it till he should receive further order from *England*. My Lord of *Bristol* hereupon went to Sir *Walter Aston*, who was in joint Commission with him for concluding the Match; and shewing him the Letter, what my Lord *Aston* said I know not, but my Lord of *Bristol* told him, That they had a Commission-Royal under the Broad Seal of *England* to conclude the Match; he knew as well as he how earnest the King their Master hath been any time these ten years to have it done, how there could not be a better pawn for the surrendry of the *Palatinate*, than the *Infanta* in the Prince's Arms, who could never rest till she did the work, to merit the love of our Nation: he told him also how their own particular Fortunes depended upon it; besides, if he should delay one moment to deliver the *Proxy* after the Ratification was come, according to agreement, the *Infanta* would hold herself so blemish'd in her honour, 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

proceeded still in preparing matters for the solemnizing of the Marriage; the Earl of *Bristol* had caused above thirty 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 a Livery: My Lord *Aston* had also provided new Liveries; and a fortnight after the said politick Report was blown up, the Ratification came indeed complete and full; so the Marriage-day was appointed, a Terras cover'd all over with Tapestry was raised 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 been 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 honour the Solemnity: but when we were thus at the height of our hopes, a day or two before, there came Mr. *Killegree*, *Gresley*, *Wood*, and *Davies*, one upon the neck of another, with a new Commission to my Lord of *Bristol* immediately from His Majesty, 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 marry'd to *Spain*, and his Son-in-law re-marry'd to the *Palatinate* at one time. Hereupon all was dash'd in pieces, and that frame which was rearing so many years was ruin'd in a moment. This News struck a damp in the hearts of all People here, and they wish'd that the Postilions that brought it had all broke their necks in the way.

My Lord of *Bristol* hereupon went to Court to acquaint the King with his new Commission, and so 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

of *Great Britain* would put a Treaty a-foot, he would send his own Ambassador to join. In the *Interim* the Earl was commanded not to deliver the aforesaid *Proxy* of the Prince, for the *Desposorios* or Espousal, until *Christmas* (and herein it seems His Majesty with you was not well inform'd, for those Powers of *Proxies* expir'd before). The King here said further, That if his Uncle the Emperor, or the Duke of *Bavaria*, would not be conformable to reason, he would raise as great an Army for the Prince *Palsgrave* as he did under *Spinola*, when he first invaded the *Palatinate*; and to secure this, he would engage his Contratation-house of the *West-Indies*, with his Plate-Fleet, and give the most binding Instrument that could be under his Hand and Seal. But this gave no satisfaction; therefore my Lord of *Bristol*, I believe, hath not long to stay here, for he is commanded to deliver no more Letters to the *Infanta*, nor demand any more audience, and that she should be no more stiled Princess of *England* or *Wales*. The aforesaid Caution which this King offer'd to my Lord of *Bristol* made me think of what I read of his Grandfather *Philip II.*, who having been marry'd to our Q. *Mary*, and it being thought she was with child of him, and was accordingly pray'd for at *Paul's Cross*, tho' it prov'd afterwards but a tympany, K. *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 caution to surrender the Crown when *he* or *she* should come to age. The motion was hotly canvass'd in the House of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord *Paget* rose up and said, *I, but who shall sue the King's Bond?* So the business was dash'd. 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—Your most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 25 Aug. 1623.

XXVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford.

MY GOOD LORD,

THO' this Court cannot afford now such comfortable news in relation to *England* as I could wish, yet such as it is, you shall receive. My Lord of *Bristol* is preparing for *England*. I waited upon him lately when he went to take his leave at Court; and the King washing his hands, took a ring from off his own finger, and put 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 20,000 Crowns: There were also large and high promises made him, that in case he feared to fall upon any rock in *England*, by reason of the Power of those who 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 to him by *Olivares*, and said he was so confident of the King his Master's Justice and high Judgment, and of his own innocency, that he 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 Friars, he caus'd divers Feather-beds to be ripp'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall whither the Nuns and Friars 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, 26 Aug. 1623.

XXIX.

XXIX.

To Sir John North.

SIR,

I HAVE many thanks to render you for the favour you lately did to a Kinsman of mine, Mr. *Vaughan*, and for divers others, which I defer till I return to that Court, and that I hope will not be long. Touching the procedure of matters here, you shall understand, that my Lord *Aston* had special audience lately of the King of *Spain*, and afterwards presented a Memorial, wherein there was a high complaint against the miscarriage of the two *Spanish* Ambassadors now in *England*, the Marquis of *Inojosa* and *Don Carlos Coloma*; the substance of it was, That the said Ambassadors, in a private audience His Majesty of *Great Britain* had given them, 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 clandestine way, how to break the Treaty both of *Match* and *Palatinate*; and in case His Majesty was unwilling thereunto, he should have a Country-house or two to retire unto for his recreation and health, in regard the Prince is now of years and judgment fit to govern. His Majesty so resented this, that the next day he sent them many thanks for the care they had of him, and 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 the names of the Conspirators in a paper sealed up by one of their own Confidants, which he should 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 honours, to be accounted false Accusers: they reply'd, That they had done enough already by instancing in the Duke of *Buckingham*, and it might easily be guess'd who were his Confidants and Creatures. Hereupon His Majesty put those
whom

whom he had any grounds to suspect to their Oaths: And afterwards sent my Lord *Conway* and Sir *Francis Cottington* to tell the Ambassadors that he had left no means unessay'd to discover the Conspiracy; that he had found upon Oath such a clearness of ingenuity in the Duke of *Buckingham*, that satisfy'd him of his innocency: Therefore he had just cause to conceive that this information of theirs proceeded rather from malice, and some political ends, than from truth; and in regard they would not produce the Authors of so dangerous a Treason, they made themselves to be justly thought the Authors of it: And therefore, tho' he might by his own Royal Justice and the Law of Nations, punish this excess and insolence of theirs, and high wrong they had done to his best Servants, yea to the Prince his Son, for thro' 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 satisfy'd; and therefore he would send an Express to him thereabouts, to demand Justice and Reparation. This business is now in agitation, but we know not what will become of it. We are all here in a sad disconsolate condition, and the Merchants shake their heads up and down out of an apprehension of some fearful War to follow: So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest—Your very humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 26 Aug. 1623.

XXX.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight.

SIR,
YOU have had knowledge (none better) of the progression and growings of the *Spanish Match* from time to time; I must acquaint you now with the Rupture and utter Dissolution of it, which was not long a doing: for it was done in one Audience that my Lord of *Bristol* had lately
at

at Court, whence it may be inferr'd, that 'tis far more easy to pull down than rear up; for that Structure which was so many years a rearing was dash'd, as it were, in a trice: Dissolution goeth a faster pace than Composition. And it may be said, that the civil actions of men, 'specially great affairs of Monarchs (as this was) have much analogy, in degrees of progression, with the natural production of man. To make man, there are many acts must 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, which the Womb by virtue 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 source of the blood, and *Aristotle* the Heart, to be the first fram'd, in regard 'tis *primum vivens & ultimum moriens*. Nature continues in this labour, until a perfect shape be introduced; and this is call'd *Formation*, which is the third act, and is a production of an organical Body out of the spermatick Substance, caus'd by the plastick virtue of the vital Spirits: and sometimes this act is finish'd thirty days after the conception, sometimes fifty, but most commonly in forty-two or forty-five, and is sooner done in the Male. This being done, the Embryo is animated with three Souls; the first with that of Plants called the vegetable Soul, then with a sensitive, which all brute Animals have, and lastly the rational Soul is 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 called

called *Animation*: and as the Naturalists allow *Animation* double the time that Formation had from the Conception, so they allow to the ripening of the *Embryo* in the Womb, and to the birth thereof, treble the time which *Animation* had; which happeneth sometimes in nine, sometimes in ten months. This *Grand* 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 (tho' the quickening 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. And as the *Embryo* in the Womb is wrapp'd in three membranes or tunicles, so this great business, you know better than I, was involv'd in many difficulties, and died so entangled before it could break thro' 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's* sister, who respects you in a high degree; she told me this was the first Letter she ever writ to Man in her life, except the Duke her brother; she was much solicited to write to Mr. *Thomas Cary*, but she would not. I did also your Message to the *Marquesa d'Inojosa*, who put me to sit a good while with her upon *Estrado*, which was no simple favour: you are much in both these Ladies' books, and much spoken of by divers others in this Court. I could not recover your Diamond Hatband which the *Picaroon* snatch'd from you in the Coach, tho' 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 *Madrid*, by which means you know divers things are recover'd. So

I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest—Your most
faithful Servitor, J. H.

Post.—Yours of Mar. 2 came safe to hand.

Madrid.

XXXI.

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

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

*A Thamesi Tagus quot leucis flumine distat,
Oscula tot manibus porto, Pricæe 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 whenever you fall
upon my Mind, or my Mind falls upon you, I keep Holiday
all the while; and this happens so often, that you leave me
but a few Working-days thro'out the whole year, fewer far
than this Country affords; for in their *Kalendar* 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 princi-
pally 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

suddenly shatter'd to peices. I hope by God's Grace to be now speedily in *England*, and to re-enjoy your most dear Society : In the meantime may all happiness attend you.

Ad Litteram.

*Ocius ut grandire gradus oratio, possis
Prosa, tibi binos jungimus ecce pedes :*

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

Resp.

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

But when I come to Sea, how shall I shift ?
Let *Love* transport thee then, for *Fire* is swift.

—Your most affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

30 Mar. 1624.

XXXII.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester, from Madrid.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

YOUR Lordship's of the third current came to safe hand, and being now upon point of parting with this Court, I thought it worth the labour to send your Lordship a short Survey of the Monarchy of *Spain*; a bold undertaking, your Lordship will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a Letter such a huge bulk ; but as in the boss of a small Diamond-ring one may discern the image of a mighty Mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lordship may behold the power of this great King in this Paper.

Spain hath been always 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 been thrice o'ercome ; 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

thus upon good Record. There reign'd in *Spain* Don *Rodrigo*, who kept his Court then at *Malaga*; he employ'd the Conde Don *Julian* Ambassador to *Barbary*, who had a Daughter (a young beautiful Lady), that was Maid of Honour to the Queen: The King spying her one Day refreshing herself under an Arbor, fell enamour'd with her, and never left till he had deflower'd her. She resenting much the dishonour, writ a Letter to her Father in *Barbary* under this Allegory, *That there was a fair green Apple upon the Table, and the King's Poniard 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 Favourite: Among 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 Garrisons that were up and down the Sea-coasts, because it was a superfluous charge. This being done, and the Country left open to any to invade, he prevail'd with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their friends in *Tarragona*, which was 300 miles off. Having been there a while, his Lady made semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King that her Daughter *Donna Cava* (whom they had left at Court to satiate the King's lust) might come to comfort her a while: *Cava* came, and the Gate thro' 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 betray'd his own Country, no Story makes mention. A few years before this happen'd, *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 Prophecy, *That when that Vault was opened Spain should be conquer'd.* *Rodrigo*, slighting the Prophecy, caus'd

caus'd the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure; but when he enter'd, there was nothing found but the Pictures of *Moors*, of such Men that a little after fulfill'd the Prophecy.

Yet this last Conquest of *Spain* was not perfect, for divers parts North-west kept still under Christian Kings, specially *Biscay*, which was never 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 shoe 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 700 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*: Their last King was *Chico*, who when he fled from *Granada* crying and weeping, the People upbraided him, *That he might well weep like a Woman, who could not defend himself and them like a Man*. This was that *Ferdinand* who obtain'd from *Rome* the Title of *Catholick*, tho' some Stories say, that many Ages before *Ricaredus*, the first Orthodox King of the *Goths*, was stil'd *Catholicus* in a *Provincial Synod* held at *Toledo*, which was continued by *Alphonsus* I., and then made hereditary by this *Ferdinand*. This absolute Conquest of the *Moors* happen'd about *Henry VII.*'s Time, when the foresaid *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* had by Alliance join'd *Castile* and *Aragon*; which with the discovery of the *West-Indies*, which happen'd a little after, was the first foundation of that Greatness where-

unto

unto *Spain* is now mounted. Afterwards there was an Alliance with *Burgundy* and *Austria*; by the first House seventeen Provinces fell to *Spain*; by the second *Charles V.* came to be Emperor: And remarkable it is how the House of *Austria* came to that height from a mean Earl; the Earl of *Hapsburg* in *Germany*, who having been one day a-hunting, he overtook a Priest who had been with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick body; the Priest being tir'd, the Earl lighted off his Horse, help'd up the Priest, and so waited upon him a-foot all the while, till he brought him to the Church: The Priest giving him his Benediction at his going away, told him, that for this great Act of humility and piety, *His Grace should be one of the greatest that ever the world had*; and ever since, which is some 240 years ago, the Empire hath continued in that house, which afterwards was call'd the House of *Austria*.

In *Philip II.*'s Time the *Spanish* Monarchy came to its highest pitch, by the conquest of *Portugal*, whereby the *East-Indies*, sundry Islands in the *Atlantick* Sea, and divers places in *Barbary*, were added to the Crown of *Spain*. By these steps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly, give the *Spaniard* his due, he is a mighty Monarch; he hath Dominions in all parts of the World (which none of the four Monarchies had), both in *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* (which he hath solely to himself), tho' our *Henry VII.* had the first proffer made him: So the Sun shines all the four-and-twenty hours of the natural day upon some part or other of his Countries, for part of the *Antipodes* are subject to him. He hath eight Viceroyes in *Europe*, two in the *East-Indies*, two in the *West*, two in *Africk*, 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 pleased 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

Spain neither, but Castile only; the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up 'twixt Governors and Garrisons: yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagate the Christian Religion, and to employ my Subjects. For the last, it must be granted that no Prince hath better means to breed brave Men, and more variety of Commands to heighten their Spirits with no petty but princely Employments.

This King, besides, hath other means to oblige the Gentry to him, by such a huge number of *Commendams*, which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he pleases of any of the three Orders of Knighthood; which *England* and *France* want. Some Noblemen in *Spain* can spend £50,000, some forty, some thirty, and divers £20,000 *per ann.* The Church here is exceeding rich, both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Country Chapel but he will find Chalices, Lamps, and Candlesticks of Silver. There are some Bishopricks of £30,000 *per ann.* and divers of £10,000, and *Toledo* is £100,000 yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenc'd here, and very powerful; which made *Philip II.* rather depend upon the Clergy than the secular Power. Therefore I do not see how *Spain* can be called a poor Country, considering the revenues aforesaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it so thin of People as the World makes it, and one reason may be that there are sixteen Universities in *Spain*, and in one of these there were 15,000 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 600,000 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 to 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 snatch'd away the said golden ball, and carried it to the next room; the ball being hollow, open'd, and within there was painted our *Saviour* kissing a *Jew's* tail. Hereupon they were all suddenly distress'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 everything 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, tho' not so big as a *German*; his excess is in too much gravity, which some, who know him not well, hold to be pride; he cares not how little he labours, for poor *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 valour; so that you shall seldom hear of *Spaniards* employ'd in Night-service, nor shall one hear of a *Duel* here in an Age. He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to Government; for the proudest *Don* of *Spain*, when he is prancing upon his *Ginnet* in the street, if an *Alguazil* (a *Sergeant*) shew him his *Vare*, that is, a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his Office, my *Don* will down presently off his horse, and yield himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality

quality, that when he giveth Alms he pulls off his Hat, and puts it in the beggar's hand with a great deal of humility. His gravity is much lessen'd 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, tho' 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 *Goatish* race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any Woman (a Civility that we much want in *England*). He will speak high words of Don *Philippo* his King, but will not endure a stranger should do so: I have heard a *Biscayner* make a *Rodomantado*, that he was as good a Gentleman as Don *Philippo* himself, for Don *Philippo* 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 Compliment as the *Italian*; and tho' he will make strong protestations, yet he will not swear out Compliments like the *French* and *English*: As I heard when my Lord of *Carlisle* was Ambassador in *France*, there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Compliments one to another who should go first out at a door, at last my Lord of *Carlisle* said, *ô Monseigneur, ayex 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 say his Prayers before, and if he win he will thank God for his good fortune after. Their common game at Cards (for they very seldom play at Dice) is *Primera*, at which the King never shews his game, but
throws

throws his cards with their faces down on the table. He is merchant of all the Cards and Dice thro' all the Kingdom; he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelvecence; so that 'tis thought he hath £30,000 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 march'd, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemn'd it. I was told of a *Spaniard*, who having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said, *Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra*; This it is to walk upon earth. The *Labradores* 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 happen'd that Count *Gondomar*, with Sir *Francis Cottington*, went to see a curious House of the Constable of *Castile's*, which had been newly built here; the Keeper of the House was very officious to shew him every room, with the Garden, Grottos, and Aqueducts, and presented him with some Fruit; *Gondomar* having been a long time in the House, coming out, put many Compliments of thanks upon the Man, and so was going away; Sir *Francis* whisper'd him in the Ear, and ask'd him whether he would give the Man anything that took such pains: Oh, quoth *Gondomar*, well remember'd; Don *Francisco*, have you ever a double Pistole about you? If you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the English manner; I have paid him already after the Spanish. The *Spaniard* is much 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

*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.*

English'd 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 *Frenchwoman* in a dance, a *Dutchwoman* in the kitchen, an *Italian* in a window, an *England-woman* at board, and the *Spanish* a-bed. When they are married, they have a privilege to wear high shoes, and to paint, which is generally practised here; and the Queen useth it herself. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our *English*; for if a Lady go along the street (and all Women going here veil'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 favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off, and answer you with some witty retort. After thirty they are commonly past Child-bearing, and I have seen Women in *England* look as youthful at fifty as some here at twenty-five. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favour of Ladies, or anything else; tho' this be the Country of Money, for it furnisheth well near all the World besides, yea their very Enemies, as
the

the *Turk* and *Hollander*; insomuch that one may say, the *Coin of Spain* is as *Catholic* as her *King*. Yet tho' he be the greatest King of gold and silver Mines in the World (I think), yet the common current Coin here is Copper: And herein I believe the *Hollander* hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his Copper Coins than by their Arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious ways, as in hollow Sows of Tin and Lead, hollow Masts, in Pitch Buckets under water, and other ways. But I fear to be injurious to this great King, to speak of him in so narrow a compass; a great King indeed, tho' 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 embroider'd with Pearls, Rubies, and Diamonds: *Peru* is a Patch embroider'd with massy Gold, *Mexico* with Silver, *Naples* and *Milan* are Patches of Cloth of Tissue; and if these Patches were in one piece, what would become of his Cloak embroider'd with *Flower-de-luces*?

So, desiring your Lordship to pardon this poor imperfect Paper, considering the high quality of the Subject, I rest—
Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 1 Feb. 1623.

XXXIII.

To Mr. Walsingham Gresley, from Madrid.

DON BALCHASAR,

I THANK you for your Letter in my Lord's last Packet, wherein, among other passages, you write to me the circumstances of Marquis *Spinola's* raising his Leaguer, by flatting and firing his works before *Berghen*. He is much tax'd here, to have attempted it, and to have bury'd so much of the King's Treasure before that Town in such costly Trenches. A Gentleman came hither lately, who was at the Siege all the while, and he told me one strange Passage; how Sir *Ferdinando Cary*, a huge corpulent Knight, was shot thro' his Body; the Bullet entring at the Navel, and coming
out

out at his Back, kill'd his Man behind him; yet he lives still, and is like to recover. With this mirāculous 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, J. H.

3 Feb. 1623.

XXXIV.

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

SIR,

THE late breach of the *Match* hath broke the neck of all businesses here, and mine suffers as much as any: I had Access lately to *Olivares*, once or twice; I had Audience also of the King, to whom I presented a Memorial that intimated *Letters of Mart*, unless satisfaction were had from his *Viceroy*, the *Conde del Real*. The King gave me a gracious Answer, but *Olivares* a churlish one, *viz.*, *That when the Spaniards had justice in England, we should have justice here*. So that notwithstanding I have brought it to the highest point and pitch of perfection in Law that could be, and 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

expectation, and my endeavours: But I hope you are none of those that measure things by the Event. The Earl of *Bristol*, Count *Gondomar*, and my Lord Ambassador *Aston* did not only do courtesies, but they did co-operate with me in it, and contribute their utmost endeavours. So I rest—
Yours to serve you, J. H.

Madrid, 18 Feb. 1623.

XXXV.

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 compar'd also to *Tinder*, and *Letters* are the properest matter whereof to make this *Tinder*: *Letters* again are fittest to kindle, and re-accend this *Tinder*; they may serve both for *Flint*, *Steel*, and *Match*. This Letter of mine comes therefore of set purpose to strike some sparkles into yours, that it may glow and burn, and receive ignition, and not lie dead, as it hath done a great while. I make my Pen to serve for an instrument to stir the *Cinders* wherewith your old *Love* to me hath been 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—
Yours most affectionately to serve you, J. H.

Madrid, 3 Mar. 1623.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

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

SIR,

I WAS yesterday at the *Escorial* to see the Monastery of St. *Laurence*, the eighth wonder of the World; and truly, considering the Site of the place, the State of the thing, and the Symmetry of the structure, with divers other 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 wholsomer: It is all built of Free-stone and Marble, and that with such solidity and moderate height, that surely *Philip II.*'s chief design was to make a sacrifice of it to Eternity, and to contest with the Meteors, and *Time* itself. It cost eight Millions, it was twenty-four years a building, and the Founder himself saw it finish'd, and enjoy'd it twelve years after, and carry'd his Bones himself thither to be buried.

The reason that mov'd King *Philip* to waste so much Treasure, was a vow he had made at the battell of St. *Quintin*, where he was forc'd to batter a Monastery of St. *Laurence* Friars, and if he had the Victory, he would erect such a Monastery to St. *Laurence*, that the World had not the like; therefore the form of it is like a Gridiron, the handle is a huge Royal Palace, and the body a vast Monastery or Assembly of quadrangular Cloysters; for there are as many as there be months in the year. There be a hundred Monks, and every one hath his man and his mule, and a multitude of Officers. Besides, there are three Libraries there full of the choicest Books for all Sciences. It is beyond expression what Grots, Gardens, Walks, and Aqueducts there are there, and what curious Fountains in the upper Cloysters, for there be two stages of Cloysters: In fine, there is nothing that's vulgar 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

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 Giants, and a world of glorious things, that purely ravish'd me. By this mighty Monument, it may be inferr'd, that *Philip II.*, tho' he was a little man, yet had he vast gigantick 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—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 9 Mar. 1623.

XXXVII.

To the Lord Viscount Col, from Madrid.

MY LORD,

YOU writ to me not long since, to send you an Account of the Duke of *Ossuna's* death, a little man, but of great fame and fortunes, and much cried up, and known up and down the World. He was revok'd from being Viceroy of *Naples* (the best employment the K. 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 carry'd his sword in his hand instead of a staff; the King misliking of 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 King's ear, he was apprehended and committed prisoner to a Monastery not far off, where he continued some years, until his beard came to his girdle; then growing very ill, he was permitted to come to his house in this Town, being carry'd in a bed upon men's shoulders, and so died some years ago. There were divers Accusations against him; amongst the rest, I remember these, That he had kept the Marquis *de Campolataro's* wife, sending her husband

husband out of the way upon employment: That he had got a bastard of a *Turkish* woman, and 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 Courtesans of *Naples* to a Feast, and after dinner made a Banquet for them in his Garden, where he commanded them to strip themselves stark naked, and go up and down, while he shot Sugar-plums at them out of a Trunk, which they were to take up from off their high Chapins; and such like extravagancies. One (among divers others) witty passage was told me of him, which was, that when he was Viceroy of *Sicily*, there died a great rich Duke, who left but one Son, whom, with his whole estate, he 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 voi volete), you shall give my Son what you will.* It seems the Jesuits took to themselves two parts of three of the estate, and gave the rest to the heir. The young Duke complaining hereof to the Duke of *Ossuna*, then Viceroy, 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* caus'd the Will to be produc'd, and found therein the words afore recited, *When he is pass'd 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 determin'd 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—Your Lordship's most ready and humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 13 Mar. 1623.

XXXVIII.

To Simon Digby, Esq.

SIR,

I THANK you for the several sorts of *Cyphers* you sent me to write by, which were very choice ones, and curious. *Cryptology*, or epistolizing in a clandestine way, is very ancient: I read in *A. Gellius*, that *C. Cæsar* in his Letters to *Caius Oppius* and *Balbus Cornelius*, who were two of his greatest Confidants in managing his private Affairs, did write in *Cyphers* by a various transportation of the Alphabet; whereof *Proclus Grammaticus, de occulta literarum significatione Epistolarum C. Cæsaris*, writes a curious Commentary. But methinks that certain kind of *Hieroglyphics*, the celestial Signs, the seven Planets, and other Constellations, might make a curious kind of *Cypher*, as I will more particularly demonstrate to you in a Scheme, when I shall be happy with your Conversation. So I rest—Your assured Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 15 Mar. 1623.

XXXIX.

To Sir James Crofts, from Bilboa.

SIR,

BEING safely come to the *Marine*, in convoy of His Majesty's Jewels, and being to sojourn here some days, the conveniency of this Gentleman (who knows, and much honoureth you), he being to ride Post thro' *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. *Wiches* had is valued

valued at 400,000 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 thro' 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 spy'd 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 *Tho. Fairfax* relate of a Soldier in *Ireland*, who having got his Passport to go for *England*, as he pass'd thro' the Wood with his Knapsack upon his back, being weary, he sat down under a Tree, where he open'd his Knapsack, and fell to some victuals he had; but on 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 to 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 been scar'd out of their wits; Whereupon the Soldier said, *A pox take you all, if I had known you had lov'd Musick 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.

6 Sept. 1624.



SECTION IV.

I.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I AM newly return'd from *Spain*. I came over in convoy of the Prince's Jewels, for which one of the Ships-Royal with the Catch were sent under the command of Captain *Love*: We landed at *Plymouth*, whence I came by Post to *Theobalds* in less than two nights and a day, to bring His Majesty news of their safe Arrival. The Prince had newly got a fall off a Horse, and kept his Chamber. The Jewels were valued at above £100,000. Some of them a little before the Prince's departure had been presented to the *Infanta*, but she 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 been dissolv'd a pretty while before by Act of Parliament, that a War was threaten'd, and Ambassadors revok'd. There were Jewels also among them to be presented to the King and Queen of *Spain*, to most of the Ladies of Honour, and the *Grandees*. There was a great Table-Diamond for *Olivares* of eighteen Carrats weight; but the richest of all was to the *Infanta* herself, which was a chain of great Orient Pearl, to the number of 276, weighing nine Ounces. The *Spaniards*, notwithstanding they are the Masters of the Staple of Jewels, stood 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

wonder (nor can it be, I hope, any disrepute to me) that I could not bring to pass what three Ambassadors could not do before me.

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

I shall continue to give you Account of my Courses when opportunity serves, and to dispose of matters so, that I may attend you this Summer in the country. So, desiring still your Blessing and Prayers, I rest—Your dutiful Son,
J. H.

10 Dec. 1624.

II.

To R. Brown, *Esq.*, from London.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is no Seed so fruitful as that of Love: I do not mean that gross carnal Love which propagates the World, but that which preserves it; to wit, Seeds of Friendship, which hath 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 been more fruitful to me than that Field in *Sicily* call'd *Le trecente cariche*, *The Field of 300 Loads*, so call'd because it returns the Sower 300 for one yearly; so plentiful hath your Love been to me. But among other sweet Fruits it hath born,
those

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 fructify'd something, but it hath not been able to make you such rich returns, or afford so plentiful a crop; yet I dare say this crop, how thin soever, was pure and free from tares, from cockle or darnel, from flattery or falsehood, and what it shall produce hereafter shall be so; nor shall any injury of the Heavens, as Tempest, or Thunder and Lightning (I mean no cross or affliction whatsoever), be able to blast and smut it, or hinder it to grow up and fructify still.

This is the third time God Almighty hath been pleas'd to bring me back to the sweet bosom of my dear Country from beyond the Seas; I have been already comforted with the sight of many of my choice Friends, but I miss you extremely: Therefore I pray make haste, for *London* streets, which you and I have trod together so often, will prove tedious to me else. Among other things, *Black-Friars* will entertain you with a Play spick and span new, and the *Cockpit* with another; nor, I believe, after so long Absence, will it be an unpleasing object for you to see—Your

J. H.

20 Jan. 1624.

III.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,
MY last to your Lordship was in *Italian*, with the *Venetian Gazettea* inclos'd. Count *Mansfelt* is upon point of parting, having obtain'd, it seems, the sum of his desires: He was lodg'd all the while in the same Quarter of *St. James's* which was appointed for the *Infanta*: He supp'd yesternight with the Council of War, and he hath a grant of 12,000 Men *English* and *Scots*, whom he will have ready in the Body of an Army against the next Spring; and

and they say that *England, France, Venice, and Savoy* do contribute for the maintenance thereof £60,000 a month. There can be no conjecture, much less any judgment, made yet of his design; most think it will be for relieving *Breda*, which is straitly begirt by *Spinola*, who gives out, that he hath her already as a bird in a cage, and will have her, maugre all the opposition in *Christendom*; yet there is fresh news come over, that Prince *Maurice* hath got on the back of him, and hath 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 spending Millions here for getting small Towns, the *Hollander* gets Kingdoms of him elsewhere; he hath invaded and taken lately from the *Portugal* part of *Brazil*, a rich Country for Sugars, Cottons, Balsams, Dying-wood, and divers Commodities besides.

The Treaty of Marriage 'twixt our Prince and the youngest Daughter of *France* goes on apace, and my Lords of *Carlisle* and *Holland* are in *Paris* about it; we shall see now what difference there is 'twixt the *French* and *Spanish* pace. The two *Spanish* Ambassadors have been gone hence long since; they say they are both in prison, one in *Burgos* in *Spain*, the other in *Flanders*, for the scandalous information they made here against the D. of *Buckingham*; about which, the day before their departure hence, they desir'd to have one private Audience more, but His Majesty deny'd 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 *Gondomar* will be on his way hither again about the *Palatinate*; for the K. of *Denmark* appears now in his Niece's quarrel, and arms apace.

No more now, but that I kiss your Lordship's hands, and rest—Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

London, 5 Feb. 1624.

IV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Rowland Gwin.

COUSIN,

I WAS lately sorry, and I was lately glad, that I heard you were ill, that I heard you are well.—Your affectionate Cousin,
J. H.

V.

To Thomas Jones, Esq.

TOM,

IF you are in health 'tis well; we are here all so; and we should be better had we your company: Therefore I pray leave the smutty Air of *London*, and come hither to breathe sweeter, where you may pluck a Rose, and drink a Cillibub.—Your faithful Friend,
J. H.

Kentis, 1 June 1625.

VI.

To D. C.

THE bearer hereof hath no other Errand but to know how you do in the Country, and this Paper is his credential Letter; Therefore I pray hasten his dispatch, and, if you please, send him back, like the Man in the Moon, with a basket of your Fruit on his back.—Your true Friend,
J. H.

London, 10 Aug. 1625.

VII.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D yours of the third of *February*, by the hands of my Cousin *Thomas Gwin* of *Trecastle*.

It was my fortune to be on *Sunday* fortnight at *Theobalds*, where his late Majesty K. *James* departed this life, and went to his last rest upon the *day of rest*, presently after Sermon was done. A little before break of day he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his Bed, and came in his Nightgown.

gown. The King seem'd to have some earnest thing to say to him, and so endeavour'd to raise himself upon his Pillow; but his Spirits were so spent, that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a Fever which began with an Ague, and some *Scotch* Doctors mutter at a Plaister 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 sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour King *Charles* was proclaim'd at *Theobalds* Court-gate, by Sir *Edw. Zouch* Knight Marshal, Mr. Secretary *Conway* dictating to him, *That whereas it had pleas'd God to take to his mercy our most gracious Sovereign K. James of famous memory, We proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable Heir, to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.* The Knight Marshal mistook, saying *his rightful and dubitable Heir*, but he was rectify'd by the Secretary. This being done, I took my Horse instantly, and came to *London* first except one, who was come a little before me, insomuch that I found the Gates shut. His now Majesty took Coach, and the D. of *Buckingham* with him, and came to *St. James's*; in the evening he was proclaim'd at *Whitehall-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 without a Queen, his Sister without a Country, the Crown pitifully laden with Debts, and the Purse of the State lightly ballasted, tho' 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 worsen times.

The

The Plague is begun in *White-chapel*, and, as they say, in the same house, on the same day of the month, with the same number that dy'd twenty-two years since, when *Q. 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 Money; the Drapers murmur extremely at the Lord *Cranfield* for it.

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

So, with 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—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

11 Dec. 1625.

VIII.

To Dr. Prichard.

SIR,

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

My Lord Chancellor *Bacon* is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, tho' he had a great Wit, did argue no great Wisdom; it being one of the essential Properties of a wise Man, to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all *Poets* commonly to die beggars; but for an *Orator*, a *Lawyer*, and *Philosopher*, as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befel 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

appear'd, as in divers other passages, so once when the King had sent him a Stag, he sent up for the Under-keeper, and having drunk the King's health to him in a great Silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his Fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to K. *James*, not long before his death, and concludes, Help me, dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a *Bag*, be not now in my Age forc'd in effect to bear a *Wallet*; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live. Which words, in my opinion, argu'd a little Abjection of Spirit, as his former Letter to the Prince did of Profaneness; wherein he hop'd, that as the *Father* was his *Creator*, the *Son* will be his *Redeemer*. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount *Verulam*, who was a rare Man; a Man *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 been 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 Chancellor's* Title is indelible.

I was lately at *Gray's-Inn* with Sir *Eubule*, and he desir'd me to remember him to you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis præcordiis, Vale κεφαλή μοι προσφιλεστάτη*.—Yours affectionately, while

J. H.

London, 6 Jan. 1625.

IX.

To my Well-beloved Cousin, Mr. T. V.

COUSIN,

YOU have a great Work in hand, for you write to me, that you are upon a Treaty of Marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence, that it may *make* you or *mar* you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth, or comfortable to you: For all civil

Actions

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 resolv'd to marry, *Choose where you love, and resolve to love your Choice*; let *Love* rather than *Lucre* be your guide in this Election, tho' a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: The one is the *Pilot*, the other but the *Ballast* of the Ship, which should carry us to the Harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you another gess Wife than *Socrates* had; who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going thro' the Portal, threw a Chamber-pot of stale Urine upon his Head; whereat the Philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, *I thought after so much Thunder we should have Rain*. And as I wish you may not light upon such a *Xantippe* (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 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 among other revilings, telling him often, That the *Devil*, the *Devil* would fetch him, at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, I prithee, good Wife, hold thyself content; for I know the *Devil* will do me no hurt, for I have marry'd 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

that *Socrates* and *Strowd* had, to suffer the *grey Mare* sometimes to be the *better Horse*. I remember a *French* proverb:

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

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

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

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

J. H.

London, 5 Feb. 1625.

X.

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

MY LORD,

THE Duke of *Buckingham* is lately return'd from *Holland*, having renew'd 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 money upon private Jewels (not any of the Crown's), and lastly, having comforted the Lady *Elizabeth* for the decease of his late Majesty her Father, and of Prince *Frederick* her eldest Son, whose disastrous manner of death, among the rest of her sad Afflictions, is not the least: For, passing over *Haerlem Mere*, a huge Inland Slough, in company of his Father, who had been at *Amsterdam*, to look how his Bank of Money did thrive, and coming (for
more

more frugality) in the common Boat, which was o'erset with Merchandize, and other Passengers, in a thick Fog, the Vessel turn'd o'er, and so many perish'd; the Prince *Palsgrave* sav'd himself by swimming, but the young Prince clinging to the Mast, and being entangled 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*, tho' he gives out that he never broke with us to this day. Count *Gondomar* was on his way to *Flanders*, and thence to *England* (as they say), with a large Commission to treat for a surrender of the *Palatinate*, and so to piece matters together again; but he died in the Journey, at a place call'd *Bunnol*, of pure Apprehensions of Grief, it is given out.

The Match 'twixt His Majesty and the Lady *Henrietta Maria*, youngest Daughter to *Henry* the Great (the eldest being married to the K. of *Spain*, and the second to the D. 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 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 should easily make Peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter Letter in her Bosom, and the first in her Coshionet; whereby he gather'd, that she intended to reserve his Son for her Affection, and him for Counsel.

The Bishop of *Lucon*, now Cardinal *de Richlieu*, is grown to be the sole Favourite of the King of *France*, being brought in by the Queen-Mother, who hath been very active in advancing the Match; but 'tis thought the Wars will break
out

out afresh against them of the Religion, notwithstanding the ill fortune the King had before *Montauban* few years since, where he lost above 500 of his Nobles, whereof the great Duke of *Main* was one: And having lain in Person before the Town many months, and 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 raise his Works, and raise his Siege.

The Letter which Mr. *Ellis Hicks* brought them of *Mountauban* from *Rochell*, thro' so much danger, and with so much gallantry, was an infinite Advantage to them; for whereas there was a politic report rais'd in the King's Army, and blown into *Mountauban*, that *Rochell* 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 been lately recommended to the D. of *Buckingham*, by some noble Friends of mine that have intimacy with him; about whom, tho' he hath three Secretaries already, I hope to have some employment; for I am weary of walking up and down so idly upon *London* Streets.

The Plague begins to rage mightily. God avert his Judgments, that menace so great a Mortality, and turn not away his Face from this poor Island: So I kiss your Lordship's hand, in quality of—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

25 Feb. 1625.

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 sight. Your most ingenious

ingenious Letters to me from time to time do far more lively represent you than either *Echo* or *Chrystal* can do; I mean, they represent the better and nobler part of you, to wit, the inward Man; they clearly set forth the notions of your mind, and the motions of your soul, with the strength of your imagination: For, as I know your exterior Person by your *lineaments*, so I know you as well inwardly by your *lines*, and by those lively expressions you give of yourself; insomuch that I believe if the interior Man within you were as visible as the outward (as once *Plato* wish'd, that Virtue might be seen with the corporeal eyes), you would draw all the World after you; or if your well-born thoughts, and the words of your Letters, were 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 *Dryades*, yea, the *Graces* and *Muses* would pitch their Pavilions 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* itself, 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 Virtue; yet are they the true Ideas of my Mind, and that real and inbred Affection I bear you. One should never teach his *Letter* or his *Lacquey* to lye; I observe that rule; but besides my Letters, I wish there were a *Crystal-case-ment* in my Breast, thro' 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 intirely—Yours,

J. H.

27 Feb. 1625.

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,

*First, shall the Orient with the West shake hand,
 The Centre of the World shall cease to stand?
 First Wolves shall league with Lambs, the Dolphins fly,
 The Lawyer and Physician Fees deny,
 The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her Bed,
 My Mistress' 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 Hon. my Lord of Carlingford, 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 solemnized in *France*, the one the 2d of this Month in the *Louvre*, the other the 11th day following in the great Church of *Paris*, by the Cardinal of *Rochefoucault*: there was some clashing 'twixt him and the Archbishop of *Paris*, who alleged '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* obliged himself to procure the Dispensation; the Marriage should be celebrated in the same form as that of Queen *Margaret*, and of the Duchess of *Bar*; her Dowry should be 40,000 Crowns, six Shillings a-piece, the one Moiety to be paid the day of the Contract, the other twelve months after. The Queen shall have a Chapel in all the King's Royal Houses, and anywhere else, where she shall reside within the Dominions of His Majesty of *Great Britain*, with free exercise of the *Roman* Religion, for herself, her Officers, and all her Household, for the Celebration of the *Mass*, the Predication of the Word, Administration

tration of the Sacraments, and power to procure Indulgences from the Holy Father. To this end she shall be allow'd twenty-eight Priests, or Ecclesiastics in her House, and a Bishop in quality of Almoner, who shall have jurisdiction over all the rest, and that none of the King's Officers shall have power over them, unless in case of Treason; therefore all her Ecclesiastics shall take the Oath of Fidelity to His Majesty of *Great Britain*: there shall be a Cemetery or Church-yard clos'd about to bury those of her Family. That in consideration of this Marriage, all *English* Catholics, as well Ecclesiastics as Lay, who shall be in any Prison merely for Religion, since the last Edict, shall be set at liberty.

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

London, 1 Mar. 1625.

XIII.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Sa.

SIR,

I CONVERS'D lately with a Gentleman that came from *France*, who among other things discours'd much of the Favourite *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 Money; for he hath furnish'd the States with a Million of Livres, at two Shillings a-piece in present, and 600,000 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 Catholics* among them, and the Deputies promised to do all they could with the States-General about it; they artickled likewise for the *French* to be associated with them in the Trade to the *Indies*.

Monsieur

Monsieur is lately marry'd to *Mary of Bourbon*, the Duke of *Montpensier's* Daughter; he told her, *That he would be a better Husband than he had been a Suitor to her*; for he hung off a good while. This Marriage was made by the King, and Monsieur hath for his Appenage 100,000 Livres annual Rent from *Chartres* and *Blois*, 100,000 Livres Pension, and 500,000 to be charged yearly upon the General Receipts of *Orleans*, in all about 70,000 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 suffer'd for it, and more are like to be discover'd. So I take my leave for the present, and rest—Your very humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 10 Mar. 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 disposition, and with the Faculties of your Soul, as well as the Phisnomy of your Face; for Virtue took as much pains to adorn the one, as Nature did to perfect the other. I have had the happiness to know both, when your Grace took pleasure to learn *Spanish*: at which time, when my 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

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 anything that might conduce to your contentment and service; for there is nothing I desire with a great Ambition (and herein I have all the World my *Rival*) than to be accounted, Madam—
Your Grace's most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 15 Mar. 1626.

XV.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Clifford.

MY LORD,

I PRAY be pleas'd to dispense with this slowness of mine in answering yours of the first of this present.

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

For foreign tidings, your Lordship may understand, that the Town of *Breda* hath been a good while making her last Will and Testament; but now there is certain news come, that she 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 sicken'd at the siege, and died at *Berghen*; the adventurous Earl *Henry* of *Oxford*, seeming to tax the Prince of *Orange* of slackness to fight, was set upon a desperate work, where he melted his 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 happen'd when the Town was past cure, which was his more than the States; for he was Marquis of *Breda*, and had near upon 30,000 Dollars annual rent from her: Therefore

fore 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, tho' much importun'd by Dr. *Roseus*, 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 any Woman, tho' unmarry'd to her, yet if he marry her never so little before his death, he makes her honest and them all legitimate. But it seems the Prince postponed the love he bore to this Woman and Children, to that which he bore to his Brother *Henry*; for had he made the Children legitimate, 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 charg'd him at his death to marry a young Lady, the Count of *Solme's* Daughter attending the Queen of *Bohemia*, whom he had long courted: which is thought will take speedy effect.

When the Siege before *Breda* had grown hot, Sir *Edw. Vere* being one day attending Prince *Maurice*, he pointed at a rising Place call'd *Terhay*, where the Enemy had built a Fort (which might have been prevented). Sir *Edw.* told him, he fear'd 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 belonged to a Soldier; as also in managing the Plot for surprizing the Citadel of *Antwerp*; for he repented that he had not employed *English* and *French* in lieu of the slow *Dutch*, who aim'd to have the sole honour of it, and were not so fit instruments for such a nimble piece of service. As soon as Sir *Charles Morgan* gave up the Town, *Spinola* caus'd a new Gate to be erected, with this inscription in great golden Characters:

Philippo *quarto* regnante,
Clarâ Eugeniâ Isabellâ gubernante,

Ambrosio

Ambrosio Spinolâ *obsidente,*
Quatuor Regibus contra conantibus,
Breda capta fuit Idibus, &c.

'Tis thought *Spinola*, now that he hath recovered the Honour that he 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—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 19 Mar. 1626.

XVI.

To Mr. R. Sc., at York.

SIR,

I SENT you one of the 3d current, but 'twas not answer'd; I sent another of the 13th like a second Arrow, to find out the first, but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my Quiver. If you forget me, I have cause to complain, and more if you remember me: To forget, may proceed from the frailty of Memory; not to 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,
Irà correptus, corripuisse stylum.

Lond., 19 July, the 1st of the Dogdays, 1626.

XVII.

To Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of Landaff.

MY LORD,

I SEND youmy humble Thanks for those worthy hospitable Favours you were pleased to give me at your Lodgings in *Westminster*. I had yours of the 5th of this present, by the hand of Mr. *Jonath. Field*. The News which fills every corner of the Town at this time, is the sorry and unsuccessful return that *Wimbledon's* Fleet hath made from *Spain*: it was a Fleet that deserved to have had

a better destiny, considering the strength of it, and the huge charge the Crown was at: for besides a Squadron of sixteen *Hollanders*, whereof Count *William*, one of Prince *Maurice's* natural Sons, was Admiral, there were above eighty of ours, the greatest joint naval Power (of ships without Gallies) that ever spread sail upon Salt-water; which makes the World abroad to stand astonished how so huge a Fleet could be so suddenly made ready. The sinking of the *Long Robin* with 170 Souls in her, in the *Bay of Biscay*, ere she had gone half the Voyage, was no good Augury: And the Critics of the Time say, there were many other things that promis'd no good fortune to this Fleet; besides, they would point at divers errors committed in the conduct of the main design: first, the odd choice that was made of the Admiral, who was a mere Landman; which made the Seamen much slight him, it belonging properly to Sir *Robert Mansel*, Vice-Admiral of *England*, to have gone, in case the High-Admiral went not: then they speak of the uncertainty of the 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 Council of War, where some would be for *Malaga*, others for *St. Mary-Port*, others for *Gibraltar*, but most for *Cales*; and while they were thus consulting, the Country had an Alarm given them. Add hereunto the blazing abroad of this Expedition ere the Fleet went out of the *Downs*; for *Mercurius Gallobelgicus* had it in print, that it was for the *Streights-Month*: 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 resolved on, there were seven Ships (by the advice of one Capt. *Love*) suffer'd to go up the River, which might have been 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

orderly carriage and excess of our Landmen (whereof there were 10,000) when they were put ashore, who broke into the Fryars' Caves, and other Cellars of sweet Wines, where many hundreds of them being surprized, 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 kill'd 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 gave 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 return'd, which was done in a confused manner, without any observance of Sea-orders. Yet I do not hear of any that will be punish'd for these miscarriages, which will make the dishonour fall more foully upon the State. But the most fortunate Passage of all was, that tho' 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 from *Nova Hispania* had fallen into our own mouths, which came presently in, close along the Coasts of *Barbary*; and in all likelihood 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 ever came from the *East-Indies*.

I hear my Lord of *St. David's* is to be remov'd to *Bath* and *Wells*, and it were worth your Lordship's coming up to endeavour the succeeding of him. So I humbly rest—
Your Lordship's most ready Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 20 Nov. 1626

XVIII.

To my Lord D. 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

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 *boisterous*; God grant that this may prove more calm: A rumour 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, tho' it be but vulgar Astrology, is not altogether to be contemn'd; tho' 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 favour, 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 business to wade thro', 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 *Wimbleton's* lately), or if there be any murmur for Pay, your Grace will be free from all imputations; besides, it will afford your Grace more leisure to look into your own affairs, which lie confus'd and unsettled. 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,

Secondly, It were expedient (under correction) that your Grace would be pleased to allot some set Hours for audience and access of Suitors; and it would be less cumber to yourself 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 Suitors may know whither to repair constantly, and that your Servants, every one in his Place, might know what belongs to his place, and attend accordingly: for tho' confusion in a great Family carry a kind of State with it, yet Order and Regularity gains a greater opinion of Virtue and Wisdom: I know your Grace doth not (nor needs not) affect Popularity. It is true that the People's love is the strongest Citadel of a sovereign 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 unfortunate Earl, who, a little before *Q. Elizabeth's* death, had drawn the Axe upon his own neck, *That he was grown so popular, that he was too dangerous for the Times, and the Times for him.*

My Lord, now that your Grace is threatened to be 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: Among these, I am one that presumes to do it, in this poor impertinent Paper; for which I implore pardon, because I am, my Lord — Your Grace's most humble and faithful Servant,

J. H.

London, 13 Feb. 1626.

XIX.

To Sir J. S., Knight.

SIR,

THERE is a Saying which carries no little weight with it, that *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet; Small love speaks, while great love stands astonished with silence:* The one keeps a tattling, while the other is struck dumb with amazement

amazement ; like deep Rivers, which to the-eye of the beholder seem to stand still, while small shallow Rivulets keep a noise ; or like empty Casks, that make an obstreperous hollow sound, which they would not do were they replenished and full of substance. 'Tis the condition of my love to you, which is so great, and of that profoundness, that it hath been silent all this while, being stupify'd with the contemplation of those high Favours, and sundry sorts of Civilities, wherewith I may say you have overwhelmed me. This deep Ford 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, tho' it make but a small bubbling noise, as also that the clearness of it may appear more visible.

I desire my service be presented to my noble Lady, whose fair hands I humbly kiss ; and if she want anything that *London* can afford, she need but command her and—Your most faithful and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 11 Feb. 1626.

XX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to promise, and that portion of Obedience I owe to your commands, I send your Lordship these few Avisos, some whereof I doubt not but you have receiv'd 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 among this Crowd ; I do not believe it, quoth the young Queen, for whensoever he seeth a *Spaniard*, he runs away.

Matters go untowardly on our side in *Germany*, but the
King

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 *Ch. Morgan* is to go to *Germany* with 6000 Auxiliaries to join 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 dy'd 1500 that very week, and two out of *Whitehall* 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, among other matters, of certain Letters from *Rome*, of putting His Majesty upon that hazardous Journey to *Spain*, and of some miscarriages at his being in that Court. There be Articles also against the Lord *Conway*, which I send your Lordship here inclos'd.

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 Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 15 *Mar.* 1626.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount C.

MY LORD,

SIR *John North* deliver'd 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 *Carlisle* and *Holland* (who out-went 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 leisure enough to finish his annual Progress from one end of the *Zodiac* to the other so many years, before that

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 *quicksilver'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 D. 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 Favourite 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 past, not only in the time of his immediate predecessor, but others. And one told me of a merry Pasquil lately in *Rome*; That whereas there are two great Statues, one of *Peter*, the other of *Paul*, opposite one to the other upon a Bridge, one had clapp'd a pair of Spurs upon *St. Peter's* heels; and *St. Paul* asking him whither he was bound, he answer'd, 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, J. H.

Lond., 3 May 1626.

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

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-ey'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 the Country Ladies out-shined the Courtiers. She brought over with her two hundred thousand Crowns in gold and silver, as half her Portion, and the other Moiety is to be paid at the year's end. Her first suit of Servants (by Article) are to be *French*, and as they die *English* are to succeed; she is also allow'd twenty-eight Ecclesiasticks 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 inclos'd 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—Your most affectionate Brother,

J. H.

Lond., 16 May 1626.

XXIII.

To my Uncle, Sir Sackvill Trevor, from Oxford.

SIR,

I AM sorry I must write to you the sad tidings of the dissolution of the Parliament here, which was done suddenly. Sir *John Elliot* was in the heat of a high Speech against the

the D. of *Buckingham*, when the Usher of the Black Rod knock'd at the door, and signify'd the King's pleasure, which struck a kind of consternation in all the House. My Lord Keeper *Williams* hath parted with the Broad Seal, because, as some say, he went about to cut down the Scale by which he rose; for some, it seems, did ill offices '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 Father's blessing: For better Assurance of Lodging where I pass, in regard of the Plague, I have a Post-warrant as far as *St. David's*, which is far enough, you'll 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 *Reading*.

All your Friends here are well, but many look blank because of the sudden rupture of the Parliament. God Almighty turn all to the best, and stay the fury of this Contagion, and preserve us from further judgments. So I rest—Your most affectionate Nephew,

J. H.

Oxford, 6 Aug. 1626.

XXIV.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I WAS now the fourth time at a dead stand in the course of my Fortune: for tho' I was recommended to the Duke, and received many noble Respects from him; yet I was told by some who are nearest him, that somebody hath done me ill offices, by whispering in his ear that I was too much *Digbyfied*; and so they told me positively, that I must never expect any Employment about him of any Trust. While I was in this suspense, Mr. Secretary *Conway* sent for me, and proposed to me that the King had occasion to send a Gentleman to *Italy* in nature of a moving Agent; and

and tho' he might have choice of Persons of good Quality that would willingly undertake this Employment, yet understanding of my Breeding, he made the first proffer to me, and that I should go as the King's Servant, and have an Allowance accordingly. I humbly thank'd him for the good opinion he pleased to conceive of me, being a stranger to him, 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 myself to this Course, but before I part with *England*, I intend to send you further notice.

The Sickness is miraculously decreased in this City and Suburbs; for from 5200, which was the greatest number that dy'd in one Week, and that was some forty days since, they are now fallen to 300. 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 who made so much of me lately in the Country, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

7 Aug. 1626.

XXV.

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

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SINCE I last attended your Lordship here, I summon'd my thoughts to Council, and convass'd to and fro within myself the business you pleas'd to impart to me, for going upon the King's Service into *Italy*; I consider'd therein

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 Honey out of bad, as out of good Flowers. Thirdly, The danger which the Undertaker must converse withal, and which may fall upon him by interception of Letters, or other 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.

Touching the first, I refer myself to your Honour's favourable opinion, and the character which my Lord S. and others shall give of me: For the second, I hope to overcome it: For the third, I weigh it not, so I may merit of my King and Country: For the last, I crave leave to deal plainly with your Lordship, that I am a Cadet, and have no other patrimony or support but my Breeding; therefore I must breathe by the Employment. And, my Lord, I shall not be able to perform what shall be expected at my hands under £100 a quarter, and to have Bills of Credit accordingly. Upon these terms, my Lord, I shall apply myself to this Service, and by God's blessing hope to answer all expectations. So, referring the premises to your noble consideration, I rest, my Lord—Your very humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 8 Sept. 1626.

XXVI.

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

MY BROTHER,

NEXT to my Father, 'tis fitting you should have cognizance of my Affairs and Fortunes. You heard how I was in Agitation for an Employment in *Italy*, but my Lord *Conway* demurr'd upon the Salary I propounded: I have now wav'd this course, yet I came off fairly with my

a

Lord;

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*, tho' I never saw him before; and there the Bargain was quickly made that I should go down with him to *York* for Secretary, and his Lordship has 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 odd penances 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 *Montague* is preparing to go to *Paris* as a Messenger of Honour, to prepossess the King and Council there
with

with the truth of things. So, with my very kind Respects
to my Sister, I rest—Your loving Brother, J. H.

Lond., 15 Mar. 1626.

XXVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord S.

MY LORD,

I AM bound shortly for *York*, where I am hopeful of a profitable Employment. There'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 receiv'd 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'er 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 *Palsgrave*; 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-moneys until a Parliament may be call'd, in regard that the K. of *Denmark* is distress'd, the *Sound* like to be lost, the *Eastland* Trade, and the Staple at *Hamburgh*, in danger to be destroy'd, and the *English* Garrison under Sir *Cha. Morgan* at *Stoad* ready to be starv'd.

These Loan-moneys 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.

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 sixty, for he is all turn'd grey. 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* Advocate told me, which is a thing very remarkable.

When the D. of *Alva* went to *Brussels*, about the beginning of the Tumults in the *Netherlands*, he had sat down before *Hulst* in *Flanders*, and there was a Provost-Marshal in his Army, who was a Favourite of his; and this Provost had put some to death by secret Commission from the Duke. There was one Capt. *Bolea* in the Army, who was an intimate friend of the Provost, and one evening late he went to the said Captain's Tent, and brought with him a Confessor and an Executioner, as it was his custom; he told the Captain that he was come to execute his Excellency's Commission and Martial-Law upon him: The Captain started up suddenly, his hair standing at an end, and being struck with amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the Duke: The Provost answer'd, Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my Commission; therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for there's your ghostly Father and Executioner: So he fell upon his knees before the Priest, and, having done, the Hangman going to put the Halter about his neck, the Provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter, told him, There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his Courage, how he could bear the terror of death. The Captain look'd ghastly upon him,
and

and said, Then, Sir, get you out of my Tent, for you have done me a very ill office. The next morning the said Captain *Bolea*, tho' a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turn'd grey, to the Admiration of all the World, and the D. of *Alva* himself, who question'd him about it, but he would confess 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 Capt. *Bolea* and the Provost went along with him as his Domesticks. The Duke being to repose some days in *Saragossa*, the young-old Capt. *Bolea* told him that there was a thing in that Town worthy to be seen by his Excellency, which was a *Casa de locos*, a *Bedlam-house*, for there was not the like in Christendom: Well, said the Duke, go and tell the Warden I will be there To-morrow in the Afternoon, and wish him to be in the way. The Captain having obtain'd this, went to the Warden, and told him, that the Duke would come to visit the House the next day; and the chiefest occasion that 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 try'd 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, among whom was the said Provost very shining brave; being enter'd into the House, about the Duke's Person, Capt. *Bolea* told the Warden (pointing at the Provost) that's the Man; so he took him aside into a dark Lobby, where he had 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 hurry'd him down into a Dungeon. My Provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a Gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the House, peep'd in at a small grate where the Provost was: the Provost conjur'd him as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of *Alva* his Provost was there clapp'd up, nor could he imagine why. The Gentleman did the Errand; whereat

whereat the Duke being astonish'd, 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 a laughter, asked the Warden why he had made him his prisoner. Sir, said the Warden, 'twas by virtue of your Excellency's Commission brought me by Capt. *Bolea* : *Bolea* stepp'd forth, and told the Duke, Sir, you have ask'd me oft how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey ; I have not revealed it yet to any Soul breathing, but now I'll tell your Excellency, and so fell a relating the Passage in *Flanders* : and, Sir, I have been ever since beating my Brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could ; and had he staid some days longer close Prisoner in the *Bedlam-house*, it might haply have wrought some impressions upon his *Pericranium*. The Duke was so well pleased with the Story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends ; and the Gentleman who told me this Passage said, that the said Capt. *Bolea* was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety years of age.

I thank you a thousand times for the *Cephalonia Muscadel* and *Botargo* you sent me ; I hope to be shortly quit with you for all courtesies : in the interim I am—Your obliged Friend to serve you,

J. H.

York, this 1 of May 1626.

Postscript.

I AM sorry to hear of the trick that Sir *John Ayres* put upon the Company by the Box of Hail-shot, sign'd with the Ambassador's Seal, that he had sent so solemnly from *Constantinople*, which he made the world believe to be full of *Chequins* and *Turky Gold*.



SECTION V.

I.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from York.

MY DEAR D.,

THO' I may be term'd a right *Northern* Man, being a good way this side *Trent*, yet my love is as *Southern* as ever it was, I mean it continueth still in the same degree of heat; nor can this bleaker Air, or *Boreas's* chilling blasts, cool it a whit. I am the same to you this side *Trent*, as I was the last time we 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, tho' 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 myself and two servants, livery for a horse, and a part of the King's house for my lodging, and other privileges which I am told no Secretary before me had; but I must tell you, the perquisites are nothing answerable to my expectation yet. I have built me a new study since I came, wherein I shall among others meditate sometimes on you, and whence this present Letter comes. So, with a thousand thanks for the plentiful hospitality and jovial farewell you gave me at your House in *Essex*, I rest—Yours, yours, yours, J. H.

York, 13 July 1627.

II.

II.

To Mr. Richard Leat.

SIGNOR mio, It is now a great while, methinks, since any Act of Friendship, or other interchangeable offices of love have pass'd between us, either by Letters, or other accustom'd ways of correspondence; and as I will not accuse, so I go not about to clear myself in this point: Let this long silence be term'd 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 verify'd 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, *Jo. 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 tenses, for there are four living, to wit, the Lords *Manchester*, *Middlesex*, *Marlborough*, and the newly chosen. I hear also that the good old Man (the last) hath retir'd to his Lodgings in *Lincoln's-Inn*, and so reduc'd himself to his first principles; which makes me think that he cannot bear up long, now that the Staff is taken from him. I pray in your next send me the *Venetian Gazette*. So, with my kind Respects to your Father, I rest—Yours,

J. H.

York, 9 July 1627.

III.

III.

To Sir Ed. Sa., Knight.

SIR,

'T WAS no great matter to be a Prophet, and to have foretold this rupture 'twixt us and *France* upon the sudden *renvoy* of Her Majesty's Servants; for many of them had sold their Estates in *France*, given Money for their Places, and so thought to live and die in *England* in the Queen's Service, and so have pitifully complain'd to that King; thereupon he hath arrested above 100 of our Merchant-men that went to the Vintage at *Bordeaux*. We also take some stragglers of theirs, for there are Letters of Mart given on both sides.

There are Writs issued out for a Parliament, and the Town of *Richmond* in *Richmondshire* hath made choice of me for their Burgess, tho' Master *Christopher Wandesford*, and other powerful Men, and more deserving than I, stood for it. I pray God send me fair Weather in the House of Commons, for there is much murmuring about the restraint of those that would not conform to *Loan Moneys*. There is a great Fleet preparing, and an Army of Landmen; but the design is uncertain, whether it be against *Spain*, or *France*, for we are now in enmity with both those Crowns. The *French* Cardinal hath been lately t'other side the *Alps*, and settled the Duke of *Nevers* in the Duchy of *Mantua*, notwithstanding the opposition of the King of *Spain* and the Emperor, who alleg'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, J. H.

2 March 1627.

IV.

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 yourself and divers others, wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your Burgesses for this now approaching Parliament; I could have wish'd that you had not put by Master *Wandesford*, and other worthy Gentlemen that stood so earnestly for it, who being your Neighbours, had better means and more abilities to serve you. Yet since you have cast these high respects upon me, I will endeavour to acquit myself of the Trust, and to answer your expectation accordingly: And as I account this Election an honour to me, so I esteem it a greater advantage, that so worthy and well-experienced a Knight as Sir *Talbot Bows* is to be my Colleague and Fellow-Burgess; I shall steer by his compass, and follow his directions in anything that may concern the welfare of your Town, and the Precincts thereof, either for redress of any grievance, or by proposing some new thing that may conduce to the further benefit and advantage thereof; and this I take to be the true duty of a Parliamentary Burgess, without roving at random to generals. I hope to learn of Sir *Talbot* what's fitting to be done, and I shall apply myself accordingly to join 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., 24 Mar. 1627.

V.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Clifford, at Knaresborough.

MY LORD,

THE news that fills all mouths at present, is the return of the Duke of *Buckingham* from the Isle of *Ree*, or, as some call

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; among others, great Col. *Gray* fell into a Salt-pit, and being ready to be drown'd, he cry'd out, *Cent mille escus pour ma rançon; A hundred thousand Crowns for my ransom*: the *Frenchmen* hearing that, preserved him, tho' he was not worth a hundred thousand pence. A merry passage a Captain told me, that when they were rifling the dead Bodies of the *French* Gentlemen after the first Invasion, they found that many of them had their Mistresses' Favours ty'd about their Genitories. The *French* do much glory to have repell'd us thus, and they have reason; for the truth is, they comported themselves gallantly: yet they confess our landing was a notable piece of Courage, and if our Retreat had been answerable to the Invasion, we had lost no Honour at all. A great number of gallant Gentlemen fell on our side, as Sir *John Heydon*, Sir *Jo. Burrowes*, Sir *John 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,

J. H.

Lond., 24 Sept. 1627.

VI.

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

MY LORD,

MY Lord *Denbigh* is return'd from attempting to relieve *Rochell*, which is reduced to extreme exigence; and now the Duke is preparing to go again, with as great
Power

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 strengthening of the *French* Monarchy, than the reduction of *Rochell*. The King hath been there long in Person with his Cardinal; and the stupendous works they have rais'd by Sea and Land are beyond belief, as they say. The Sea-works and Booms were trac'd 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 Council-Table in joy hereof; among other passages, one was, *That hereafter His Majesty would please to make the Parliament his Favourite, and he to have the honour to remain still his Servant*. No more now, but that I continue—Your Lordship's most dutiful Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 25 Sept. 1628.

VII.

*To the Right Hon. 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 Bed's-head and told me the D. of *Buckingham* was slain: My Faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of *Rutland* (your Brother) riding
Post

Post towards *London*; it pleas'd him to alight, and shew me a Letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad Tragedy.

Upon *Saturday* last, which was but next before yesterday, being *Bartholomew* Eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-dispos'd humour out of his bed, and cut a Caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the Barber's hand, (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of Commanders, where *Mons. Soubize* came to him, and whisper'd him in the ear that *Rochel* was reliev'd: The Duke seem'd to slight the news, which made some think that *Soubize* went away discontented. After breakfast, the Duke going out, Col. *Fryer* stept before him, and stopping him upon some business, and Lieut. *Felton* being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over *Fryer's* arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife, and threw it away; and laying his hand on his Sword, and drawn it half out, said, The Villain hath kill'd me (meaning, as some think, Col. *Fryer*), for there had been some difference 'twixt them; so, reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The 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 weltering in his own blood. *Felton* had lost his hat in the croud, wherein there was a Paper sow'd, wherein he declar'd, that the reason which mov'd him to this Act was no grudge of his own, tho' he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an Enemy to the *State*, because he was branded in Parliament; therefore what he did was for the publick good of his Country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was ty'd to a hedge hard by; but he was so amaz'd that he miss'd his way, and so struck
into

into the pastry, where, altho' the cry went that some *Frenchman* had done't, he thinking the word was *Felton*, boldly confess'd, '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 carry'd up to a Tower, Capt. *Mince* tore off his Spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an Act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answer'd boldly, that he knew he was dispatch'd, for 'twas not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and tho' his whole body had been cover'd over with Armour of Proof, he could not have avoided it. Capt. *Cha. Price* went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never 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 *Rutland's* Letter, who will'd me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Dutches) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this Post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way: So I humbly take my leave, and rest—Your Ladyship's most dutiful Servant,

J. H.

Stamford 5 Aug. 1628.

VIII.

*To the Right Hon. Sir Peter Wichts, His Majesty's
Ambassador at Constantinople.*

MY LORD,

YOURS of the 2d of *July* came to safe hand, and I did all those particular *Recaudo's* you enjoin'd me to do to some of your Friends here.

The Town of *Rochell* hath been fatal and unfortunate to *England*, for this is the third time that we have attempted to relieve her; but our Fleets and Forces return'd without doing anything. My Lord of *Lindsey* went thither with the

the same Fleet the Duke intended to go on, but is return'd without doing any good; he made some shots at the great Boom and other Barricadoes at Sea, but at such a distance, that they could do no hurt: insomuch that the Town is now given for lost, and to be past cure, and they cry out, we have betray'd them. At the return of this Fleet, two of the *Whelps* were cast away, and three Ships more, and some five Ships which had some of those great Stones that were brought to build *Paul's*, for ballast and for other uses, within them; which could promise no good success; for I never heard of anything that prosper'd, which being once designed for the Honour of God, was alienated from that use. The Queen interposeth for the releasement of my Lord of *Newport* and others, who are Prisoners of War. I hear that all the Colours they took from us are hung up in the great Church of *Nostre-Dame*, as tropheys in *Paris*. Since I began this Letter, there is news brought that *Rochell* hath yielded, and that the King hath dismantled the Town, and razed all the Fortifications landward, but leaves those standing which are toward the Sea. It is a mighty exploit the *French* King hath done, for *Rochell* was the chiefest propugnacle of the Protestants there; and now, questionless, all the rest of their cautionary Towns which they kept for their own defence will yield; so that they must depend hereafter upon the King's mere mercy. I hear of an overture of Peace 'twixt us and *Spain*, and that my Lord *Cottington* is to go thither, and *Don Carlos Coloma* to come to us. God grant it, for you know the Saying in *Spanish*, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que no fuera mejor, que la mejor guerra*. It was a bold thing in *England*, to fall out with the two greatest Monarchs of *Christendom*, and to have them both 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—Your Lordship's ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Sept. 1628.

IX.

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

COUSIN, Tho' you want no incitements to go on in that fair Road of Virtue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble Father's Company, he did intimate to me, that anything 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 Bachelors, 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 humane Studies. As *Logic* is clubfisted and crabbed, so she is terrible at first sight; she is like a *Gorgon's* head to a young Student, but after a twelve-month's constancy and patience, this *Gorgon's* head will prove a mere bugbear; when you have devour'd the *Organon*, you will find *Philosophy* far more delightful and pleasing to your Palate. In feeding the Soul with Knowledge, the Understanding requireth the same consecutive Acts which Nature useth in nourishing the Body. To the nutrition of the Body, there are two essential conditions requir'd, *Assumption* and *Retention*; then there follows two more, *πέψις* and *πρόσταψις*, 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 two heads, *teneri fideliter*, & *uti faeliciter*, which are two of the happiest properties in a Student. There is another Act requir'd

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 virtue to shun all that is erroneous; and there is no Science but is full of such stuff, which by direction of Tutor, and choice of good Books, must be excern'd. Do not confound yourself with multiplicity of Authors; two is enough upon any Science, provided they be plenary and orthodox; *Philosophy* should be your substantial food, *Poetry* your banqueting stuff; *Philosophy* hath more of reality in it than any Knowledge, the *Philosopher* can fathom the deep, measure Mountains, reach the Stars with a staff, and bless Heaven with a girdle.

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

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

J. H.

Lond., 25 Oct. 1627.

X.

To Sir Sackvil Trevor, Knight.

NOBLE UNCLE,

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 honour you have got lately by taking away the Spirit of *France*, I mean by taking the third great Vessel of her *Sea-Trinity*, her *Holy Spirit*, which had been built in the mouth of the *Texel* for the service of her King. Without complimenting with you, it was one of the best Exploits that was perform'd since these Wars began; and besides the Renown you have purchas'd,

R

I

I hope your Reward will be accordingly from His Majesty, whom I remember you so happily preserv'd from drowning, in all probability, at St. *Anderas* road in *Spain*. Tho' Princes' Guerdons come slow, yet they come sure: And it is oftentimes the method of God Almighty himself, to be long both in his Rewards and Punishments.

As you have bereft the *French* of their *Saint Esprit*, their *Holy Spirit*, so there is news that the *Hollander* have taken from *Spain* all her *Saints*; I mean *Todos los santos*, which is one of the chiefest Staples of Sugar in *Brazil*. No more, but that I wish you all health, honour, and heart's desire.—
Your much obliged Nephew and Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 26 of Octob. 1625.

XI.

To Captain Tho. B., from York.

NOBLE Captain, Yours of the 1st of *March* was deliver'd me by Sir *Rich. Scott*, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday-evening, considering the quality of my Subject, and having (I thank God for it) perform'd all Church-duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, tho' 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 Virtue of an Enemy, than sooth the Vices of a Friend; for your own particular, if your parts of Virtue and your Infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much out-poise the

the

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 humour 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 humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking Accident, or extreme ill Fortune at play, will let fall Oaths and deep protestations: But to Belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole volleys of Oaths and Curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial Discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a King, that being cross'd in his Game, would, among his Oaths, fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion; I heard of another King (*Henry IV. of France*) that in his highest distemper would swear by *Ventre de St. Gris, by the Belly of St. Gris*: I heard of an *Italian*, that having been much accustom'd to blaspheme, was wean'd from it by a pretty wile; for having been 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 Gamesters play'd 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 awaken'd: 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 Judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him for his Blasphemies; and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully: A ghostly Father was sent for, who undertook to do some Acts of Penance for him, if he would make a Vow never to play again, or blaspheme; which he did, and so the candles were lighted again, which
he

he thought were burning all the while : So he became a perfect Convert. I could wish this Letter might produce the same effect in you. There is a strong Text, that the curse of Heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the Swearer ; and you have more fearful examples of miraculous Judgments in this particular, than of any other sin.

There is a little Town in *Languedoc* in *France*, that hath a multitude of the Pictures of the Virgin *Mary* up and down ; but she is made to carry *Christ* in her right Arm, contrary to the ordinary custom ; and the reason they told me was this, that two Gamesters being at play, and one having lost all his money, and 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 remov'd imperceptibly from the left Arm to the right, and the Man fell stark dumb ever after : Thus went the Tradition there. This makes me think of the Lady *Southwell's* news from *Utopia*, that he who sweareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infandous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in *England* lately more than anywhere else ; tho' a *German* in highest 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*, tho' the *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 Fabrick 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 league of Love which is between us, that you would suppress it before it come to that ; for I must tell you, that those who could find in their hearts to love you
for

for many other things, do disrespect you for this ; they hate your Company, and give no credit to whatever you say, it being one of the punishments of a Swearer, as well as of a Lyar, not to be believ'd when he speaks truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you, what I write proceeds from the clear current of a pure Affection ; and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an Argument of love, if you tell me of my weaknesses, which are (God wot) too too many ; for my body is but a Cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees : Like *Sertorius's* Soldier, who when he could not cut off the Horse-tail with his Sword at one blow, fell to pull out the hairs one by one. And touching this particular humour from which I 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 feverish fits of the Soul, in regard there are no infirmities more dangerous ; for at the same instant they have being, they become impieties. And the greatest symptom of Amendment I find in me is, because whenever I hear the holy Name of *GOD* blasphem'd by any other, it makes my heart to tremble within my breast. Now it is a penitential Rule, *That if Sins present do not please thee, Sins past will not hurt thee.* All other Sins have their object, either pleasure or profit, or some Aim and Satisfaction to Body or Mind ; but this hath none at all : Therefore fye upon't, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a conquest of yourself, in subduing this execrable custom. *Alexander* subdued the World, *Cæsar* his Enemies, *Hercules* Monsters ; but he that o'ercomes himself is the true valiant Captain. I have herewith sent you a *Hymn*, consonant to this subject, because I know you are musical, and a good Poet.

A Gradual Hymn of a double Cadence, tending to the
honour of the holy Name of GOD.

1. *LET the vast Universe,
And therein ev'ry thing
The mighty Acts rehearse
Of their immortal King,
His Name extol
what to Nadir
from Zenith stir
'Twixt Pole and Pole.*
2. *Ye Elements that move,
And alter ev'ry hour,
Yet herein constant prove,
And symbolize all four ;
His praise to tell,
mix all in one
for air and tone
To sound this peal.*
3. *Earth, which the centre art,
And only standest still,
Yet move, and bear thy part ;
Resound with Echoes 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
Join in a sweet consent,
Blow such a Madrigal
May reach the Firmament ;
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
and pearly Drops,
that hang on crops,
His Wonders shew.*
7. *Pure Element of Fire
With holy sparks inflame
This sublunary Choir,
That all one Consort frame ;
Their spirits raise,
To trumpet forth
Their Maker's worth,
And sound his Praise.*
8. *Ye glorious Lamps that roll
In your celestial Spheres,
All under his controul,
Who you on Poles up bears ;
Him magnify
Ye Planets bright,
And fixed Lights
That deck the Sky.*
9. *O Heaven Chrystalline,
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 reign
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,
Chaunt out his Praise,
who in thy womb
nine months took room,
Tho' crown'd with rays.*

12. *O let my Soul and Heart,
My Mind and Memory
Bear in this Hymn a part,
And join with Earth and Sky;
Let ev'ry Wight
the world o'er
laud and adore
The Lord of Light.*

All your Friends here are well, *Tom Young* excepted, who I fear hath not long to live among us. So I rest—Your true Friend,

J. H.

York, the 1 of Aug. 1628.

XII.

To Will. Austin, Esq.

SIR,

I HAVE many thanks to give you for that excellent Poem you sent me upon the Passion of *Christ*; surely you were possess'd with a very strong Spirit when you penn'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 thro'out 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 term'd the very quintessence of Devotion: you discover in them what rich talent you have, which should not be bury'd within the walls of a private Study, or pass thro' 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—Your affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Oxford, 20 Aug. 1628.

XIII.

XIII.

To Sir I. 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 tho' he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a Footman to be a stay'd man?), I would not part with him were I not to go Post to the *North*. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his Master: He is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge Mastiff, and knock him down; when you go a country journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must 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 grease melts in running hard, 'tis subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for a trial; if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best News I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have Peace both with *France* and *Spain*; so that *Harwich* Men, your Neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the Name of *Spinola*, who struck such an Apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble Service to my good Lady, and at my return from the *North*, I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am—Your much obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 25 of *May* 1628.

XIV.

XIV.

To my Father.

SIR,

OUR two younger Brothers, which you sent hither, are dispos'd of; my Brother Doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. *Hawes*, a Mercer in *Cheapside*, and he took much pains in't; and I had placed my Brother *Ned* with Mr. *Barrington*, a Silk-man in the same Street; but afterwards for some inconveniences I remov'd him to one Mr. *Smith* at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Lombard-street*, a Mercer also. Their Masters both of them are very well to pass, and of good repute; I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one trade; because when they are out of their time, they may join Stocks together: so that I hope, Sir, they are as well placed as any two Youths in *London*, but you must not use to send them such large tokens in money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother *Ned* apprentice in *Drapers-Hall*, casting my eyes upon the Chimney-piece of the great Room, I spy'd a picture of an ancient Gentleman, and underneath, *Thomas Howell*: I ask'd the Clerk about him; and he told me, that he had been a *Spanish Merchant* in *Henry VIII.*'s time, and coming home rich, and dying a Bachelor, he gave that Hall to the Company of *Drapers*, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chieftest Benefactors. I told the Clerk, that one of the Sons of *Thomas Howell* came now thither to be bound; he answer'd, 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

next term : So, with my love to my Brother *Howell*, and my Sister his wife, I rest—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

Lond., 30 *Sept.* 1629.

XV.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell, at Jesus College in Oxon.

BROTHER,

I HAVE sent you here inclos'd, 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 *Henley*, call'd *Hambledon*; it is worth £500 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 Advowson to me for satisfaction of some Arrearages. Dr. *Dommlaw* and two or three more have been with me about it, but I always intended to make the first proffer to you; therefore I pray think of it; a sum of money must be had, but you shall be at no trouble for that, if you only will secure it (and desire one more who I know will do it for you), and it shall appear to you that you have it upon far better terms than any other. It is as finely situated as any Rectory can be, for it is 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 to you, and you may well expect some Preferment that way, but such Livings as these are not to be had everywhere. I thank you for inviting me to your Act; I will be with you the next week, God willing, and
hope

hope to find my Father there. So, with my kind love to Dr. *Mansell*, Mr. *Watkins*, Mr. *Madocks*, and Mr. *Napier* at *All-Souls*, I rest—Your loving Brother,

J. H.

Lond., 20 June 1628.

XVI.

To my Father, Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FATHER *Ben.* *Nullum fit 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 answer'd, *nec parvum sine mixtura stultitiæ*, nor small wit without some alloy of foolishness. Touching the first, it is verify'd in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad; you were mad when you writ your *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alchymist*; you were mad when you writ *Catilin*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus*; but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetick 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 errand.

I cannot yet light upon Dr. *Davies's Welsh Grammar*, before *Christmas* I am promis'd one: So, desiring you to look better hereafter to your Charcoal-fire and Chimmey, which I am glad to be one that preserv'd it from burning, this being the second time that *Vulcan* hath threaten'd you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with his Horns; I rest—Your Son, and contiguous Neighbour,

J. H.

Westm., 27 June 1629.

XVII.

XVII.

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 *Tothill-field* gardens, and with them my very humble service and thanks for all favours, and lately for inviting me to your new noble House at *Temple Newsam*, when I return to *Yorkshire*: To this I may answer you, as my Lord *Coke* was answer'd by a *Norfolk* Countryman who had a Suit depending in the *King's-Bench* against some Neighbours touching a River that us'd to annoy him, and Sir *Edw. 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 herself.* So I may say, that you need not call me to any House of yours, for I am forward enough to come without calling.

My Lord President is still indispos'd at Dr. *Nappier's*, yet he writ to me lately, that he hopes to be at the next *Sitting* in *York*. So, with a tender of my most humble Service to my noble good Lady, I rest—Your most obliged Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 25 July 1629.

XVIII.

To R. S., Esq.

SIR,

I AM one of them who value not a Courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those birdlim'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—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 Aug. 1629.

XIX.

XIX.

To the Countess of Sunderland, at York.

MADAM,

MY Lord continues still in a course of *Physick* at Dr. *Nappier's*; 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 mere *Quacksalver*, that was once Dr. *Lopez* his Man.

The little Knight that useth to draw up his Breeches with a shooin-horn, I mean Sir *Posthumus Hobby*, flew high at him this Parliament, and would have inserted his Name in the Scrawl of Recusants, that's shortly to be presented to the King; but I produc'd a Certificate from *Lindford* 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 charg'd *Biggin-Farm* with a Light-horse, but Sir *Will. Alford* and others join'd with me to get off.

Sir *Tho. Wentworth* and Mr. *Wansford* are grown great Courtiers lately, and come from *Westminster-Hall* to *White-Hall*: (Sir *Jo. Savill* their Countryman having shewn 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 into her, to try whether they may have better fortune than the *Danes*.

My Lady *Scroop* (my Lord's Mother) hath lain sick a
good

good while, and is very weak. So I rest—Madam, your
humble and dutiful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 5 Aug. 1629.

XX.

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 ἐπιστήμης ἀρχή, Dubitation is the beginning of all Knowledge; I confess this is true in the first Election and Co-optation of a Friend, to come to the true knowledge of him by *Queries* and *Doubts*; but when there's a perfect Contract made, confirm'd by experience, and a long tract of time, distrust then is mere poison to Friendship: Therefore if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your Friend, but—Your Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 20 Oct. 1629.

XXI.

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 *masculine* 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.

Westm., 25 Sept. 1629.

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

A Sonnet.

COULD I charm the Queen of Love,
To lend a quill of her white Dove;

Or

*Or one of Cupid's pointed Wings
Dipt in the fair Castalian springs ;
Then would I write the all-divine
Perfections of my Valentine.*

*As 'mongst all flow'rs the Rose excels,
As Amber 'mongst the fragrant'st smells,
As 'mongst all minerals the Gold,
As Marble 'mongst the finest mould,
As Diamonds 'mongst jewels bright,
As Cynthia 'mongst the lesser lights,
So 'mongst the Northern Beauties shine,
So far excels my Valentine.*

*In Rome and Naples I did view
Faces of Celestial hue ;
Venetian Dames I have seen many,
(I only saw them, touch'd not any)
Of Spanish Beauties, Dutch and French,
I have beheld the Quintessence :
Yet 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 comely,
The French are light, the Dutch are homely.
Let Tagus, Po, the Loire and Rhine
Then veil unto my Valentine.*

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

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. M.

NOBLE *Tom*, You desir'd me lately to compose some lines upon your Mistress's black Eyes, her becoming Frowns, and upon her Mask. Tho' 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 favours), and that she may take off her Mask to you the next time you go to court her, I send you the inclos'd Verses Sonnet-wise, which haply may please her better, in regard I hear she hath some Skill in Musick.

Upon black Eyes, and becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

BLACK Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie
My ill or happy destiny.

*If with clear looks you me behold,
You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold;
If you dart forth disdainful rays,
To your own dye you turn my 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,
Tho' ye do wear to make you bright
No other dress but that of night,
He glitters only in the day,
You in the dark your beams display.*

Black Eyes, in your two Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

The

*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 pow'rful Necromantick eyes,
Who in your circles strictly pries,
Will find that Cupid with his dart
In you doth practise the black art,
And by th' enchantment I'm 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, tho' in frowning wise,
Some kind of frowns become black eyes.
As pointed Diamonds being set,
Cast greater lustre out of jet :
Those Pieces we esteem'd most rare,
Which in night-shadows postur'd are :
Darkness in Churches congregates the sight,
Devotion strays 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 *Clorinda's* Mask.

*SO have I seen the Sun in his full pride,
O'ercast with sullen clouds, and lose his light ;
So have I seen the brightest Stars deny'd
To shew their lustre in some gloomy night ,
So Angels' pictures have I seen veil'd o'er,
That more devoutly men should them adore ;
So with a Mask saw I *Clorinda* hide
Her face more bright than was the 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 heart's desire, and if you have her, a happy *confarreation*, I rest in Verse and Prose—
Yours, J. H.

Westm., 29 of Mar. 1629.

XXIII.

*To the Rt. Hon. my Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland,
at Langar.*

MADAM,

I AM newly return'd from *Hunsdon*, from giving the rites of burial to my Lord's Mother; she made my Lord sole Executor of all. I have all her plate and household-stuff in my 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 among the Records of *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 favour upon him, when his health will serve him to come to Court: My Lord *Carleton* deliver'd it me, and told me he never remember'd that the King writ a more gracious Letter. I have lately bought in fee-farm *Wanless Park*, of the King's Commissioners, for my Lord; I got it for £600, doubling the old Rent, and the next day I was offer'd £500 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 *Rabbi-Castle*; there was £120 demanded, but I came off for 40s. My Lord *Wentworth* is made Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and carries a mighty stroke at Court; there have been some clashings 'twixt him
and

and my Lord of *Pembroke* lately with others at Court, and divers in the *North*: and some, as Sir *David Fowler* with others, have been crush'd.

He pleas'd to give me the disposing of the next Attorney's place in *York*, and *John Lister* being lately dead, I went to make use of the Favour, and was offer'd £300 for it; but some got 'twixt me and home, so that I was forc'd to go away contented with 100 Pieces Mr. *Ratcliff* deliver'd me in his Chamber at *Gray's-Inn*, and so to part with the legal Instrument I had, which I did rather than contest.

The Dutchess your Niece is well; I did what your Ladyship commanded me at *York-house*. So I rest, Madam—
Your Ladyship's ready and faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 1 July 1629.

XXIV.

To D. C., Esq., at his House in Essex.

MY D. D.,

I THANK you for your last Society in *London*, but I am sorry to have found *Jack T.* in that pickle, and that he had so far transgressed the *Fannian Law*, which allows a chirping Cup to *satiate*, not to *surfeit*, to *mirth*, not to *madness*; and upon some extraordinary occasion of rencounters, to give Nature a *fillip*, but not a *knock*, as *Jack* did. I am afraid he hath taken such a habit of it, that nothing but death will mend him; and I find that he is 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*. Howsoever commend me to him, and desire him to have a care of the main chance. So I rest—
Yours, J. H.

York, 5 July 1629.

XXV.

XXV.

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 myself at *Gioco d'amore*, which the *Italian* saith is a Play to cozen the *Devil*. If your pulse beat accordingly, I will wait upon you on the River towards the evening, for a *floundring* fit to get some fish for our supper: So I rest—Your true Servitor,

J. H.

3 July 1629.

XXVI.

To Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FATHER Ben, you desir'd me lately to procure you Dr. Davies's *Welsh Grammar*, to add to those many you have; I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a time that it may serve for a New-year's-gift, in which quality I send it you: And because 'twas not you, but your Muse, that desir'd it of me, for your Letter runs on feet, I thought it a good correspondence with you to accompany it with what follows.

Upon Dr. Davies's *British Grammar*.

'T WAS a tough task, believe it, thus to tame
 A wild and wealthy Language, and to frame
 Grammatic toils to curb her, so that she
 Now speaks by Rules, and sings by Prosody:
 Such is the strength of Art rough things to shape,
 And of rude Commons rich Inclosures make.
 Doubtless much oil and labour went to couch
 Into methodic Rules the rugged Dutch;
 The Rabbits pass my reach, but judge I can
 Something of Clenard and Quintilian.

Italian

Italian, *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 itself so blossoming with arts.
I have been shown for Irish and Bascuence
Imperfect Rules couch'd in an Accidence :
But I find none of these can take the start
Of Davies, or that prove more Men of Art,
Who in exacter method and short way,
The Idioms of a Language do display.
This is the Tongue which Bards sung in of old,
And Druids their dark Knowledge did unfold ;
Merlin in this his Prophecies did vent
Which thro' the world of fame bear such extent :
 Arthur. *This spoke that Son of Mars, and Briton bold,*
Who first 'mongst Christian Worthies is enroll'd,
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.

—Your Son and Servitor,
 Cal. Apr. 1629.

J. H.

XXVII.

To the Right Hon. 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 Viceroy of *Sardinia*, to see whether any good can be done, and to learn whether the Conde or his Son be solvent: He is to land at *Lisbon*; one of the King's Ships attends him, and some Merchant-men take the advantage of this Convoy.

Th.

The News that keeps greatest noise now is, that the Emperor hath made a favourable Peace with the *Dane*; for *Tilly* had cross'd the *Elve*, and enter'd deep into *Holsteinland*, and in all probability might have carry'd all before him: yet that King had honourable Terms given him, and a Peace is concluded, tho' without the privity of *England*. But I believe the King of *Denmark* far'd the better, because he is Grandchild to *Charles* the Emperor's Sister. Now it seems another Spirit is like to fall upon the Emperor; for they write that *Gustavus* King of *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 I hear that he speaks anything yet of the Prince *Palsgrave's* business.

Don Carlos Coloma 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 honourable Peace: for, as the *Spaniard* says, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que ne fuesse mejor, que la mejor guerra.*—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servant,

J. H.

London, 20 May 1629.

XXVIII.

To my Cousin, I. P., at Mr. Conradus.

COUSIN,

A LETTER of yours was lately delivered me; I made a shift to read the superscription, but within I wonder'd what Language it might be in which it was written; at first I thought 'twas *Hebrew*, or some other Dialect, and so went from the liver to the heart, from the right hand to the left to read it, but could make nothing of it: then I thought it might be the *Chinese* Language, and went to read the words perpendicular; and the lines were so crooked and distorted, that no coherence could be made. *Greek* I perceived it was not, nor *Latin* or *English*; so I gave it for mere

mere *Gibberish*, 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 the 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 wideness had been excusable, if your lines had been straight, but they were full of odd kind of Undulations and Windings. If you can write no otherwise, one may read your thoughts as soon as your characters. It is some excuse for you that you are but a young beginner: I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are, otherwise some blame may light on me that placed you there. Let me receive no more *Gibberish* or *Hieroglyphicks* from you, but legible Letters, that I may acquaint your Friends accordingly of your good proceedings. So I rest—Your very loving Cousin, J. H.

Westm., 20 Sept. 1629.

XXIX.

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord President of York.

MY LORD,

MY last was of the first current, since which I receiv'd 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 Louïs Treiziesme,
Roy de France & de Navarre,
Tres-Auguste, tres-Victorieux, tres-Heureux,
Conquerant, tres-juste :*

Lequel

*Lequel après avoir vaincu toutes les Nations
de l'Europe,
Il a encore triomphè 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 & protéger ses Alliez.*

To the eternal Memory of *Lewis XIII.* King of *France* and *Navarre*, most gracious, most victorious, most happy, most just, a Conqueror; who having o'ercome all Nations of *Europe*, he hath also triumph'd over the Elements of Heaven and Earth, having twice pass'd o'er these Hills in the month of *March* with his victorious Army, to restore the Princes of *Italy* to their Estates, and to defend and protect his Allies. So I take my leave for the present, and rest—
Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 5 Aug. 1629.

XXX.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

SIR,

GIVE me leave to congratulate your happy return from the *Levant*, and the great honour you have acquir'd by your gallant 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 Galleasses of *St. Mark* were beaten afore. I give you the joy also, that you have born up against the *Venetian* Ambassador here, and vindicated yourself of those foul scandals he had cast upon you in your Absence. Whereas you desire me to join with my Lord *Cottingham* 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

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 suffer'd 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—Your thrice assured Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 25 *Nov.* 1629.

XXXI.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Wicht, Ambassador at Constantinople.

SIR,

MASTER *Simon Digby* deliver'd me one from your Lordship of the first of *June*; and I was extremely glad to have it, for I had receiv'd nothing from your Lordship a twelvemonth before. Mr. Controuler Sir *Tho. Edmonds* is lately return'd from *France*, having renew'd the Peace which was made up to his hands before by the *Venetian* Ambassadors, who had much labour'd in it, and had concluded all things beyond the *Alps*, when the K. of *France* was at *Susa* to relieve *Casal*. The *Monsieur* that was to fetch him from *St. Dennis* to *Paris* put a kind of jeering Compliment upon him, *viz.*, that his Excellency should not think it strange that he had so few *French* Gentlemen to attend in this Service to accompany him to the Court, *in regard there were so many kill'd at the Isle of Rhee*. The Marquis of *Chateauneuf* is here from *France*: And it was an odd Speech also from him, reflecting upon Mr. Controuler, *that the King of Great Britain used to send for his Ambassadors from abroad to pluck Capons at home*.

Mr. *Burlemach* is to go shortly to *Paris*, to recover the other moiety of Her Majesty's Portion; whereof they say my Lord of *Holland* is to have a good share. The Lord Treasurer *Weston* is he who hath the greatest vogue now at Court, but many great ones have clash'd with him: He

is

is so potent, that I hear his eldest Son is to marry one of the Blood-royal of *Scotland*, the Duke of *Lenox's* Sister, and that with His Majesty's consent.

Bishop *Laud* of *London* is also powerful in his way, for he sits at the Helm of the Church, and doth more than any of the two Arch-Bishops, or all the rest of his two and twenty Brethren besides.

In your next I should be glad your Lordship would do me the favour, as to write how the Grand Signior is like to speed before *Bagdat*, in this his *Persian* expedition. No more now, but that I always rest—Your Lordship's ready and most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 *Jan.* 1629.

XXXII.

To my Father.

SIR,

SIR *Tho. Wentworth* hath been a good while Lord President of *York*, and since is sworn Privy Counsellor, and made Baron and Viscount; the Duke of *Buckingham* himself flew not so high in so short a revolution of time: He was made Viscount with a great deal of high ceremony upon a Sunday in the 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 £300. I have no reason to leave my Lord of *Sunderland*, for I hope he will be noble unto me. The perquisites of my place, taking the King's fee away, came far short of what he 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

small Worm at *Wickham*: But I fear there's an imposthume growing in him, for he told me a passage, how many years ago my Lord *Willoughby*, and he, with so many of their servants' (*de gayete de cœur*), play'd a match at football against such a number of Countrymen, where my Lord of *Sunderland* being busy about the ball, got a bruise in the breast; which put him in a swoon for the present, but did not trouble him till three Months after, when being at *Bever-Castle* (his brother-in-law's house) a qualm took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his Bed-chamber. My Lord of *Rutland* following him, put a Pipe full of Tobacco in his mouth; he being not accustom'd to Tobacco, taking the smoak downwards, fell a casting and vomiting up divers little imposthumated 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. *Hawes* of *Cheapside* is lately dead, I have remov'd my brother *Griffith* to the Hen and Chickens in *Paternoster-Row* to Mr. *Taylor's*, as genteel a shop as any in the City; but I gave a piece of plate of twenty nobles price to his Wife. I wish the *Yorkshire* horse may be fit for your turn; he was accounted the best saddle Gelding about *York*, when I bought him of Capt. *Phillips* the Muster-master: And when he carry'd me first to *London*, there was twenty pounds offer'd for him by my Lady *Carlile*. No more now, but desiring a continuance of your blessing and prayers, I rest—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

Lond., 3 Dec. 1630.

XXXIII.

To the Lord Cottington, Ambassador Extraordinary for His Majesty of Great Britain in the Court of Spain.

MY LORD,

I RECEIV'D your Lordship's lately by *Harry Davies* the *Correo Santo*, and I return my humble thanks, that

that you were pleas'd to be mindful (among so many high negotiations) of the old business touching the Vice-roy of *Sardinia*. 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 Capitulations are so honourable (the high effects of your wisdom).

For news, the *Sweds* do notable feats in *Germany*; and we hope they cutting the Emperor and *Bavarian* so much work to do, and the good offices we are to expect from *Spain* upon this redintegration of peace, will be an Advantage to the Prince Palatine, and facilitate matters for restoring him to his Country.

There is little news at our Court, but that there fell an ill-favour'd quarrel 'twixt Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and Mr. *Goring*, Mr. *Jermin*, and others at *St. James's*, lately, about Mrs. *Baker* the Maid of Honour; and Duels were like to grow of it, but that the business was taken up by the Lord Treasurer, my Lord of *Dorset*, and others appointed by the King. My Lord *Sunderland* is still ill dispos'd; 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 honourable return, as doth—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 *Mar.* 1630.

XXXIV.

To my Lord Viscount Rocksavage.

MY LORD,

SOME say, *The Italian loves no favour, but what's future*; tho' I have convers'd much with that Nation, yet I am nothing infected with their humour in this point: For I love favours *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

most noble favours and respects which I shall daily study to improve and merit. My Lord—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 22 Mar. 1630.

XXXV.

To the Earl of Bristol.

MY LORD,

I DOUBT not but your Lordship hath had intelligence from time to time what firm invasions the King of *Sweds* hath made into *Germany*, and by what degrees he hath mounted to this height, having but 6000 foot, and 500 horse, when he enter'd first to *Meclenburg*, and taking that Town while Commissioners stood treating on both sides in his Tent; how thereby his Army much increas'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'er the D. of *Saxony* a few days before, receiv'd an utter discomfiture; upon which Victory the King sent Sir *Tho. Roe* a present of £2000, 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 died; 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 Emperor, there being above twelve Ambassadors with him. The K. 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

Majesty wonder'd he would cross the *Rhine* without his privity, and wonder'd 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 reply'd, in case of breach of Articles, his Master had 80,000 men to pierce *Germany* when he pleas'd. The King answer'd, that he had but 20,000, and those should be sooner at the Walls of *Paris*, than his 80,000 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 thro' *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.

Westm., 23 *Apr.* 1630.

XXXVI.

To my noble Lady, the Lady Cor.

MADAM,

YOU spoke to me for a Cook who had seen the world Abroad, and I think the Bearer hereof will fit your Ladyship's turn. He can marinate fish, make gellies; he is excellent for a *piquant* sauce, and the *Haugou*; besides, Madam, he is passing good for an *Ollia*: He will tell your
Ladyship

Ladyship, that the reverend Matron the *Olla podrida* hath intellectuals and senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon, are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory, are to the Soul: Cabbage, 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 adorn'd 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 Ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful, you may return him whence you had him. So I rest, Madam—Your Ladyship's humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 2 Jun. 1630.

XXXVII.

To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

YOU write to me, that T. B. intends to give Money for such a place; if he doth, I fear it will be verify'd in him, that *A Fool and his money is soon parted*; for I know he will be never able to execute it. I heard of a late Secretary of State, that could not read the next morning his own hand-writing; and I have read of *Caligula's Horse*, that was made 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 thro' 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 feasible business for him; and so commend me to him, for I am his and—Your true Friend,

J. H.

Westm., 5 Jun. 1630.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

To my Father.

SIR,

THERE are two Ambassadors Extraordinary to go Abroad shortly, the Earl of *Leicester* and the Lord *Weston*; this latter goes to *France*, *Savoy*, *Venice*, and so returns by *Florence*, a pleasant Journey, for he carrieth Presents with him from King and Queen: The Earl of *Leicester* is to go to the King of *Denmark*, and other Princes of *Germany*; the main of the Embassy is to condole the late death of the Lady *Sophia*, Queen Dowager of *Denmark*, our King's Grandmother: She was the Duke of *Meclenburgh's* Daughter, and her Husband *Christian III.* dying young, her Portion, which was £40,000, was restor'd her: and living a Widow forty-four Years after, she grew to be so great a huswife, setting three or four hundred People at work, that she died worth near two millions of Dollars, so that she was reputed the richest Queen of *Christendom*. By the Constitutions of *Denmark* this Estate is divisible among her Children, whereof she had five, the K. of *Denmark*, the Dutchess of *Saxony*, the Dutchess of *Brunswick*, Q. *Anne*, and the Dutchess of *Holstein*; the King being male, is to have two shares; our King and the Lady *Elizabeth* are to have that which should have belong'd to Q. *Anne*. So he is to return by the *Hague*. It pleased my Lord of *Leicester* to send for me to *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—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Lond., 5 May 1632.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

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 solicit my Lord that he may do you all the favour that may stand with his honour; so I shall expect your instructions accordingly, and rest—Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

Westm., 1 June 1632.

XL.

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

SIR,

I AM inform'd of some complaints that your *Company* hath against the K. of *Denmark's* Officers in the *Sound*. The E. of *Leicester* is nominated by His Majesty to go Ambassador Extraordinary to that King and other Princes of *Germany*: If this Embassy may be advantageous to you, you may send me your directions, and I will attend my Lord accordingly, to do you any favour that may stand with his honour, and conduce to your benefit, and redress of grievances. So I take my leave, and rest—Yours ready to do you Service, J. H.

Westm., 1 of June 1632.

XLI.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of *Leicester*, at *Pettworth*.

MY LORD,

SIR *John Pennington* is appointed to carry your Lordship and your Company to *Germany*, and he intends to

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take

take you up at *Margets*. I have been with Mr. *Bourlamach*, and receiv'd a Bill of Exchange from him for 10,000 *Dollars* payable in *Hamburgh*. I have also receiv'd £2000 of Sir *Paul Pindar* for your Lordship's use, and he did me the favour to pay it me all in old Gold. Your Allowance hath begun since the 25th of *July* last at £8 *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 *Luckstadt*, and stays there all this Summer; if it be so, 'twill save half the Voyage of going to *Copenhagen*, for in lieu of the *Sound*, we need go no further than the River of *Elve*. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 13 *Aug.* 1632.

XLII.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mohun.

MY LORD,

THO' any Command from your Lordship be welcome to me at all times, yet that which you lately enjoin'd me in yours of the 12th of *August*, that I should inform your Lordship of what I know touching the *Inquisition*, is now a little unseasonable, because I have much to do to prepare myself for this Employment to *Germany*; therefore I cannot satisfy you in that fulness as I could do otherwise. The very Name of the *Inquisition* is terrible all *Christendom* over, and the King of *Spain* himself, with the chiefest of his *Grandees*, tremble at it. It was founded first by the Catholic King *Ferdinand* (our *Henry VIII.*'s Father-in-law), for he having got *Granada*, and subdued all the *Moors*, who had firm footing in that Kingdom about seven hundred years, yet he suffer'd 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

verted turn'd *Apostates*) obtain'd power to make a research, which afterwards was call'd *Inquisition*, and it was ratify'd by Pope *Sixtus*, that if they would not conform themselves by fair means, they should be forc'd 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 Ecclesiasticks. So a Council was establish'd, and Officers appointed accordingly: Whosoever was found pendulous and brangling in his Religion, was brought by a Sergeant, call'd *Familiar*, before the said Council of *Inquisition*; his *Accuser* or *Delator* stands behind a piece of Tapestry, to see whether he be the Party, and if he be, then they put divers subtile and entrapping Interrogatories to him; and whether he confess anything or no, he is sent to prison. When the said *Familiar* goes to any House, tho' it be in the dead of the night (and that's the time commonly they use to come, or in the dawn of the day), all doors, and trunks, and chests fly open to him; and the first 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 everything, which is sequestred and depositated in the hands of some of his next neighbours. The Party being hurry'd away in a close Coach, and clapt in prison, he is there eight days before he makes his Appearance, and then they present to him the Cross, and the *Missal-Book* to swear upon; if he refuseth to swear, he convicteth himself, and tho' he swear, yet he is remanded to prison: This Oath commonly is presented before any Accusation be produc'd; his Gaoler is strictly commanded to pry into his actions, his deportment, words and countenance, and to set spies upon him; and whosoever of his fellow-prisoners, or others, can produce anything against him, he hath a reward for it. At last, after divers appearances, examinations, and scrutinies, the information against him is read, but the witnesses' names are conceal'd; then he is appointed a Proctor and an Advocate,

cate, but he must not confer or advise with them privately, but in the face of the Court: The King's Attorney is a party in't, and the Accusers commonly the sole Witnesses. Being to name his own Lawyers, oftentimes others are discover'd, and fall into troubles; while he is thus in prison, he is so abhorr'd, and abandon'd of all the world, that none will, at least none dare visit him. Tho' one clear himself, yet he cannot be freed till an *Act of Faith* pass; which is done seldom, but very solemnly. There are few who have fallen into the gripes of the *Inquisition*, do scape the Rack, or the *San-benito*, which is a strait yellow Coat without Sleeves, having the pourtrait of the Devil painted up and down in black; and upon their heads they carry a Mitre 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 thro', and a huge Link burning in his hand. When the Ecclesiastic Inquisitors have pronounc'd the Anathema against him, they transmit him to the secular Judges to receive the sentence of death, for Churchmen must not have their hands imbru'd in blood: The King can mitigate any punishment under death, nor is a Nobleman 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: I am—Your Lordship's most ready and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 30 Aug. 1632.



SECTION VI.

I.

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

WE are safely come to *Germany*. Sir *John Penington* took us aboard in one of His Majesty's Ships at *Margets*; and the Wind stood so fair that we were at the Mouth of the *Elve* upon *Monday* following. It pleased my Lord I should land first with two Footmen, to make haste to *Glukstad*, to learn where the K. of *Denmark* was; and he was at *Rensburgh*, some two days' journey off, at a *Richsadgh*, an Assembly that corresponds to our Parliament. My Lord the next day landed at *Glukstad*, where I had provided an Accommodation for him, tho' he intended to have gone for *Hamburgh*; but I was bold to tell him, that in regard there were some umbrages, and not only so, but open and actual differences 'twixt the King and that Town, it might be ill taken if he went thither first, before he had attended the King. So I left my Lord at *Glukstad*, and being come hither to take up 8000 rix dollars upon Mr. *Burlamach's* Bills, and fetch'd Mr. *Avery* our Agent here, I return to-morrow to attend my Lord again. I find that matters are much off the hinges 'twixt the King of *Denmark* and this Town.

The King of *Sweden* is advancing apace to find out *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

might negotiate some things at Court. So, with my service and love to all at *Westminster*, I rest—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 23 Oct. 1632.

II.

To my Lord Viscount S., from Hamburgh.

SINCE I was last in Town, my Lord of *Leicester* hath attended the K. of *Denmark* at *Rensburgh* in *Holsteinland*; he was brought thither from *Glukstad*, in different good equipage, both for Coaches and Waggons, but he stay'd some days at *Rensburgh* 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, *alta voce*, to the King in Latin, of the occasion of this Embassy, and tending to the praise of the deceased Queen: And I had better luck than Secretary *Naunton* had some thirty years since, with *Roger Earl of Rutland*: For at the beginning of his Speech, when he had 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 V.*, his eldest Son, King elect of *Denmark*; for tho' that Crown be purely elective, yet for these three last Kings, they wrought so with the people, that they got their eldest Sons chosen, and declar'd before their death, and to assume the Title of Kings elect. At the same Audience, I made another Speech to Pr. *Frederick*, Archbishop of *Breme*, the King's third Son: and he hath but one more (besides his natural issue), which is Prince *Ulric*, now in the Wars with the Duke of *Sax*; and they say there is an Alliance contracted already 'twixt *Christian V.* and the Duke of *Sax* 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 forestall, or impart to your Lordship now:

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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 remember'd the Prince *Palsgrave's* health, or his Niece's, all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of *Leicester* bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King's Guard to take him by the Arms, as he was going down the stairs, my Lord shook them off, and went alone.

The next morning I went to Court for some dispatches, but the King was gone a hunting at break of day; but going 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 *Holstein's* Court, where, at my Lord's first Audience, I made another *Latin* Speech to the Duke, touching his Grandmother's death: Our entertainment there was brave, tho' a little fulsome. My Lord was lodg'd in the Duke's Castle, and parted with Presents, which is more than the K. of *Denmark* did. Thence we went to *Husem* in *Ditzmarsh*, to the Dutchess of *Holstein's* Court (our Q. *Anne's* youngest Sister), where we had also very full entertainment. I made a Speech to her also, about her Mother's death, and when I nam'd the Lady *Sophia* the tears came down her cheeks. Thence we came back to *Rensburgh*, and so to this Town of *Hamburgh*, where my Lord intends to repose some days after an abrupt odd journey we had thro' *Holsteinland*; but I believe it will not be long, in regard Sir *John Pennington* stays for him upon the River. We expect Sir *Robert Anstruther* to come from *Vienna* hither, to take the Advantage of the King's Ship.

We understand that the Imperial and *Swedish* Armies
have

have made near Approaches one to the other, and that some skirmishes and blows have been already 'twixt them, which are the forerunners of a battle. So, my good Lord, I rest
—Your most humble and faithful Servitor, J. H.

Hamburgh, 9 Oct. 1632.

III.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl R., from Hamburgh.

MY LORD,

THO' your Lordship must needs think, that in the employment I am in (which requires a whole man) my spirits must be distracted by multiplicity of businesses; yet because I would not recede from my old method, and first principles of travel, when I came to any great City, to couch in writing what's most observable, I sequester'd myself from other Affairs, to send your Lordship what followeth touching this great *Hans-Town*.

The *Hans*, or *Hansiatick 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 *Gothick* Tongue is Counsel: Others would have it come from *Han der 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 the *Nerve* in *Livonia* to the *Rhine*, and contain'd sixty-two great mercantile 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, *Brunswic* of the third, and *Dantzic* of the fourth. The Kings of *Poland* and *Sweden* have sued to be their Protector, but they refus'd them because they were not Princes of the Empire; they put off also the K. of *Denmark* with a Compliment, nor would they admit the K. of *Spain* when he

was

was most potent in the *Netherlands*, though afterwards, when 'twas too late, they desir'd the help of the *Ragged-Staff*; nor of the Duke of *Anjou*, notwithstanding that the World thought he should have marry'd 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 III.* 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 miscarry'd: Now it happen'd that at their return to *Germany*, from serving *Henry III.*, there was a great Fleet of them cast away; for which, according to Covenant, they demanded reparation. Our King in lieu of Money, among other Acts of Grace, gave them a Privilege to pay but 1 *per Cent.*, which continued till Queen *Mary's* Reign; and she by the Advice of King *Philip* her Husband, as 'twas conceiv'd, enhanc'd the one to 20 *per Cent.* The *Hans* not only complain'd, but clamour'd loudly for breach of their ancient Privileges, confirm'd to them time out of mind by thirteen successive Kings of *England*, which they pretended to have purchased with their Money. *K. Philip* undertook to accommodate the business; but *Q. Mary* dying a little after, and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to *Q. Elizabeth*, she answer'd, *That as she would not innovate anything, so she would maintain them still in the same condition she found them*: Hereupon their Navigation and Traffic ceased a while. Wherefore the *English* try'd what they could do themselves, and they throve so well that they took the whole Trade into their own hands, and so divided themselves (tho' they be now but one) to *Staplers*, and *Merchant-Adventurers*, the one residing constant in one place, where they kept

kept their Magazine of Wool, the other stirring, and adventuring to divers places abroad with Cloth and other Manufactures; which made the *Hans* endeavour to draw upon them all the 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 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 treated and used as all other Strangers were within her Dominions, without any mark of difference, in point of Commerce. This nettled them more; thereupon they bent their forces more eagerly, and in a Diet at *Ratisbon* they procur'd, that the *English* Merchants who had associated themselves into *Fraternities* in *Embden* and other places, should be declar'd *Monopolists*; and so there was a *Comitial-Edict* publish'd against them, that they should be exterminated, and banish'd 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 pronounc'd to be a *Monopoly*: Yet *Gilpin* play'd his game so well, that he wrought underhand, that the said *Imperial-Ban* should not be publish'd 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* harbour'd 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 allow'd to trade in *England*

land 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 precinct 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 88: For they had not long before had recourse to the K. of *Spain*, and made him their own, and he had done them some material good offices: Wherefore to this day the *Spanish* Council is taxed of improvidence and 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, Victuals, Arms, Timber, Masts, Cables, Minerals, nor any other Materials or Men, to *Spain* or *Portugal*. And after the Queen growing more redoubtable and famous by the overthrow of the Fleet of *Eighty-eight*, the *Easterlings* fell to despair of doing any good. Add hereunto, another disaster that befell 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 discharg'd, she had intelligence of a great Assembly at *Lubeck*, which had met of purpose to consult of means to be reveng'd of her; thereupon she stay'd and seiz'd 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 answer'd in a higher.

Ever since our Merchants have beaten a peaceful and free uninterrupted Trade into this Town and elsewhere, within
and

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 Premises being well consider'd, it was a happy thing for *England*, that that clashing fell out 'twixt her and the *Hans*; for it may be said to have been the chief ground of that Shipping and Merchandizing which she is now come to, and wherewith she hath flourish'd ever since. But one thing is observable, that as that *Imperial* or *Comitial Ban*, pronounc'd in the *Diet* at *Ratisbon* against our Merchants and Manufactures of Wool, incited them more to Industry; so our Proclamation upon Alderman *Cockein's* Project of transporting no white Cloths but dy'd, and in their full Manufacture, did cause both *Dutch* and *German* to turn *necessity* to a *virtue*, and made them far more ingenious to find ways not only to dye, but to make Cloth, which hath much impair'd our Markets ever since; for there hath not been the third part of our Cloth sold since, either here or in *Holland*.

My Lord, I pray be pleased to dispense with the prolixity of this Discourse, for I could not wind it up closer, nor on a lesser bottom: I shall be careful to bring with me those *Furrs* I had instructions for. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 20 Oct. 1632.

IV.

To Capt. 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 *Leicester*, I could not but send you this friendly Salute. We are like to make a speedier return than we expected from this Embassy; for we found the K. of *Denmark* in *Holstein*, which shorten'd our Voyage from going to the *Sound*: The King was in an advantageous posture to give Audience, for there was a *Parliament* then at *Rhensburgh*, where all the *Younkers*

Younkers met. Among other things, I put myself to mark the carriage of the *Holstein* Gentlemen, as they were going in and out at the Parliament-House; and observing well their Physiognomies, their Complexions and Gate, I thought verily I was in *England*, for they resemble the *English* more than either *Welsh* or *Scot* (tho' cohabiting upon the same Island) or any other People that ever I saw yet: Which makes me verily believe, that the *English* Nation came first from this lower Circuit of *Saxony*; and there's one thing that strengthneth me in this belief, that there is an ancient Town hard by call'd *Lunden*, and an Island call'd *Angles*; whence it may well be that our Country came from *Britannia* to be *Anglia*.

This Town of *Hamburgh* from a Society of *Brewers* is come to a huge wealthy place, and her new Town is almost as big as the old; there is a shrewd jar 'twixt her and her *Protector*, the King of *Denmark*.

My Lord of *Leicester* hath done some good offices to accommodate matters: She *chomps* extremely, that there should be such a *Bit* put lately in her mouth, as the Fort of *Luckstadi*, which commands her River of *Elve*, and makes her pay what toll he pleases.

The King begins to fill his Chests apace, which were so emptied in his late Marches to *Germany*: He hath set a new Toll upon all Ships that pass to this Town; and in the *Sound* also there be some extraordinary duties imposed, whereat all Nations begin to murmur, 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 thro'; inso-much that the *Hollander*, tho' he be a *Low-Countryman*, begins to speak *High-Dutch* in this point, a rough Language you know: Which made the *Italian* tell a *German* Gentleman once, that *when God Almighty thrust Adam out of Paradise, he spake Dutch*; but the *German* retorted wittily, *Then, Sir, if God spake Dutch when Adam was ejected, Eve spake Italian when Adam was seduced.*

I could be larger, but for a sudden Avocation to Business; so I most affectionately send my kind respects to you, desiring when I am render'd to *London*, I may hear from you: So I am—Your faithful Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 22 Oct. 1632.

V.

To the Rt. Hon. 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 K. of *Denmark's* Court, which was then at *Rhensbergh*, a good way within *Holstein*, the first thing he did was to condole the late *Q. Dowager's* death (our King's Grandmother), which was done in such an 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 the further effusion of Christian blood in *Germany*, and for the facilitating a way to restore peace to all *Christendom*, His Majesty of *Denmark* would join with his Nephew of *Great Britain*, to send a solemn Embassy to the Emperor, and the K. of *Sweden* (the end of whose proceedings were doubtful), to mediate an Accommodation, and to appear for him who will be found most conformable to reason. To this, that King answered in writing (for that was the way of proceeding) that the *Emperor* 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

pass'd, and the times more proper, he would take it for an Honour to join with his Nephew, and contribute the best means he could to bring about so good a Work.

Then there was computation made, what was due to the King of *Great Britain*, and the Lady *Elizabeth*, out of their Grandmother's estate, which was valued at near upon two millions of *Dollars*; and your Lordship must think it was a hard task to liquidate such an account. This being done, my Lord desir'd that part which was due to His Majesty (our King) and the Lady his Sister, which appear'd to amount to eightscore thousand pounds sterling. That King answer'd, that he confess'd there was so much money due, but his Mother's estate was yet in the hands of Commissioners; and neither he nor any of his Sisters had receiv'd their portions yet; and that his Nephew of *England*, and his Niece of *Holland*, should receive theirs with the first; but he did intimate besides, that there were some considerable Accounts 'twixt him and the Crown of *England*, for ready moneys he had lent his brother K. *James*, and for the £30,000 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 Britain's* Subjects were not well us'd by his Officers in the *Sound*: For tho' there was but a transitory passage into the *Baltic-Sea*, and that they neither bought nor sold anything upon the place, yet they were forc'd to stay there many days to take up money at high interest, to pay divers Tolls for their Merchandise, before they expos'd them to vent: Therefore it was desir'd, that for the future, what *English* Merchant soever should pass thro' 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 public *Instrument* under that King's Hand and Seal, and sign'd by his Counsellors, whom he had brought over, wherein the Proposition was granted; which no Ambassador could
obtain

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 *Luckstad*, 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 Grandmother's Estate, because His Majesty knew well what Crosses and Afflictions she had pass'd, and what a numerous Issue she had to maintain; and my Lord of *Leicester* would engage his Honour, and all the Estate he hath in the World, that this should no way prejudice the Accounts he is to make with His Majesty of *Great Britain*. The K. of *Denmark* highly extoll'd the Nobleness of this motion; but he protested, that he had been 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 *Sleswick*, where he found him at his Castle of *Gothorp*; and truly I did not think to have found such a magnificent Building in these bleak parts. There also my Lord did condole the death of the late Queen, that Duke's Grandmother, and he receiv'd very princely entertainment.

Then he went to *Husem*, where the like ceremony of Condolement was perform'd at the Dutchess of *Holstein's* Court, His Majesty's (our King's) Aunt.

Then he came to *Hamburgh*; where that Instrument which my Lord had procur'd, for remitting of the new Toll at *Gluckstadt*, 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 carry'd his foot in a Scarf for a wound he had receiv'd at *Buckstoho*, and he kept that place for the King of *Sweden*: And some business of consequence was done there also.

So

So we came to *Broomsbottle*, where we stay'd for a Wind some days : And in the midway of our voyage we met with a *Holland Ship*, who told us, the K. 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 Lordship's pardon for this lame Account, I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Oct. 1632.

VI.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell, 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 K. of *Sweden*. One *Jerbire*, who says that he was in the very Action, brought the first news to this Town, and every corner rings of it ; yet such is the extravagancy of some, that they will lay 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 *Soldier* : By the two first, he meant *Walstein* and the Duke of *Bavaria* ; by the last, *Papenheim*.

Questionless this *Gustavus* (whose Anagram is *Augustus*) was a great Captain, and a gallant man; and had he surviv'd that last victory, he would have put the Emperor to such a plunge, that some think he would hardly have been able to have made head against him to any purpose again. Yet his own Allies confess, that none knew the bottom of his designs.

He was not much affected to the *English*; witness the ill usage Marquis *Hamilton* had with his 6000 men, whereof there return'd not 600; the rest died 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* to. So, with my most affectionate respects to Mr. *Mouschamp*, and kind commends to Mr. *Bridger*, I rest—Your loving Brother, J. H.

Westm., Dec. 1632.

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 Lordship's Letter contracted my spirits, and plung'd them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to write me news of my dear Father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: But when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his Age, and that it was rather a gentle *dissolution* than a *death*; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief: For if ever human soul enter'd Heaven, surely he is there; such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his Children, his charity

charity to his Neighbours, and his candor in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of Flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you; when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me, for I am—Your Lordship's most true and humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 of May 1632.

VIII.

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst.

MY LORD,

I HAVE deliver'd Mr. Secretary *Coke* an Account of the whole *Legation*, as your Lordship order'd 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 *Clethero*, will attend your Lordship at your return to Court, to acknowledge your favour to them. I have deliver'd him a Copy of the transactions of things that concern'd their Company at *Rhensberg*.

The news we heard at Sea of the K. of *Sweden's* death is confirm'd more and more; and by the computation I have been a little curious to make, I find that he was kill'd the same day your Lordship set out of *Hamburgh*. But there is other news come since of the death of the Prince *Palatine*, who, as they write, being return'd from visiting the Duke *De deux Ponts* to *Mentz*, was struck there with the Contagion; yet by special ways of cure, the malignity was expell'd, and great hopes of recovery, when the news came of the death of the K. of *Sweden*, which made such impressions upon him, that he died few days after, having overcome all difficulties, concluding with
the

the *Swedes*, and the Governor of *Frankindall*, and being ready to enter into a re-possession of this Country: A sad destiny!

The *Swedes* bear up still, being fomented and supported by the *French*, who will not suffer them to leave *Germany* yet. A Gentleman that came lately from *Italy* told me that there is no great joy in *Rome* for the death of the K. of *Sweden*. The *Spaniards* up and down will not stick to call this *Pope Lutherano*, and that he had intelligence with the *Swedes*. 'Tis true that he hath not been so forward to assist the Emperor in this quarrel, and that in open Consistory, when there was such a *Contrasto* 'twixt the Cardinals for a supply from *St. Peter*, he declar'd that he was well satisfy'd that this War in *Germany* was no War of Religion: Which made him dismiss the Imperial Ambassadors with this short Answer, that the Emperor had drawn these mischiefs upon himself; for at that time when he saw the *Swedes* upon the Frontiers of *Germany*, if he had employ'd those Men and Moneys which he consum'd to trouble the Peace of *Italy* in making War against the Duke of *Mantua*, against them he had not had now so potent an Enemy. So I take my leave for this time, being—Your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 June 1632.

IX.

To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

I THANK you a thousand times for the noble Entertainment you gave me at *Bury*, and the pains you took in shewing me the Antiquities of that Place. In requital, I can tell you of a strange thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true: As I pass'd by *St. Dunstan's* in *Fleet-street* the last *Saturday*, I stepp'd into a Lapidary or Stone-cutter's shop, to treat with the Master for a Stone to be put upon my Father's Tomb; and casting my eyes up and down, I spied

spied a huge Marble with a large Inscription upon't, which was thus, to my best remembrance :

Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young Man, in whose Chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a Bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished.

Here lies also Mary Oxenham, the Sister of the said John, who died the next day, and the same apparition was seen in the Room.

Then another Sister is spoke of.

Then, *Here lies 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 happen'd.

Were you here, I could raise a choice Discourse with you hereupon. So, hoping to see you the next Term, to requite some of your favours, I rest—Your true Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Westm., 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*; tho' I (which you think I am loth to believe) be faulty in the first, I shall never offend in the second, while

J. HOWEL.

Westm., 24 Oct. 1632.

XI.

XI.

To Sir Arthur Ingram at York.

SIR,

OUR greatest news here now is, that we have a new Attorney-General, which is news indeed, considering the humour of the Man, how he hath been always ready to entertain any Cause whereby he might clash with the *Prerogative*; but now, as Judge *Richardson* told him, his head is full of *Proclamations* and *Devices*, how to bring Money into the *Exchequer*. He hath lately found out among the old Records of the *Tower* some Precedents for raising a Tax call'd *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-Council, who have their choice Instruments abroad for Intelligence; yet one with half an eye may see we cannot be secure while such huge Fleets of Men of War, both *Spanish*, *French*, *Dutch*, and *Dunkirkers*, some of them laden with Ammunition, Men, Arms, and Armies, do daily sail on our Seas, and confront the King's *Chambers*; while we have only three or four Ships abroad to guard our Coasts and Kingdom, and preserve the fairest Flower of the Crown, the Dominion of the Narrow Seas which I hear the *French* Cardinal begins to question, and the *Hollander* lately would not veil to one of His Majesty's Ships that brought over the Duke of *Lenox*, and my Lord *Weston*, from *Bullen*; and indeed we are jeer'd abroad, that we send no more Ships to guard our Seas.

Touching my Lord Ambassador *Weston*, he had a brave journey of it, tho' it cost dear: For 'tis thought 'twill stand His Majesty in £25,000, which makes some Criticks of the times to censure the Lord Treasurer, that now the King wanting money so much, he should send his Son abroad to spend him such a sum, only for delivering of Presents and Compliments: But I believe they are deceiv'd, for there were matters of State also in the Embassy.

The

The Lord *Weston* passing by *Paris*, intercepted and open'd a Packet of my Lord of *Holland's*, wherein there were some Letters of Her Majesty's; this my Lord of *Holland* takes in that scorn, that he defy'd him since his coming, and demanded the Combat of him, for which he is confin'd to his House at *Kensington*: So, with my humble Service to my noble Lady, I rest—Your most obliged Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 30 Jan. 1633.

XII.

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland
and Lord President of York.

MY LORD,

I WAS glad to apprehend the opportunity of this Packet, to convey my humble Service to your Lordship.

There are old doings in *France*, and 'tis no new thing for the *French* to be always a doing, they have such a stirring *Genius*. The Queen-Mother hath made an escape to *Brussels*, and Monsieur to *Lorain*, where, they say, he courts very earnestly the Duke's Sister, a young Lady under twenty; they say a Contract is pass'd already, but the *French* Cardinal 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.

Westm., 1 of April 1633.

XIII.

XIII.

To my most noble Lady, the Lady Cornwallis.

MADAM,

IN conformity to your commands, which sway with me as much as an Act of Parliament, I have sent your Ladyship this small Hymn for *Christmas-day*, now near approaching; if your Ladyship please to put an Air to it, I have my reward.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>Hail holy Tyde,</i>
<i>Wherein a Bride</i>
<i>A Virgin (which is more)</i>
<i>Brought forth a Son,</i>
<i>The like was done</i>
<i>Ne'er in the World before.</i> | <i>Nor the vast Mould</i>
<i>Of Heav'n can hold</i>
<i>'Cause he's Ubiquitair.</i> |
| 2. <i>Hail spotless Maid!</i>
<i>Who thee upbraid</i>
<i>To have been born in sin,</i>
<i>Do little weigh,</i>
<i>What in thee lay,</i>
<i>Before thou didst lie in.</i> | 4. <i>O would he deign</i>
<i>To rest and reign</i>
<i>I th' centre of my heart;</i>
<i>And make it still</i>
<i>His domicil,</i>
<i>And residence in part!</i> |
| 3. <i>Nine months thy Womb</i>
<i>Was made the Dome</i>
<i>Of Him, whom Earth nor Air,</i> | 5. <i>But in so foul a Cell</i>
<i>Can he abide to dwell?</i>
<i>Yes, when he please to move</i>
<i>His Harbinger to sweep the Room,</i>
<i>And with rich Odours it perfume,</i>
<i>Of faith, of hope, of love.</i> |

So I humbly kiss your hands, and thank your Ladyship, that you would command in anything that may conduce to your contentment—Your Ladyship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 Feb. 1633.

XIV.

To the Lord Clifford at Knaresborough.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVE'D your Lordship's 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

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: Tho' 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* follow'd our example next, then *Spain*, and afterwards *Portugal*: Nor were they exterminated these Countries for their Religion, but for Villainies and Cheatings, for clipping Coins, poisoning of Waters, and counterfeiting of Seals.

Those Countries they are permitted to live now most in among *Christians* are *Germany*, *Holland*, *Bohemia*, and *Italy*; but not in those parts where the King of *Spain* hath to do. In the *Levant* and *Turkey* they swarm most, for the Grand Vizier, and all other great Bashaws, have commonly some *Jew* for their Counsellor or Spy, who 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 subtlest and most subdolous People upon Earth; the reason why they are thus degenerated from their primitive simplicity and innocence, is their often Captivities, their desperate Fortunes, the necessity and hatred to which they have been habituated; for nothing depraves ingenuous Spirits, and corrupts clear Wits, more than want and indigence. By their Profession they are for the most part Brokers and *Lombardeers*; yet by that base and servile way of frippery Trade they grow rich wheresoever they nest themselves: And this, with their multiplication of Children, they hold to be an Argument that an extraordinary Providence attends them still. Methinks that so clear accomplishments of the Prophecies of our Saviour touching that People should work upon them for their conversion, as the Destruction of the City and Temple; that they should become despicable, and the tail of all Nations;

Nations; that they should be Vagabonds, and have no firm habitation.

Touching the first, they know it came punctually to pass, and so have the other two; for they are the most hateful race of men upon earth; insomuch that in *Turkey*, where they are most valued, if a *Musulman* come to any of their houses, and leave his shoes at the door, the *Jew* dares not come in all the while, till the *Turk* hath done what he would with his wife. For the last, 'tis wonderful to see in what considerable numbers they are 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 *Benjamin's* Tribe: Ten of the Tribes at the destruction of *Jeroboam's* Kingdom were led captives beyond *Euphrates*, whence they never return'd, nor do they know what became of them ever after, yet they believe they never became Apostates and Gentiles. But the Tribe of *Judah*, whence they expected their *Messias*, of whom one shall hear them discourse with so much confidence and self-pleasing conceit, they say is settled in *Portugal*; where they give out to have thousands of their race, whom they dispense withal to make a semblance of Christianity even to Church-degrees.

This makes them breed up their Children in the *Lusitanian* Language; which makes the *Spaniard* have an odd saying, that *El Portuguez se cria del pedo de un Judio*; *A Portuguese was engender'd of a Jew's* — : As the *Mahometans* have a passage in their *Alchoran*, that *a Cat was made of a Lion's breath*.

As they are the most contemptible people, and have a kind of fulsome scent, no better than a stink, that distinguisheth them from others, so they are the most timorous people on earth, and so utterly incapable of Arms, for they are made neither Soldiers nor Slaves: And this their Pusillanimity and Cowardice, as well as their Cunning and Craft,

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 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 reveal'd four times: First to *Adam*, who being thrust out of *Paradise*, and sitting one day very sad, and sorrowing for the loss of the knowledge he had of that dependance the Creatures have on their Creator, the Angel *Raguel* was sent to comfort him, and instruct him, and repair his knowledge herein: And this they call the *Cabal*, which was lost a second time by the Flood and *Babel*; then God discovered it to *Moses* in the Bush; the third time to *Solomon* in a Dream, whereby he came to know the beginning, mediety, and consummation of times, and so wrote divers Books, which were lost in the grand Captivity. The last time they hold that God restored the *Cabal* to *Esdras* (a Book they value extraordinarily), who by God's command withdrew to the Wilderness forty Days with five Scribes, who in that space wrote 204 Books: the first 134 were to be read by all, but the other 70 were to pass privately amongst the *Levites*; and these they pretend to be cabalistic, and not yet all lost.

There are at this Day three Sects of *Jews*; the *Africans* first, who besides the holy Scriptures embraced the *Talmud* also for authentick: The second receive only the Scriptures: The third, which are call'd the *Samaritans* (whereof there are but few), admit only of the *Pentateuch*, the five Books of *Moses*.

The

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 profane.

In their Synagogues they make one of the best sort to read a Chapter of *Moses*, then some mean Boy reads a piece of the Prophets; in the midst there's a round place arch'd over, wherein one of their Rabbies walks up and down, and in *Portuguese* magnifies the *Messias* to come, comforts their Captivity, and rails at *Christ*.

They have a kind of Cupboard to represent the Tabernacle, wherein they lay the Tables of the Law, which now and then they take out and kiss; they sing many Tunes, and *Adonai* they make the ordinary Name of God: *Jehovah* is pronounced at high Festivals; at Circumcision Boys are put to sing some of *David's Psalms* so loud as drowns the Infant's Cry. The Synagogue is hung about with Glass-Lamps burning; every one at his entrance puts on a Linen-Cope, first kissing it, else they use no manner of reverence all the while; their Elders sometimes fall together by the Ears in the very Synagogue, and with the holy Utensils, as Candlesticks, Incense-pans, and such like, break one another's Pates.

Women are not allow'd to enter the Synagogue, but they sit in a Gallery without; for they hold they have not so divine a Soul as Men, and are of a lower Creation, made only for sensual Pleasure and Propagation.

Among the *Mahometans* there is no *Jew* capable of a *Turkish* habit, unless he acknowledge *Christ* as much as *Turks* do, which is, to have been a great Prophet, whereof they hold there are three only, *Moses*, *Christ*, and *Mahomet*.

Thus, my Lord, to perform your commands, which are very prevalent with me, have I 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

dantly. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and ready
 Servant, J. H.

Westm., 3 of June 1633.

XV.

To Mr. Philip Warrick, at Paris.

SIR,

YOUR last to me was in *French* of the first current, and I am glad you are come so safe from *Switzerland* to *Paris*; as also that you are grown so great a Proficient in the Language. I thank you for the variety of News you sent me so handsomely couch'd and knit together.

To correspond with you, the greatest News we have here is, that we have a gallant Fleet-Royal ready to set to Sea, for the Security of our Coast and Commerce, and for the Sovereignty of our Seas. *Hans* said, the King of *England* was asleep all this while, but now he is awake; nor do I hear doth your *French* Cardinal tamper any longer with our King's Title and Right to the Dominion of the *Narrow-Seas*. These are brave Fruits of the *Ship-money*.

I hear that the *Infante*-Cardinal having been long upon his way to *Brussels*, hath got a notable Victory of the *Swedes* at *Nordlinghen*, where 8000 were slain, *Gustavus Horn*, and others of the prime Commanders taken Prisoners. They write also, that Monsieur's Marriage with Madame 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 call'd Platonick 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

Love sets the Wits of the Town on work; and they say there will be a Mask shortly of it, whereof Her Majesty and her Maids of Honour will be part.

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

J. H.

Westm., 3 June 1634.

XVI.

To my Brother, Mr. H. P.

BROTHER,

MY Brain was o'ercast with a thick Cloud of Melancholy, I was become a Lump of I know not what, I could scarce find any palpitation within me on the left side, when yours of the 1st of *September* was brought me; it had such a Virtue that it begat new Motions in me, like the Loadstone, which by its attractive occult Quality moves the dull Body of Iron, and makes it active; so dull was I then, and such a magnetic Property your Letter had to quicken me.

There is some murmuring against the *Ship-money*, because the Tax is *indefinite*; as also by reason that it is levied upon the Country Towns, as well as Maritime; and for that they say, *Noy* himself cannot shew any Record. There are also divers Patents granted, which are mutter'd at, as being no better than Monopolies: Among others, a *Scotchman* got one lately upon the Statute of levying twelve Pence for every Oath, which the Justices of Peace and Constables had Power to raise, and have still; but this new Patentee is to quicken and put more life in the Law, and see it executed. He hath power to nominate one, or two, or three in some Parishes, which are to have Commission from him for this publick Service, and so they are to be exempt from bearing Office, which must needs deserve a Gratuity: And I believe this was the main drift of the *Scotch* Patentee, so that he intends to keep his Office in the Temple, and certainly he is like to be a mighty Gainer by it; for who
would

would not give a good piece of Money to be freed from bearing all cumbersome Offices? No more now, but that, with my dear love to my Sister, I rest—Your most affectionate Brother,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Aug. 1633.

XVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount 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: Tho' 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 Money, enough to bring him up in his Father's Profession, he concludes, *Reliqua meorum omnia primogenito meo Edoardo, dissipanda, nec melius unquam speravi ego*: 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 Lordship's Children, considering what deep Obligations he had to your Lordship; for I am confident he had never been Attorney-General else.

The Vintners drink Carouses of joy that he is gone, for now they are in hope to dress Meat again, and sell Tobacco, Beer, Sugar, and Faggots; which by a sullen *Capricio* of his, he would have restrain'd them from. He had his humour as other Men, but certainly he was a solid rational Man; and tho' no great Orator, yet a profound

Lawyer,

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 moil in Law*. If an *s* be added, it may be applied to my Countryman Judge *Jones*, an excellent Lawyer too, and a far more genteel man, *William Jones, I moile in Laws*. No more now, but that I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Oct. 1635.

XVIII.

To the Right Hon. 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 Attorneyship in *York*, which he passed over to me, had no relation to my Lord at all; but it was merely done out of a particular respect to me: Your Ladyship may please to think of it accordingly, touching the Accounts.

It is now a good while the two *Nephew-Princes* have been 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 Capt. *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*

Paris to *Flanders*, who by sound of Trumpet denounc'd and proclaim'd open War against the King of *Spain* and all his Dominions; this Herald left and fix'd up the Defiance in all the Towns as he pass'd: So that whereas before the War was but collateral and auxiliary, there is now *proclaim'd* Hostility between them, notwithstanding that they have one another's Sisters in their beds every night. What the reason of this War is, truly, Madam, I cannot tell, unless it be reason of *State*, to prevent the further growth of the *Spanish Monarchy*: And there be multitude of examples how *preventive Wars* have been practis'd from all times. Howsoever, it is too sure that abundance of *Christian* blood will be spilt. So I humbly take my leave, and rest—Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 4 June 1635.

XIX.

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst.

MY LORD,

I AM newly return'd out of *France*, from a flying Journey as far as *Orleans*, which I made at the request of Mr. Secretary *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 IV.* was us'd 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 died upon a Scaffold in *Tholouze*, in the flower of his years, at thirty-four, 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 Money in *Languedoc*, which he turn'd afterwards directly against the King, against whose Person he appear'd arm'd in open field, and in a hostile posture, for fomenting of *Monsieur's* Rebellion.

The *Infante* Cardinal is come to *Brussels* at last thro' many difficulties; and some few days before, *Monsieur* made semblance to go a Hawking, and so fled to *France*, but left his Mother behind, who since the Arch-Dutchess's 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 Lordship's satisfaction.

I deliver'd my Lord of *Lindsey* the Manuscript he lent your Lordship of his Father's Embassy to *Denmark*: And herewith I present your Lordship with a compleat Diary of your own late *Legation*, which hath cost me some toil and labour. So I rest always—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 19 June 1635.

XX.

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

FA. BEN,

BEING lately in *France*, and returning in a Coach from *Paris* to *Rouen*, I lighted upon the Society of a knowing Gentleman, who related to me a choice Story, which peradventure you may make some use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in *France* one Capt. *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 forc'd Match 'twixt her and one Monsieur *Faiel*, who was a great Heir. Capt. *Coucy* hereupon quitted *France* in discontent, and went to the Wars in *Hungary* against the *Turk*, where he receiv'd

a mortal Wound, not far from *Buda*. Being carried to his lodging, he languish'd some days; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient Servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great 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 open'd, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder, then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle *Faiel's* Hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of Burial, to make all the speed he could to *France*, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle *Faiel*. The old Servant did as his Master had commanded him, and so went to *France*; and coming one day to Mons. *Faiel's* house, he suddenly met him with one of his Servants, and examin'd him, because he knew he was Capt. *Coucy's* Servant; and finding him timorous, and faltering in his speech, he search'd him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the Note which express'd what was therein: He dismiss'd the Bearer with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Mons. *Faiel* 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, Mons. *Faiel* commanded all to avoid the room, and began a serious discourse with his Wife, how ever since he had married her, he observ'd she was always melancholy, and he fear'd she was inclining to a Consumption; therefore he had provided for her a very precious Cordial, which he was well assur'd would cure her: Thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last she had eaten *Coucy's* heart, and

so drew the box out of his pocket, and shew'd 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 veils to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your Loom, and make a curious Web of.

I thank you for the last *regalo* you gave me at your *Musæum*, and for the good company. I heard you censur'd lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir *Inigo*, and that you write with a Porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am, in no common way of Friendship—Yours,
J. H.

Westm., 3 of May 1635.

XXI.

To Captain Thomas Porter.

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

YOU are well return'd from *Brussels*, from attending your Brother in that noble Employment of congratulating the *Infante* Cardinal's coming thither. It was well *Monsieur* went a Hawking away before to *France*, for I think those two young Spirits would not have agreed. A *Frenchman* told me lately, that was at your Audience, that he never saw so many complete Gentlemen in his life, for the number, and in a neater equipage. Before you go to Sea, I intend to wait on you, and give you a frolick. So I am, *De todas mis entranas*—Yours to dispose of,

J. H.

To this I'll add the Duke of *Ossuna's* Compliment:

Quisiere,

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

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

Westm.; 1 Nov. 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 straggling 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 shar'd of the Booty, which was the greatest in Money that ever was taken.

One sent me lately from *Holland* this Distich of *Peter van Heyn*, which savours a little of profaneness :

*Roma sui sileat posthac miracula Petri,
Petrus apud Batavos plura stupenda facit.*

Let *Rome* no more her *Peter's* Wonders tell ;
For Wonders, *Holland's 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.

Westm., 10 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

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 K. of *Sweden*, a great many *Scotch* Commanders are come over, and make a shining shew at Court; what Trade they will take hereafter I know not, having been so 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 Col. *Lesley* is gone away discontented, because the King would not *Lord* him.

The old rotten D. of *Bavaria*, for he hath divers Issues about his body, hath married one of the Emperor's Sisters, a young Lady little above twenty, and he near upon four-score: There's another remaining, who, they say, is intended for the K. of *Poland*, notwithstanding his pretences to the young Lady *Elizabeth*; about which, Prince *Radzevill* and other Ambassadors have been here lately, but that King being elective, must marry as the Estates will have him: His Mother was the Emperor's Sister, therefore sure he will not offer to marry his Cousin-German; but '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.

Westm., 7 Sept.

XXIV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Will. Saintgeon, at St. Omer.

COUSIN,

I WAS lately in your Father's company, and I found him much discontented at the course you take; which he not only protests against, but he vows never to give you his blessing, if you persevere in't. I would wish you to descend
into

into yourself, and seriously ponder what a weight a Father's blessing or curse carries with it; for there is nothing conduceth more to the happiness or infelicity of the Child. Among the ten Commandments in the *Decalogue*, that which enjoins obedience from Children to Parents hath only a benediction (of Longevity) added to it: There be Clouds of Examples for this, but one I will instance in: When I was in *Valentia* in *Spain*, a Gentleman told me of a miracle which happen'd in that Town, which was, that a proper young man under twenty was executed there for a crime, and before he was taken down from off the Tree, there were many grey and white hairs had budded forth of his Chin, as if he had been a man of sixty. It struck Amazement in all Men, but this interpretation was made of it, that the said young man might have liv'd to such an age, if he had been dutiful to his Parents, to whom he had been barbarously disobedient all his life-time.

There comes herewith a large Letter to you from your Father; let me advise you to conform your courses to his Counsel, otherwise it is an easy matter to be a Prophet what misfortunes will inevitably befall 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 return'd from *Germany*, and his gallant comportment in that Embassy deserv'd to have had better success: He found the Emperor conformable, but the old *Bavarian* froward, who will not part with anything till he have moneys reimburs'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 Country, but by the same

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 *Lorraine*, lately; but he was forc'd to put a Fox-tail to the Lion's 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 Viscount *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 Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 6 Apr.

XXVI.

To his honoured Friend, Mistress C., at her House in Essex.

THERE was no sorrow sunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I 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 than I) in so mean equipage, to perform the last act of respect to so worthy a Friend. I have sent you herewith an Elegy, which my melancholy Muse hath 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,

J. H.

Lond., 5 March.

XXVII.

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 every exact and faithful: So according to your friendly request I have sent you this *Decastich*.

*Some hold Translations not unlike to be
The wrong-side of a Turkey 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'er saw a Piece from Venice come,
Had fewer thrums set on our Country Loom.
This Wine is still un-ear'd, and brisk, tho' 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 Oct. 1632.

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*, to my knowledge he hath put by some Gentlemen of quality: Therefore I pray let not that dirty Town of *Paris* detain

detain you too long from your intended journey to *Spain*, for I make account my Lord *Aston* will be there a matter of two months hence. So I rest—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 5 *May* 1633.

XXIX.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Wichs, 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* 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 *Halverstadt* 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 12,000 men he had hence perish'd many of them very miserably; and he himself, as they write, died in a poor Hostrey with one Lacquey, as he was going to *Venice* to a Bank of Money he had stor'd up there for a dead lift. Your Lordship knows what success the K. of *Denmark* had (and our 6000 men under Sir *Cha. 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* perish'd more lamentably than those 6000 we sent under M. *Hamilton* for the assistance of the K. of *Sweden*, who did much, but you know what became of him at last; how disastrously 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 Pr. *Robert*, having got a jolly considerable Army in *Holland*, to try their fortunes

in

in *Germany* with the *Swedes*, they had advanc'd as far as *Munsterland* and *Westphalia*, and having lain before *Lengua*, they were forc'd to raise the siege: And one General *Hatzfield* pursuing them, there was a sore battle fought, wherein Prince *Robert*, my Lord *Craven*, and others, were taken Prisoners. The Prince *Palatine* himself, with Major *King*, thinking to get over the *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 *Palsgrave's* side, and scarce the twentieth part so many on *Hatzfield's*. Major *Gots*, one of the chief Commanders, was kill'd.

I am sorry I must write to you this sad story; yet to countervail it something, *Saxen Weymar* 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 Jun. 1635.

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 to you is, of a bloody Banquet that was lately at *Liege*, where a great Faction was a fomenting 'twixt the Imperialists and those that were devoted to *France*, amongst whom one, *Ruelle*, a popular Burg-Master, was chief. The Count of *Warfuzée*, a Vassal of the K. of *Spain's*, having fled thither from *Flanders* for some offence, to ingratiate himself against the K. of *Spain's* favour, invited the said *Ruelle* to a Feast, and after brought him

him into a private Chamber, where he had provided a ghostly Father to confess him; and so some of the Soldiers whom he had provided before to guard the House, dispatch'd the Burg-Master. The Town hearing this, broke into the house, cut to pieces the said Count, with some of his Soldiers, and dragg'd his body up and down the streets. You know such a fate befell *Walstein* in *Germany* of late years, who having got all the Emperor's Forces into his hands, was found to have intelligence with the *Swedes*; therefore the Imperial *Ban* was not only pronounc'd against him, but a reward promis'd to any that should dispatch him: Some of the Emperor's Soldiers at a great Wedding in *Egra*, of which Band of Soldiers Col. *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 Lady's hand, I rest—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Lond, 5 Jun. 1634.

XXXI.

To Dr. Duppa, L. B. of Chichester, His Highness's Tutor at St. James.

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 *Johnsonus Virbius* was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir *Thomas Hawkins*, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing *Decastic*, which if your Lordship please, may have room among the rest.

Upon my honoured Friend and F., Mr. Ben. Johnson.

AND is thy Glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy Labours lent?
Well *Ben*, I now perceive that all the *Nine*,
Tho' they their utmost forces should combine,

Cannot

Cannot prevail 'gainst *Night's three daughters*, but
 One still must *spin*, one *wind*, the other *cut*.
 Yet in despite of *distaff*, *clue*, and *knife*,
 Thou in thy strenuous Lines hast got a Light,
 Which like thy *Bays* shall flourish ev'ry age,
 While *sock* or *buskin* shall attend the Stage.

—*Sic vaticinatur* Hoellus.

So I rest, with many devoted respects to your Lordship,
 as being—Your very humble Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 1 of *May* 1636.

XXXII.

To Sir Ed. B., Knight.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D yours this *Maundy-Thursday*: And where-
 as among other passages, and high endearments of
 love, you desire to know what method I observe in the
 exercise of my devotions, I thank you for your request,
 which I have reason to believe doth proceed from an extra-
 ordinary respect to me; and I will deal with you herein, as
 one should do with his Confessor.

'Tis true, tho' 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
 deliver'd from a very great danger. This year I use some
 extraordinary acts of devotion, to usher in the ensuing
 Sunday, in Hymns, and various Prayers of my own penning,
 before I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier than
 upon other days, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of
 it; nor do I use Barber, Tailor, Shoe-maker, or any other
 Mechanick that morning; and whatsoever diversions or
 lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in
 case

case of sickness, to repair to God's holy House that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make myself fitter for the work by some previous meditations, and to take the whole Service along with me; nor do I love to mingle speech with any in the interim, about news or worldly negotiations in God's holy House. I prostrate myself in the humblest and decentest way of genuflection I can imagine; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place; therefore I do not like those squatting unseemly bold postures upon one's tail, or muffling the face in the hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with one's hand; but with bended knee, and in open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the Church, and Heaven. I endeavour to apply every tittle of the Service to my own Conscience and Occasions; and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up and careless reading of some Ministers, with the 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 elsewhere, for Gentlemen to draw their Swords all the while, intimating thereby, that they will defend it with their lives and blood. And for the *Decalogue*, whereas others use to rise, and sit, I ever kneel at it in the humblest and trembling'st posture of all, to crave remission for the breaches pass'd of any of God's holy Commandments (especially the week before), and future grace to observe them.

I love a holy devout Sermon, that first checks, and then cheers 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

send up to Heaven, is *Prayer* and *Praise*; and that *Sermons* are not so essential as either of them to the true practice of devotion. The rest of the holy Sabbath, I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon Monday morn, as soon as the *Cinque-Ports* are open, I have a particular prayer of thanks, that I am repriv'd to the beginning of that week; and every day following I knock thrice at Heaven's-gate, in the Morning, in the Evening, and at Night; besides prayers at meals, and 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 myself, 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 myself 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 myself some days before, and by doing some deeds of Charity; and commonly I compose some new Prayers, and divers of them written in my own blood.

I use not to rush rashly into prayer without a trembling precedent

precedent Meditation ; and if any odd thoughts intervene, and grow upon me, I check myself, and recommence : And this is incident to long Prayers, which are more subject to Man's weakness, and the Devil's malice.

I thank God I have this fruit of my foreign Travels, that I can pray to him every day of the week in a several Language, and upon Sunday in seven, which in Oraisons 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 go 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, when I look up and behold that glorious Fabrick, which I hope shall be my Country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me presently, which make me scorn the World, and the pleasures thereof, considering the *vanity* of the one, and the *inanity* of the other.

Thus my Soul still moves *Eastward*, as all the heavenly Bodies do ; but I must tell you, that as those Bodies are 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 myself (nor do I hold this anger to be any breach of charity) when I consider, that whereas my Creator intended this Body of mine, tho' 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

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, tho' the Inscriptions differ: If I hate any, 'tis those Schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an *Anabaptist* go to Hell on a *Brownist's* back.

Noble Knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself, and dealt so clearly with you, I desire by way of correspondence that you would tell me, what way you take in your journey to Heaven: For if my breast lie so open to you, '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 heart's desire here, and Heaven hereafter, because I am—Yours in no vulgar way of friendship,

J. H.

Lond., 25 July 1635.

XXXIII.

To Simon Digby, *Esq.*; at Mosco, the Emperor of
Russia's Court.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D one of yours by Mr. *Pickhurst*, and I am glad to find that the rough clime of *Russia* agrees so well with you; so well, as you write, as the Catholic Ayr of *Madrid*, or the Imperial Ayr of *Vienna*, where you had such honourable employments.

The greatest news we have here is, that we have a Bishop Lord-Treasurer; and 'tis news indeed in these times, tho' 'twas no news you know in the times of old to have a Bishop Lord-Treasurer of *England*. I believe he was merely *passive* in 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 1636; she is in length 127 Foot, her greatest breadth within the Planks is 46 Foot, and 6 Inches; her depth from the breadth is 19 Foot, and 4 Inches: She carrieth 100 Pieces of Ordnance wanting four, whereof she hath three tyre; half a score Men may stand in her Lantern; the charges His Majesty hath been at in the building of her are computed to be £80,000, one whole year's Ship-money: Sir Robert Mansel launch'd her, and by His Majesty's command call'd her *The Sovereign 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 400 Ships, which every year after *Easter* went out in four Fleets to scour the Coasts. Another Author writes, that he had four Kings to row him once upon the *Dee*. But the Title he gave himself was a notable lofty one, which was this, *Alti-tonantis 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 Emperor of *Russia* hath a loftier Title; I confess the Sophy of *Persia* hath a higher one, tho' profane and ridiculous, in comparison of this; for he calls himself *The Star high and mighty, whose Head is cover'd with the Sun, whose motion is comparable to the ethereal Firmament, Lord of the Mountains Caucasus and Taurus, of the four Rivers Euphrates, Tygris, Araxis, and Indus; Bud of Honour, the Mirror of Virtue, Rose of Delight, and Nutmeg of Comfort*. It is a huge descent, methinks, to begin with a *Star* and end in a *Nutmeg*.

All your Friends here in Court and City are well, and often mindful of you, with a world of good wishes; and you cannot be said to be out of *England* as long as you live in so many noble memories: Touching mine, you have a
large

large room in it, for you are one of my chief inmates. So, with my humble Service to your Lady, I rest—Your most faithful Servitor, while

J. H.

Lond., 1 July 1635.

XXXIV.

To Dr. Tho: Prichard.

DEAR DR.,

I HAVE now had too long a supersedeas from employment, having engag'd myself 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 been 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 defluction of Rheum; and then I will take *Brecknock* in my way, to comfort my Sister *Penry*, who I think hath lost one of the best Husbands in all the thirteen Shires of *Wales*.

So, with appreciation of all happiness to you, I rest—
Yours, while

J. H.

Lond., 10 Feb. 1637.

XXXV.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, from Bath.

SIR,

YOUR being then in the Country, when I began my Journey 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

Being here for a distillation of Rheum that pains me in one of my Arms, and having had about three thousand strokes of a pump upon me in the Queen's *Bath*; and having been here now divers days, and view'd the several qualities of these Waters, I fell to contemplate a little what should be the reason of such extraordinary actual heat, and medicinal Virtue in them. I have seen and read of divers *Baths* abroad, as those of *Caldanel* and *Avinian* in *agro Senensi*, the *Grotta* in *Vierbio*, those between *Naples* and *Puteolum* in *Campania*; and I have been a little curious to know the reason of those rare lymphatical properties in them above other Waters. I find that some impute it to Wind, or Air, or some Exhalations shut up in the Bowels of the Earth, which either by their own nature, or by their violent motion and agitation, or attrition upon rocks, and narrow passages, do gather heat, and so impart it to the Waters.

Others attribute this *balneal* heat to the Sun, whose all-searching Beams penetrating the pores of the Earth, do heat the Waters.

Others think this heat to proceed from quick-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 Countryman Dr. *Jordan* 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.

matter. In this work of generation, as there is *generatio unius*, so there is *corruptio alterius*; and this cannot be done without a superior power, which by moisture dilateth itself, works upon the matter like a 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 quickeneth all things. Now for the nature of this heat, it is not a destructive violent heat, as that of fire, but a generative gentle heat join'd with moisture, nor needs it air for eventilation. This natural heat is daily observ'd by digging in the Mines; so then while Minerals are thus engendring, and *in solutis principiis*, in their liquid forms, and not consolidated into hard bodies (for then they have not that virtue), they impart heat to the neighbouring Waters. So then it may be concluded, that this Soil about the *Bath* is a mineral vein of Earth; and the fermenting gentle temper of generative heat that goes to the production of the said Minerals, doth impart and actually communicate this *balneal* virtue and medicinal heat to these Waters.

This subject of Mineral *Waters* would afford an *Ocean* of Matter, were one to compile a solid discourse of it: And I pray excuse me, that I have 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 add ready servitor, J. H.

Bath, 3 July 1638.

XXXVI.

To Sir Ed. Savage, Knight, at Tower-hill.

SIR,

I AM come safely to *Dublin*, over an angry boisterous Sea; whether 'twas my voyage on salt Water, or
change

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 nothing can be done in that business till your Brother *Pain* comes to Town: I met him with divers of my *Northern* Friends, whom I knew at *York*. Here is a most splendid Court kept at the Castle, and except that of the Vice-roy of *Naples*, I have not seen the like in *Christendom*; and in one point of *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. Traffick increaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of Bravery and Building.

I made an humble motion to my Lord, that in regard businesses of all sorts did multiply here daily, and that there was but one Clerk of the Council (*Sir Paul Davis*) who was able to dispatch 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.

No more now, but with my most affectionate respects unto you, I rest—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Dublin, 3 May 1639.

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 received at *Drogheda*; and that you pleas'd to communicate to me those rare Manuscripts in so many Languages, and divers choice Authors in your Library.

Your learned Work, *De primordiis Ecclesiarum Britannicarum*, which you pleas'd to send me, I have sent to *England*; and so it shall be convey'd to *Jesus-College* in *Oxford*, as a gift from your Grace.

I hear that Cardinal *Barberino*, one of the Pope's Nephews, is setting forth the Works of *Fastidius*, a *British* Bishop, call'd *De vita Christiana*. It was written 300 years after our Saviour, and *Holstenius* 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 *Ἰησοῦς*, that in the Reign of *Justinian* the Emperor, one *Theodosius*, a *Jew*, a Man of great Authority, liv'd in *Jerusalem*, with whom a rich Goldsmith, who was a *Christian*, was much in favour, and very familiar: The Goldsmith, in private discourse, told him one day that *he wonder'd, 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 Saviour's Prophecies accomplish'd since*. *Theodosius* answer'd, that *it did not stand with his security and continuance in Authority to turn Christian, but he had a long time a good opinion of that Religion, and he would discover a secret to him which was not yet come to the knowledge of any Christian*. It was, that when the Temple was founded in *Jerusalem*, there were twenty-two Priests, according to the number of the *Hebrew* Letters, to officiate in the Temple; and when any was chosen, his Name, with his Father and Mother's, were us'd to be register'd 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 enter'd, his father *Joseph* being dead, his Mother was sent for, who being ask'd who was his Father? she answer'd, that *she never knew Man, but that she conceived by an Angel*: So his name was register'd in these words, *JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD, AND OF THE VIRGIN MARY*. This Record at the destruction of the Temple was preserv'd, and is to be seen in *Tyberias* to this day. I humbly desire your Grace's opinion hereof in your next.

They write to me from *England* of rare news in *France*, which is, that the Queen is deliver'd of a Dauphin, the wonderful'st thing of this kind that any Story can parallel; for this is the three and twentieth year since she was married,

married, and hath continued childless all this while; So that now *Monsieur's* cake is dough, and I believe he will be more quiet hereafter. So I rest,—Your Grace's most devoted Servitor,

J. H.

Dublin, 1 Mar. 1639.

XXXVIII.

To my Lord Clifford, from Edenburgh.

MY LORD,

I HAVE seen now all the King of *Great Britain's* Dominions; and he is a good traveller that has seen all his Dominions. I was born in *Wales*, I have been in all the four corners of *England*, I have travers'd the Diameter of *France* more than once, and now I come thro' *Ireland* into this Kingdom of *Scotland*. This Town of *Edinburgh* is one of the fairest Streets that ever I saw (excepting that of *Palermo* in *Sicily*); it is about a Mile long, coming sloping down from the Castle (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 Majesty's Commissioner. The Bishops are all gone to wrack, and they have had but a sorry Funeral; the very *Name* is grown so contemptible, that a black Dog, if he hath any white marks about him, is call'd *Bishop*. Our Lord of *Canterbury* is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the Pulpit *The Priest of Baal*, and *the Son of Belial*.

I'll tell your Lordship of a passage which happen'd lately in my Lodging, which is a Tavern: I had sent for a Shoemaker to make me a pair of Boots, and my Landlord, who is a pert smart Man, brought up a *choppin* of White Wine (and, for this particular, there are better *French* Wines here than in *England*, and cheaper; for they are but a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any Wine here). Over this *choppin* of White Wine,

Wine, my Vintner and Shoe-maker fell into a hot dispute about Bishops: The Shoe-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, there: Do not you know as well as I that Titus and Timothy were Bishops? That our Saviour is entitled 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 Shoe-maker answer'd, *I know the Name and Office to be good, but they have abused it.* My Vintner replies, *Well then, you are a Shoe-maker by your profession; imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your Trade, shall play the knaves, and sell Calfskin-leather Boots for Neats-leather, or do other cheats; must we therefore go barefoot? Must the gentle Craft of Shoe-makers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the Men, not of the Calling.* The Shoe-maker was so gravell'd at this, that he was put to his *Last*; for he had not a word more to say: So my Vintner got the day.

There is a fair Parliament-House built here lately, and 'twas hoped His Majesty would have ta'en 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—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Edinburgh, 1639.

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

blown upon by any one yet: But for the merits you please to ascribe to the Author, I utterly disclaim any, 'specially in that proportion you please to give them me. 'Tis you that have parts enough to complete a whole Jury of Men. Those small perquisites that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow *Lobby*; but those Perfections that beautify your noble Soul, have a spacious Palace to walk in, more sumptuous than either the *Louvre*, *Seralio*, or *Escorial*. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, being always—
Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 3 Dec. 1639.

XL.

To Sir Sackvill Crow, His Majesty's Ambassador at the
Post 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 *Downs*; 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* who were grown very thin in *Flanders*. These Recruits were got by an odd trick; for some of the Fleet being at *St. Anderas*, a report was blown up of purpose, that the *French* were upon the Coasts: Hereupon all the young Men of the Country came to the Sea-side, and so a great number of them were tumbled a Shipboard, and so they set sail towards the Coasts of *France*; but the Archbishop, it seems, had drawn in his Fleet. Then striking into the narrow Seas, they met with a Fleet of about sixteen *Hollanders*, whereof they sunk and took two, and the rest got
away

away to *Holland*, to give an alarm 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 *Downs*, where *Don Antonio d'Oquendo*, the *Spanish* Admiral, had stay'd for them all the while. Sir *John Penington* was then abroad with seven of His Majesty's 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 Majesty's Ships appointed to go join with Sir *John Penington*, to observe the motions of those Fleets; but the Wind continuing still East, they could not get out of the River.

The *Spanish* Fleet had fresh Water, Victuals, and other necessaries, from our Coasts, for their Money, according to the Capitulations of Peace, all this while; at last, being half surprized by a cloud of *Hollanders* consisting of 114 Ships, they launch'd out from our Coasts, and a most furious fight began, our Ships having retir'd hard by all the while.

The Vice-Admiral of *Portugal*, a famous Sea-Captain, *Don Lope de Hoxes*, was engag'd in close fight with the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*, and after many tough Rencounters they were both blown up, and burnt together. At last, night came and parted the rest; but six *Spanish* Ships were taken, and about twenty of the *Hollanders* perish'd. *Oquendo* then cross'd over to *Nardic*, and so back to *Spain*, where he died before he came to the Court: And 'tis thought, had he liv'd, he had been question'd for some Miscarriages; for if he had suffer'd the *Dunkirkers*, who are nimbler, and more fit for fight, to have had the *Van*, and dealt with the *Hollander*, '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

regard they did the main work; for *Oquendo* had convey'd all his recruits and treasure to *Flanders*, while he lay hovering on our Coasts.

One thing is herein very observable, what a mighty navigable Power the *Hollander* is come to, that in so short a compass of time he could appear with such a numerous Fleet of 114 Sail of Men of War, in such a perfect equipage.

The times afford no more at present; therefore, with a tender of my most humble Service to my noble Lady, and my thankful acknowledgment for those great Favours, which my Brother *Edward* writes to me he hath 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, among those multitudes you have left 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 Coal*, and offer Sacrifice to *Demogorgon*, the God of Minerals: Be well advis'd before you engage yourself too deep; *Chymistry* I know, by a little experience, is wonderful pleasing for the trial of so many rare conclusions it carries with it, but withal, 'tis costly and an enchanting kind of thing; for it hath melted many a fair Manor in Crucibles, and turn'd them to smoke. One presented *Sixtus Quintus* (*Sice-cinq*, as *Q. Elizabeth* call'd him) with a Book of *Chymistry*, and the Pope gave him an empty Purse for a Reward.

There be few whom *Mercury*, the father of Miracles, doth favour: The Queen of *Sheba* and the King crown'd with Fire are not propitious to many: He that hath Water turn'd to Ashes, hath the Magistery, and the true Philosopher's Stone; there be few of those: There be some that
commit

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—Your most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Feb. 1638.

XLII.

To Simon Digby, *Esq.*; at the gran 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 Country.

I doubt not but you have heard long since of the revolt of *Catalonia* from the K. of *Spain*; it seems the sparkles of those Fires are flown to *Portugal*, and put that Country also in combustion. The D. of *Braganza*, whom you may well remember about the Court of *Spain*, is now King of *Portugal*, by the Name of *El Rey Don Juan*; and he is generally obey'd, and quietly settled, as if he had been King these twenty years there; for the whole Country fell suddenly to him, not one Town standing out. When the K. of *Spain* told *Olivares* of it first, he slighted it, saying, that *he was but Rey de Havas, a Bean-cake King*. But it seems strange to me, and so strange that it transforms me to wonder, that the *Spaniard* being accounted so politic a Nation, and so full of precaution, could not foresee this; especially there being divers intelligences given, and evident symptoms of the general discontentment of that Kingdom (because they could not be protected against the *Hollander* in *Brasil*), and of some designs a year before, when this D. of *Braganza* was at *Madrid*. I wonder, I say, they did not secure his Person, by engaging him to some employment out of the way: Truly I thought the *Spaniard* was better sighted, and could see further off than so. You know what

a huge Limb the Crown of *Portugal* was to the *Spanish* Monarchy, by the Islands in the *Atlantic* Sea, the Towns in *Afric*, 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 *K. John*; she only stands upon the *defensive* part, until the *Catalan* be reduced: And I believe that will be a long-winded business; for this *French* Cardinal stirs all the Devils of Hell against *Spain*, insomuch that most Men say, that these formidable Fires which are now raging in both these Countries, were kindled at first by a *Granado* hurl'd from his Brain: Nay, some will not stick to say, that this Breach 'twixt us and *Scotland* is a reach of his.

There was a ruthless 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 £800,000, whereof £450,000 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 K. 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 *Genoese* and *Hollanders*: A most unfortunate Chance! for had she come to safe Port, she had been the richest Ship that ever came into the *Thames*; so that *Neptune* never had such a Morsel at one bit.

All your friends here are well, as you will understand more particularly by those Letters that go herewith. So I wish you all health and comfort in that cold Country, and desire that your love may continue still in the same degree of heat towards—Your faithful Servitor

J. H.

Lond., 5 of *Mar.* 1639.

XLIII.

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 Holborn*; how one *John Pennant*, a young Man of twenty-one, being dissected after his death, there was a kind of Serpent with divers tails found in the left Ventricle of his heart, which, you know, is the most defended part, being thrice thicker than the right, and is the Cell which holds the purest and most illustrious liquor, the arterial blood and the vital spirits. The Serpent was, it seems, three years ingendring, for so long time he found himself 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 Serpent's 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-favour'd 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 Carrier of *Tewsbury*, 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, Musketeers, harness'd Men, and Horsemen, moving in Battle-array, and assaulting one another in divers furious Postures. I doubt not but that you have heard of those fiery Meteors and Thunderbolts that have fallen upon sundry of our Churches, and done hurt. Unless God be pleas'd to make up these Ruptures 'twixt us and *Scotland*, we are like to have ill days. The Archbishop
of

of *Canterbury* was lately outrag'd in his House by a pack of common People: And Capt. *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—Your most humble Servitor,
J. H.

Lond., 2 May 1640.

XLIV.

To my Lord Herbert, of Cherberry, from Paris.

MY LORD,

I SEND herewith *Dodona's Grove* couch'd in *French*, and in the newest *French*; for tho' the main Version be mine, yet I got one of the *Academie des beaux Esprits* here to run it over, to correct and refine the Language, and reduce it to the most modern Dialect. It took so here, that the new Academy of Wits have given a public and far higher *Elogium* of it than it deserves. I was brought to the Cardinal at *Ruelle*, where I was a good while with him in his private Garden; and it were a vanity in me to insert here what Propositions he made me. There be some Sycophants here that idolize him, and I blush to hear what profane Hyperboles are printed up and down of him; I will instance in a few.

*Cidite Richelli mortales, cedite Divi;
Ille homines vincit, vincit & ille Deos.*

Then,

*Et si nous faisons des guirlandes,
C'est pour en couronner un Dieu,
Qui sous le nom de Richelieu,
Reçoit nos vœus & nos offrandes.*

Then

Then,

Richelli, *adventu* Rupellæ *porto patescit,*
Christo Infernales ut patuere fores.

Certainly he is a rare Man, and of a transcendent reach, and they are rather Miracles than Exploits that he hath done, tho' those Miracles be of a sanguine dye (the colour of his habit), steep'd in blood ; which makes the *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 theoretical Precepts, actually apply'd to any particular Science, it would be an infinite advantage to the commonwealth of Learning all the World over. So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest—
Your Lordship's most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Paris, 1 Apr. 1641.

XLV.

To the Rt. Hon. Mrs. Eliz. 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 ; among other excellent Virtues, which the World admires you for, I know your Ladyship to have that measure of high discretion that will check your passions : I know also, that your patience hath been often exercised, and put to trial in this kind. For besides the Baron your Father and Sir *James*, you lost your Brother, Master *Richard 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 virtuous Gentleman, and now you have lost a noble Lord. We all owe *Nature* a debt, which is payable some time or other, whensoever she demands it : Nor doth Dame *Nature* use to seal Indentures, or pass over either Lease or Patent for a set term of years to any. For my part, I have seen so much of the world, that

if she 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 recompens'd with better. So I humbly kiss your Ladyship's hands, and rest, Madam—Your constant Servant,

J. H.

York, 1 of Aug. 1642.

XLVI.

To the Hon. Sir P. M., in Dublin.

SIR,

I AM newly return'd from *France*, and now that Sir *Edw. Nicholas* is made Secretary of State, I am put in for hopes, or rather assurances, to succeed him in the Clerkship of the Council.

The Duke *de la Valette* is lately fled hither for sanctuary, having had ill luck in *Fontar-abia*; they say his Process was made, and that he was executed *in Effigie* in *Paris*. 'Tis true, he could never square well with his *Eminency* the Cardinal (for this is a peculiar Title he got long since from *Rome*, to distinguish him from all other) nor his Father neither, the little old Duke of *Espernon*, the ancient'st Soldier in the world, for he wants but one year of a hundred.

When I was last in *Paris*, I heard of a facetious passage 'twixt him and the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*, who in effect is Lord High Admiral of *France*, and 'twas thus: The Archbishop was to go General of a great Fleet, and the Duke came to his House in *Bourdeaux* one morning to visit him: The Archbishop sent some of his Gentlemen to desire him to have a little patience, *for he was dispatching away some Sea-Commanders*, and that he would wait on him presently: The little Duke took a pet at it, and went away to his house at *Cadillac*, some fifteen miles off. The next morning

morning 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 St. Austin's de Civitate Dei*, and when he had read that Chapter, he would come to him.

Some years before, I was told he was at *Paris*, and *Richelieu* came to visit him: He having notice of it, *Richelieu* found him in a Cardinal's Cap, kneeling at a Table Altarwise, with his Book and Beads in his hand, and Candles burning before him.

I hear the E. of *Leicester* is to come shortly over, and so over to *Ireland* to be your *Deputy*. No more now, but that I am—Your most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 7 *Sept.* 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 deny'd it: I desir'd to see the date of it, they deny'd it: I desir'd to see my name in the Warrant, they deny'd all. At last one of them pull'd a greasy 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 anything that was Manuscript; and many printed Books they took also, and hurl'd all into a great hair Trunk, which they carry'd 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

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: 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 *launch* out. God's will be done, and amend the times, and make up these ruptures which threaten so much calamity. So I am—Your Lordship's most faithful (tho' now afflicted) Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 Nov. 1643.

XLVIII.

To Sir Brevis Thelwall, Knight (*Petri ad vincula*), at Peter-House in London.

SIR,

THO' we are not in the same *Prison*, yet we are in the same *predicament* of sufferance; therefore I presume you 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 humour, and much annoys the whole inward man; if you would know what Cordial I use against it in this my sad condition, I'll tell you. I pore sometimes on a Book, and so I make the *dead my companions*, and this is one of my chiefest solaces: If the humour work upon me stronger, I rouze my spirits, and raise them up towards Heaven, my future Country; and one may be on his journey thither, tho' shut up in Prison, and happily go a straighter way than if he were abroad: I consider, that my soul, while she is coop'd within these walls

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 woeful divisions, which menace nothing but public 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 practice) and patience in this sad condition, I rest—Your true Servant and Compatriot, J. H.

From the Fleet, 2 Aug. 1643.

XLIX.

To Mr. E. P.

SIR,

I SAW such prodigious things daily done these few years past, that I had resolv'd with myself to give over wondering at anything: 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 Raisins allur'd little Children, and so purloin'd them away from their Parents, and carried them a Ship-board far 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 *Hamelon*, a Town in *Germany*, which I hop'd to have pass'd thro' when I was in *Hamburgh*, had we return'd by *Holland*; which was thus (nor would I relate it to you were there not some ground
of

of truth for it). The said Town of *Hamel* was annoy'd 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 twelvemonth and a day after. The agreement being made, he began to play on his Pipes, and all the Rats and the Mice follow'd 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 follow'd him out of the Town, to a great Hill not far off, which rent in two, and open'd, and let him and the children in, and so clos'd up again. This happen'd a matter of 250 years since; and in that Town they date their bills and bonds, and other instruments in Law, to this day, from the year of the going out of their Children: Besides, there is a great Pillar of stone at the foot of the said Hill, whereon this story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time: So I am—Your most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 1 Oct. 1643.

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 unhappy than he who never felt any adversity. The other is, *Nullum est majus malum, quam non posse ferre malum*: There is no greater cross, than not to be able to bear a cross. Touching the first, I am not capable of that kind of unhappiness, for I have had my share of adversity: I have been hammer'd and *dilated upon the Anvil*; as our
Countryman

Countryman *Breakspear* (*Adrian IV.*) said of himself, *I have been strain'd thro' the limbic 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 into me, is the sense I have of the common Calamities of this Nation; there is a strange Spirit hath got in among us, which makes the idea of Holiness, the formality of Good, and the very faculty of Reason to be quite differing from what it was. I remember to have read a Tale of an Ape in *Paris*, who having got a Child out of the Cradle, and carried him up to the top of the Tiles, and there sat with him upon the ridge; the Parents beholding this ruthless 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 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 discreet brave Patriots in the City, and I hope they will think upon some means to preserve us and themselves from ruin: Such are the Prayers, early and late, of—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 2 Jan. 1643.

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 thoroughly, to summon his thoughts, and winnow them, and so call to remembrance how far he hath offended Heaven; and then it will be found that God is not angry with *England*, but with *Englishmen*. When that doleful change was pronounced against *Israel*, *Perditio ex te Israel*, it was meant of the *concrete* (not the *abstract*), *Oh Israelites, your ruin comes from yourselves*. When I make this scrutiny within myself, and enter into the closest Cabinet of my Soul, I find (God help me) that I have contributed as much to the drawing down of these Judgments on *England* as any other. When I 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 Error and Obliquities; my *Will* hath been a rebel to Reason; my *Reason* a rebel to Faith (which I thank God I have the grace to quell presently with this caution,

Succumbat ratio fidei, & captiva quiescat.)

When I descend to my Heart, the centre of all my affections, I find it hath swell'd often with tympanies of Vanity, and tumors of Wrath: when I take my whole self in a lump, I find that I am nought else but a Cargazon of malignant humours, a rabble of unruly Passions, among which my poor Soul is daily crucified, as '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 she suffer not for me in particular;

particular; who, if one would go by way of *induction*, would make one of the chiefest *instances* of the argument. And as I am thus conscious to myself of my own demerits, so I hold it to be the duty of every one, to complete himself this way, and to remember the saying of a noble *English* Captain, who, when the Town of *Calais* was lost (which was the last footing we had in *France*), being jeer'd by a *Frenchman*, and ask'd, Now *Englishman*, when will you come back to *France*? answer'd, O Sir, mock not, when the sins of *France* are greater than the sins of *England*, the *Englishmen* will come again to *France*.

Before the Sac 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, J. H.

Fleet, 3 June.

LII.

To Mr. Iohn Batty, Merchant.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D the printed discourse you pleas'd to send me, call'd *The Merchant's Remonstrance*, for which I return you due and deserved thanks.

Truly, Sir, it is one of the most material and solid pieces I have read of this kind: And I discover therein two things;

things ; first, The affection you bear to your Country, with the resentment you have of these woful distractions : Then the Judgment and choice Experience you have purchased by your Negotiations in *Spain* and *Germany*. In you may be verified the tenet they hold in *Italy*, that the Merchant bred abroad is the best Commonwealths-man, being properly applied : For my part, I do not know any profession of life (especially in an Island) more to be cherish'd and countenanc'd with honourable employments than the Merchant-Adventurer (I do not mean only the Staplers of *Hamburgh* 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* Counsellor 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 genteel than the noble Merchant-Adventurer, who sells Silks and Sattins, Tissues and Cloths of Gold, Diamonds and Pearl, with Silver and Gold.

In your discourse you foretell the sudden calamities which are like to befall this poor Island, if Trade decay ; and that this decay is inevitable, if these commotions last : Herein you are prov'd half a Prophet already, and I fear your Prophecy will be fully accomplish'd if matters hold thus. Good Lord ! was there ever People so active to draw on their own ruin ? Which is so visible, that a purblind Man may take a prospect of it. We all see this apparently, and hear it told us every minute ; but we are fallen to the condition of that foolish People the Prophet speaks of, *Who had eyes, but would not see ; and ears, but would not hear*. All Men know there is nothing imports this Island more than Trade ; it is that Wheel of Industry which sets all others a-going ; it is that which preserves the chiefest Castles and Walls of this Kingdom, I mean the Ships : And how these are impair'd within these four years, I believe other Nations (which owe us an
Invasion)

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,

J. H.

Fleet, 4 May 1644.

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 you know, as well as I, what danger I may incur: But for foreign, indifferent news, you shall understand that Pope *Urban VIII.* is dead, having sat in the Chair above twenty years; a rare thing; for it is 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 X.* There was tough canvassing for voices, and a great *contrasto* in the *Conclave* 'twixt the *Spanish* and *French* Faction, who with *Barberino* stood for *Sachetti*; but he was excluded, as also another *Dominican*: by these exclusions, the *Spanish Party*, whereof the Cardinal of *Florence* was chief, brought about *Barberino* to join with them for *Pamphilio*, as being also a creature of the deceased Pope. He had been Nuncio in *Spain* eight years, so that it is conceiv'd he is much devoted to that Crown, as his Predecessor was to the *French*, who had been Legate there near upon twenty years, and was Godfather to the
last

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 *St. Peter's*. 'Tis thought he will presently set all wheels a-going to mediate an universal Peace. They write of one good augury among the rest, that part of his Arms is a *Dove*, which hath been always held for an emblem of Peace: but I believe it will prove one of the knottiest and difficult'st tasks that ever was attempted as the case stands '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 Man's imagination, how that can be accommodated; tho' many Politicians have beaten their brains about it. God Almighty grant, that the appeasing of our civil Wars prove not so intricate a work, and that we may at last take warning by the devastations of other Countries, before our own be past cure.

They write from *Paris*, that Sir *Kenelm Digby* is to be employ'd to *Rome* from Her Majesty, in quality of a high *Messenger of Honour*, to congratulate the New Pope, not of an *Ambassador*, as the vulgar give out: for none can give that character to any, but a Sovereign independent Prince; and all the World knows, that Her Majesty is under *Covert-Baron*, notwithstanding that some cry her up for *Queen-Regent of England*, as her Sister is of *France*.

The Lord *Aubigny* hath an Abbacy of 1500 Pistoles a year given him yearly there, and is fair for a Cardinal's Hat.

I 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 resolv'd, that if Innocence cannot free my body, yet Patience shall

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 among those excellent Poems of the late Pope:

*Quem validè strinxit præstanti pollice virtus,
Nescius est solvi nodus amicitie.*

—Your constant Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Jan. 1644.

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 yourself, but the same candor and countenance of meekness appear'd still in you. As whosoever had occasion to make their address to your Gates, went away contented whether they sped in their business or not (a gift your Predecessor was said to want), so since the turbulency of these times, the same moderation shines in you, notwithstanding that the Mitre is so trampled upon, and that there be such violent Factions afoot: insomuch that you live not only secure from outrages, but honoured by all Parties. 'Tis true, one thing fell out to your advantage, that you did not subscribe to that Petition which proved so fatal to Prelacy; but the chief ground of the constant esteem the distracted world hath still of you, is your wisdom and moderation, past and present. This put me in mind of one of your Predecessors (in your late Office), Marq. *Pawlet*, who it seems sail'd by the same compass; for there being divers bandyings and factions

factions at Court in his time, yet he was beloved 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 respire free air, one of my first Journeys shall be to kiss your Lordship's 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,

THO' I never had the least umbrage of your love, or doubted of the reality thereof, yet since I fell into this plunge, it hath been much confirm'd to me. It is a true observation, that among other effects of affliction, one is, to try a Friend; for those proofs that were made in the fawnings, and dazzling Sunshine of prosperity, are not so clear as those which break out and transpire thro' the dark clouds of adversity. You know the difference the Philosophers make 'twixt the two *extreme* colours, *black* and *white*, that the one is *congregativum*, the other *disgregativum visus*: Black doth congregate, unite and fortify the Sight; the other disgregate, scatter and enfeeble it, when it fixeth upon any object: So through the sable clouds of adverse fortune, one may make a truer inspection into the breast of a Friend. Besides this, affliction produceth another far more excellent effect, it brings us to a better and more clear knowledge of our Creator: for as the rising and setting Sun appears bigger to us than when he is in the *Meridian* (tho' the distance be still the same), the cause whereof is ascrib'd to the interposition of mists, which lie 'twixt our eyes and him; so through the thick fogs of adversity (which in this point are as pellucid and diaphanous as any Crystal) we come to see God, and the immensity of his Love in a fuller proportion.

proportion. There cannot be clearer evidences of his care, than his corrections: when he makes the world to frown, then he smiles most upon us, tho' it be but thro' a *mask*: besides, it is always his method, to *stroke* them whom he *strikes*. We have an ordinary salute in *English*, *God bless you*; and tho' the word be radically derived from the *Dutch* word, yet it would bear good sense, and be very pertinent to this purpose, if we would fetch it from the *French* word *blessor*, 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 o'ercome 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 of 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 *St. Mark's* in *Venice*; a treasure that is not liable to those casualties which others are liable to, as to plundering and burglary, to bankrupts and ill debtors, to firing and shipwrecks: For when one hath lost his Fortunes by any of these disasters, he may recover them all in a true Friend, who is always a sure and stable commodity. This is verify'd in you, who have stuck so close to me in these my pressures; like a Glow-worm (the old emblem of true Friendship) you have shin'd to 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 those 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

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, 5 May 1643.

LVII.

To Phil. Warwick, *Esq.*

SIR,

THE Earth does 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 iste tribulationes producit.* The Sea is not more subject to contrary blasts, nor the Surges thereof to tossings and tumblings, than the Actions of Men are to encumbrances and crosses; the Air is not fuller of Meteors, than Man's life is of Miseries: But as we find that it is not a clear Sky, but the Clouds that drop Fatness, as the holy Text tells us, so adversity is far more fertile than prosperity; it useth to water and mollify the heart, which is the *centre* of all our affections, and makes it produce excellent fruit; whereas the glaring Sunshine of a continual prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it barren.

There is not a greater evidence of God's care and love to his creature than Affliction; for a *French* Author doth illustrate it by a familiar Example: If two Boys should be seen to fight in the Streets, and a ring of people about them, one of the standers-by parting them, lets the one go 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 to: So the Strokes of adversity which fall upon us from Heaven shew that God is our Father, as well as our Creator. This makes this bitter *cup of affliction* become *Nectar*, and
the

the bread of carefulness I now eat, to be true *Ambrosia* to me. This makes me esteem these Walls, wherein I have been immur'd these thirty months, to be no other than a College of instruction to me; and whereas *Varro* said, That the great World was but a House of a little man, I hold a *Fleet* to be one of the best lodgings in that House.

There is a people in *Spain* call'd *Los Pattuecos*, 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 salvage (tho' 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 hemm'd in, and imprison'd, as it were, by a multitude of huge craggy Mountains, thought that behind those Mountains there was no more Earth. I have been so habituated to this prison, and accustomed to the walls thereof so long, that I might well be brought to think, that there is no other world behind them. And in my extravagant imaginations, I often compare this *Fleet* to *Noah's Ark* surrounded with a vast Sea, and huge deluge of calamities, which have overwhelm'd this poor Island. Nor, altho' I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under *Hatches*; for I have a Cabin upon the upper Deck, whence I breathe the best Air the place affords: add hereunto, that the Society of Master *Hopkins* is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil Gentlemen that I have 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, the other after.

God Almighty amend these times, that make *Imprisonment* to be preferr'd before *Liberty*, it being more safe, and desirable by some, tho' not by—Your affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 3 Nov. 1645.

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 curable by Drugs and Diets; but there are others that are quite abstracted from all corporeal impressions, and are merely mental; these kind of Agonies are the more violent of the two; for as the one uses to drive us into *Fevers*, the other precipitates 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 for 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 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 yourself, whose gallant worth I highly honour, and who have not been the least sufferer.

The *Moralist* tells us, that a quadrat solid wise man should involve and tackle himself within his own Virtue, and slight all accidents that are incident to man, and be still the same, *Etiamsi fractus illabatur Orbis*; there may be so much virtue and valour in you, but I profess to have neither of them in that proportion. The Philosophers prescribe us Rules that they themselves, nor any flesh and blood can observe: I am no statue, but I must resent the calamities of
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the time, and the desperate case of this Nation, who seem to have fallen quite from the very faculty of reason, and to be possess'd with a pure Lycanthropy, with a wolvisk kind of disposition to tear one another in this manner; insomuch, that if ever the old saying was verify'd, *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, 1 Dec. 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.*—Yours,
J. H.

From the Fleet, 2 Jan. 1644.

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

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 *unguentum 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 money*. 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 mere madness to marry; but he who hath enough of his own to maintain a Wife, and marrieth only for money, discovereth a poor sordid disposition. There is nothing that my nature disdains more, than to be a slave to Silver or Gold; for tho' they both carry the King's face, yet they shall never reign over me: And I would I were free from all other infirmities, as I am from this. I am none of those Mammonists who adore white and red Earth, and make their Princes picture their idol that way: Such may be said to be under a perpetual eclipse, for the Earth stands always 'twixt them and the fair face of Heaven. Yet my genius prompts me, that I was born under a Planet, not to die in a Lazaretto. At my nativity my ascendant was that hot constellation of *Cancer* about the Dogdays, as my *Ephemerides* tells me; *Mars* was then predominant: Of all the Elements *Fire* sways most in me; I have many aspiring and airy odd thoughts swell often in me, according to the quality of the ground whereon I was born, which was the belly of a huge Hill situated South-East; so that the House I came from (besides my Father and Mother's Coat) must needs be *Illustrious*, being more obvious to the Sun-beams than ordinary. I have, upon occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a mad man, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow to deal withal; I mean myself, for I have the humours within me that belong to all three; therefore who would cast herself away upon such a one? Besides, I came tumbling out into the World a pure
Cadet,

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 endeavour'd to manure it as well as I could, tho' I confess it hath yielded me little fruit hitherto. And what Woman would be so mad as to take that only for her Joynture?

But to come to the point of *Wiving*, I would have you know, that I have, tho' never marry'd, divers children already, some *French*, some *Latin*, one *Italian*, and many *English*; and tho' they be but poor brats of the brain, yet are they legitimate, and *Apollo* himself vouchsafed to cooperate in their production. I have expos'd them to the wide World, to try their Fortunes; and some (out of compliment) 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 *Cynic*, when passing by a Tree where a Maid had made herself away, wish'd, *That all Trees might bear such Fruit*. But to pass from these moth-eaten Philosophers to a *modern* Physician of our own, it was a most unmanly thing in him, while he displays his *own Religion*, to wish that there were a way to propagate the World otherwise than by conjunction with Women (and *Paracelsus* undertakes to shew him the way), whereby he seems to repine (tho' I understand he was wiv'd a little after) at the honourable degree of *Marriage*, which I hold to be the prime Link of human Society, the chiefest happiness of Mortals, and wherein Heaven hath a special hand.

But I wonder why you write to me of *Wiving*, when you know I have much ado to man or maintain myself, as I told you before; yet notwithstanding that the better part
of

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 altho' nine long lustres of years have now pass'd o'er my head, and some *Winters* more (for all my life, considering the few Sunshines I have had, may be call'd nothing but *Winters*), yet, I thank God for't, I find no symptom of decay, either in body, sense, or intellectuals. But, writing thus extravagantly, methinks I hear you say, That this *Letter* shews I begin to dote, and grow idle; therefore I will display myself no further to you at this time.

To tell you the naked truth, my dear *Tom*, the highest pitch of my aim is, that by some condition or other, I may be enabled at last (tho' I be put to *sow*, the time that others use to *reap*) to quit scores with the World, but never to cancel that precious obligation wherein I am indissolubly bound to live and die—Your true constant Friend, J. H.

From the Fleet, 28 of Apr. 1645.

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!



Familiar Letters.

BOOK II.

I.

To Master Tho. Adams.

SIR,



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 lukewarm irresolute Man did never anything 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, sprit, 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 satisfy 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 itself, tho' the success fall not out according to the merit of the endeavour.

I

I was, according to your desire, to visit the late new married Couple more than once; and to tell you true, I never saw such a disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life: he handsome outwardly, but of odd conditions; she excellently qualified, but hard-favour'd: so that the one may be compar'd to a cloth of Tissue Doublet, cut upon coarse Canvas; the other to a Buckram Petticoat lin'd with Sattin. I think *Clotho* had her fingers smutted in snuffing the Candle, when she begun to spin the thread of her life, and *Lachesis* frown'd in twisting it up; but *Aglaiä*, 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—Your faithful Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Westm., 25 Aug. 1633.

II.

To Mr. B. J.

F. *B.* The Fangs of a Bear, and the Tusks of a wild Boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a Goose-quill, sometimes; no, not the Badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his Teeth meet and the Bone crack. Your quill hath prov'd so to Mr. *Jones*; but the Pen where-with 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

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 bespatter'd 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 Satire; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at Court by it; and, as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a Judgment in Poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleas'd therewith. Dispense with this freedom of—Your respectful
S. and Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 3 July 1635.

III.

To D. C., Esq.

SIR,

IN my last, I writ to you that *Ch. 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, tho' 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 *Lycæus* Liquor, to heighten their Spirits. There's no Creature that's kneaded of Clay but hath its 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



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 Sluices of warm blood running thro' our Veins, there must be oftentimes some irregular motions in us.

This, as I conceive, is the *Black-bean* which the *Turks' Alchoran* 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 stumble makes one take firmer footing; and the base Suds which Vice useth to leave behind it, makes Virtue afterwards far more gustful: No Knowledge is like that of Contraries. *Kit* hath now o'ercome 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—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 15 Aug. 1636.

IV.

To T. D., Esq.

SIR,

I HAD yours lately by a safe hand: wherein I find you open to me all the Boxes of your Breast: I perceive you

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 fly from you. Nay, some Females are of that odd humour, that to feed their Pride, they will famish Affection: they will starve those natural Passions, which are owing from them to Man. I confess Coyness becomes some Beauties, if handsomely acted; a Frown upon some Faces penetrates more, and makes deeper Impression than the fawning and soft glances of a mincing Smile: yet if this Coyness and these Frowns savour 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 barricado'd, 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 peñas: 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 tell you what effect it wrought afterwards. 'Tis a powerful Sex; they were too strong for the *First*, the *Strongest* and *Wisest* Man that was; they must needs be strong, when *one Hair of a Woman can draw more than a hundred pair of Oxen*; yet for all their strength in point of value, if you will believe the

the

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 a handsome Retreat as at a hot Onset, it being the difficultest piece of War. By this Retreat you will get a greater Victory than you are aware of: For thereby you will overcome yourself, which is the greatest Conquest that can be. Without seeking abroad, we have Enemies enough within doors to practise our Valour upon; we have tumultuary and rebellious Passions, with whole Hosts of Humours within us: He who can discomfit them is the greatest Captain, and may defy the Devil. I pray recollect yourself, and think on this Advice of—Your true and most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 4 Dec. 1637.

V.

To G. G., Esq.; at Rome.

SIR,

I HAVE more thanks to give you than can be folded up in this narrow Paper, tho' it were all writ in the closest kind of Stenography, for the rich and accurate Account you please to give me of that renown'd City wherein you now sojourn. I find you have most judiciously pried into all matters, both civil and clerical, especially the latter, by observing the Poverty and Penances of the Fryer, the Policy and Power of the Jesuit, the Pomp of the Prelate and Cardinal. Had it not been for the two first, I believe the two last, and that See, had been at a low ebb by this time; for the Learning, the prudential State, Knowledge, and Austerity of the one, and the venerable Opinion the People have of the abstemious and rigid condition of the other, 'specially of the *Mendicants*, seem to make some compensation for the Lux and Magnificence of the two last: Besides, they are more beholden to the *Protestant* than they are aware of; for unless he had risen up about the latter end of this last Century

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 observ'd, that no Age, ever since *Gregory the Great*, hath pass'd, 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 happen'd 'twixt *Leo X.* and *Francis I.* of *France* is very remarkable; who being both met at *Bolonia*, the King seem'd to give a light touch at the Pope's Pomp, saying, 'Twas not used to be so in former time. It may be so, said *Leo*, but it was then when Kings kept Sheep (as we read in the Old Testament). No, the King reply'd, I speak of times under the Gospel. Then rejoin'd the Pope, 'Twas then when Kings did visit Hospitals; hinting by those words at *St. Lewis*, who us'd oft to do so. It is memorable what is recorded in the Life of *Robert Grosthead*, Bishop of *Lincoln*, who lived in the time of one of the *Leos*, that he fear'd 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 mention'd with a thousand good wishes and benedictions. Among others, you have a large room in the memory of my Lady *Elizabeth Cary*; and I do not think all *Rome* can afford you a fairer Lodging. I pray be cautious of your Carriage under that Meridian; it is a searching (inquisitive) Air: You have two Eyes and two Ears, but one Tongue; you know my meaning. This last you must imprison (as Nature hath already done with a double Fence of Teeth and Lips), or else she may imprison you, according to our Countryman *Mr. Hoskin's* Advice, when he was in the *Tower*:

Vincula da linguæ, vel tibi lingua dabit.

Have a care of your of Health, take heed of the Syrens,
of

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 than—Your most affectionate and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

VI.

To Dr. T. P.

SIR,

I HAD yours of the 10th current, wherein you writ me Tidings of our Friend *Tom D.*, and what his desires tend to. In my opinion they are somewhat extravagant. I have read of one, that loving Honey more than ordinary, 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, wish'd 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 mischief do you think such things will 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 knock'd 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 borrow'd 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 inconveniencies upon him than benefit, being nothing sortable either to his disposition or breeding, and for other reasons besides, which I will reserve till my coming up; and I pray let him know so much from me, with my Commendations.

mendations. So I rest—Yours in the perfectest degree of
Friendship,

J. H.

Westm., 5 Sept. 1640.

VII.

To Mr. T. B., Merchant in Sevil.

SIR,

THO' I have my share of infirmities as much as another Man; Yet I like my own nature in one thing, that requitals to me are as sweet as revenges to an *Italian*. I thank my Stars, I find myself far proner to return a courtesy than to resent an Injury: This made me most gladly apprehend the late occasion of serving you (notwithstanding the hard measure I have receiv'd from your Brother), and to make you some returns of those frequent favours I receiv'd from you in *Spain*, I have ta'en away (as you may perceive by the inclosed Papers) the *Weights* that hung to that great business in this Court; it concerns you now to put *Wings* to it in that, and I believe you will quickly obtain, what useth to be first in intention, tho' last in execution, I mean your main end. I heartily wish the thing may be prosperous to you, and that you may take as much pleasure in the fruition of it, as I did in following of it for you, because I love you dearly well, and desire you so much happiness, that you may have nothing but Heaven to wish for: In which desire, I rest—Your constant true Friend to serve you,

J. H.

White-Hall, 3 May 1633.

VIII.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

WHEREAS upon the large theoretical discourse and bandyings of opinions we had lately at *Gresham-College*, you desir'd I should couch in writing what I observ'd abroad of the Extent and Amplitude of the *Christian Commonwealth*, in reference to other Religions; I obtain'd

obtain'd leave of myself to put pen to paper, rather to obey you, than oblige you with anything that may add to your Judgment, or enrich that rare Knowledge I find you have already treasur'd up: But I must begin with the fulfilling of your desire in a preambular way, for the Subject admits it.

'Tis a Principle all the Earth over, except among *Atheists*, that *omne verum est à Deo, omne falsum est à Diabolo, & omnis error ab homine: All Truth is from God, all Falshood from the Devil, and all Error from Man.* The last goes always under the Vizard of the first, but the second confronts Truth to the face, and stands in open defiance of her: *Error* and *Sin* are contemporary; when one crept first in at the Foredoor, 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 itself, and from the rotten Kernels of that fatal Apple. This, besides the Infirmities that attend the Body, hath brought in perversity of Will, depravation of Mind, and hath cast a kind of Cloud upon all our Intellectuals, that they cannot discern the true Essence of things with that clearness as the Protoplast our first Parent could, but we are involv'd in a mist, and grope, as it were, ever since in the dark, as if Truth were got into some dungeon; or, as the old *Wizard* said, into some deep Pit, which the shallow Apprehension of Men could not fathom. Hence comes it, that the Earth is rent into so many Religions, and those Religions torn into so many Schisms, and various forms of Devotion; as if the heavenly Majesty were delighted as much in Diversities of Worship as in Diversities of Works.

The first Religion that ever was reduc'd to exact Rules and ritual Observances, was that of the *Hebrews*, the ancient People of God, call'd afterwards *Judaism*; the second
Christianity;

Christianity; the third *Mahometism*, which is the youngest of all Religions. Touching *Paganism*, and heathenish Idolatry, they scarce deserve the name of Religion: But as to the former three, there is this Analogy between them, that they all agree in the first Person of the Trinity, and all his Attributes. What kind of Religion there was before the Flood, it is in vain to make any Researches, there having been no Monuments at all left (besides that little we find in *Moses* and the *Phœnician* Story) but *Seth's* Pillars, and those so defaced, that nothing was legible upon them; tho' *Josephus* saith, that one was extant in his days; as also the Oak under which *Abraham* feasted God Almighty, which was 2000 years after. The Religion (or Cabal) of the *Hebrews* was transferr'd from the Patriarchs to *Moses*, and from him to the Prophets. It was honour'd 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 them moral, and agreeing with the common Notions of Man, are in force all the World over. The *Jews* at this day are divided into three Sects; the first, which is the greatest, are call'd *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*; who are call'd *Samaritans*. Now touching what part of the Earth is possess'd 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 crucify'd 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 scorn'd, squander'd 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 re-interr'd. 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 everywhere. Among other places, they are allow'd to be in *Rome* herself near *St. 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 *Judah* and *Benjamin*, with some *Levites* who return'd from *Babylon* with *Zerubbabel*. The common opinion is, that the other ten are utterly lost; but they themselves fancy they are in *India* a mighty nation, 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 over-run the World with Fire and Sword, and re-establish them in a temporal glorious Estate. But this opinion sways most among the *Oriental Jews*, whereas they of the *West* attend the coming of their *Messias* from *Portugal*; which Language is more common among them than any other. And thus much in brief of the *Jews*, as much as I could digest and comprehend within the compass of this Paper-sheet; and let it serve for the accomplishment of the first part of your desire. In my next I shall give you the best satisfaction I can concerning the extent of *Christianity* up and down the Globe of the Earth, which I shall speedily send; for now that I have undertaken such a Task, my Pen shall not rest till I have finish'd it. So I am—Your most affectionate ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm, 1 Aug. 1635.

IX.

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 Ideas and sensual Happiness, as the *Christian*: No Religion that excites man more to the love and practice of Virtue, and hatred of Vice; or that prescribes greater rewards for the one, and punishments for the other: A Religion that in a most miraculous manner did expand herself, and propagate by simplicity, humbleness, and by a mere passive way of fortitude, growing up like the Palm-tree under the heavy weight of Persecution; for never any Religion had more powerful Opposition by various kinds of Punishments, Oppressions, and Tortures, which have been said to have deck'd her with Rubies in her very Cradle; insomuch, that it is granted by her very Enemies, that the *Christian*, in point of passive Valour, hath exceeded all other Nations upon Earth. And '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 K. *Lucius*, the true *Proto-Christian* King, in the days of *Eleutherius*, at which time she receiv'd 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;

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 principallest are the *Grecian*, the *Jacobite*, and the *Nestorian*, with whom the rest have some dependance or conformity; and they acknowledge Canonical Obedience either to the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, of *Alexandria*, of *Jerusalem*, or *Antioch*: They concur with the *Western Reformed Churches*, in divers Positions against *Rome*, as in denial of Purgatory; in rejecting Extreme Unction; and celebrating the Sacrament under both kinds; in admitting their Clergy to marry; in abhorring the use of massy 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 *Christened*, having receiv'd the one from *Solomon*, and the other from the Apostle *St. Thomas*. They observe other Rites of the Levitical Law; they have the *Cross* in that esteem, that they imprint the sign of it upon some part of the Child's Body, when he is baptized; that day they take the holy Sacrament, they spit not till after Sun-set: And the Emperor, in his Progress, as soon as he comes in the sight of a Church, lights off his Camel, and foots it all along, till he loseth the sight of it.

Now

Now touching that proportion of Ground that the *Christians* have on the habitable Earth (which is the main of our Task), I find that all *Europe*, with her adjacent Isles, is peopled with *Christians*, except that ruthless Country of *Lapland*, where Idolaters yet inhabit; towards the *East*, also, that Region which lieth 'twixt *Tanais* and *Boristhenes*, the ancient Country of the *Goths*, is possess'd by *Mahometan Tartars*: But in these Territories which the *Turk* hath 'twixt the *Dambe* and the Sea, and 'twixt *Ragusa* and *Buda*, *Christians* are intermix'd 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 Increase, 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* herself, under the *Grand Signior's* Nose, they have 20 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 100 Suffragan Bishops under him.

But in *Africk* (a thing which cannot be too much lamented), that huge Extent of Land that *Christianity* possess'd of old, 'twixt the *Mediterranean* Sea and the Mountain *Atlas*, yea, as far as *Egypt*, with the large Region of *Nubia*, the *Turks* have over-mastered. We read of 200 Bishops met in Synods in those Parts, and in that Province where old *Carthage* stood there were 164 Bishops under one *Metropolitan*; but *Mahometism* hath now overspread all thereabout, only the King of *Spain* hath a few Maritime Towns under *Christian* Subjection, as *Septa*, *Tangier*, *Oran*, and others. But thro' all the huge Continent of *Africk*, which is estimated to be thrice bigger than *Europe*, there is not one Region entirely *Christian*, but *Habassia* or *Ethiopia*: Besides, there is in *Egypt* a considerable number of them yet sojourning. Now *Habassia*, according to the Itineraries of the observingst Travellers in those Parts, is
thought

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 *St. 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, especially in those Provinces (the more's the pity) where the Gospel was first preach'd, as *Anatolia*, *Armenia*, *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestina*, *Chaldea*, *Assyria*, *Persia*, the North of *Arabia*, and South of *India*. In some of these Parts, I say, 'specially in the four first, *Christians* are thick mix'd with *Mahometans*, as also in *East India*, since the *Portugal's* discovery of the passage by the *Cape of Good Hope*, *Christians* by God's goodness have multiplied in considerable Numbers, as likewise in *Goa*, since it was made an Archbishoprick, and a Court of a Viceroy. They speak also of a *Christian Church* in *Quinsay* in *China*, the greatest of all earthly Cities; but in the Islands thereabouts, call'd the *Philippines*, 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 K. 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 *Tenduc* was the true *Prester 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 Southermost part of *Africk* from the N.-E. 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 conjectur'd

jectur'd to equal well near the other three parts in Magnitude, *Spanish* Authors and Merchants (with whom I have convers'd) make a Report of a marvellous Growth that *Christianity* hath made in the Kingdoms of *Mexico*, *Peru*, *Brasil*, and *Castilia de loro*, as also in the greater Islands adjoining, as *Hispaniola*, *Cuba*, *Portorico*, and others; insomuch, that they write of one ancient Priest who had christen'd 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 *butcher'd*.

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,

J. H.

Westm., 9 Aug. 1635.

X.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

MY two former were of *Judaism* and *Christianity*: I come now to the *Mahometans*, the modernest of all Religions, and the most mischievous, and destructive to the Church of Christ; for this fatal Sect hath justled her out of divers large Regions in *Africk*, in *Tartary*, and other places, and attenuated their Number in *Asia*, which they do where-soever they come, having a more politick and pernicious way to do it than by Fire and Faggot: For they having understood well that the Dust of Martyrs were the thrivingest Seeds of *Christianity*; and 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 postpone all worldly things for the preservation of their Consciences (and never any died so but he drew followers after him), therefore the *Turk* goes a more cunning way to work:

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 Hog's 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* everywhere, nor can it grow in any place unless it be planted and sown with Gunpowder intermix'd ; when planted, there are divers ways of policy to preserve it : They have their *Alcoran* in one only Language, which is the *Arabic*, 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 Impostures of it may not be discern'd. The *Mufti* is in as great Reverence among them as the *Pope* is among the *Romanists* ; for they hold it to be a true Principle in Divinity, *That no one thing preserves and improves Religion more than a venerable, high, pious esteem of the chiefest Ministers.* They have no other Guide or Law both for Temporal and Church-Affairs than the *Alcoran*, which they hold to be the *Rule of civil Justice, as well as the divine Charter of their Salvation* : so that their Judges are but Expositors of that only ; nor do they trouble themselves or puzzle the Plaintiff with any moth-eaten Records, or Precedents to entangle the business ; but they immediately determine it, according to the fresh Circumstances

stances 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 accessory to the Damnation of the perjur'd Man. By these and divers other reaches of Policy (besides their Arms), not practis'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 nowhere 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 politic 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 *Afric* 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* itself, and *Arabia*, four mighty Kingdoms; the last of these was the Nest where that Cockatrice Egg was hatched, which hath diffus'd its Poison so far and near, thro' 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 *Bengula*; and about the South part the Inhabitants of *Malabar* have drank of this Poison: Insomuch, that by no wrong computation it may well be
said,

said, that *Mahometism* hath dispersed itself over almost one half of the huge Continent of *Asia*, besides those multitudes of Isles, 'specially seven, *Maldivia*, and *Ceylon*, the Sea-coast of *Sumatra*, *Java*, *Sunda*, the Ports of *Banda*, *Borneo*, with divers others, whereof there are thousands about *Asia*, who 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*, altho' they be wholly under *Turks* Obedience, yet *Mahometans* scarce make the third part of the Inhabitants. In *Afric* this Contagion is further spread; it hath intoxicated all the shore of *Ethiopia*, as far as *Mosumbic*, which lieth opposite to the midst of *Madagascar*. 'Tis worse with the firm Land of *Afric* on the North and West Parts; for from the *Mediterranean* Sea to the great River *Niper*, and along the Banks of *Nile*, all *Egypt* and *Barbary*, with *Lybia* and the *Negroes'* Country, are tainted and 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 eight Wives, and as many Concubines as one can maintain, with the assurance of Venereal Delights in a far higher degree, to succeed after death to the religious Observers of it, as the fruition of beautiful Damsels, with large rolling Eyes, whose Virginity shall renew after every Act; their Youth shall last always with their Lust, and Love shall be satiated with only one, where it shall remain inalienable. They concur with the *Christian* but only in the acknowledgment of one God, and in his Attributes. With the *Jew* they symbolize in many things more, as in Circumcision, in refraining from Swine's Flesh, in detestation of Images, and somewhat in the Quality of future Happiness; which, as was said before, they

they place in Venereal Pleasure, as the *Jew* 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 adequate Rewards for Virtue and Piety: For in the whole *Alcoran*, and thro' 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 grossness of Sense. The *Jew* and *Turk* also agree in their opinion of Women, whom they hold to be of an inferior Creation to Man; which makes the one to exclude them from the Mosques, and the other from his Synagogues.

Thus far have I rambled thro' the vast *Ottoman* Empire, and taken a cursory survey of *Mahomet's* Religion. In my next I shall take the best view I can of Pagans and Idolaters, with those who go for Atheists: And in this particular this Earth may be said to be worse than Hell itself, and the kingdom of the Devil, in regard there are no *Atheists* there: For the very damned Souls find and feel in the midst of their tortures that there is a God, by his Justice and Punishments; nay, the Prince of darkness himself, and all the Cacodæmons, by an historical faith, believe there is a God, whereunto the Poet alludes very divinely:

Nullus in Inferno est Atheos, ante fuit.

So I very affectionately kiss your hands, and rest—Your faithful ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 17 Aug. 1635.

XI.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

HAVING in my three former Letters wash'd my hands of the *Mahometan* and the *Jew*, and attended *Christianity* up and down the Earth; I come now to the *Pagan Idolater*,

Idolater, or *Heathen*, who (the more to be lamented) make the greatest part of Mankind: *Europe* herself, tho' 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 are 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 *Afric* 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 *Afric* to the *Cape of Mozambic*, all these Coasts being about the one half of the Circumference of *Africk*, are peopled by *Idolaters*, tho' in some places intermix'd with *Mahometans* and *Christians*, as in the Kingdom of *Congo* and *Angola*. But if we survey the inland Territories of *Afric*, 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 *Lybia* continue still in their old Paganism: So that by this Account above one half of that immense Continent of *Afric* is peopled by *Idolaters*. But in *Asia*, which is far more spacious, and more populous than *Afric*, *Pagans*, *Idolaters*, and *Gentiles* swarm in great Numbers; for from the River *Pechora* Eastward to the Ocean, and thence Southward to the *Cape of Cincapura*, and from that Point returning Westward by the South Coasts to the Out-lets of the River *Indus*, all that maritime Tract, which makes a good deal more than half the Circumference of *Asia*, is inhabited by *Idolaters*; so are the Inland Parts. There are two mighty Mountains that traverse all *Asia*, *Taurus*, and *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

Paganism thus reigns, so in many thousand Islands that lie squander'd in the vast Ocean, on the East and South-East of *Asia*, Idolatry o'erspreads 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 greediness of Gold, and their Cruelty, they came not in so fast; which made an *Indian* answer a *Spanish* Fryar, 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 *Morduits*, which occupy the middle confines betwixt the *Tartars* and the *Russe*, that are mingled in Rites of Religion, with all those that have been fore-spoken: For from the Privy Members upwards they are *Christians*, in regard they admit of Baptism; from the Navel downward they are *Mahometans* or *Jews*, for they are 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 *Mozall*, 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 excusablelest kind who adore the Sun and Moon, with the Host of Heaven. And in *Ireland*, the *Kerns* of the Mountains, with some of the *Scotch* Isles, use a fashion of adoring the new Moon to this very day, praying she would leave them in as good
Health

Health as she found them : This is not so gross an Idolatry as that of other Heathens ; for the Adoration of those glorious celestial Bodies is more excusable than that of Garlick and Onions with the *Egyptian*, who, some 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 18,000 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 Trismagistus*, who having no other scale but that of natural Reason, mounted very high towards Heaven ; for he hath very many divine Sayings, whereof I think it not impertinent to insert here a few : First, he saith, *That all human sins are venial with the Gods, impiety excepted.* 2. *That goodness belongs to the Gods, piety to Men, revenge and wickedness to the Devils.* 3. *That the Word is lucens Dei filius, the bright Son of God, &c.*

From *Egypt* theoretical Knowledge came down the *Nile*, and landed at some of the *Greek* Islands ; where, 'twixt the 33d, 34th, and the 35th Century of years after the Creation, there flourished all those renowned Philosophers that sway now in our Schools : *Plato* flew highest in divine 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,*

potent, and not capable of a definition: Which made the Philosopher, being commanded by his King to define God, to ask the respite of a day to meditate thereon, then two, then four; at last he ingenuously confess'd, that the more he thought to dive into this mystery, the more he was *ingulph'd in the speculation of it:* For the Quiddity and Essence of the incomprehensible Creator cannot imprint any formal conception upon the finite Intellect of the Creature. To this I might refer the Altar which St. Paul found among the *Greeks* with this Inscription, τῷ ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ, *To the unknown God.*

From the *Greek Isles*, Philosophy came to *Italy*, thence to this Western World among the *Druydes*, whereof those of this Isle were most celebrated; for we read that the *Gauls* (now the *French*) came to *Britany* in great numbers to be instructed by them. The *Romans* were mighty great Zealots in their Idolatry, and their best Authors affirm, that they extended their Monarchy so far and near, by a particular reverence they had of their Gods (which the *Spaniard* seems now to imitate), tho' 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 Archflamins and Vestal Nuns: And it seems the same genius reigns still in them; for in the primitive Church, that which the *Pagans* misliked most in *Christianity* was, that it had not the face and form of a Religion, in regard it had no Oblations, Altars, and Images; which may be a good reason why the Sacrifice of the Mass and other Ceremonies were first instituted to allure the *Gentiles* to *Christianity*.

But to return a little further to our former Subject: In the condition that Mankind stands now, if the Globe of the Earth were divided into thirty parts, 'tis thought that
Idolaters

Idolaters (with horror I speak it) having, as I said before, the one half of *Asia* and *Africk*, both for the inland Country and maritime Coasts, with four parts of five in *America*, inhabit twenty parts of those Regions that are already found out upon Earth. Besides, in the opinion of the knowing and most inquisitive Mathematicians, there is toward the Southern Clime as much Land yet undiscover'd 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 balance 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 to them, 'specially in a Haraucane, tho' he be not visible to others. In some places they worship both God and the Devil; the one, that he may do them good; the other, that he may do them no hurt: the first they call *Tantum*, the other *Squantum*. 'Twere a presumption beyond that of *Lucifer's*, or *Adam's*, for Man to censure the Justice of the Creator in this particular, why he makes daily such innumerable Vessels of dishonour: It is a wiser and safer course far, to sit down in an humble admiration, and cry out, Oh the profound inscrutable Judgments of God! his ways are past finding out: and so to acknowledge with the divine Philosopher, *Quod oculus vespertilionis ad solem, idem est omnis intellectus humanus ad Deum*; what the Eye of a Bat is to the Sun, the same is all human understanding to Godwards.

Now to draw to a conclusion, touching the respective largeness of Christianity and *Mahometism* upon the Earth, I find the first to exceed, taking the new World with the old, considering the spacious Plantations of the *Spaniard* in *America*, the Colonies the *English* have there in *Virginia*, *New-England*, and *Caribbee-Islands*, with those of the *French* in *Canada*, and of the *Hollander* in *East-India*: nor do I find that there is any Region purely *Mahometan* without Intermixtures, as Christianity hath many: which makes me to be of a differing opinion to that Gentleman who

who held, that Christianity added little to the general Religion of Mankind.

Now, touching the latitude of Christian Faith in reference to the differing Professors thereof, as in my former I shew'd that the Eastern Churches were more spacious than the *Latin* or *Roman* (excepting the two *Indies*), so they who have fallen off from her in the Western Parts are not so far inferior to her in *Europe* as some would make one believe; which will appear, if we cast them in counter-balance.

Among *Roman* 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 *Swethland*, the Dukes of *Saxon*, *Holstein*, and *Wittemberg*; the Marquis of *Brandenberg*, and *Baden*, the Landgrave of *Hesse*, most of the *Hansiatic* Towns, which are eighty-eight in number, some whereof are equal to Republicques; 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 Marquisates of *Lusatia*, *Moravia*, and the Dukedom of *Silesia*; as also they have the huge Kingdom of *Poland*, wherein Protestants are diffus'd thro' all quarters in great numbers, having 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 to their General Synods: For altho' there are divers sorts of these *Polonian* Protestants, some embracing the *Waldensian* or the *Bohemic*, others the *Augustan*, 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*, *Wirtinbergick*, *Palatin*, and

Belgick Confessions. They also harmoniously symbolize in the principal Articles of Faith, and which mainly concern eternal Salvation; as in the infallible Verity and full Sufficiency of the Scriptures, Divine Essence, and Unity of the Everlasting Godhead, the Sacred Trinity of the Three Glorious Persons, the Blessed Incarnation of Christ, the Omnipotent Providence of God, the Absolute Supreme Head of the Church, Christ himself, Justification by Faith thro' his Merits; and touching the nature of lively Faith, Repentance, Regeneration, and Sanctification, the difference between the Law and the Gospel, touching Free-will, Sin, and good Works, the Sacraments, their number, use, and efficacy; the Marks of the Church, the Resurrection, and State of Souls deceased. It may seem a rambling wild speech at first view, of one who said, That to make one a complete Christian, he must have the *works of a Papist, the words of a Puritan, and the faith of a Protestant*; yet this wish, if well expounded, may bear a good sense, which were unfitting for me to give, you being better able to put a gloss upon it yourself.

Thus, learned Sir, have I exercised my Pen, according to my small proportion of knowledge, and conversation with Books, Men, and Maps, to obey your desire: tho' in comparison of your spacious Literature, I have held all this while but a candle to the Sun, yet by the light of this small candle you may see how ready I am to show myself—Your very humble and affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 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,*

first, and of a slow Enemy in the second. The courtesies of an *Italian*, if you make him jealous of you, are dangerous, and so are his Compliments: 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 debonair accostable People, both Men and Women. Among the one, at first entrance, one may have Acquaintance, and at first Acquaintance one may have Entrance; for the other, whereas the old rule was, that there could be no true Friendship without commessation of a bushel of salt, one may have enough there before he eat a spoonful with them. I like that Friendship, *which by soft gentle pauses steals upon the affection, and grows mellow with time*, by reciprocal offices and trials of Love: That Friendship is like to last long, and never to shrink in the wetting.

So, hoping to enjoy you before you go, and to give you a friendly Foy, I rest—Your most affectionate Servitor,
J. H.

Westm., 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 remember'd; there was good company, excellent cheer, 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 magnify his own *Muse*. *T. Ca.* buzz'd me in the ear, that tho' *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

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 Man's breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's 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 this 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 forced himself into this Hexameter: *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 to you. So I am, Sir—Your very humble and most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 5 Apr. 1636.

XIV.

To my Cousin, Mr. I. P., at Gravesend.

COUSIN,

GOD send you a good passage to *Holland*, and the world to your mind when you are there. Now that you intend to trail a Pike, and make profession of Arms, let me give you this caveat, that nothing must be more precious to you than your reputation. As I know you have a spirit not to receive wrong, so you must be careful not to offer any, for the one is as base as the other; your pulse will be quickly felt, and trial made what metal you are made of after your coming. If you get but once handsomely off, you

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 smoke, there you shall find me: *Water* said, Where you see marsh and moorish low Ground, there you shall find me; but *Fame* said, Take heed how you 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 yourself to your Commanders, and so you may more confidently demand obedience, when you come to command yourself, as I doubt not but you may do in a small time. The *Hoghen Moghen* are very exact in their polemical Government; their pay is sure, tho' small, *4s. a week being too little a hire, as one said, to kill men.* At your return I hope you will give a better account of your doings than he who, being ask'd what exploits he had done in the *Low-Countries*, answer'd, That he had cut off a *Spaniard's* legs: reply being made, that that was no great matter, it had been something if he had cut off his head; *O,* said he, *you must consider his head was off before.* Excuse me that I take my leave of you so pleasantly, but I know you will take anything in good part from him who is so much—Your truly affectionate Cousin, J. H.

Westm., 3 Aug. 1634.

XV.

To Cap. 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. Tho' you be already imbarqued, 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-favour'd 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

J. H.

Westm., 1 May 1635.

XVI.

To Mr. Thomas W., at his Chambers in the Temple.

SIR,

YOU have much streightned that knot of love which hath been so long tied between us, by those choice Manuscripts you sent me lately, among which I find divers rare pieces; but that which afforded me most entertainment in those Miscellanies, was Dr. *Henry King's* Poems, wherein I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy: they are a choice race of Brothers, and it seems the same Genius diffuseth itself also among the Sisters. It was my hap to be lately where Mrs. *A. K.* was, and having a Paper of Verses in her hand I got it from her; they were an Epitaph, and an Anagram, of her own composure and writing; which took me so far, that the next morning before I was up, my rambling fancy fell upon these Lines:

For the admitting of Mrs. *Ann King* to be the Tenth Muse.

*Ladies of Helicon, do not repine
I add one more unto your number Nine;
To make it even, I among you bring*

*Βάσιλ. Α. No meaner than the Daughter of a King:
Anna King. Fair Basil-Anna: quickly pass your Voice,
I know Apollo will approve the choice,*

And

*And gladly her install; for I could name
Some of less merit, Goddesses became.*

F. C. soars higher and higher every day in pursuance of his *Platonic Love*; but *T. Man* is out with his, you know whom; he is fallen into that averseness to her, that he swears he had rather see a Basilisk than her. This shews, that the sweetest Wines may turn to the tartest vinegar. No more till we meet.—Yours inviolably, J. H.

Westm., 3 Feb. 1637.

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-weigh'd Statesmen this Island hath bred: one was us'd 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 reconcil'd. Touching the first, 'tis true, *that haste and choler are enemies to all great actions*; for as it is a Principle in Chymistry, that *omnis festinatio est à Diabolo*, all haste comes from Hell, so in the consultations, contrivings, and conduct of any business 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 antient Course of our High Court of Parliament, who, when a Law is to be made, which concernes the welfare 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; and there also 'tis so many times canvass'd, and then presented to the Prince: That which must stand for Law, must be long stood upon, because it imposeth
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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 past, such a world of contingencies human actions are subject to. Yet, under favour, I believe this first saying to be meant of matters while they are in agitation, and upon the anvil; but when they have receiv'd form, and are resolv'd upon, I believe then, nothing is so advantageous as speed. And at this, I am of opinion, the second saying aims at: 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 the bound; for Expedition is the life of Action, otherwise Time may show his bald *occiput*, and shake his posteriors at them in derision. Among other Nations, the *Spaniard* is observ'd to have much phlegm, and to be most dilatory in his proceedings, yet they who have pried 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 continu'd long; the first, 'twixt *Ferdinand* and *Henry VII.* for *Catherine* of *Arragon* seven years; that 'twixt King *James* and the now *Philip IV.* for *Mary* of *Austria* lasted eleven years, (and seven and eleven's eighteen): the first took effect for Pr. *Arthur*, the late miscarry'd for Pr. *Charles*, and the *Spaniard* may thank himself and his own slow pace for it; for had he mended his pace to perfect the work, I believe his Monarchy had not receiv'd so many ill-favoured shocks since. The late revolt of *Portugal* was foreseen, and might have been prevented, if the *Spaniard* had not been too slow in his purpose to have sent the Duke of *Braganza* out of the way upon some employment, as was projected.

Now will I reconcile the former sayings of those two renown'd Secretaries, with the gallant comparison of *Charles*
the

the Emperor (and he was of a more temperate mould than a *Spaniard*, being a *Fleming* born); he was us'd to say, that while any great 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 resolv'd upon, then we should observe the motion of *Mercury*, the nimblest of all the Planets: *Ubi desinit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius*. Whereto I will add, that we should imitate the Mulberry, which of all Trees casts out her buds the latest, for she doth it not till all the cold weather be past, and then she is sure they cannot be nipped; but then she shoots them all out

Quodā cum }
strepitu as }
Pliny saith }

in one night: so tho' she be one way the slowest, she is another way the nimblest of trees.

Thus have I obey'd your Lordship's 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 vers'd. I shall most willingly conform to any other injunctions of your Lordship's, and esteem them always as favours, while I am

J. H.

Westm., 5 Sept. 1633.

XVIII.

To Sir I. Browne, 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 a great deal lessen'd thereby, but tho' he be less powerful, he is not a penny the poorer thereby; for there comes

comes not a farthing less every year into his Exchequer, in regard that those Countries were rather a charge than benefit to him, all their Revenue being drunk up in Pensions, and Payments of Officers and Garisons; for if the King of *Spain* had lost all except the *West-Indies*, and all *Spain* except *Castile* herself, it would little diminish his Treasury. Touching *Catalonia* and *Portugal*, '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 Money to *Italy*; the other, because all her *East-India* commodities were barter'd commonly in *Andalusia* and elsewhere for *Bullion*. *Catalonia* is fed with money from *France*, but for *Portugal*, she hath little or none; therefore I do not see how she could support a war long to any purpose if *Castile* were quiet, unless soldiers would be contented to take *Cloves* and *Pepper-corns* for *Patacoons* and *Pistoles*. You know Money is the sinew and soul of War. This makes me think on that blunt answer which Capt. *Talbot* return'd *Henry VIII.* 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 fortify'd, sent him word, *that he could neither fortify nor fiftify without Money*. There is no news at all stirring here now, and I am of the *Italian's* mind that said, *Nulla nuova, buona nuova*, no news, good news. But it were great news to see you here, whence you have been an Alien so long to—Your most affectionate friend, J. H.

Holborn, 3 June 1640.

XIX.

To Captain C. Price.

COUSIN,

YOU have put me upon such an odd intricate piece of business, that I think there was never the like of it.

I

I am more puzzled 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 the peevish humour of the people I dealt withal. I find it true now, that one of the greatest tortures that can be in the negotiation of the World is, to have to do with perverse irrational half-witted men, and to be worded to death by nonsense; besides, as much Brain as they have, is as full of scruples as a Burr 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. Sepulchre's* Steeple, which never look all four upon one point of the Heavens, as to reduce them to any conformity of reason. I never remember to have met with Father and Children, or Children among themselves, of a more differing genius and contrariety of humours; insomuch that there cannot be a more pregnant instance to prove that human Souls come not *ex traduce*, and by seminal production from the parents. For my part, I intend to spend my breath no longer upon them, but to wash my hands quite of the business; and so I would wish you to do, unless you love to walk in a labyrinth of Briars. So, expecting with impatience your return to *London*, I rest—
Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 27 Apr. 1632.

XX.

To my Cousin, Mr. I. P., at Lincoln's-Inn.

COUSIN,

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

not only *cramp'd* but *crippl'd*; 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 been 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. Among the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, 'tis held one of the greatest solecisms that can be in good manners, not to answer a Letter with like civility; by this they use to distinguish a Gentleman from a Clown; besides, they hold it one of the most 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 style 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 *Ploydon* 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—Your most affectionate loving Cousin,

J. H.

Westm., 3 July 1631.

XXI.

To my Nephew, J. P., at St. John's in Oxford.

NEPHEW,

I HAD from you lately two Letters; the last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so: There was as much difference between them as 'twixt a *Scotch Pedlar's Pack* in *Poland* and

and the Magazine of an *English Merchant in Naples*; the one being usually full of Taffaty, Silks, and Sattins; the other of Callicoes, Thread-ribbands, and such polldavy ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vent, if you take the pains: your trifles and bagatells are ill bestow'd 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 apprenticeship 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; anything 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 obliged me to read them thro' with more haste to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them had they been my own books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last Letter, in regard I found it smelt of the Lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon—Your assured loving Uncle,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Aug. 1633.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Haw.

SIR,

I THANK you a thousand times for the choice Stanzas you pleas'd to send me lately: I find that you were thoroughly heated, that you were inspir'd with a true Enthusiasm when you compos'd them. And whereas others use to flutter in the lower region, your Muse soars up to the upper

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, tho' I fear not satisfied, in the following numbers:

1. *Could I but catch those beamy Rays,
Which Phœbus at high noon displays,
I'd set them on a Loom, and frame
A Scarf for Delia of the same.*
2. *Could I that wondrous Black come near,
Which Cynthia, when eclips'd, doth wear,
Of a new fashion I would trace
A mask thereof for Delia's face.*
3. *Could I but reach that green and blue,
Which Iris decks in various hue,
From her moist Bow I'd drag them down,
And make my Delia a Summer-Gown.*
4. *Could I those whitely Stars go nigh,
Which make the Milky-Way in Sky,
I'd 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 everything divine,
That would besit a Seraphin.
And 'cause ungirt unbles'd we find,
One of the Zones her waist should bind.*

They are of the same cadence as yours, and airable. So
I am—Your Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 5 Sept. 1632.

XXIII.

To the R. H. the Lady Elizabeth Digby.

MADAM,

IT is no improper comparison, that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam (without vanity be it spoken)

spoken), such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromattick odour they carry'd with them diffus'd itself thro' all the veins of my heart, 'specially thro' the left Ventricle, where the most illustrious Blood lies; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast: nor doth this perfume stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my Brain, and sweeten'd all the cells thereof, 'specially the *Memory*, which may be said to be a Cabinet also to preserve courtesies: for tho' the Heart be the Box of *Love*, the Memory is the Box of Lastingness; the one may be term'd the *Source* whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the *Cistern* that keeps them.

But your Ladyship will say, these are words only; I confess it, 'tis but a verbal acknowledgment: But, Madam, if I were 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 Ladyship's most humble and enchain'd Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 5 Aug. 1640.

XXIV.

To Sir I. B.

NOBLE SIR,

THAT old opinion the *Jew* and *Turk* have of Women, that they are of an inferior Creation to Man, and therefore exclude them, the one from their *Synagogues*, the other from their *Mosques*, is in my judgment not only partial, but profane: for the Image of the Creator shines as clearly in the one as in the other; and I believe there are as many female Saints in Heaven as male, unless you could make me adhere to the opinion that Women must be all masculine before they be capable to be made Angels of. Add hereunto, that there went better and more refined stuff to the Creation of Woman than Man. 'Tis true, 'twas a weak
part

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 ascrib'd all Sciences to the *Muses*, all Sweetness and Morality to the *Graces*, and prophetic Inspirations to the *Sybils*. In my small revolving of Authors, I find as high examples of Virtue in Women as in Men; I could produce here a whole Regiment of them, but that a Letter is too narrow a field to muster them in. I must confess, there are also counter Instances of this kind: if Queen *Zenobia* was such a precise pattern of continency, that after the act of conception she would know her Husband no more all the time of her pregnancy, till she had been deliver'd; there is another example of a *Roman* Empress, that when she found the Vessel fraughted, would take in all passengers; when the Barn was full, any one might thrash in the haggard, but not till then, for fear the right Father should be discovered by the countenance of the Child. But what need I go far off, to rake the ashes of the dead? there are living examples enough *pro* and *con* of both Sexes; yet Woman being (as I said before) the weaker vessel, her failings are more venial than those of Man; tho' Man, indeed, being more conversant with the world, and meeting more opportunities abroad (and opportunity is the greatest Bawd) of falling into infirmities, as he follows his worldly negotiations, may on the t'other side be judg'd the more excuseable.

But you are fitter than I to discourse of this subject, being better vers'd in the theory of Women, having had a most virtuous Lady of your own before, and being now link'd 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 humblbe and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 5 Aug. 1632.

XXV.

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 receiv'd of those 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 courtesy else, which trebly binds the receiver to an acknowledgment, and makes the remembrance of it more acceptable. I have known two Lord High Treasurers of *England* of quite contrary humours, one successively after the other; the one, tho' he did the Suitors' business, yet he went murmuring; the other, tho' he did it not, was us'd to dismiss the party with some satisfaction. 'Tis true, money is welcome, tho' it be in a dirty clout, but 'tis far more acceptable if it come in a clean handkerchief.

Sir, you may sit in the chair, and read Lectures of Morality to all Mankind in this point, you have such a dextrous discreet way to handle suitors in that troublesome Office of yours; wherein, as you have already purchas'd much, I wish you all increase of honour and happiness.—
Your humble and obliged Servitor,

J. H.

XXVI.

XXVI.

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 Courtesans, whereof 'twas said there were 20,000 on the common list, when I was there: at which time I remember one told me a tale of a *Calabrian* who had —— 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 procur'd it for four Pistoles, and for the other odd one, I think I might have had a dispensation to have married the Beast.

I thank you for the exact relation you sent me of the fearful Earthquakes and Fires which happen'd lately in that Country, and particularly about *Vesuvius*. It seems the huge Giant, who, 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 *Terceras*, which never appear'd before since the Creation, and begins to be peopled already: Methinks the K. of *Spain* needs no more Countries, he hath too many already, unless they were better united. All your Friends here are well, and mind you often in Town and Country, as doth—Your true, constant Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 7 *Apr.* 1629.

XXVII.

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 virtue, I confess, but 'tis nothing to what our *East-India* Mariners can do here, because they can do so forty times further: for tho' their Wives be at *Ratcliff*, and they at the *Red-Sea*, tho' they be at *Madagascar*, the *Mogor's Court*, or *Japan*, yet they use to get their Wives' bellies up here about *London*; a strange virtue, at such a huge distance; but I believe the active part is in the Wives, and the Husbands are merely passive: which makes them, among other wares, to bring home with them a sort of precious horns, the powder whereof, could one get some of it, would be of an invaluable virtue. This operation of our *Indian* Mariner at such a distance is more admirable in my judgment than that of the *Weapon-salve*, the *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 to you,
and

and she desires you to send her a compleat Cupboard of the best Christal Glasses *Murano* can afford by the next shipping; besides she intreats you to send her a pot of the best Mithridate, and so much of Treacle.

All your Friends here are well and jovial. *T. T.* drank your health yesternight, and wish'd you could send him a handsome *Venetian Courtesan* 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—Yours to the Altar,

J. H.

Westm., 15 Jan. 1635.

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 itself always upon one object) it hath sometimes its ebbs in me, but 'tis to rise up again with greater force: At the writing hereof 'twas flood, 'twas spring-tide, which swell'd so high, that the thoughts of you 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 *Castile*, of the tragical murdering of the Viceroy, and the burning of his house: Those Mountaineers are mad Lads. I fear the sparkles of this fire will fly further, either to *Portugal*, or to *Sicily* and *Italy*; all which Countries, I 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 *Whitehall*, and the Lord Deputy kings it notably in *Ireland*; some that love them best could wish them a little more moderation.

I pray buy *Suarez's Works* for me of the last Edition : Mr. *William Pawly*, to whom I desire my most hearty commends may be presented, will see it safely sent by way of *Bilboa*. Your Friends here are all well, as thanks be to God—Your true Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Holborn, 3 Mar. 1638.

XXIX.

To Sir Edw. Sa., Knight.

SIR EDWARD,

I HAD a shrewd disease hung lately upon me, proceeding, as the Physicians told me, from this long reclused life and close restraint, which had much wasted my spirits and brought me low; when the *Crisis* was past, I began to grow doubtful that I had but a short time to breathe in this elementary world; my fever still increasing, and finding my soul weary of this muddy mansion, and, methought, more weary of this prison of flesh, than this flesh was of this prison of the *Fleet*. Therefore after some gentle slumbers and unusual dreams, about the dawnings of the day, I had a lucid interval, and I fell thinking how to put my little house in order, and to make my last will. Hereupon my thoughts ran upon *Gruunius 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 forth. As he thus dissected his *body*, so I thought to divide my *mind* into legacies, having, as you know, little of the outward pelf and gifts of fortune to dispose of; for never any was less beholden to that blind baggage. In the highest degree of theoretical Contemplation, I made an entire 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

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 to them what legacies I held most proper. I thought to bequeath to 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 foreign 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 tho' they are great masters of that language, yet it may stead them something when they read *la picara Justina*; my *Italian* to the worthy Company of *Turkey* and *Levantine* Merchants, from divers of whom I have receiv'd many noble favours; my *French* to my most honour'd Lady, the Lady *Core*, and it may help her something to understand *Rabelais*; the little smattering I have in the *Dutch*, *British*, and my *English*, I did not esteem worth the bequeathing: My love I had bequeath'd to be diffused 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 sackful of bones, I thought to bequeath to *Westminster-Abbey*, to be interr'd in the Cloyster within the South-side of the Garden, close to the Wall, where I would have desir'd Sir *H. F.* (my dear Friend) to have inlay'd a small piece of black Marble, and cause this Motto to have been insculped on it, *Hucusque peregrinus, heic domi*; or this, which I would have left to his Choice, *Hucusque Erraticus, heic Fixus*: And instead of strewing my grave with *Flowers*, I would have desir'd

desir'd 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 been always naturally affected to woods and groves, and those kind of vegetables, insomuch, that if there were any such thing as a *Pythagorean* Metempsychosis, I think my soul would transmigrate into some *Tree*, when she bids this body farewell.

By these Extravagancies, and odd Chimeras 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—Your most constant, faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 26 Mar. 1643.

XXX.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lady Wichts.

MADAM,

SINCE I was hurl'd among these walls, I had divers fits of melancholy, and such *turbid intervals* 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 *Nile*, which, when that *Enigmatical* vast River is got again to her former bed, engendereth divers sorts of new creatures, and some kind of Monsters. My brain in this Fleet hath been often thus overwhelm'd, yet I never found it so muddy, nor the region of my mind so much clouded, as it was lately after notice had of the sad tidings of Master *Controuler's* death: The
news

news hereof struck such a damp into me, that for some space, methought, the very pulse of my blood and the motions of my heart were at a stand; for I was surpriz'd with such a consternation, that I felt no pulsations in the one, or palpitations in the other. Well, Madam, he was a brave solid wise man, of a noble free disposition, and so great a *controuler* of his passions, that he was always at home within himself; yet I much fear that the sense of these unhappy times made too deep impressions in him.

Truly, Madam, I 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 anything, his memory shall be fresh with me.

But the truth is, that if the advantageous exchange which he hath made were well consider'd, no Friend of his should be sorry; for in lieu of a *White-staff* in an earthly Court, he hath got a *Sceptre* of Immortality: He that had been Ambassador at the *Port* to the greatest Monarch upon Earth, where he resided so many years an honour to his King and Country, is now arrived at a far more glorious *Port* than that of *Constantinople*; tho' (as I intimated before) I fear that this boisterous weather hath blown him thither before his time. God Almighty give your Ladyship patience for so great a loss, and comfort in your hopeful Issue: with this prayer I conclude myself, Madam—
Your Ladyship's most humble and sorrowful Servant,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 15 Apr.

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 *Cheapside* Porter did one that related Court-news to him, how such a one
was

was made Lord *Treasurer*, another *Chancellor* of the *Exchequer*, another was made an *Earl*, another sworn *Privy-Counsellor*: Ay, said he, yet I am but a *Porter* still. So I may say, I am but a *Prisoner* still, notwithstanding the releasement of so many. Mistake me not, as if I repin'd hereby at any one's liberty; for I could heartily wish that I were the unic Martyr in this kind, that I were the Figure of one with never a Cypher after it, as God wot there are too many: I could wish that as I am the least in value, I were the last in number. A day may come, that a favourable wind may blow, that I may launch also out of this Fleet. In the meantime, and always after, I am—Your true and constant Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Feb. 1645.

XXXII.

To Mr. R. B., at Ipswich.

GENTLE SIR,

I VALUE at a high rate the sundry respects you have been pleased to show me; for as you obliged me before by your visits, so you have much endear'd yourself to me since by your late Letter of the 11th current. Believe it, Sir, the least scruple of your Love is not lost (because I perceive it proceeds from the pure motions of Virtue), but return'd to you in the same full proportion. But what you please to ascribe to me in point of merit, I dare not own; you look upon me thro' the wrong end of the prospective, or rather thro' a multiplying-glass, which makes the object appear far bigger than it is in real dimensions; such glasses as Anatomists use in the dissection of Bodies, which can make a Flea look like a Cow, or a Fly as big as a Vulture.

I presume you are constant in your desire to travel; if you intend it at all, you cannot do it in a better time, there being little comfort, God wot, to breathe *English* Air, as matters are carried. I shall be glad to steed you in anything that may tend to your Advantage; for to tell you
truly,

truly, I take much contentment in this inchoation of Friendship, to improve and perfect which, I shall lie centinell to apprehend all occasions.

If you meet Master *R. Brownrig* in the Country, I pray present my very kind respects to him; for I profess myself to be both his and—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 15 Aug. 1646.

XXXIII.

To Captain C. Price, Prisoner at Coventry.

COUSIN,

YOU, whom I held always as my second self in Affection, are now so in Affliction, being in the same *predicament* of Sufferance, tho' not in the same *prison* as I. There is nothing sweetneth Friendship more than participation and identity of danger and durance: The day may come that we may discourse with comfort of these sad Times; for Adversity hath the Advantage of Prosperity itself in this point, that the commemoration of the one is oft-times more delightsome than the fruition of the other. Moreover, Adversity and Prosperity are like Virtue 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'er the *helm* in this *Fleet*; we will transmute metals, and give a resurrection to mortified Vegetables: To which end, the *green Lyon* and the *Dragon*, yea, *Demogorgon* and *Mercury* himself, with all the Planets, shall attend us, till we come to the *Elixir*, the true Powder of Projection, which the Vulgar call the Philosopher's Stone. If matters hit right, we may thereby
get

get better returns than *Cardigan* silver Mines afford : But we must not melt ourselves away as *J. Meredith* did, nor do as your Countryman *Morgan* did. I know when you read these lines, you'll say I am grown mad, and that I have taken *Opium* in lieu of Tobacco : If I be mad, I am but sick of the Disease of the Times, which reigns more among the *English*, than the *Sweating-sickness* did some sixscore years since among them, and only them, both at home and abroad.

There's a strange Maggot hath got into their brains, which possesseth them with a kind of Vertigo ; and it reigns in the Pulpit more than anywhere 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 to you ; he is here under hatches as well as I ; however, I am still, in fair or foul weather—Your truly affectionate Cousin to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 Jan. 1643.

XXXIV.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord of Cherberry.

MY LORD,

GOD send you joy of your new habitation, for I understand your Lordship is remov'd from the *King's-street* to the *Queen's*. It may be with this enlargement of dwelling, your Lordship may need a recruit of Servants. The bearer hereof hath a desire to devote himself to your Lordship's Service ; and I find that he hath a concurrence of such parts that may make him capable of it : He is well 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 itself*. If your Lordship hath not
present

present occasion to employ him, he may be about you a-while like a spare Watch, which your Lordship may wind up at pleasure. So my Aim being to do your Lordship service, as much as him a pleasure, by this recommendation, I rest—Your Lordship's most humble Servant,
J. H.

Fleet, 13 July 1646.

XXXV.

To Mr. R. Br.

GENTLE SIR,

YOURS of the 4th 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 counterbalanc'd with the like in full weight; for altho' 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 helped to make an equal compensation.

I hope you persist in your purpose for foreign Travel, to study a-while the World abroad: It is the way to perfect you, and I have already 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—Yours to dispose of,
J. H.

Fleet, 3 July 1646.

XXXVI.

To Sir L. D., in the Tower.

SIR,

TO help the passing away of your weary Hours between those disconsolate Walls, I have sent you a King of your own Name to bear you company, *Lewis XIII.*, who, tho' dead three years since, may peradventure afford you some entertainment; and I think that dead Men of this nature

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 myself; in which confidence I style myself—Your most obliged and ever faithful Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 15 Feb. 1646.

My most humble Service to Sir *J. St.* and Sir *H. V.*

XXXVII.

To Master R. B.

GENTLE SIR,

I HAD yours of the 2d current by Master *Bloys*, which obligeth me to send you double thanks, first, for your Letter, then for the choice Hand that brought it me.

When I had gone thro' it, methought your *Lines* were as *Leaves*, or rather so many Branches, among which there sprouted divers sweet Blossoms of ingenuity, which I find may quickly come to a rare maturity. I confess this Clime (as matters go) is untoward to improve such buds of Virtue; but the Times may mend, now that our *King*, with the *Sun*, makes his approach to us more and more: Yet I fear we shall not come yet a good while to our former serenity; therefore it were not amiss, in my judgment, if some foreign Air did blow upon the aforesaid Blossoms, to ripen them under some other Meridian; in the interim, it is the opinion of—Your ever respectful Friend to dispose of, J. H.

Fleet, 3 Aug. 1645.

XXXVIII.

To Mr. G. C., at Dublin.

SIR,

THE news of this Week have been like the waves of that boisterous Sea, thro' which this Letter is to pass over

over to you. Divers reports for Peace have swoln high for the time, but they suddenly fell low and flat again. Our Relations here are like a Peal of Bells in windy blustering weather; sometimes the Sound is strong on this side, sometimes on that side of the Steeple; so our Relations sound diversly, as the Air of Affection carries them; and sometimes in a whole volley of News we shall not find one true report.

There was, in a *Dunkirk* Ship, taken some months ago hard by *Arundel Castle*, among other things, a large Picture 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 *Cornwall's* Daughter, was embark'd with 11,000 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 of that Picture; yet the common People here take *Conanus* for our King, and *Vrsula* 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 applied to living Persons, with divers other incongruities: Yet it cannot be beaten out of the belief of thousands here, but that it was intended to represent our King and Queen; which makes me conclude with this interjection of wonder, Oh the ignorance of the common People!—Your faithful Friend
to command,

J. H.

Fleet, 12 Aug. 1644.

XXXIX.

To Master End. Por., at Paris.

SIR,

I MOST affectionately kiss your hands for the account (and candid opinion) you please to give of the History I sent Her Majesty of the late King her Brother's Reign. I return you also a thousand thanks for your comfortable Advice, that having been so long under hatches in this *Fleet*, I should fancy myself to be in a long voyage at Sea: 'Tis true, Opinion can do much, and indeed *she is that great Lady which rules the World*. There is a wise saying in that Country where you sojourn now, that *Ce n'est pas la place mais la pensée qui fait la prison*: 'Tis not the *Place*, but *Opinion*, that makes the Prison; the Conceit is more than the Condition. You go on to prefer my captivity in this *Fleet* to that of a Voyager at Sea, in regard that he is subject to storms and springing of Leaks, to Pirates and Picaroons, with other casualties. You write, I have other Advantages also, to be free from plundering, and other Barbarisms, that reign now abroad. 'Tis true, I am secur'd from all these; yet touching the first, I could be content to expose myself to all those chances, so that this were a *floating Fleet*, that I might breathe free Air, for I have not been suffer'd to stir o'er the threshold of this House this four years. Whereas you say, I have a Book for my companion; 'tis true, I converse sometimes with dead Men, and what fitter Associates can there be for one that is buried alive (as I am) than dead Men? And now will I adventure to send you a kind of Epitaph I made of myself this morning, as I was lolling a-bed:

*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 knows not what.*

'Tis a strange World, you'll say, when Men make their
own

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 myself of the other, for I may be suffered to rot here, for ought I know; it being the hard destiny of some in these Times, when they are once 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 general, which was, *God knows what will become of us*. But I trust these bad Times will be recompensed 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'Sperance*. So I pray God preserve you, and—Your most faithful humble Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 2 Jan. 1646.

XL.

To Master J. H., at St. John's College in Cambridge.

MASTER HALL,

YOURS of the 13th of this instant came safely, tho' slowly, to hand; for I had it not till the 20th of the same, and the next day your *Essays* were brought me. I entertain'd both with much respect; for I found therein many choice and ripe Notions, which I hope proceed from a pregnancy, rather than precocity of spirit in you.

I perceive you have enter'd the Suburbs of *Sparta* already, and that you are in a fair way to get to the Town itself: I know you have wherewith to adorn her; nay, you may in time gain *Athens* herself, with all the Knowledge she was ever Mistress of, if you go on in your Career with constancy. I find you have a genius for the most solid and severest sort of Studies; therefore when you have pass'd thro'

thro' the Briars of Logick, I could wish you to go 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 humane Studies, they may serve you for your recreation, but let them not by any means allure your affections from the first. I shall delight sometimes to hear of your proceeding; for I profess a great deal of good-will to you, which makes me rest—Your respectful Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 Dec.

XLI.

To my B., the L. B. of B., in France.

MY GOOD LORD AND BR.,

ALTHO' the sense of my own hard condition be enough to make me melancholy, yet when I contemplate yours (as I often do) and compare your kind of *banishment* with my *imprisonment*, I find the apprehension of the first, wherein so many have a share, adds a double weight to my sufferings, tho' but single: Truly these Thoughts to me are as so many corrosives to one already in a Consumption. The World cries you up to be an excellent *Divine* and *Philosopher*; now is the time for you to make an advantage of both: Of the first, by calling to mind, that Afflictions are the proportion of the best *Theophiles*; of the other, by a well-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 triple share, and may be rather call'd the elder Brother; but *οἰστέον καὶ ἐπιστέον*, I hope I shall not sink under the burden, but that we shall be both reserv'd 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 past : For adverse Fortune, among other Properties, hath this for one, that her present pressures are not so irksome, as the remembrance of them being past are delightful. So I remain—Your most loving Brother, J. H.

Fleet, 1 Maii 1645.

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 *Phlegm*; which you know in *Spanish* is taken for *Patience*. It hath also a chymical kind of quality, to refine the dross and feculency of a corrupt Nature, as Fire useth to purify Metals, and to destroy that *terram adamican* in them, as the Chymist calls it; for *Demogorgon* with his Vegetables partakes of *Adam's* Malediction, as well as other Creatures, which makes some of them so foul and imperfect; Nature having design'd them all for Gold and Silver at first, and 'tis Fire can only rectify, and reduce them towards such a perfection. This *Fleet* hath been such a *Furnace* to me, it hath been a kind of *Perillus Bull*; or rather, to use the *Paracelsian* phrase, I have been here *in ventre equino*, in this 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 been here five times so many days, and upward. I have been 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 been fasten'd to the walls of this Prison any time these fifty-five months: I have been here long enough, if I were matter capable thereof, to be made the Philosopher's Stone,

to

to be converted from *Water* to *Powder*, which is the whole *Magistry*: I have been, besides, so long upon the anvil, that methinks I am grown malleable, and hammer-proof; I am so habituated to hardship. But indeed you that are made of a choicer mould, are fitter to be turn'd 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 defecated. God send us both patience to bear the brunt of this fiery trial, and grace to turn these decoctions into *aqua vitæ*, to make sovereign Treacle of this Viper. The *Trojan* Prince was forc'd to pass over *Phlegeton*, and pay *Charon* his freight before he could get into the *Elysian* fields: You know the moral, that we must pass thro' Hell to Heaven; and why not as well thro' a Prison to Paradise? Such may the *Tower* prove to you, and the *Fleet* to me, who am—Your humble and hearty Servitor,

J. H.

From the prison of the Fleet, 23 Feb. 1645.

XLIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord R.

MY LORD,

SURE there is some angry Planet hath lower'd long upon the Catholick King; and tho' one of his Titles to Pagan Princes be, that he wears the Sun for his Helmet, because it never sets upon all his dominions, in regard some part of them lies on the t'other side of the Hemisphere among the *Antipodes*; yet methinks that neither that great Star, or any of the rest, are now propitious unto him: They cast, it seems, more benign influxes upon the *Flower-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 been a fatal year to the said King; for Westward he hath lost *Dunkirk*: *Dunkirk*, which was the Terror of this part of the World, the Scourge of the occidental Seas, whose Name was grown to be a bug-bear for so many years, hath now changed her Master, and
thrown

thrown away the *ragged-staff*; doubtless a great exploit it was to take this Town: But whether this be advantageous to *Holland* (as I am sure it is not to *England*) time will shew. It is more than probable that it may make him careless at Sea, and in the building and arming of his Ships, having now no Enemy near him; besides, I believe it cannot much benefit *Hans* to have the *French* so contiguous to him: the old saying was, *Ayez le François pour ton amy, non pas pour ton Voisin*: Have the *Frenchman* for thy Friend, not for thy Neighbour.

Touching *England*, I believe these distractions of ours have been one of the greatest advantages that could befall *France*; and they happen'd in the most favourable conjuncture of time that might be, else I believe he would never have as much as attempted *Dunkirk*: for *England*, in true reason of State, had reason to prevent nothing more, in regard no one place could have added more to the naval Power of *France*; this will make his Sails swell bigger, and I fear make him claim in time as much Regality in these narrow Seas as *England* herself.

In *Italy* the *Spaniard* hath also had ill successes at *Piom-lino* and *Porto-longone*: besides, they write that he hath lost *il Prete*, & *il Medico*, the Priest, and the Physician; to wit, the Pope, and the Duke of *Florence* (the House of *Medici*), who appear rather for the *French* than for him.

Add to these disasters, that he hath lost within the revolution of the same year the Prince of *Spain* his unic Son, in the very flower of his age, being but seventeen years old. These, with the falling off of *Catalonia* and *Portugal*, with the death of the Queen not above forty, are heavy losses to the 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 Counsels of God Almighty for a reason. I have read 'twas the sensuality of the flesh that drove the Kings out of *Rome*, the *French* out of *Sicily*, and brought the *Moors* into *Spain*, where they kept firm footing above
seven

seven hundred years. I could tell you how, not long before her death, the late Queen of *Spain* took off one of her Chapines, and clowted *Olivares* about the noddle with it, because he had accompany'd 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 *St. Mark*. Nor can I but admire that at the same time the *French* should assail *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 achieved 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'd her face, wasted her spirits, and let out some of her illustrious blood, by our late horrid distractions: Whereby it may be infer'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 endeavour, 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

Universal Peace, which God grant, for War is a *Fire struck in the Devil's tinder-box*. No more now, but that I am, my Lord—Your most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Dec. 1643.

XLIV.

To Mr. E. O., Counsellor, at Gray's-Inn.

SIR,

THE sad Tidings of my dear Friend Dr. *Prichard's* Death sunk deep into me; and the more I ruminate upon't, the more I resent it: But when I contemplate the Order, and those Adamantine Laws which Nature puts into such strict execution thro'out this elementary World; when I consider that up and down this frail Globe of Earth we are but Strangers and 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 God's 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 Scythe 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.

jogging. I know you lov'd him dearly well, which shall make me the more—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 Aug.

XLV.

To I. W., Esq.; in Gray's-Inn.

GENTLE SIR,

I VALUE at a high rate the fair respects you shew me, by the late ingenious expressions of your Letter; but the merit you ascribe to 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 yourself.

I have a foolish working Brain of mine own, in labour still with something; and I can hardly keep it from *superfetations*, tho' oft-times it produce a Mouse, in lieu of a Mountain. I must confess its best productions are but homely and hard-favour'd; yet in regard they appear handsome in your Eyes, I shall like them the better. So I am, Sir—Yours most obliged to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 Jan. 1644.

XLVI.

To Mr. Tho. H.

SIR,

THO' the time abound with Schisms more than ever (the more is our misery), yet, I hope, you will not suffer any to creep into our Friendship; tho' I apprehend some fears thereof by your long silence, and cessation of literal correspondence. You know there is a peculiar Religion attends Friendship; there is, according to the Etymology of the word, a ligation and solemn tie, the rescinding whereof may be truly called a *Schism*, or a *Piacle*, which

is

is more. There belong to this Religion of Friendship certain due rites, and decent ceremonies, as Visits, Messages, and Missives. Tho' I am content to believe that you are firm in the fundamentals, yet I find, under favour, that you have lately fallen short of performing those exterior offices, as if the ceremonial Law were quite abrogated with you in all things. Friendship also allows of Merits, and works of Supererogation sometimes, to make her capable of Eternity. You know that Pair which were taken up into Heaven, and placed among the brightest Stars for their rare constancy and fidelity one to the other: you know also they are put among the *fixed* Stars, not the *erratices*, to shew there must be no inconstancy in love. Navigators steer their course by them, and they are the best friends in working Seas, dark nights, and distresses of weather; whence may be inferr'd, that true friends should shine clearest in adversity, in cloudy and doubtful times. On my part this ancient friendship is still pure, orthodox, and incorrupted; and tho' 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 *κτῆσει*, tho' I cannot be *χρήσει*: for *in statu quo nunc*, I am grown useless and good for nothing, yet in point of possession I am as much as ever—Your firm inalterable Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 7 Nov. 1643.

XLVII.

To Mr. S. B., Merchant, at his House in the Old-Jury.

SIR,

I RETURN you those two famous speeches of the late Q. *Elizabeth*, with the addition of another from *Baudius* at an Embassy here from *Holland*. It is with Languages as 'tis with liquors, which by transfusion use to take wind from one vessel to another; so things translated into another tongue lose of their primitive vigour and strength, unless a paraphrastical Version be permitted; and then the Traduct
may

may exceed the Original; not otherwise, tho' the Version be never so punctual, 'specially in these Orations which are fram'd with such art, that, like *Vitruvius's* Palace, there is no place left to add one stone more without defacing, or to take any out without hazard of destroying the whole 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 years 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 Great's* 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 than 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 been the chiefest instrument, under God, to preserve her from the Block, and had left her all *Q. Mary's* Jewels without diminution; accusing her, that afterwards she should first infringe the Peace with him, by intercepting his treasure in the narrow Seas, by suffering her *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'Haquenée 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

and a Merchant so equally met as in you: which makes me style myself—Your most affectionate Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 May 1645.

XLVIII.

To Dr. D. Featly.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D your Answer to that futilous Pamphlet, with your desire of my opinion touching it. Truly, Sir, I must tell you, that never poor Cur was toss'd in a Blanket 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 League; 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 Pasquiller, every *tressis agaso*, any sterquilinous Rascal, is licens'd to throw dirt in the faces of Sovereign Princes in open printed language. But I hope the Times will mend, and your *Man* also, if he hath any grace, you have so well corrected him. So I rest—Yours to serve and everence you,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Aug. 1644.

XLIX.

To Captain T. L., in Westchester.

CAPTAIN,

I COULD wish that I had the same advantage of speed to send to you at this time as they have in *Alexandria*, now call'd *Scanderoon*, when upon the arrival of any Ships in the Bay, or any other important occasion, they use to send their Letters by Pigeons, train'd up purposely for that use, to *Aleppo* and other places: Such an airy Messenger, such

such a volatile Postilion 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* told me 'tis a miracle if she lasts a natural day to an end: Therefore you shall do well to post up as soon as you can, to look to your own affairs, for I believe you will be no more sick of the Mother: Master *Davies* in the meantime told me he will be very careful and circumspect, that you be not wrong'd. I received yours of the 10th current, and return a thousand thanks for the warm and melting sweet expressions you make of your respects to me. All that I can say at present in answer is, that I extremely please myself in loving you; and I like my own affections the better, because they tell me that I am—Your entirely devoted Friend, J. H.

Westm., 10 Dec. 1631.

L.

To my Hon. Friend, Sir C. C.

SIR,

I WAS upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the 12th current came to hand. The high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein 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 sky, not a speck, or the least wrinkle, appear'd in the whole face of Heaven, 'twas such a pure deep azure all the Hemisphere over, that I wonder'd what was become of the three Regions of the Air, with their Meteors. So, having got into a close field, I cast my face upward, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the Eye hath, much more the *intuitive* virtue in the Thought, that the one in a moment can reach Heaven, and the other go beyond it: Therefore
sure

sure that Philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool, that would have pluck'd out both his Eyes, because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate, as I was in this posture, the vast magnitude of the Universe, and what proportion this poor globe of Earth might bear with it: For if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of Heaven, tho' they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the Earth, take the Sea with it to boot, for they both make but one Sphere, surely the Astronomers had reason to term this Sphere an indivisible Point, and a thing of no dimension at all, being 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 squib, or rather one small grain of Gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of Gnats waving up and down the Air about me, which I knew to be part of the Universe as well as I: And methought it was a strange opinion of our *Aristotle* to hold, that the least of those small insected Ephemerals should be more noble than 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 bigness, the same I held with those glorious Spirits which are near the Throne of the Almighty. What then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself? Doubtless, 'tis beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it: In my private devotions I presume to compare him to a great Mountain of Light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious Form therein; but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the Object, her sight is presently dazled and disgregated with the refulgency and corruscations thereof.

Walking a little further I spied a young boisterous Bull breaking over hedge and ditch to a herd of Kine in the next Pasture; which made me think, that if that fierce, strong Animal, with others of that kind, knew their own strength, they would never suffer Man to be their master. Then
looking

looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the Flesh which is daily dish'd upon our Tables is but concocted grass; which is recarnified in our stomachs, 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 tho' Man hath the faculty of Reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this Reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a Tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull *Vegetable* had of those feeding Animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholden to Nature, nor to be subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer-liv'd. Then I spied a great Stone, and sitting a-while upon't, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that Stone was in a happier condition, in some respects, than either of those *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 increase growth, as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a Kite soaring high in the Air, and gently gliding up and down the clear Region so far above my head, that I fell to envy the Bird extremely, and repine at his happiness, that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to Heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations; they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest
—Your entire and true Servitor, J. H.

Holborn, 17 Mar. 1639.

LI.

To Master Serjeant D., at Lincoln's-Inn.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND with a deep sense of sorrow of the indisposition of your Son: I fear he hath too much *mind* for his *body*, and that superabounds with fancy, which brings him to these fits of distemper, proceeding from the black humour of Melancholy: Moreover, I have observ'd that he is too much given to his study and self-society, 'specially to converse with dead Men, I mean Books: You know anything in excess is naught. Now, Sir, were I worthy to give you advice, I could wish he were well marry'd, 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—Your humble obliged Servant,

J. H.

West., 13 June 1632.

LII.

To my noble Lady, the Lady M. A.

MADAM,

THERE is not anything wherein I take more pleasure than in the accomplishment of your commands; nor had ever any Queen more power o'er her Vassals than you have o'er my Intellectuals. I find by my inclinations, that it is as natural for me to do your will, as it is for fire to fly upward, or anybody 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

imputed to the suddenness of the command, and the shortness of time.

A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity.

To the First Person.

*To thee, dread Sovereign, and dear Lord,
Who out of nought didst 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, blest Saviour, who didst free
My soul from Satan's tyranny,
And mad'st her capable to be
An Angel of the Hierarchy ;
From the same centre I do raise
All honour and immortal praise.*

Hallelujah.

To the Third.

*To thee, sweet Spirit, I return
That Love wherewith my Heart doth burn ;
And these bless'd notions of my Brain
I now breathe up to thee again ;
O ! let them re-descend, and still
My soul with holy raptures fill.*

Hallelujah.

They are of the same measure, cadence, and air as was that Angelical Hymn your Ladyship pleased to touch upon your Instrument; which as it so enchanted me then, that my soul was ready to come out at my ears, so your voice took such impressions in me, that methinks the sound still remains fresh with—Your Ladyship's most devoted Servitor,

J. H.

West., 1 Apr. 1637.

LIII.

LIII.

To Master P. W., at Westminster.

SIR,

THE fear of God is the *beginning* of Wisdom, and the *Love* of God is the end of the *Law*; the former saying was spoken by no meaner man than *Solomon*, but the latter hath no meaner Author than our *Saviour* himself. Touching this *Beginning* and this *End*, there is a near relation between them, so near, that the one begets the other; a harsh Mother may bring forth sometimes a mild Daughter: So *Fear* begets *Love*, but it begets *Knowledge* first; for—— *Ignoti nulla cupido*, we cannot love God, unless we know him before: Both *Fear* and *Love* are necessary to bring us to Heaven; the one is the fruit of the *Law*, the other of the *Gospel*; when the clouds of *Fear* are vanish'd, the beams of *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 God's Closets; and indeed nothing can fill the heart of Man, whose desires are infinite, but God, who is Infinity itself. *Love* therefore must be a necessary attendant to bring us to him. But besides *Love*, there must be two other guides that are requir'd in this journey, which are *Faith* and *Hope*; now that *Fear* which the *Law* enjoins us, turns to *Faith* in the *Gospel*, and *Knowledge* is the scope and subject of both: Yet these last two bring us only toward Heaven, but *Love* goes all along with us to Heaven, and so remains an inseparable sempiternal companion of the soul. *Love* therefore is the most acceptable Sacrifice which we can offer our Creator; and he who doth not study the Theory of it here, is never like to come to the Practice of it hereafter. It

was

was a hyperphysical expression of St. *Austin*, when he fell into this rapture, *That if he were King of Heaven, and God Almighty Bishop of Hippo, he would exchange places with him, because he lov'd him so well.* This Vote did so take me, that I have turn'd it to a paraphractical Hymn, which I send you for your Viol, having observ'd 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 shouldst be God, I would be Man:
Is't possible that Love more can?
O pardon, that my soul hath ta'en
So high a flight, and grows profane.*

For myself, my dear *Phil*, because I love you so dearly well, I will display my very intrinsecals to you in this point: When I examine the motions of my heart, I find that I love my Creator a thousand degrees more than I fear him; methinks I feel the little needle of my Soul touch'd with a kind of magnetical and attractive virtue, 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 myself, 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 myself more than I fear the *Devil*, or *Death*, who is the *King of fears*. God guard us all, and guide us to our last home thro' the briars of this cumbersome Life. In this prayer I rest—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Holborn, 21 Mar. 1639.

LIV.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Cliff.

MY LORD,

SINCE among other passages of entertainment we had lately at the *Italian Ordinary* (where your Lordship was 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 amplify in this Letter what I then let drop *extempore* from me, having made a recollection of myself for that purpose.

It is without controversy, that in the 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 200 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* itself 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 Limbeck to that end; which made the *Italian Vineyard-man* (after a long drought and an extreme hot Summer, which had parch'd up all his grapes) to complain, that *per mancamento d'acqua, bevo dell' acqua, se io havessi acqua, berei el vino*; For want of water, I 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 49th degree to any purpose: Therefore God and Nature hath

hath furnish'd the North-west Nations with other inventions of beverage. In this Island the old drink was *Ale*, noble *Ale*; than which, as I heard a great foreign Doctor affirm, there is no liquor that more increaseth the radical moisture, and preserves the natural heat, which are the two Pillars that support the life of Man: But since *Beer* hath *hopp'd* in among us, *Ale* is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir *John Oldcastle* 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 superlative, if taken immoderately, doth stupify more than 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*. *Cyder* 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 liv'd 'twixt *Trent* and *Tweed*, and were utterly extinguish'd by the overpowering 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 anywhere in that perfection; and whereas we drink it here in *Aqua vitæ* measures, it goes down there by beer-glassfulls, being more natural to the Nation.

In the seventeen Provinces hard by, and all low *Germany*, *Beer* is the common natural drink, and nothing else; so is it in *Westphalia*, and all the lower Circuit of *Saxony*, in *Denmark*, *Swethland*, and *Norway*. The *Prusse* hath a *Beer* as thick as *Honey*: In the Duke of *Saxe's* 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

at some Weddings there will be a butt drank out as old as the Bride. *Poland* also is a Beer Country; but in *Russia*, *Muscovy*, and *Tartary* they use *Mead*, which is the 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 with the *Tartar*, which may be a cause why they are bigger than 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 Nature's Cellar; either to the next Well or River to drink Water, which is his natural common Drink: For *Mahomet* taught them, that there was a Devil in every berry of the grape, and so made a strict inhibition to all his Sect from drinking of Wine, as a thing profane: He had also a reach of policy therein, because they should not be incumber'd with luggage when they went to War, as other Nations do, who are so troubled with the carriage of their Wine and Beverages; yet hath the *Turk* peculiar drinks to himself besides, as *Sherbet* made of juice of Lemon, Sugar, Amber, and other ingredients: He hath also a drink call'd *Cauphe*, which is made of a brown berry, and it may be call'd their clubbing drink between meals, which tho' it be not very gustful to the palate, yet it is very comfortable to the stomach, and good for the sight. But notwithstanding their Prophet's Anathema, thousands of them will venture to drink Wine, and they will make a precedent prayer to their souls to depart from their bodies in the interim, for fear she partake of the same pollution. Nay, the last *Turk* died of excess of Wine, for he had at one time swallow'd three and thirty Okes, which is a measure near upon the bigness 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 happen'd to him was, that he had an Eunuch who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded

commanded twice upon pain of life to refrain, swearing by *Mahomet*, that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so; yet the Eunuch still continued in his drunkenness. Hereupon the *Turk* conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, because this Man preferr'd it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drank himself to death.

In *Asia* there is no Beer drank at all, but Water, Wine, and an incredible variety of other Drinks, made of Dates, dried Raisins, Rice, divers sorts of Nuts, Fruits, and Roots. In the Oriental Countries, as *Cambaia*, *Calicut*, *Narsingha*, 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 accommodate itself to the humour of the sleeper: As if he be a Soldier, he will dream of Victories and taking of Towns; if he be in love, he will think to enjoy his 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 *Otraqua*, that comes from a Nut, and is the more general drink. In *China* they have a holy kind of liquor made of such sort of flowers for ratifying and binding of bargains; and having drank thereof, they hold it no less than perjury to break what they promise: As they write of a River in *Bithynia*, whose water hath a peculiar virtue to discover a perjurer; for if he drink thereof, it will persently boil in his stomach, and put him to visible tortures. This makes me think of the River *Styx* among the Poets, which the Gods were use to swear by; and it was the greatest Oath for the performance of anything:

Nubila promissi Styx mihi testis erit.

It put me in mind also of that which some write of the River of *Rhine*, for trying the legitimation of a Child being
thrown

thrown in; if he be a bastard he will sink, if otherwise he will not.

In *China* they speak of a Tree call'd *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 then issueth out sweet potable liquor; 'twixt the rind and the tree there is a Cotton, or hempy kind of Moss, which they wear for their clothing; it bears huge Nuts, which have excellent food in them; it shoots out hard prickles above a fathom long, and those arm them; with the bark they make tents; and the 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 past, there was beer drank call'd *Zithus* in *Latin*, which was no other than a decoction of Barley and Water; they had also a famous composition (and they use it to this day) called *Chiffi*, made of divers cordials and provocative ingredients, which they throw into water to make it gustful; they use it also for fumigation: But now the general drink of *Egypt* is *Nile* water, which of all water may be said to be the best, insomuch that *Pindar's* words might be more applicable to that than to any other, *'Αριστὸν μὲν ὕδωρ*. It doth not only fertilize and extremely fatten the soil which it covers, but it helps to impregnate barren Women; for there is no place on earth where People increase and multiply faster: 'Tis yellowish and thick, but if one cast a few Almonds into a potful of it, it will become as clear as rock water: It is also in a degree of lukewarmness, as *Martial's* boy:

Tolle puer calices tepidique torcumata Nili.

In

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 *Atlantic* Sea, are Wine Countries.

The most generous Wines of *Spain* grow in the midland parts of the Continent, and *St. Martin* bears the bell, which is near the Court. Now, as in *Spain*, so in all other Wine Countries, one cannot pass a day's Journey but he will find a differing race of Wine: Those kinds that our Merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the Seaside, as *Malagas*, *Sherries*, *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 *Galiccia*, 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* call'd *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 brews Beer; but for that ancient drink of *Spain* which *Pliny* 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 Muscadells and Malmsies are brought over in small Casks: nor is there

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 Climes of all the Countries about her, affords Wines of quality accordingly; as towards the *Alpes* and *Italy*, she hath a luscious rich Wine called *Frontinac*: In the Country of *Provence* towards the *Pyrenees*, and 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*, tho' it be interdicted to wine the King's Cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in *France*, so in all other Wine-Countries, the white is called the *female*, and the Claret or Red-wine is called the *male*, because commonly it hath more sulphur, 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 privileges) right of pre-emption or first choice of Wines in *Bourdeaux*; he is also permitted to carry his Ordnance to the very Walls of the Town, whereas the *English* are forced to leave them at *Blay*, a good way distant down the River. There is a hard green Wine that grows about *Rochell*, and the Islands thereabouts, which the cunning *Hollander* sometimes uses to fetch; and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions into it (as he doth brimstone in *Rhenish*), to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness; then they reim-bark 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 Cyder, 'specially in low *Normandy*: There are also many Beer-houses in *Paris* and elsewhere; but tho' their barley and water be better than ours, or that of *Germany*, and tho' they have *English* and *Dutch*
Brewers

Brewers among them, yet they cannot make Beer in that perfection.

The prime Wines of *Germany* grow about the *Rhine*, 'specially in the *Psalts* or *Lower-Palatinate* about *Bachrag*, 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 shoes or to paint till then. The *German* Mothers, to make their Sons fall into hatred of Wine, do use, when they are little, to put some Owls' Eggs into a cup of *Rhenish*, and sometimes a little living Eel, which twingling in the Wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to Wine all their lives after. From *Bachrag* 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 is accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied and lastingest Wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, tho' one drink it to excess. *French* Wines may be said to pickle meat in the stomach; but this is the Wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor. Of this Wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, That good Wine makes good Blood, good Blood causeth good Humours, good Humours cause good Thoughts, good Thoughts bring forth good Works, good Works carry a Man to Heaven; *ergo* good Wine carrieth a Man to Heaven. If this be true, surely more *English* go to Heaven this way than any other, for I think there's more *Canary* brought into *England* than to all the World besides. I think also there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of *Canary* Wine than there is brought in; for
Sherries

Sherries and *Malagas* well mingled pass for *Canaries* in most Taverns, more often than *Canary* itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the Vintner to save by it, or to live by his Calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a Brewer. When *Sacks* and *Canaries* were brought in first among us, they were us'd to be drank in *Aqua vitæ* measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink of them who were us'd to carry their *legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses,* and an *Almanack in their bones*: But now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The Countries that are freest from excess of drinking are *Spain* and *Italy*: If a Woman can prove her Husband to have 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 *Gondomar* was once too hard for the King of *Denmark* when he was here in *England*. But the *Spanish* Soldiers, that have been in the Wars of *Flanders*, will take theirs 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* Soldier who had got drunk in *Genoa*; and Prince *Doria* going a-horseback to take the round one night, the Soldier took his horse by the bridle, and ask'd what the Price of him was, for he wanted a horse: The Prince seeing in what humour 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 recover'd Soldier, *the Merchant that would have bought him yesternight of your Highness went away betimes in the morning.* The boonest companions for drinking are the *Greeks* and *Germans*; but the *Greek* is the merrier of the two, for he will sing and dance, and kiss his next companion; but the other will drink as deep as he: The *Greek* will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his Mistress's name; the other will drink the number of his years, and tho' he be not apt to break out into *singing*, being not of so airy a constitution, yet

yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six Notes, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this Hexameter:

UT RElevet MISerum FATum SOLitosque LABores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three, the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of *Low-Dutchmen* that had 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 shipwreck.

Thus have I sent your Lordship a *dry* discourse upon a *fluent* subject; yet I hope your Lordship will please to take all in good part, because it proceeds from—Your most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 17 Oct. 1634.

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 anything 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 easy a thing to discover the Source of
Nile,

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-eyed abroad, and to be blind and ignorant at home (as many of our Travellers are now-a-days), is a curiosity that carrieth with it more of affectation than anything else.

Touching the Isle of *Albion*, or *Great Britany*, the *Cambrian*, or *Cymraecan*, Tongue, commonly call'd *Welsh* (and *Italian* also is so call'd by the *Dutch*), is without controversy 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 as exact and methodical a *Grammar*, with as regular precepts, rules, and institutions, both for prose and verse, compil'd by Dr. *David Rice*, as I have read in any Tongue whatsoever. Some of the authentickest Annalists report, that the old *Gauls* (now the *French*) and the *Britons* understood one another ; for they came thence very frequently to be instructed here by the *British Druids*, who were the Philosophers and Divines of those times : and this was long before the *Latin* Tongue came this side the *Alps*, or books written ; and there is no meaner Man than *Cæsar* himself records this.

This is one of the fourteen *vernacular* and independent Tongues of *Europe*, and she hath divers Dialects : the first is the *Cornish*, the second the *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*, *Westmerland*, *Cumberland*, and some parts beyond *Tweed*, until the whole Nation of the *Scots* poured upon them with such multitudes, that they are utterly extinguish'd, both them and Language. There are some who have been curious in the comparison of Tongues, who believe that the *Irish* is but a dialect of the

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 walk'd up and down *Dublin* Markets, methought verily I was in *Wales*; then I listened unto their speech; but I found that the *Irish* Tone is a little more querulous and whining than the *British*, which I conjectured with myself proceeded from their often being subjugated by the *English*. But, my Lord, you would think it strange, that divers pure *Welsh* words should be found in the new-found World in the *West-Indies*; yet it is verify'd by some Navigators, as *Grando* (hark), *Nef* (heaven), *Lluynog* (a fox), *Pengwyn* (a bird with a white head), with sundry others, which are pure *British*: nay, I have read a *Welsh* Epitaph which was found there upon one *Madoc*, a *British* Prince, who four years before the *Norman* Conquest, not agreeing with his brother, then Prince of *South-Wales*, went to try his fortunes at Sea, imbarking 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*, tho' they continu'd here constantly above 300 years, yet they could not do as they did in *France*, *Spain*, and other Provinces, plant their Language as a mark of Conquest; but the *Saxons* did, coming in far greater numbers under *Hengist* from *Holstein-land* in the lower Circuit of *Saxony*; which People resemble the *English* more than any other Men upon Earth, so that 'tis more than probable that they came first from thence: besides, there is a Town there call'd *Lunden*, and another place named *Angles*, whence it may be presum'd that they took their new denomination here. Now, the *English*, tho' as *Saxons* (by which name the *Welsh* and *Irish* call them to
this

this day) they and their Language are ancient, yet in reference to this Island they are the modernest Nation in *Europe*, both for habitation, speech, and denomination; which makes me smile at Mr. *Fox's* error in the very front of his Epistle before the Book of Martyrs, where he calls *Constantine*, the first Christian Emperor, the Son of *Helen* an *English* Woman; whereas she was purely *British*, and that there was no such Nation upon earth called *English* at that time, nor above 100 years after, till *Hengist* invaded this Island, and settling himself in it, the *Saxons* who came with him took the appellation of *Englishmen*. Now, the *English* speech, tho' it be rich, copious, and significant, and that there be divers Dictionaries of it, yet, under favour, I cannot call it a regular Language, in regard, tho' often attempted by some choice Wits, there could never any *Grammar* of exact *Syntaxis* be made of it; yet hath she divers sub-dialects, as the Western and Northern *English*, but her chiefest is the *Scotic*, which took footing beyond *Tweed* about the last Conquest; but the 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 endeavour'd to satisfy you in part: I shall in my next go on, for in the pursuance of any command from your Lordship my mind is like a stone thrown into a deep water, which never rests till it goes to the bottom: So for this time, and always, I rest, my Lord—Your most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 9 Aug. 1630.

LVI.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

MY LORD,

I N my last I fulfill'd your Lordship's 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

and how the *English*, which is now predominant, enter'd 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*, and the speech of them of *Norway* and *Island*. Now, the *High-Dutch* or *Teutonic* Tongue is one of the prime and most spacious maternal Languages of *Europe*; for besides the vast extent of *Germany* itself, with the Countries and Kingdoms before-mentioned, whereof *England* and *Scotland* are two, it was the Language of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and continueth yet of the greatest part of *Poland* and *Hungary*, who have a Dialect of hers for their vulgar Tongue; yet tho' so many Dialects and sub-dialects be derived from her, she remains a strong sinewy 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* (alluding to her roughness), *then it was the tongue that God Almighty chid Adam in*. *It may be so*, reply'd the *German*; *but the Devil had tempted Eve in Italian before*. A full-mouth'd Language she is, and pronounced with that strength, as if one had bones in his tongue instead of nerves.

Those Countries that border upon *Germany*, as *Bohemia*, *Silesia*, *Poland*, and those vast Countries North-Eastward, as *Russia* and *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* itself, which properly is *Dalmatia* and *Liburnia*, it is the vulgar speech of the *Macedonians*, *Epirots*, *Bosnians*,
Servians,

Servians, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Rascians, and Podolians; nay, it spreads itself over all the Eastern parts of *Europe* (*Hungary* and *Wallachia* excepted) as far as *Constantinople*, and is frequently spoken in the *Seraglio* among the *Janizaries*: nor doth she rest there, but crossing the *Hellespont*, divers Nations in *Asia* have her for their popular tongue, as the *Circassians, Mongrelians, and Gazarites* Southward: neither in *Europe* or *Asia* doth she extend herself further Northward than to the parallel of forty degrees. But those Nations which celebrate Divine Service after the *Greek Ceremony*, and profess obedience to the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, as the *Russ, the Muscovite, the Moldavian, Rascian, Bosnian, Servian, and Bulgarian*, with divers other Eastern and North-East People that speak *Sclavonic*, have her in a different character from the *Dalmatian, Croatian, Istrian, Polonian, Bohemian, Silesian*, and other Nations towards the West: these last have the *Illyrian Character*, and the invention of it is attributed to *St. Jerome*; the other is of *Cyril's* devising, and is call'd the *Servian Character*. Now, altho' there be above sixty several Nations that have this vast extended Language for their vulgar speech, yet the pure primitive *Sclavonic* dialect is spoken only in *Dalmatia, Croatia, Liburnia*, and the Countries adjacent, where the ancient *Sclavonians* 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: *We Alexander the Great, Son of King Philip, Founder of the Grecian Empire, Conqueror of the Persians, Medes, &c., and of the whole World from East to West, from North to South, Son of great Jupiter by, &c., so call'd; to you the noble stock of Sclavonians, and to your Language, because you have been unto us a Help, true in Faith, and valiant in War, we confirm all that tract of Earth from the North to the South of Italy, from us and our Successors, to you and your Posterity for ever: And if any other Nation be found there, let them be your slaves. Dated at Alexandria the 12th of the Goddess Minerva, witness*
Ethra

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, my Lord—Your most obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 2 of Aug. 1630.

LVII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

MY LORD,

HAVING in my last rambled through *High and Low Germany, Bohemia, Denmark, Poland, Russia*, and those vast North-East Regions, and given your Lordship a touch of their Languages (for 'twas no Treatise I intended at first, but a cursory short literal account), I will now pass to *Greece*, and speak something of that large and learned Language; for 'tis she indeed upon whom the beams of the scientific Knowledge did first shine in *Europe*, which she afterward diffus'd thro' all the Eastern 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 arriv'd at the Isles of the *Egean Sea*, which are interjacent, and divide *Asia* and *Europe* that way; then she got into the fifty-three Isles of the *Cyclades* that lie 'twixt *Negropont* and *Candy*, and so got up the *Hellespont* to *Constantinople*: She then crossed over to *Anatolia*, where tho' she prevail'd by introducing multitudes of Colonies, yet she came not to be the sole vulgar speech anywhere there, so 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 twenty-two Languages which *Mithridates*, the great *Polyglot King of Pontus*, did speak were all within the circumference of *Anatolia*, in regard his dominions ex-

tended but a little further. She glided then along the Maritime Coasts of *Thrace*, and passing *Byzantium*, got into the outlets of *Danube*, and beyond her also to *Zaurica*, yea, beyond that to the River *Phasis*; and thence compassing to *Trebizond*, she took footing on all the circumference of the *Euxine* Sea. This was her course from East to North; whence we will return to *Candy*, *Cyprus*, and *Sicily*; thence crossing the *Phare* of *Messina*, she got all along the Maritime Coasts of the *Tyrrhene* Sea to *Calabria*: She rested herself also a great while in *Apulia*. There was a populous Colony of *Greeks* also in *Marseilles* in *France*, and along the Sea-Coasts of *Savoy*. In *Africk* likewise, *Cyrene*, *Alexandria*, and *Egypt*, with divers others, were peopled with *Greeks*: And three causes may be alleged why the *Greek* Tongue did so expand herself: First, it may be imputed to the Conquest of *Alexander the Great*, and the Captains he left behind him for Successors: Then the love the people had to the Sciences, speculative Learning and Civility, whereof the *Greeks* accounted themselves to be the grand Masters, accounting all other Nations *Barbarians* besides themselves. Thirdly, the natural Inclination and Dexterity the *Greeks* had to Commerce, whereto they employ'd themselves more than any other Nation, except the *Phœnician* and *Armenian*; which may be a reason why in all places most commonly they colonized the Maritime parts, for I do not find they did penetrate far into the bowels of any Country, but liv'd on the Sea-side in obvious mercantile Places and accessible Ports.

Now many ages since the *Greek* Tongue is not only impaired, and pitifully degenerated in her purity and eloquence, but extremely decay'd in her amplitude and vulgarness. For first, there is no trace at all left of her in *France* or *Italy*, the *Sclavonic* Tongue hath abolished her in *Epire* and *Macedon*, the *Turkish* hath outed her from most parts of *Anatolia*, and the *Arabian* hath extinguish'd her in *Syria*, *Palestine*, *Egypt*, and sundry other places. Now touching her degeneration from her primitive
suavity

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 *Attic*, *Doric*, *Æolic*, or *Bæotic* ancient *Greek* is vulgarly spoken; only in some places near *Heraclea* in *Anatolia*, and *Peloponnesus* (now called the *Morea*), they speak of some Towns call'd the *Lacocoones*, which retain yet, and vulgarly speak, the old *Greek*, but incongruously: Yet tho' they cannot themselves speak according to rules, they understand those that do. Nor is this corruption happen'd to the *Greek* Language, as it useth to happen to others, either by the Law of the Conqueror or Inundation of Strangers; but it is insensibly crept in by their own supine negligence and fantastickness, 'specially by that common fatality and changes which attend time, and all other sublunary things. Nor is this ancient scientificall Language decay'd only, but the Nation of the *Greeks* itself is as it were moulder'd away, and brought in a manner to the same condition, and to as contemptible a pass as the *Jew* is: Insomuch that there cannot be two more pregnant instances of the lubricity and instableness of Mankind than the decay of these two ancient Nations; the one the select people of God, the other the most famous that ever was for Arts, Arms, Civility, and Government: So that in *statu quo nunc*, they who 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 Virtue, but likewise all courage and bravery of mind to recover their ancient Freedom and Honour.

Thus have you, my Lord, as much of the *Greek* Tongue as I could comprehend within the bounds of a Letter; a Tongue that both for Knowledge, for Commerce, and for Copiousness was the principallest that ever was: In my next I will return nearer home, and give your Lordship account of the *Latin* Tongue, and of her three daughters,
the

the *French, Italian, and Spanish*. In the interim you find I am still, my Lord—Your most obedient Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 25 Jul. 1630.

LVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

MY LORD,

MY last was a pursuit of my endeavours to comply with your Lordship's desires touching Languages: And I spent more Oil and Labour than ordinary in displaying the *Greek* Tongue, because we are more beholden to her for all Philosophical and Theorick Knowledge, as also for rules of Commerce and commutative Justice, than to 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 increase of the City and Empire. Touching the one, she came from poor mud-walls at Mount *Palatine*, which were scarce a mile about at first, to be afterward fifty miles compass, (as she was in the reign of *Aurelianus*); and her Territories, which were hardly a day's journey extent, came by favourable successes, and fortune of War, to be above three thousand in length, from the banks of the *Rhine*, or rather from the shores of this Island to *Euphrates*, and sometimes to the River *Tigris*. With this vast expansion of *Roman* Territories, the Tongue also did spread; yet I do not find by those researches I have made into Antiquity, that she was vulgarly spoken by any Nation, or in any entire Country, but in *Italy* itself: For notwithstanding that it was the practice of the *Roman* with his Lance to usher in his Laws and Language as marks of Conquest, yet I believe his Tongue never took such firm impression anywhere, 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

hereof than this Island, for notwithstanding that she remain'd a *Roman* Province 400 years together, yet the *Latin* Tongue could never have the vogue here so far as to abolish the *British* or *Cambrian* Tongue.

'Tis true, that in *France* and *Spain* she made deeper impressions; the reason may be, in regard there were far more *Roman* Colonies planted there: For whereas there were but four in this Isle, there were nine and twenty in *France*, and fifty-seven in *Spain*; and the greatest entertainment the *Latin* Tongue found out of *Italy* herself was in these two Kingdoms: Yet I am of opinion that the pure congruous grammatical *Latin* was never spoken in either of them as a vulgar vernacular Language, common among Women and Children; no nor in all *Italy* itself, except *Latium*. In *Afric*, tho' there were sixty *Roman* Colonies dispers'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 *Flamines*, 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 forestall'd her, which was of more esteem among them because of the Learning that was couched in her, and that she was more useful for negotiation and traffic; whereunto the *Greeks* were more addicted than any people: Therefore, tho' the *Romans* had an ambition to make those foreign Nations that were under their yoke to *speak* as well as to *do* what pleased them, and that all Orders, Edicts, Letters,

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* itself 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 *Flamines* and *Judges* themselves in the wane of the *Roman* Commonwealth, 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 *Cæsar's* 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 400 years together, until the *Goths* rush'd into *Italy* first under *Alaric*, then the *Huns* under *Attila*, then the *Vandals* under *Genesericus*, and the *Heruli* under *Odoacer*, who was proclaim'd King of *Italy*; but the *Goths* a little after, under *Theodoric*, thrust out the *Heruli*, which *Theodoric* was by *Zeno* the Emperor formally invested K. of *Italy*, who with his Successor 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,

interruption, during the reign of twenty Kings, must of necessity alter and deprave the general Speech of the natural Inhabitants: And, among others, one argument may be, that the best and midland part of *Italy* chang'd its name, and took its appellation from these last Invaders, calling itself *Lombardy*, which name it retains to this day. Yet before the intrusions of these 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 Foreigners that came daily far and near, from the coloniz'd Provinces to *Rome*; then the infinite number of Slaves, which surpassed the number of free Citizens, might much impair the purity of the *Latin* Tongue; and, lastly, those inconstancies and humours of novelty, which is naturally inherent in man, who, according to those frail elementary principles and ingredients whereof he is 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, the *Italian*, the *Spanish*, and the *French*, with a diligent investigation what might be the original native Languages of those Countries from the beginning, before the *Latin* gave them the Law. In the interim I crave a candid Interpretation of what is passed, and of my studiousness in executing your Lordship's Injunctions: So I am, my Lord—Your most humble and obedient servant,

J. H.

Westm., 16 Jul. 1630.

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,

Market, tho' living yet in the *Schools*; I mean, she may be said to be defunct in point of vulgarity any time these 1000 years 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 on 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 confess'd that *Latium* itself, 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 tho' 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 anywhere else; for she utterly abolish'd (upon that part of the Continent) all other maternal Tongues as ancient as herself, and thereby their eldest daughter, the *Italian*, came to be the vulgar universal Tongue to the whole Country. Yet the *Latin* Tongue had not the sole hand in doing this, but the *Goths* and other Septentrional Nations who rush'd into the *Roman* Diction had a share in't, as I said before, and pegg'd in some words, which have been ever since irremovable, 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 sub-dialects in so small a tract of ground, for *Italy* itself affords above eight.

There

There you have the *Roman*, the *Tuscan*, the *Venetian*, the *Milanex*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Calabresse*, the *Genoevais*, the *Piemontex*; you have the *Corsican*, *Sicilian*, with divers other neighbouring Islands: And as the cause why from the beginning there were so many differing dialects in the *Greek* Tongue was, because it was slic'd into so many Islands; so the reason why there be so many sub-dialects in the *Italian* is, the diversity of Governments that the Country is squandered into, there being in *Italy* at this day two Kingdoms, *viz.*, that of *Naples* and *Calabria*; three Republicks, *viz.*, *Venice*, *Genoa*, and *Lucca*, and divers other absolute Princes.

Concerning the original Language of *Spain*, it was, without any controversy, the *Bascuence* or *Cantabrian*; which Tongue and Territory neither *Roman*, *Goth* (whence this King hath his pedigree, with divers of the Nobles), or *Moore* could ever conquer; tho' they had over-run and taken firm footing in all the rest for many Ages: Therefore as the remnant of the old *Britons* 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 *Moriscos*, 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 *Προσέληνοι*, before the Moon; the other *ἀπόχθονες*, issued of the Earth itself; so the *Biscayner* hath such like *Rodomontados*.

The *Spanish* or *Castilian* Language hath but few sub-dialects, the *Portugues* is most considerable. Touching the *Catalan* and *Valencian*, 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 privilege, to be Arbitress in the decision of any Controversy that may arise touching the interpretation of any *Castilian* word.

It

It is an infallible rule, to find out the mother and ancientest Tongue of any Country, to go among those who inhabit the barrenest and most mountainous places, which are posts of security and fastness; whereof divers instances could be 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 unmix'd Mother-Tongues, being extinguish'd in all the Country besides.

Touching *France*, it is not only doubtful, but left yet undecided, what the true genuine *Gallic* Tongue was: Some would have it to be the *German*, some the *Greek*, some the old *British* or *Welsh*; and the last opinion carrieth away with it the most judicious Antiquaries. Now all *Gallia* is not meant by it, but the Country of the *Celtæ* that inhabit the middle part of *France*, who are the true *Gauls*. *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* tell us, that these *Celtæ*, and the old *Britons* (whereof I gave a touch in my first Letter), did mutually understand one another; and some do hold that this Island was tied to *France*, as *Sicily* was to *Calabria*, and *Denmark* to *Germany*, by an Isthmus or neck of land 'twixt *Dover* and *Bullen*: For if one do well observe the rocks of the one, and the cliffs of the other, he will judge them to be one homogeneous piece, and that they were cut and shiver'd asunder by some act of violence.

The *French* or *Gallic* Tongue hath divers dialects; the *Picard*, that of *Jersey* and *Guernsey* (appendixes once to the Dutchy of *Normandy*), the *Provencall*, 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 *Britan* 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 *Liegeois*, is also a dialect of the *French*, which in their own Country they call *Romand*. The *Spaniard* also terms his
Castilian,

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 sub-dialects 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 generallest Languages of those vast Continents, where such numberless swarms, and differing sorts of Nations, do crawl up and down this earthly Globe; therefore it cannot be expected that I should be so punctual there as in *Europe*: So I am still, my Lord—Your obedient servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 7 Jul. 1630.

LX.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl E.

MY LORD,

HAVING, in my former Letters, made a flying progress thro' the *European* world, and taken a view of the several Languages, Dialects, and Sub-dialects whereby People converse with one another, and being now wind-bound for *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, tho' *Scaliger* would have but eleven: There is the *Greek* 1, the *Latin* 2, the

the *Dutch* 3, the *Slavonian* 4, the *Welsh* or *Cambrian* 5, the *Bascuence* or *Cantabrian* 6, the *Irish* 7, the *Albanian* in the Mountains of *Epire* 8, the *Tartarian* 9, the old *Illyrian* 10, remaining yet in *Liburnia*, the *Jazygian* 11, on the North of *Hungary*, the *Cauchian* 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 called a Mother-Tongue, but an adventitious Tongue, in reference to that part of *Europe*.

And now that I am to pass to *Afric*, which is far bigger than *Europe*; and to *Asia*, which is far bigger than *Afric*; and to *America*, which is thought to be as big as all the three; if *Europe* herself hath so many Mother-Languages, quite discrepant one from the other, besides secondary Tongues and Dialects, which exceed the number of their Mothers, what shall we think of the other three huge Continents in point of differing Languages? Your Lordship knows that there be divers Meridians and Climes in the Heavens, whence influxes of differing qualities fall upon the Inhabitants of the Earth; and as they make men to differ in the ideas and conceptions of the Mind, so in the motion of the Tongue, in the tune and tones of the Voice, they come to differ one from the other. Now all Languages at first were imperfect 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 activest and
knowing'st

knowing'st man upon earth. Let it therefore suffice, while I behold these Nations that read and write from right to left, from the Liver to the Heart, I mean the *Africans* and *Asians*, that I take a short view of the *Arabic* in the one, and the *Hebrew*, or *Syriac*, in the other: for, touching the *Turkish* Language, 'tis but a Dialect of the *Tartarian*, tho' it have receiv'd 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 profaneness to translate it to any other; which, they say, preserves them from the encroachment of Schisms.

Now, the *Arabic* is a Tongue of vast expansion; for besides the three *Arabias*, it is become the vulgar Speech of *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestine*, and *Egypt*; from whence she stretcheth herself to the Strait of *Gibraltar*, thro' all that vast tract of Earth which lieth '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 flourish'd. She is spoken likewise in all the Northern Parts of the *Turkish* Empire, as also in petty *Tartary*; and she, above all other, hath reason to learn *Arabic*, for she is in hope one day to have the *Crescent*, and the whole *Ottoman* Empire; it being entail'd on her, in case the present Race should fail, which is now in more danger than ever: in fine, wheresoever the *Mahometan* Religion is 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 earth; a fate also which has befallen the *Greek* and *Latin*. The most spacious Dialect of the *Hebrew* is the *Syriac*, which had her
beginning

beginning in the time of the Captivity of the *Jews* at *Babylon*, while they cohabited and were mingled with the *Chaldeans*; in which tract of 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 fashioning that new learned Language to their own innovation of Points, Affixes, and Conjugations, out of that intermixture of *Hebrew* and *Chaldee* resulted a third Language, 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* couch'd; and all their Rabbins, as Rabbi *Jonathan* and Rabbi *Onkelos*, with others, have written in it; insomuch that, as I said before, the antient *Hebrew* had the same fortune that the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues had, to fall from being naturally spoken anywhere, to lose their general communicableness and vulgarity, and to become only School and Book-Languages.

Thus we see, that as all other sublunary things are subject to corruption and decay, as the potentest Monarchies, the proudest Republicques, the opulentest Cities have their growth, declinings, and periods: As all other elementary Bodies likewise, by reason of the frailty of their Principles, come by insensible degrees to alter and perish, and cannot continue long at a stand of perfection; so the learnedest and more eloquent Languages are not free from this common fatality, but they are liable to those alterations and revolutions, to those fits of inconstancy, and other destructive contingencies, which are unavoidably incident to all earthly things.

Thus, my noble Lord, have I evertated myself, and stretch'd all my sinews; I have put all my small knowledge, observations, and reading, upon the tenter, to satisfy your Lordship's desires touching this subject. If it afford you any contentment, I have hit the white I aim'd at, and hold myself abundantly rewarded for my oil and labour: so I am, My Lord
—Your most humble and ever obedient Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 1 July 1630.

LXI.

To the Honourable Master Car. Ra.

SIR,

YOURS of the 7th current was brought me, whereby I find that you did put yourself to the penance of perusing some *Epistles* that go imprinted lately in my name: I am bound to you for your pains and patience (for you write you read them all thro'), much more for your candid opinion of them, being right glad that they should give entertainment to such a choice and judicious Gentleman as yourself. But whereas you seem to except against something in one Letter that reflects upon Sir *W. Raleigh's* Voyage to *Guiana*, because I term the Gold Mine he went to discover an *airy* and *supposititious Mine*, and so infer that it toucheth his honour; truly, Sir, I will deal clearly with you in that point, that I never harbour'd in my brain the least thought to expose to the world anything that might prejudice, much less traduce in the least degree that could be that rare renowned Knight, whose Fame shall contend in longævity with this Island itself, 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 politic thing; but at his return, and missing of the enterprise, these suspicions turn'd in most to real beliefs that 'twas no other. And *K. James*, in that Declaration which he commanded to be printed and publish'd 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 Co-adventurer in that Expedition, who, upon the storming of *St. Thomas*, heard
young

young Mr. *Raleigh* encouraging his Men in these words: *Come on, my noble hearts, this is the Mine we come for ; and they who think there is any other are fools.* Add hereunto, that Sir *Richard Baker*, in his last Historical Collections, intimates so much. Therefore, 'twas far from being any opinion broach'd by myself, or bottom'd upon weak grounds ; for I was careful of nothing more, than that those *Letters* being to breathe open Air, should relate nothing but what should be derived from good fountains. And truly, Sir, touching that Apology of Sir *Walter Raleigh's* you write of, I never saw it, and I am very sorry I did not ; for it had let in more light upon me of the carriage of that great action, and then you might have been 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 rectify any indifferent man in this point, and induce him to believe that it was no Chimera, but a real Mine ; for you write of divers pieces of Gold brought thence by Sir *Walter* himself and Capt. *Kemys*, and of some Ingots that were found in the Governor's Closet at *St. Thomas's*, with divers Crucibles and other refining Instruments : yet, under favour, that might be, and the benefit not countervail the charge, for the richest Mines that the King of *Spain* hath upon the whole Continent of *America*, which are the Mines of *Potosi*, yield him but six in the hundred, all expences defray'd. You write how K. *James* sent privately to Sir *Walter*, being yet in the *Tower*, to intreat and command him, that he would impart his whole Design to him under his hand, promising upon the word of a King to keep it secret ; which being done accordingly by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, that very original Paper was found in the said *Spanish* Governor's Closet at *St. Thomas's* : whereat, as you have just cause to wonder, and admire the activeness of the *Spanish* Agents about our Court at that time, so I wonder no less at the miscarriage of some of his late Majesty's Ministers, who notwithstanding that he had pass'd his Royal Word to the contrary, yet they did
help

help Count *Gondomar* to that Paper ; so that the reproach lieth more upon the *English* than the *Spanish* Ministers in this particular. Whereas you allege, 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 Capt. *Kemys* from discovering the Mine, but wou'd reserve it for another time ; I am content to give as much credit to this as any Man can ; as also that Sir *Walter*, if the rest of the Fleet, according to his earnest motion, had gone with him to re-victual 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 *W. Raleigh* much more to put himself in equipage for that long intended Voyage, than would have paid for his Liberty, if he had gone about to purchase it for reward of Money at home ; tho' I am not ignorant that many of the Co-adventurers made large contributions, and the fortunes of some of them suffer for it at this very day. But altho' *Gondomar*, as my Letter mentions, calls Sir *Walter* Pirate, I for my part am far from thinking so ; because, as you give an unanswerable reason, the plundering of *St. Thomas* was an act done beyond the Equator, where the Articles of Peace 'twixt the two Kings do not extend. Yet, under favour, tho' he broke not the Peace, he was said to break his Patent by exceeding the bounds of his Commission, as the foresaid Declaration relates : For K. *James* had made strong promises to Count *Gondomar*, that this Fleet should commit no outrages upon the K. of *Spain's* Subjects by Land, unless they began first ; and I believe that was the main cause of his death, tho' I think if they had proceeded that way against him in a legal course of trial, he might have defended himself well enough.

Whereas you allege, that if that Action had succeeded, and afterwards been well prosecuted, it might have brought *Gondomar's* great Catholic Master to have been begg'd for at the Church-doors by Fryars, as he was once brought in

the latter end of *Q. Elizabeth's* days: I believe it had much damnified him, and interrupted him in the possession of his *West-Indies*, but not brought him, under favour, to 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 straits; for they say, *The Riches of the Church are to serve as Anchors in time of a storm.* Divers of our Kings have done worse, by pawning their Plate and Jewels. Whereas my Letter makes mention that Sir *W. Raleigh* mainly labour'd for his Pardon before he went, but could not 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 anything that he did beyond the *Line*, could have shorten'd the line of his Life otherwise; but in all probability we might have been happy in him to this very day, having such an heroic Heart as he had, and other rare helps, by his great knowledge, for the preservation of health. I believe without any scruple what you write, that Sir *Wm. St. Geon* made an overture to him of procuring his Pardon for £1500, but whether he could have effected it I doubt a little, when he had come to negotiate it really. But I extremely wonder how that old Sentence which had lain dormant above sixteen years against Sir *W. Raleigh* could have been made use of to take off his head afterwards, considering that the Lord Chancellor *Verulam*, as you write, told him positively (as Sir *Walter* was acquainting him with that proffer of Sir *Wm. St. Geon* for a pecuniary Pardon) in these words, *Sir, the knee-timber of your Voyage is Money; spare your purse in this particular, for upon my life you have a sufficient Pardon for all that is passed already, the King having under his Broad-Seal made you Admiral of your Fleet, and given you power of the Martial Law over your Officers and Soldiers.* One would think that by this royal Patent, which gave him power of life and death over the King's liege People, Sir *W. Raleigh* should become *rectus in curia*, and free from all old convictions.

tions. But, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, Count *Gondomar* at that time had a great stroke in our Court, because there was more than a mere overture of a Match with *Spain*; which makes me apt to believe, that that great wise Knight being such an *Anti-Spaniard*, was made a Sacrifice to advance the matrimonial Treaty. But I must needs wonder, as you justly do, that one and the same Man should be condemned for being a friend to the *Spaniard* (which was the ground of his first Condemnation), and afterwards lose his head for being their enemy by the same Sentence. Touching his return, I must confess I was utterly ignorant that those two noble Earls, *Thomas of Arundel* and *William of 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 herself must pronounce that return of his, for the acquitting of his fiduciary Pledges, to be a most noble act; and waving that of K. *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, returned to his enemies where he had been prisoner, tho' he knew he went to an inevitable death. But well did that faithless cunning Knight, who betray'd Sir *W. Raleigh* in his intended escape, being come ashore, fall to that contemptible end, as to die a poor, distracted Beggar in the Isle of *Lundey*, having for a Bag of money falsify'd his Faith, confirm'd by the tie of the holy Sacrament, as you write; as also before the year came about, to be found clipping the same Coin in the King's own house at *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 *W. Raleigh* (who lived long enough for his own honour, tho' not for his Country, as it was said of a *Roman* Consul) rest quietly in his grave, and his Virtues live in his Posterity, as I find they do strongly, and very eminently in you. I have
heard

heard his Enemies confess that he was one of the weightiest and wisest Men that this Island ever bred. Mr. *Nath. Carpenter*, a learned and judicious Author, was not in the wrong when he gave this discreet Character of him: *Who hath not known or read of this Prodigy of Wit and Fortune, Sir Walter Raleigh, a Man unfortunate in nothing else but in the greatness of his Wit and Advancement, whose eminent Worth was such both in domestic Policy, foreign Expeditions, and discoveries in Arts and Literature, both practick and contemplative, that it might seem at once to conquer Example and Imitation!*

Now, Sir, hoping to be rectified in your judgment touching my opinion of that illustrious Knight your Father, give 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, tho' in a differing manner. I also much value that favourable censure you give of those rambling Letters of mine, which indeed are nought else than a Legend of the cumbersome Life and various Fortunes of a *Cadet*. But whereas you please to say, *That the World of Learned Men is much beholden to me for them, and that some of them are freighted with many excellent and quaint passages, delivered in a masculine and solid style, adorn'd with much eloquence, and struck with the choicest flowers pick'd from the Muse's Garden:* Whereas you also please to write, that *you admire my great Travels, my strenuous endeavours, at all times and in all places, to accumulate Knowledge, my active laying hold upon all occasions and on every handle that might (with reputation) advantage either my Wit or Fortune:* These high gallant strains of expressions, I confess, transcend my merit, and are a garment too gaudy for me to put on; yet I will lay it up among my best 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 showed his Treasures to the Babylonians, that I have discovered my Riches to Thieves, who will bind me fast and share my goods:* To
this

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 but *petty-larceny*. I am already, God wot, bound fast enough, having been a long time coop'd up between these Walls, bereft of all my means of subsistence and employment; nor do I know wherefore I am here, unless it be for my sins: For I bear as upright a heart to my King and Country, I am as conformable and well-affected to the Government of this Land, specially to the High Court of Parliament, as any one whatsoever that breathes Air under this Meridian; I will except none: And for my Religion, I defy any creature 'twixt Heaven and Earth, that will say I am not a true *English* Protestant. I have from Time to Time employ'd divers of my best Friends to get my Liberty, at leastwise leave to go abroad on Bail (for I do not expect, as you please also to believe in your Letter, to be delivered hence, as St. *Peter* was, by miracle), but nothing will yet prevail.

To conclude, I do acknowledge in the highest way of recognition, the free and noble proffer you please to make me of your endeavours to pull me out of this doleful Sepulchre, wherein you say I am entomb'd alive: I am no less obliged to you for the opinion I find you have of my weak abilities, which you *pleas'd 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—Your real and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 5 May 1645.

LXII.

To Mr. T. V., at Brussels.

MY DEAR TOM,

WHO would have thought poor *England* had been brought to this pass? Could it ever have enter'd into the imagination of Man, that the Scheme and whole Frame

Frame of so ancient and well-moulded a Government should be so suddenly struck off the hinges, quite out of joint, and tumbled into such a horrid Confusion? Who would have held it possible, that to fly from *Babylon*, we should fall into such a *Babel*? That to avoid Superstition, some People should be brought to belch out such a horrid Profaneness, as to call the Temples of God, the Tabernacles of Satan; the Lord's Supper, a Two-penny Ordinary; to make the Communion-Table a Manger, and the Font a Trough to water their Horses in; to term the white decent Robe of the Presbyter, the Whore's Smock; the Pipes thro' which nothing came but Anthems and holy Hymns, the Devil's Bagpipes; the Liturgy of the Church, tho' extracted most of it out of the Sacred Text, call'd by some another kind of *Alcoran*, by others raw Porridge, by some a Piece forg'd in Hell? Who would have thought to have seen in *England* the Churches shut and the Shops open upon *Christmas-day*? Could any soul have imagined that this Isle would have produc'd such Monsters as to rejoice at the *Turks'* good successes against *Christians*, and wish he were in the midst of *Rome*? Who would have dreamt ten years since, when Archbishop *Laud* did ride in state thro' *London* streets, accompanying my Lord of *London* to be sworn Lord High-Treasurer of *England*, that the Mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of hatred, as to put the whole Island in a combustion? Which makes me call to memory a Saying of the Earl of *Kildare* in *Ireland* in the Reign of *Henry VIII.*, which Earl having a deadly feud with the Bishop of *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 God's Church, he answer'd, *I had never burnt the Church unless I had thought the Bishop had been in't.* Lastly, who would have imagin'd that the Excise would have taken footing here? A word I remember, in the last Parliament save one, so odious, that when Sir *D. Carleton*, then Secretary of State, did

did but name it in the House of Commons, he was like to be sent to the *Tower*; altho' he nam'd it to no ill sense, but to shew what advantage of happiness the People of *England* had o'er other Nations, having neither the *Gabels* of *Italy*, the *Taillies* of *France*, or the *Excise* of *Holland* laid upon them; yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted, and call'd to the Bar. Such a strange metamorphosis poor *England* is now come to; and I am afraid our miseries are not come to their height, but the longest shadows stay till the evening.

The freshest news that I can write to you is, that the *Kentish* Knight of your acquaintance, who I writ in my last had an *apostacy* in his brain, died suddenly this week of an *Imposthume* in his breast, as he was reading a Pamphlet of his own that came from the Press, wherein he shew'd a great mind to be nibbling with my *Trees*: but he only shew'd his Teeth, for he could not bite them to any purpose.

William Ro: 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 *Arragon*, being in the field he was shot in the forehead, and being carried away to a Tent, the Surgeon searched his wound and found it mortal: so he advised him to send for his Confessor, for he was no man for this world, in regard the brain was touch'd. The Soldier wish'd him to search it again, which he did, and told him that he was hurt in the brain, and could not possibly escape: whereupon the *Gallego* fell into a chafe, and said he lyed; for he had no brain at all, *porque se tuviera, sesso 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 maim'd Soldier, and remember you often, 'specially Sir *J. Brown*, a good gallant Gentleman, who never forgets any who deserv'd to have a place in his memory. Farewell, my dear *Tom*, and God send you
better

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—Your entirely affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 Aug. 1644.

LXIII.

To His Majesty, at Oxon.

SIR,

I PROSTRATE this Paper at your Majesty's *feet*, hoping it may find way thence to your *eyes*, and so descend to your Royal *heart*.

The foreign Minister of State, by whose conveyance this comes, did lately intimate to me, that among divers Things which go abroad under my name reflecting upon the Times, there are some which are not so well taken; your Majesty being inform'd that they discover a spirit of Indifferency, and Lukewarmness in the Author. This added much to the weight of my present suffrances; and exceedingly imbitter'd the sense of them to me, being no other than a corrosive to one already in a hectic condition. I must confess that some of them were more moderate than others; yet (most humbly under favour) there were none of them but displayed the heart of a constant true loyal Subject; and as divers of those who are most zealous to your Majesty's service told me, they had the good success to rectify multitudes of People in their opinion of some Things: Insomuch that I am not only conscious, but most confident that none of them could tend to your Majesty's disservice any way imaginable. Therefore I humbly beseech, that your Majesty would vouchsafe to conceive of me accordingly, and of one who by this recluse passive condition hath his share of this hideous

hideous storm: Yet he is in assurance, rather than hopes, that tho' divers cross winds have blown, these Times will bring in better at last. There have been divers of your Royal Progenitors who have had as shrewd shocks; and 'tis well known how the next transmarine Kings have been brought to lower ebbs: At this very day he of *Spain* is in a far worse condition, being in the midst of two sorts of People (the *Catalan* and *Portuguese*), who were lately his Vassals, but now have torn his Seals, renounc'd all bonds of Allegiance, and are in actual hostility against him. This great City, I may say, is like a Chess-board chequer'd, inlaid with *white* and *black* spots; tho' I believe the *white* are more in number, and your Majesty's Countenance, by returning to your great Council and your Court at *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 man's extremity his opportunity, preserve and prosper your Majesty according to the Prayers early and late of your Majesty's most loyal Subject, Servant, and Martyr,

HOWEL.

Fleet, 3 Sept. 1644.

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 *Ptolemy* is recorded by *Aristæus* to have sent *Eleazer* to *Hierusalem*, which was counted a stupendous 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,

Soul, in confirmation of the opinion of that Divine tho' Pagan Philosopher, the high-wing'd *Plato*, who fancied that our Souls at the first infusion were as so many Tables, they were *Abrasæ Tabulæ*, and that all our future knowledge was but a reminiscence; but under favour, the rich and elaborate Poems which so loudly echo out your worth and ingenuity deserve a far more lasting monument to preserve them from the injury of Time than such a slender board; they deserve to be engraven in such durable dainty stuff that may be fit to hang up in the Temple of *Apollo*: Your *Echo* deserves to dwell in some marble or porphyry Grot, cut about *Parnassus* Mount near the source of *Helicon*, rather than upon such a slight superficies.

I much thank you for your visits, and other fair respects you shew me; 'specially that you have enlarg'd my quarters among these melancholy walls by sending me a whole Isle to walk in, I mean that delicate *purple Island* I receiv'd from you, where I met with *Apollo* himself and all his daughters, with other excellent society. I stumble also there often upon myself, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me and without me: Insomuch that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a Prisoner, as I am, to pass over, than of that *purple Isle*, that *Isle of Man* you sent me; which, as the ingenious Author hath made it, is a far more dainty soil than that *Scarlet Island* which lies near the *Baltic Sea*.

I remain still wind-bound in this Fleet; when the weather mends, and the wind sits that I may *launch* forth, I will repay you your visits, and be ready to correspond with you in the reciprocation of any other offices of Friendship: For I am, Sir—Your affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 25 Aug. 1645.

LXV.

To my Honourable Lady, the Lady A. Smith.

MADAM,

WHEREAS you were pleas'd lately to ask leave, you may now take authority to command me: And did

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 Loadstone. Therefore, Madam, if you bid me go, I will run; if you bid me run, I'll fly (if I can), upon your Errand. But I must stay till I can get my heels at liberty from among these Walls; till when, I am, as perfectly as man can be, Madam—Your most obedient humble Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 5 May 1645.

LXVI.

To Master G. Stone.

SIR,

I HEARTILY rejoice with the rest of your Friends, that you are safely return'd from your Travels, specially that you have made so good returns of the Time of your Travel, being, as I understand, come home freighted with Observations and Languages. Your Father tells me that he finds you are so wedded to the *Italian* and *French*, that you utterly neglect the *Latin* Tongue; that's not well. Tho' you have learnt to play at *Baggammon*, 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 barter; it is as bad as that which *Glaucus* made with *Diomedes*, when he parted with his golden Arms for brazen ones. The proceed of this Exchange will come far short of any Gentleman's expectation, tho' haply it may prove advantageous to a Merchant, to whom common Languages are more useful. I am big with desire to meet you, and to mingle a day's
discourse

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 Traverses 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 Carates. So I rest—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 30 Nov. 1635.

LXVII.

To J. J., Esq.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D those sparkles of Piety you pleas'd to send me in a manuscript; and whereas you favour me with a desire of my opinion concerning the publishing of them, Sir, I must confess that I found among them many most fervent and flexanimous strains of devotion: I found some Prayers so piercing and powerful, that they are able to invade Heaven, and take it by violence, if the Heart doth its office as well as the Tongue. But, Sir, you must give me leave (and for this leave you shall have authority to deal with me in such a case) to tell you, that whereas they consist only of Requests, being all supplicatory Prayers, you should do well to intersperse among them some eucharistical Ejaculations, and Doxologies, some oblations of Thankfulness; we should not be always whining in a puling petitionary way (which is the Tone of the Time now in fashion) before the gates of Heaven with our fingers in our eyes, but we should lay our hands upon our hearts, and break into raptures of Joy and Praise. A Soul thus elevated is the most pleasing sacrifice that can be offer'd to God Almighty; it is the best sort of incense. *Prayer* causeth the first shower of rain, but *Praise* brings down the second; the one fructifieth the Earth, the other makes the Hills to skip. All Prayers aim at our own ends and interests, but Praise proceeds from the pure motions of Love and Gratitude, having no other object but the glory
of

of God. That soul which rightly dischargeth this part of devotion may be said to do the duty of an Angel upon earth. Among other Attributes of God, *Præscience*, or Foreknowledge, is one; for he knows our thoughts, our desires, our wants, long before we propound them. And this is not only one of his Attributes, but Prerogative royal; therefore to use so many iterations, inculcatings, and tautologies, as it is no good manners in moral Philosophy, no more is it in *Divinity*; it argues a pusillanimous and mistrustful soul: Of the two, I had rather be over-long in Praise than Prayer, yet I would be careful it should be free from any Pharisaical babbling. *Prayer* compar'd with Praise, is but a fuliginous smoke issuing from the sense of sin and human infirmities: Praises are the true clear sparkles of Piety, and sooner fly upwards.

Thus have I been free with you in delivering my opinion touching that piece of Devotion you sent me, whereunto I add my humble Thanks to you for the perusal of it; so I am—Your most ready to be commanded, J. H.

Fleet, 8 Sept. 1645.

LXVIII.

To Capt. 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 embroider'd everywhere. 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 Gabell of *Orleans*, which began in the time of the *League*, which continueth to this day, notwithstanding the Cause ceas'd about

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 thro'out all the whole Body of *France*, going to his own Town of *Orleans*, the Citizens petition'd him that His Majesty would be pleased to abolish that new Tax. The King ask'd who had impos'd it upon them; they answer'd *Mons. de la Chatre* (during the Civil Wars of the *League*), who was now dead; the King reply'd, *Mons. de la Chatre vous a ligue, qu'il vous desligue*; *Mons. de la Chatre leagu'd you, let him then unleague you for my part*. Now that we have a kind of Peace, the Gaols are full of Soldiers, and some Gentlemen's Sons of Quality suffer daily. The last week Judge *Rives* condemn'd four in your Country at *Maidstone* Assizes; but he went out of the world before them, tho' they were executed four days after. You know the saying in *France*, that *La guerre fait les latrons, & la paix les amene au gibet*: War makes Thieves, and Peace brings them to the Gallows. I lie still here *in limbo, in limbo innocentium*, tho' not *in limbo infantum*; and I know not upon what Star to cast this misfortune. Others are here for their good *conditions*, but I am here for my good *qualities*, as your Cousin *Fortescue* jeer'd me not long since: I know none I have, unless it be to love you, which I would continue to do, tho' I tugg'd at an Oar in a Galley, much more as I walk in the Galleries of this Fleet. In this resolution I rest—
Your most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 2 Sept. 1645.

LXIX.

To Mr. W. B., at Grundesburgh.

GENTLE SIR,

YOURS of the seventh I receiv'd yesternight, and read o'er with no vulgar delight: In the perusal of it methought to have discern'd a gentle strife 'twixt the fair respects you pleas'd to shew me therein, and your ingenuity
in

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 swaddlings, it will quickly grow up to maturity; and for my part I shall not be wanting to contribute that reciprocal nourishment which is due from me.

Whereas you please to magnify some Pieces of mine, and that you seem to spy the Muses perching upon my Trees, I fear 'tis but *deceptio visus*; for they are but Satyrs, or haply some of the homelier sort of Wood-Nymphs, the Muses have choicer walks for their recreation.

Sir, I must thank you for the visit you vouchsafed me in this simple Cell; and whereas you please to call it the *Cabinet that holds the Jewel of our times*, you may rather term it a wicker Casket that keeps a jet Ring, or a horn Lanthorn that holds a small Taper of coarse Wax. I hope this Taper shall not extinguish here; and if it may afford you any light, either from hence or hereafter, I should be glad to impart it in a plentiful proportion, because I am,
Sir—Your most affectionate Friend to serve you, J. H.

Fleet, 1 July.

LXX.

To I. W. of Grays-Inn, Esq.

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 one's Breast, all the cells of the Brain, and truly set forth the inward Man; nor can the Pencil so lively represent the Face, as the Pen can do the Fancy.* I much thank you that you would please to impart them to—Your most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Apr. 1645.

LXXI.

LXXI.

To Capt. T. P., from Madrid.

CAPT. DON TOMAS,

COULD I write my Love unto you with a *Ray of the Sun*, as once *Aurelius* the Roman Emperor wish'd to a friend of his, you know this clear Horizon of *Spain* could afford me plenty, which cannot be had so constantly all the seasons of the year in your cloudy clime of *England*. *Apollo* with you makes not himself so common, he keeps more State, and doth not show his face and shoot his beams so frequently as he doth here, where 'tis *Sunday* all the year. I thank you a thousand times for what you sent by Mr. *Gresley*, and that you let me know how the pulse of the Times beats with you. I find you cast not your eyes so much southward as you were us'd to do towards us here; and when you look this way, you cast a cloudy countenance, with threatenng looks: Which makes me apprehend some fear that it will not be safe for me to be longer under this Meridian. Before I part, I will be careful to send you those things you write for, by some of my Lord Ambassador *Aston's* Gentlemen. I cannot yet get that Grammar which was made for the Constable of *Castile*, who you know was born dumb; wherein an Art is invented to speak with hands only, to carry the Alphabet upon one's joints, and at his fingers' ends: Which may be learn'd without any great difficulty by any mean capacity, and whereby one may discourse and deliver the conceptions of his mind without ever wagging of his tongue, provided there be a reciprocal knowledge and co-understanding of the art 'twixt the parties; and it is a very ingenious piece of invention. I thank you for the copy of Verses you sent me, glancing upon the Times: I was lately perusing some of the *Spanish* Poets here, and lighted upon two Epigrams, or Epitaphs more properly, upon our *Henry VIII.*, and upon his Daughter *Q. Elizabeth*; which in requital I thought worth the sending you.

A

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,
 Querer una muger a los pies,
 Ser de la yglesia cabeza ?*

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 cozen'd *Englishman*, to cast thyself at a Woman's feet, and yet to be Head of the Church ? That upon Q. *Elizabeth* was this :

De Isabela, Reyna de 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,
 Si para llegar el 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 Q. *Elizabeth* ; for he never speaks of her, but he fetcheth a shrink in the shoulder. Since I have begun, I will go on with as witty an Anagram as I have heard or read, which a Gentleman lately made upon his own name *Tomas*, and a

Nun called *Maria*, for she was his *devota*: The occasion was, that going one evening to discourse with her at the grate, he wrung her by the hand, and join'd both their names in this Anagram, *To Maria mas*, I would take more: I know I shall not need to expound it to you. Hereunto I will add a strong and deep-fetch'd character, as I think you will confess when you have read it, that one made in this Court of a Courtesan:

*Eres puta tan artera
Qu'en el vientre de tu madre,
Tu tuuistes de manera
Que te cavalgue el padre.*

To this I will join that which was made of *de Vaca*, husband to *Jusepe de Vaca*, the famous Comedian, who came upon the Stage with a cloke lin'd with black plush, and a great Chain about his neck; whereupon the Duke of *Medina* broke into these witty lines:

*Con tant 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 Rhyme of certain hard throaty words which I was taught lately, and they are accounted the difficultest in all the whole *Castilian* Language; insomuch that he who is able to pronounce them is accounted *Buen Romancista*, a good speaker of *Spanish*: *Abeja y oueja y piedra que rabeia, pendola tras oreja, y lugar en la ygreia, dessea a su hijo la vieja*: A Bee and a Sheep, a Mill, a Jewel in the Ear, and a place in the Church, the old Woman desires her Son. No more now, but that I am, and will ever be, my noble Captain, in the front of—Your most affectionate Servitors, J. H.

Madrid, 1 Aug. 1622.

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 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 *Hambleton*.

My thoughts are now puzzled about my voyage to the *Baltic* Sea upon the King's 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 Attornies the Mice of the Commonwealth. I believe this saying was spoken by an angry Client; for my part, I like his resolution who said he would never use Lawyer nor Physician but upon urgent necessity. I will conclude with this rhyme:

*Pouvre playdeur,
J'ay gran pitie de ta douleur.*

Your most affectionate Servitor,

Westm., 1 May 1629.

J. H.

LXXIII.

LXXIII.

To Mr. R. K.

DEAR SIR,

YOU and I are upon a journey, tho' bound for several places, I for *Hamburgh*, you for your last home, as I understand by Dr. *Baskervil*, who tells me, much to my grief, that this hectic disease will not suffer you to 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, tho' it be to some (*φοβερῶν φοβερῶτατον*), as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourself. God give you a boon voyage to the Haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be Heaven), and me the grace to follow, when I have pass'd the boisterous Sea and swelling Billows of this tumultuary Life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, pass'd o'er some quick-sands, 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 oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence, and otherwise, both in verse and prose; therefore I will take my last leave of you now in these few stanzas:

1. *Weak crazy Mortal, why dost fear
To leave this earthly Hemisphere?
Where all delights away do pass,
Like thy effigies in a Glass.
Each thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle,
Death sweeps away what Time cuts with his Sickle*
2. *This Life at best is but an Inn,
And we the Passengers, wherein
The cloth is laid to some before
They peep out of dame Nature's door,*

And

*And warm Lodgings left: Others there are,
Must trudge to find a Room, and shift for Fare.*

3. *This Life's at longest but one Day;
He who in Youth posts hence away,
Leaves us i' th' Morn: He who hath run
His race till Manhood, parts at Noon:
And who at seventy odd forsakes this Light,
He may be said to take his leave at Night.*
4. *One past makes up the Prince and Peasant,
Tho' one eat Roots, the other Pheasant,
They nothing differ in the stuff,
But both extinguish like a snuff:
Why then, fond 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 Bliss, where you shall have knowledge as well as all things else commensurate to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real Causes, and perfect Truth of what we argue with that incertitude, and beat our brains about here below: Yet tho' you be gone hence, you shall never die in the memory of—Your

J. H.

Westm., 15 Aug. 1630.

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 Man's *Redemption*, so great, that were it cast in counter-balance 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

and I doubt that he will never have benefit of the Sacrifice, who hates the harmless remembrance of the Altar whereon it was offer'd. I applied my Memory to fasten upon't, 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 scrued 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 incumbrances, and converse only with Heaven, with performance of some kind of penances all the week long. A worthy Gentleman that came lately from *Italy* told me that the Count of *Byron*, now Mareschal of *France*, having been long persecuted by Cardinal *Richelieu*, put himself so into a Monastery, and the next day news was brought him of the Cardinal's death; which I believe made him spend the rest of the week with the more devotion in that way. *France* brags 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* 400 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

Let this serve for part of my Apology. The day following my Saviour being in the grave, I had no list to look much abroad, but continued my 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 myself a wedding-garment, that I might be a fit guest at so precious a Banquet, so precious, that Manna and Angels' food are but coarse viands in comparison of it.

I hope that this Excuse will be of such validity, that it may procure my pardon for not corresponding with you this last week. I am now as freely as formerly—Your most ready and humble Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 30 Apr. 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 myself.* 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. Tho' the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his; nor would I exchange my Damage for his Disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the Comic Poet speaks of, *plenus rimarum*, he is full of Chinks, he can hold nothing:

You

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 sodder up his mouth: If he had committed a secret to me, and enjoin'd me silence, and I had promis'd it, tho' I had been shut up in *Perillus'* brazen Bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, That he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his Liberty, and becomes his Slave: Well, I shall be wariier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the catalogue of my *Friends* (tho' 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 blateroons:

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, tho' not to—Your most affectionate Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 14 Feb. 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 endearments and flourishes, such a gallantry and neatness in your lines, that you may give the law of Lettering to all the world. I had this week a Twin of yours, of the 10th and 15th current; I am sorry to hear of your *achagues*, and so often indisposition there; it may be very well (as you say) that the Air of that dirty Town doth not agree with you,

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 whirlwinds 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 *St. Mark*, and puzzle the Peace of *Italy*. I want faith to believe it yet, nor can I entertain in my breast any such conceit of the most *Christian King* and *first Son of the Church*, as he terms himself: Yet I pray in your next to pull this thorn out of my thoughts, and tell me whether one may give any credit to this report.

We are now Scot-free, as touching the Northern Army; for our *dear Brethren* have truss'd 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 pounds Sterling, which amounts to near eight Millions of Crowns with you there. Yet if reports be true, they left behind them more than they lost, if you go to number of Men; which will be a brave race of *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 *Aereans* we turn not to be *Arians*: The Earl of *Strafford* was accounted by his very Enemies to have an extraordinary Talent of judgment and parts (tho' they say he wanted *moderation*), and one of the prime Precepts he left his Son upon the Scaffold was, that he should not *meddle with Church-lands*, for they would prove a Canker to his Estate.

Here

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 on the world such confident bold Predictions, and are so familiar with heavenly Bodies, that *Ptolemy* and *Tycho Brahe* were Ninnies to them. We have likewise multitudes of *Witches* among us, for in *Essex* and *Suffolk* there were above two hundred indicted within these two years, and above the one half of them executed: More, I may well say, than ever this Island bred since the Creation, I speak it with horror. God guard us from the Devil, for I think he was never so busy upon any part of the Earth that was enlightned with the beams of *Christianity*; nor do I wonder at it, for there's never a Cross left to fright him away. *Edinburgh*, 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, tho' they may puzzle it for a while: If it be so, the People which button their doublets upward will be better able to deal with you there.

Much notice is taken that you go on there too fast in your Acquests; and now that the *Eagle's* wings are pretty well clipp'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, tho' clouded for a time that he cannot shew the beams of Majesty with that lustre he was wont to do: Never did Cavalier woo fair Lady as he woos the Parliament to a Peace; 'tis much the *Head* should so stoop to the *Members*.

Farewell, my noble Friend, cheer up, and reserve yourself
for

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 so weather-beaten, we poor *Shrubs* must not murmur to bear part of the storm. I have had my share, and I know you want not yours: The Stars may change their Aspects, and we may live to see the Sun again in his full Meridian. In the interim come what will, I am—Entirely yours,
J. H.

Fleet, 3 Feb. 1646.

LXXVII.

To Sir K. D., at Rome.

SIR,

THO' 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 travell'd the *Isle of Man*, I mean this little World, which I have carried about me and within me so many years: For as the wisest of *Pagan* Philosophers said, that the greatest Learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own Geometrician; if one do so, he need not 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'er of one's 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 Comrades, and oftentimes do lie in Ambush to cut our Throats: There are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our Thoughts, but they turn many times to be good Fellows, and the best company; which
makes

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-pestered 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 happen'd here, which Posterity must have a strong Faith to believe; but for my part, I wonder not at anything, 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 past: For the great Wheel of *Fortune*, upon whose Rim (as the twelve Signs upon the *Zodiack*) 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*, *Churches*, *Organs*, and *Fonts* are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for *Chapels*, *Monasteries*, *Hermittaries*, *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 XIII.* (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that Country had) in a dangerous civil War was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his Coronation Oath, to remove from his *Court of Justice*, from the *Council-Table*, from his very *Bed-chamber*, his greatest Favourites: He was driven to be content to pay the Expense of the War, to reward those that took Arms
against

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, and steers the great Vessel of the World; and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the Compass better than we. He commands also the Winds and the Weather, and after a storm he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill Times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of—Your still most faithful humble Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 Mar. 1646.

LXXVIII.

To Sir K. D., at his House in St. Martin's Lane.

SIR,

THAT Poem which you pleased to approve of so highly in Manuscript is now manumitted, and made free 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.—Your most entirely devoted Servitor,

J. H.

Holborn, 3 Jan. 1641.

Advertisement to the First Edition of this Book.

*A*MONG other Reasons which make the English Language of so small extent, and put strangers out of conceit to learn it, one is, That we do not pronounce as we write; which proceeds from divers superfluous Letters that occur in many of our Words, which adds to the difficulty of the Language. Therefore the Author hath taken pains to retrench such redundant unnecessary Letters in this Work (tho' the Printer hath not been so careful as he should have been) as among multitudes of other words may appear in these few, done, some, come: Which tho' we, to whom the speech is con-natural, 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 than the French, whereby divers letters are spar'd, as Physic, Logic, Afric, not Physique, Logique, Afrique; Favor, Honor, Labor, not Favour, Honour, Labour, and very many more; as also he omits the Dutch k in most words: Here you shall read peeple, not pe-ople, tresure, not treasure, toung, not tongue, &c. Parlement, not Parliament, 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 Richlieu founded in Paris, is now in hand to reform the French Language in this particular, and to weed it of all superfluous Letters; which makes the Tongue differ so much from the Pen, that they have expos'd themselves to this contumelious Proverb, The Frenchman doth neither pronounce as he writes, nor speak 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.

Familiar



Familiar Letters,

Of a fresher Date.

BOOK III.

I.

To the Rt. Hon. Edward E. of Dorset (Lord Chamberlain
of His Majesty's Household, &c.), at Knowles.

MY LORD,



HAVING so advantageous a hand as
Doctor S. Turner, I am bold to send
your Lordship a new Tract of *French*
Philosophy, call'd *L'usage de Passions*,
which is cried up to be a choice
piece. It is a moral Discourse of the
right use of the *Passions*, the *Conduct*
whereof, as it is the principal Em-
ployment of *Virtue*, so the *Conquest*
of them is the difficultest part of *Valour*: To *know* one's
self is much, but to *conquer* one's self is more. We need
not pick quarrels and seek enemies without doors, we have
too many Inmates at home to exercise our Prowess upon ;
and there is no Man, let him have his humours never so well
balanc'd, and in subjection to 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

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 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, tho' some of the chiefest Commanders be still averse.

For foreign 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 *Republic*, 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 sulphureous 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 horridest 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 everywhere: I will begin with the hottest parts, with *Afric*, where the Emperor of *Ethiopia* (with two of his Sons) was encounter'd and kill'd in open field by the Groom of his Camels and Dromedaries, who have levied an Army out of the dregs of the People against him, and is like to hold that ancient Empire. In *Asia* the *Tartar* broke o'er 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

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, knock'd 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 Fruiterer had raised such an Insurrection, that they say above sixty Men have been slain already upon the streets of that City alone. *Catalonia* and *Portugal* have quite revolted from *Spain*. Your Lordship knows what knocks have been 'twixt the Pope and *Parma*: The *Pole* and the *Cossacks* are hard at it, *Venice* wrestleth with the *Turk*, and is like to lose her Maidenhead to him, unless other *Christian* Princes look to it in time. And touching these three Kingdoms, there's none more capable than your Lordship to judge what monstrous Things have happen'd; so that it seems the whole Earth is off the hinges: And (which is the more wonderful) all these prodigious passages have fallen out in less than the compass of twelve 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 ratify'd '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., *Frederick*, who is Archbishop of *Breme*, and is shortly to be King Elect.

My Lord, this Letter 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—Your most obedient and most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 Jan. 1646.

II.

To Mr. En. P., at Paris.

SIR,

SINCE we both agreed to truck Intelligence, and that you are contented to barter *French* for *English*, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtile Air of yours *Tinsel* sometimes passes for *Tissue*, *Venice Beads* for *Pearl*, and *Demicasters* for *Bever*: But I know you have so discerning a judgment, that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated; they must rise betimes that can put Tricks upon you, and make you take semblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or spurious for true things. To hold this literal correspondence, I desire but the parings of your time, that you may have something to do, when you have nothing else to do, while I make a business of it to be punctual in my answers to you. Let our Letters be as Echoes, let them bound back and make mutual repercussions; I know you that breathe upon the Continent have clearer Echoes there; witness that in the *Tuilleries*, specially that at *Charenton 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 Shoos; but now the Arms are come to be Legs, for Bishops' Lawn-sleeves are worn for Boot-house tops; the Waist is come to the Knee,
for

for the Points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there. Boots and Shoos are so long-snouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's House, where all Genuflection and Postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use: The Devil may walk freely up and down the streets of *London* now, for there is not a Cross to fright him anywhere; and it seems he was never so busy 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 to you at this time, and this is too much unless it were better. God Almighty send us patience, you in your Banishment, me in my Captivity, and give us Heaven for our last Country, where Desires turn to Fruition, Doubts to Certitudes, and dark Thoughts to clear Contemplations. Truly, my dear *Don Antonio*, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the Elements, and (were it my Maker's pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit scores with the World, make my last account with Nature, and return this small skin full of Bones to my common Mother. If I chance to do so before you, I love you so 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,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 Feb. 1646.

III.

To Master W. B.

SIR,

I HAD yours of the last week, and by reason of some sudden encumbrances 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

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 satisfy you in some part.

Touching the word *Πρεσβύτερος*, it is as ancient as *Christianity* itself; and every Churchman 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 Archbishops are Priests, tho' not *vice versâ*. These holy Titles of Bishop and Priest are now grown odious among such poor Sciologists, who scarce know the *Hotie's* of things, because they savor of Antiquity; tho' 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 who made it differ from that of *Rome* and *Luther*, was *Calvin*; who being once banish'd *Geneva*, was revok'd, at which time he no less petulantly than profanely apply'd to himself that Text of the holy Prophet which was meant of Christ, *The Stone which the Builders refused, is made the head-stone of the Corner*, &c. Thus *Geneva* Lake swallow'd 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 K. *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 disclaimed it, terming it, in a public Speech of his to the Parliament, a *Sect* rather than a *Religion*. To this Sect may be imputed all the Scissures that have happen'd in *Christianity*, with most of the Wars that have

have lacerated poor *Europe* ever since ; and it may be called the Source of the civil Distractions that now afflict this poor Island.

Thus have I endeavour'd to fulfil your desires in part ; I shall enlarge myself further when I shall be made happy with your conversation here ; till when, and always, I rest—
Your most affectionate to love and serve you, J. H.

Fleet, 29 Nov. 1647.

IV.

To Sir J. S., Knight, at Rouen.

SIR,

OF all the Blessings that ever dropt down from Heaven upon Man, that of his *Redemption* may be call'd the Blessing paramount ; and of all those Comforts and Exercises of Devotion which attend that Blessing, the *Eucharist* or holy Sacrament may claim the prime place. But as there is *Devotion*, so there is *Danger* in't, and that in the highest degree: 'Tis rank poison to some, tho' a most sovereign cordial to others, *ad modum recipientis*, as the Schoolmen say, whether they take *panem Dominum*, as the *Roman Catholic*, or *panem Domini*, as the *Reformed Churches*. The Bee and the Spider suck honey and poison out of one Flower. This, Sir, you have divinely exprest in the Poem you pleas'd to send me upon this Subject: And whereas you seem to woo my Muse to such a Task, something you may see she hath done, in pure obedience only to your commands.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

I.

*Hail holy Sacrament !
The World's great Wonderment,
Mysterious Banquet much more rare
Than Manna, or the Angels' fare ;
Each Crum, tho' Sinners on thee feed,
Doth Cleopatra's Pearl exceed.*

Oh

*Oh how my Soul doth hunger, thirst, and pine
After these Cates so precious, so divine !*

II.

*She need not bring her stool
As some unbidden fool ;
The Master of this heavenly Feast
Invites and woos her for his Guest :
Tho' deaf and lame, forlorn and blind,
Yet welcome here she's sure to find,
So that she bring a Vestment for the day,
And her old tatter'd rags throw quite away.*

III.

*This is Bethesda's Fool,
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 Arctic point in Sky,
Whereby the wand'ring Piloteer
His course in gloomy nights doth steer ;
So the small Needle of my Heart
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Atoms of Love, and so attracts
All my Affections, which like Sparks
Fly up, and guide my Soul by this
To the true centre of her Bliss.*

As one Taper lightneth another, so were my spirits en-
lightned

lightned 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 quisquiliæ 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—Your most entirely affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 10 of Dec. 1647.

V.

To Mr. T. W., at P. Castle.

MY PRECIOUS TOM,

HE is the happy man who can square his mind to his means, and fit his fancy to his fortune: He who hath a competency to live in the port of a Gentleman, and as he is free from being a Head-Constable, so he cares not for being a Justice of Peace or Sheriff; he who is before-hand with the world, and when he comes to *London* can whet his knife at the Counter-gate, and needs not trudge either to a Lawyer's study or Scrivener's shop, to pay fee or squeeze wax. 'Tis *Conceit* chiefly that gives contentment; and he is happy who *thinks* himself so in any condition, tho' 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 Fourth's reign, with two heads one opposite to the other; and having but one bulk of Body thro'out, 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 Judgment is seated in the *animal parts*, not in the *vital* which are lodg'd in the Heart.

We

We are still in a turbulent sea of distractions, nor as far as I see is there yet any sight of shore. Mr. *T. M.* hath had a great loss at Sea lately, which I fear will light heavily upon him: When I consider his case, I may say, that as the Philosopher made a question whether the *Mariner* be to be rank'd among the number of the *living* or *dead* (being but four inches distant from drowning, only the 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 stomach that he seldom casts up what he hath once swallowed. This City hath bred of late years Men of monstrous strange opinions, that, as all other rich places besides, she may be compar'd to a fat Cheese which is most subject to engender Maggots. God amend all, and me first, who am—Yours most faithfully to serve you, J. H.

Fleet, this St. Tho. Day.

VI.

To Mr. William Blois.

MY WORTHY ESTEEMED NEPHEW,

I RECEIV'D 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 *Riband*; 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 *Stella* in *Statius*, and *Julia* in *Catullus*, speak of. I hope also to be marry'd shortly to a Lady whom I have woo'd 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 *Lethan Quality* in them

them as to cause such an *Amnestia* in him of his Friends here upon the *Thames*, among whom for Reality and Seriousness I may match among the foremost; but I impute it to some new Task that his Muse might haply impose upon him, which hath engross'd all his Speculations; I pray present my cordial kind respects unto him.

So, praying that a thousand Blessings may attend this Confarreation, I rest, my dear Nephew—Yours most affectionately to love and serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 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 *Spain's* Window, but I am told it was gather'd near his Gold-Mines of *Potosi* (where they report that in some Places there is more of that Ore than Earth), therefore it must needs be precious Stuff: If moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), 'tis good for many Things; it helps Digestion taken a while after Meat, it makes one void Rheum, break wind, and keeps the Body open: A Leaf or two being steeped o'er-night in a little White-wine is a Vomit that never fails in its Operation: It is a good Companion to one that converseth with dead Men; for if one hath been poring long upon a Book, or is toil'd with the Pen, and stupified with Study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those Clouds that usually o'erset the Brain. The Smoke of it is one of the wholesomest Scents that is, against all contagious Airs, for it o'er-masters all other Smells, as *K. James*, they say, found true, when being once a-hunting, a Shower of Rain drove him into a Pig-sty for Shelter, where he caus'd a Pipe-full to be taken on purpose: It cannot endure a Spider or a Flea,

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 fortify and preserve the Sight, the Smoke being let in round about the Balls of the Eyes once a-week, and frees them from all Rheums, driving them back by way of Repercussion ; being taken backward 'tis excellent good against the Cholique, 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 Imposthume, Bag and all, which had been a long Time engendring out of a Bruise he had received at Football, and so preserv'd his Life for many Years. Now to descend from the Substance of the Smoke to the Ashes, 'tis well known 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 Smoke there is in a Pound of Tobacco, the Ashes will tell him : for let a Pound be exactly weigh'd, and the Ashes kept charily and weigh'd afterwards, what wants of a Pound weight in the Ashes cannot be deny'd to have been Smoke, which evaporated into Air. I have been told that Sir *Walter Raleigh* 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 Plough-share, 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 *Afric*, 'tis wonderful what a small Pill of Tobacco will do ; for those who use to ride post thro' the sandy Desarts, where they meet not with anything 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

affords them a perpetual Moisture and takes off the Edge of the Appetite for some Days.

If you desire to read with Pleasure all the Virtues of this modern Herb, you must read Dr. *Thorus's Pætoлогия*, an accurate Piece couch'd in a strenuous heroic Verse, full of Matter, and continuing its Strength from first to last; insomuch, that for the Bigness it may be compar'd to any Piece of Antiquity, and, in my Opinion, is beyond *βωτρακομνομαχία* or *γαλεωμνομαχία*.

So I conclude these rambling Notions, presuming you will accept this small Argument of my great Respects to you: If you want Paper to light your Pipe, this Letter may serve the Turn; and if it be true what the Poets frequently sing, that *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 fit, 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 myself, a most happy new Year; may the Beginning be good, the Middle better, and the End best of all.—Your most faithful and truly affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Jan. 1646.

VIII.

To the Rt. Hon. my Lord of D.

MY LORD,

THE subject of this Letter may peradventure seem a *Paradox* to some, but not, I know, to your Lordship, when you have pleased to weigh well the Reasons. *Learning* is a Thing that hath been much cried up and coveted in all Ages, especially in this last Century of Years, by People of all Sorts, tho' never so mean and mechanical: every Man strains his Fortunes to keep his Children at School; the
Cobler

Cobler will clout it till Midnight, the Porter will carry Burdens till his Bones crack again, the Plough-man will pinch both Back and Belly to give his Son *Learning*; and I find that this Ambition reigns nowhere 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 called a learned Man: A good *Mason*, a good *Shoemaker*, that can manage *St. Crispin's Lance* handsomely, a skilful *Yeoman*, a good *Shipwright*, &c., may be all called learned Men; and indeed the usefulest sort of learned Men; for without the two first we might go barefoot, and lie 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 Side of the Hemisphere, and consequently the acutest) have a wholesome Piece of Policy, *That the Son is always of the Father's Trade*; and 'tis all 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 to him all the Mystery thereof. This general Custom or Law keeps their Heads from running at random after Book-learning, and other Vocations. I have read a Tale of *Rob. 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 Money to mend his Plow or his Cart, or to buy Tacklings for his Horses, with other things belonging to his
Husbandry,

Husbandry, he should not want what was fitting ; but *wish'd him to aim no highér, for a Husbandman he found him, and a Husbandman he would leave him.*

The extravagant Humour of our Country is not to be altogether commended, that all Men should aspire to Book-learning : There is not a simpler Animal, and a more superfluous Member of State, than a mere Scholar, than only a self-pleasing Student ; he is——*Telluris inutile pondus.*

The *Goths* 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*, tho' an excellent Engineer, when *Syracuse* was lost, was found at his Book in his Study, intoxicated with Speculations. Who would not have thought another great learned Philosopher to be a Fool or Frantic, when being in a Bath, he leap'd out naked among the People, and cried, *I have found it ! I have found it !* having hit then upon an extraordinary Conclusion in Geometry ? There is a famous Tale of *Thomas Aquinas*, the *Angelical* Doctor, and of *Bonaventure*, the *Seraphical* Doctor, of whom *Alex. Hales* (our Countryman and his Master) reports, that it appeared not in him whether *Adam* had sinned : Both these great Clerks being invited to dinner by the *French* King, of purpose to observe their Humours, and being brought to the Room where the Table was laid, the first fell a eating of Bread as hard as he could drive ; at last breaking out of a brown Study, he cried out, *Conclusum est contra Manichæos.* The other fell a-gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he lik'd her, he answer'd, *Oh, Sir, if an earthly Queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven ?* The latter was the better Courtier of the two. Hence we may infer that your mere Book Men, your deep Clerks, whom we call the only learned Men, are not always the civilest or the best Moral Men, nor is too great a Number of them convenient for any State, leading a soft sedentary Life, especially those who 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

of this Land such a general itching after Book-Learning, and I believe so many *Free-Schools* do rather hurt than good: nor did the Art of Printing much avail the Christian Commonwealth, but may be said to be well near as fatal as *Gunpowder*, which came up in the same Age: For, under correction, to this may be partly ascrib'd that spiritual Pride, that variety of Dogmatists, which swarm among us. Add hereunto, that the excessive number of those who converse only with Books, and whose profession consists in them, is such, that one cannot live for another, according to the dignity of the Calling: A Physician cannot live for the Physicians, a Lawyer (civil and common) cannot live for Lawyers, nor a Divine for Divines. Moreover, the Multitudes that profess these three best Vocations, '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 weds himself to his study, and swallows many books, must needs be a profound Scholar, and a great learned Man, tho' in reality he be such a dolt, that he hath neither a retentive faculty to keep what he hath read, nor wit to make any useful Application of it in common discourse; what he draws in lieth upon dead Lees, and never grows fit to be broach'd. Besides, he may want Judgment in the choice of his Authors, and knows not how to turn his hand either in weighing or winnowing the soundest opinions. There are divers who are cried up for great Clerks who want discretion. Others, tho' they wade deep into the causes and knowledge of things, yet they are subject to screw up their wits, and soar so high, that they lose themselves in their own Speculations; for thinking to transcend the ordinary pitch of Reason, they come to involve the common Principles of Philosophy in a Mist; instead of illustrating things, they render them more obscure; instead of a plainer and shorter way to the Palace of Knowledge, they lead us thro' briery, odd uncouth paths, and so fall into the fallacy call'd *notum per ignotius*. Some have the hap to be term'd learned Men, tho' they have gathered up but the scraps of Knowledge here and there, tho' they be
but

but smatterers, and mere sciolists, scarce knowing the *Hoties* of things; yet, like empty casks, if they can make a Sound, and have a Gift to vent with Confidence what they have suck'd in, they are accounted great Scholars. Among all book-learned Men, except the *Divine*, to whom all learned Men should be Lacqueys, the Philosopher who hath waded thro' all the Mathematics, who hath dived 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 called also a learned Man, who hath conversed 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 carried in a Wheel-barrow*, as my Countryman Dr. *Gwyn* told Judge *Finch*: The Physician must needs be a learned Man, for he knows himself inward and outward, being well vers'd in *Autology*, in that Lesson *Nosce Teipsum*; and as *Adrian VI.* said, he is very necessary to a populous Country, for *were it not for the Physician, Men would live so long and grow so thick, that one could not live for the other; and he makes the Earth cover all his faults.*

But what Dr. *Gwyn* said of the common Law-books, and Pope *Adrian* of the Physician, was spoken, I conceive, in merriment; for my part, I honour those two worthy Professions in a high degree. Lastly, a *Polyglot*, or good *Linguist*, may be also 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, than yourself: Therefore in speaking of this subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same Error as *Phormio* did in discoursing of War before *Hannibal*. No more now, but that I am, my Lord—Your most humble and obedient Servant,

J. H.

IX.

IX.

To Doctor J. D.

SIR,

I HAVE many sorts of Civilities to thank you for, but amongst the rest, I thank you a thousand times (twice told) for that delightful fit of Society and conference of Notes we had lately in this little *Fleet-Cabin* of mine upon divers Problems, and upon some which are exploded (and that by those who seem to sway most in the Commonwealth of Learning) for *Paradoxes*, merely by an implicit faith, without diving at all into the Reasons of the Assertors. And whereas you promised a further expression of yourself by way of a discursive Letter, what you thought of *Copernicus's* 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 Philosopher's 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 myself of this obligation, and to draw on your Performances the sooner, I have adventured to send you this following Discourse (such as it is) touching the *Lunary World*.

I believe 'tis a Principle, which not many will offer to controvert, that as *Antiquity cannot privilege an Error*, so *Novelty cannot prejudice Truth*. Now, *Truth* hath her degrees of growing and expanding herself, as all other things have; and as Time begets her, so he doth the obstetricious Office of a Midwife to bring her forth. Many Truths are but Embryos or Problems; nay, some of them seem to be mere *Paradoxes* at first. The opinion that there were *Anti-podes* was exploded when it was first broach'd; it was held absurd and ridiculous, and the thing itself to be as impossible as it was for Men to go upon their heads, with their heels upwards:

upwards: nay, 'twas adjudg'd to be so dangerous a Tenet, that you know well the Bishop's name, who in the primitive Church was by sentence of condemnation sent out of this world without a Head, to go to and dwell among his *Antipodes*, because he first hatch'd and held that opinion. But now our late Navigators, and *East-India* Mariners, who use to cross the Equator and Tropiques 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 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 *à la volée*. 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 dispense them by certain degrees, periods, and progress of time, leaving Man to make industrious researches and investigations after Truth: *He left the World to the disputations of Men*, as the wisest of Men saith, who in acquisition of natural Truths went from the Hysop to the Cedar. *One Day certifieth another*, and one Age rectifieth another: The Morrow hath more experience than the precedent Day, and is oft-times able to be his School-master; the Grandchild laughs at some things that were done in his Grandsire's days; insomuch that hence it may be inferr'd, that natural human Knowledge is not yet mounted to its Meridian and highest point of elevation. I confess it cannot be denied without gross ingratitude, but we are infinitely obliged to our Forefathers for the Fundamentals of Sciences; and as the Herald hath a rule, *Mallem cum patribus quam cum fratribus errare*,

I had rather err with my Fathers than Brothers; so it holds in other kinds of Knowledge. But those Times which we term vulgarly the *old World*, were indeed the Youth or Adolescence of it; and tho', 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 Longevity of things, we are more properly the older Cosmopolites: In this respect the *Cadet* may be term'd more ancient than his elder Brother, because the World was older when he enter'd into it. Moreover, besides *Truth*, *Time* hath also another Daughter, which is *Experience*, who holds in her Hands the great Looking-glass of Wisdom and Knowledge.

But now to the intended task touching an *habitable World*, and a *Species of living Creatures in the Orb of the Moon*, which may bear some analogy with those of this elementary *World*: Altho' it be not my purpose to maintain and absolutely assert this Problem, yet I will say this, that whosoever crieth it down for a new *neoterical Opinion*, as divers do, commit a grosser error than the Opinion may be in its own nature: For 'tis almost as ancient as Philosophy herself; I am sure 'tis as old as *Orpheus*, who sings of divers fair Cities and Castles within the Circle of the Moon. Moreover, the profoundest Clerks and most renowned Philosophers in all Ages have affirmed it. Towards the first Age of Learning, among others, *Pythagoras* and *Plato* 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 scientificallest Men, both in *Germany* and *Italy*, seem to adhere to it, subinuating that not only the Sphere of the Moon is peopled with *Selenites* or Lunary Men, but that likewise every Star in Heaven is a peculiar World of itself, which is 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

who hath also his *Solar* Creatures, and they are accounted the most sublime, the most pure, and perfectest of all: The *Elementary* Creatures are held the grossest of all, having more matter than form in them: The *Solar* have more form than matter; the *Selenites*, with other *Astrean* Inhabitants, are of a mix'd nature, and the nearer they approach the Body of the Sun, the more pure and spiritual they are: Were it so, there were some grounds for his speculation who thought that human Souls, be they never so pious and pure, ascend not immediately after the dissolution from the corrupt mass of flesh before the glorious presence of God, presently to behold the *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 refined 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 before-hand by certain degrees, which might be done by passing from one Star to another, which, we are taught, differ one from the other in Glory and Splendor.

Among our modern Authors that would furbish this old Opinion of Lunary Creatures, and plant Colonies in the Orb of the Moon, with the rest of the celestial Bodies, *Gasper Galileo Galilei* is one, who by artificial Prospectives hath brought us to a nearer commerce with Heaven, by drawing it sixteen times nearer Earth than it was before in ocular Appearance, by the Advantage of the said Optic Instrument.

Among

Among other Arguments which the Assertors of *Astreaan* 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 fix'd Stars, he did not make those huge immense Bodies, whereof most are bigger than the Earth and Sea, tho' 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 glorify his Name, among whom there is in every of them one supereminent, like *Man* upon *Earth*, to be Lord paramount of all the rest. To this haply 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 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 dissonant 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 Conveniencies 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 wholesome Influences upon him.

No doubt they were created to be partly useful and comfortable to him; but to imagine that they are solely and chiefly for him, is a thought that may be said to be above the pride of *Lucifer*: They may be beneficial to him in the generation and increase of all elementary Creatures, and yet have peculiar Inhabitants of their own besides, to concur

cur with the rest of the World in the service of their Creator. 'Tis a fair prerogative for *Man* to be Lord of all terrestrial, aquatick, and airy Creatures; that with his harping Iron he can draw ashore the great Leviathan; that he can make the Camel and huge Dromedary to kneel to him, and take up his burden; that he can make the fierce Bull, tho' ten times stronger than himself, to endure his yoke; that he can fetch down the Eagle from his nest, with such privileges. But let him not presume too far in comparing himself with heavenly Bodies, while he is no other thing than a worm crawling upon the surface of this Earth. Now the Earth is the basest Creature which God hath made, therefore 'tis call'd his *Footstool*; and tho' 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 nequitiae locus*; the *Earth*, not the *World*, is the seat of wickedness: And tho', 'tis true, she be susceptible of Light, yet the Light terminates only in her Superficies, being not able to enlighten anything 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 been always my practice, in the search and ventilation of natural Verities, to keep to myself a philosophical freedom, and not to make any one's Opinion so magisterial and binding, but that I might be at Liberty to recede from it upon more pregnant and powerful reasons. For as in theological Tenets 'tis a rule, *Quicquid non descendit a monte Scripturae, eadem auctoritate 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

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—
Your faithful Servant,

J. H.

Fleet, this 2 of Nov. 1647.

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 complete 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 yourself to be adored, you should quickly find me religious in that kind. However, 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 Virtues: And if you please to lay any of your Commands upon me, your Will shall be a Law to me, which I will observe with as much Allegiance as any Branch of *Magna Charta*; they shall be as binding to me as *Lycurgus's* Laws were to the *Spartans*; and to this I subscribe,

J. H.

Fleet, this 10 of Aug. 1647.

XI.

To R. B., Esquire, at Grundesburgh.

SIR,

WHEN I o'er-look'd the List of my choicest Friends to insert your Name, I paus'd a-while, and thought it more proper to begin a new collateral File, and put you in the front thereof, where make account you are plac'd. If anything upon Earth partakes of angelick Happiness (in civil Actions) 'tis *Friendship*; it perfumes the thoughts with
such

such sweet Idæas, and the heart with such melting Passions : such are the effects of yours to me, which makes me please myself much in the speculation of it.

I am glad you are so well 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, tho' not violent, Volubility : And truly it was never more verified than now, that those Spokes which were formerly but collateral, and some of them quite underneath, are now coming up apace to the top of the Wheel. I hope there will be no cause to apply to them the old Verse I learn'd at School,

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

But there is a transcendent over-ruling Providence, who can not only check the rollings of this petty Wheel, and strike a Nail into it that it shall not stir, but stay also when he pleaseth the Motions of those vast Spheres of Heaven, where the Stars are always stirring, as likewise the whirlings of the *Primum Mobile* itself, which the Astronomers say draws all the World after it in a rapid Revolution. That Divine Providence vouchsafe to check the Motion of that malevolent Planet, which hath so long lowr'd upon poor *England*, and send us better days. So, saluting you with no vulgar Respects, I rest, my dear Nephew—Yours most affectionately to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, this 26 of July 1646.

XII.

To Mr. En. P., at Paris.

SIR,

THAT which the Plots of the Jesuits in their dark Cells, and the Policy of the greatest Roman Catholic Princes have driven at these many Years, is now done to their hands, which was to divide and break the Strength of these three Kingdoms, because they held it to be too great

a

a Glory and Power to be in one *Heretical* Prince's Hands (as they esteemed the King of *Great Britain*), because he was in a Capacity to be Umpire, if not Arbiter of this Part of the World, as many of our Kings have been.

You write thence, that in regard of the sad Condition of our Queen, their Country-woman, they are sensible of our Calamities; but I believe, 'tis the *Populace* only, who see no farther than the Rind of Things: your Cabinet-Council rather rejoiceth at it, who, or I am much deceiv'd, contributed much in the Time of the late *sanguine* Cardinal to set afoot these Distractions, beginning first with *Scotland*, who, you know, hath always serv'd that Nation for a Brand to set *England* a-fire for the Advancement of their own Ends. I am afraid we have seen our best Days; we knew not when we were well: so that the *Italian* Saying may be well apply'd to poor *England*, *I was well, I would be better, I took Physic and died*. No more now, but that I rest still
—Yours entirely to serve you, J. H.

Fleet, 20 Jan. 1647.

XIII.

To John Wroth, *Esq.*, at Petherton-Park.

SIR,

I HAD two of yours lately, one in *Italian*, the other in *French* (which were answer'd in the same Dialect), and as I read them with singular Delight, so I must tell you, they struck an admiration into me, that in so short a Revolution of Time you should come to be so great a Master of those Languages both for the *Pen* and *Parley*. I have known divers, and those of pregnant and ripe Capacities, who had spent more Oil and Time in those Countries, yet could they not 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, has orna; you have got all Italy and France, adorn these*.

Nor is it *Language* that you have only brought home
with

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 pried 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 Ambassador in the *Imperial* Court, and who held correspondence with the greatest Men of *Christendom* in their own Language, had transmigrated into you.

The freshest News here is, that those Heart-burnings and Fires of Civil Comotions which you left behind you in *France*, cover'd over with thin Ashes for the Time, are broken out again; and I believe they will be never quite extinguish'd till there be a Peace or Truce with *Spain*, for till then there is no Hope of Abatement of Taxes. And 'tis fear'd the *Spanish* will out-weary the *French* at last in fighting; for the *Earth* herself, 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 employ'd to correspond with a Gentleman of such choice and gallant Parts: In which Desires I rest—Your most affectionate and faithful Servitor,
J. H.

29 Aug. 1649.

XIV.

To Mr. W. B.

HOW glad was I, my choice and precious Nephew, to receive yours of the 24th current; wherein I was sorry, tho' satisfied in point of Belief, to find the ill Fortune of Interception which befell my last unto you.

Touching the Condition of Things here, you shall understand,

stand, that our Miseries lengthen with our Days; for tho' the Sun and the Spring advance nearer us, yet our Times are not grown a whit the more comfortable. I am afraid this City hath fool'd herself into a Slavery; the Army, tho' 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 secur'd 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 a 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 cheer us again with the Light of his Countenance. And I am well assured you will join with me in the same Orison to Heaven's Gate; in which Confidence I rest—Yours most affectionately to serve you, J. H.

Fleet, 10 of Dec. 1647.

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,

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's Regents; for had you staid, you would have taken but little comfort in your Life, in regard that ever since there have been the fearfullest Distractions here that ever happen'd upon any Part of the Earth: a belluin Kind of Immanity never rang'd so among Men, insomuch, that the whole Country might have taken its appellation from the smallest Part thereof, and be called the *Isle of Dogs*; for all Humanity, common Honesty, and that Mansuetude, with other moral Civilities which should distinguish the rational Creature from other Animals, have been lost here a good while. Nay, besides this *Cynical*, there is a kind of *Wolvish* Humour hath seiz'd upon most of this People, a true *Lycanthropy*, they so worry and seek to devour one another; so that the wild *Arab* and fiercest *Tartar* may be call'd civil Men in comparison of us: therefore he is the happiest who is furthest off from this woful Island. The King is straitened of that Liberty he formerly had in the *Isle of Wight*, and as far as I can see, may make up the Number of *Nebuchadnezzar's* Years before he be restor'd: 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 adjoin the true Respects of—Your most faithful humble Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, this 5 of May 1647.

XVI.

To Mr. W. Blois, in Suffolk.

SIR,

YOURS of the 17th current came safely to hand, and I kiss your Hands for it; you mention there two others that came not, which made me condole the Loss of such Jewels, for I esteem all your Letters for being the precious Effects of your Love, which I value at a high Rate, and
please

please myself much in the Contemplation of it, as also in the Continuance of this Letter-Correspondence, which is perform'd on your Part with such ingenious Expressions, and embroidered still with new Flourishes of Invention. I am still under hold in this fatal *Fleet*; and like one in a Tempest at Sea, who hath been often 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 interven'd; insomuch that I am now in Half-despair of an absolute Release till a general Gaol-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-arm'd *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 Honour which they had lost abroad of late Years in the Opinion of the World, ever since the Pacification at *Berwick*, and divers Traverses of War since. What *Hamilton's* Design was, is a Mystery; most think that he intended no Good either to King or Parliament. So, with my daily more and more endeared Affections to you, I rest—Yours ever to love and serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 7 May 1647.

XVII.

To Mr. R. Baron, at Paris.

GENTLE SIR,

I RECEIV'D and presently ran over your *Cyprian Academy* with much Greediness, and no vulgar Delight; and, Sir, I hold myself much honour'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 Compliment, that I have seldom met with such an ingenious mixture of Prose and Verse, interwoven with such varieties
of

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 unwieldy and old, may make choice of you to officiate in his room, and preside over them.

I much thank you for the punctual Narration you pleas'd to send me of those Commotions in *Paris*; I believe *France* will never be in perfect repose while a *Spaniard* sits at the Stern, and an *Italian* steers the Rudder. In my opinion *Mazarine* should do wisely, now that he hath feather'd his nest so well, to truss up his Baggage, and make over the *Alps* to his own Country, lest the same fate betide him as did the Marquis of *Ancre* his Compatriot. I am glad the Treaty goes on '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 miscarry'd: So, my dear Nephew, I embrace you with both my Arms, and rest—
Yours most entirely to love and serve you, while J. H.

Fleet, 20 June 1647.

XVIII.

To Mr. Tho. More, at York.

SIR,

I HAVE often 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 4th current came to safe hand, wherein methought each line, each word, each syllable breath'd out the Passions of a clear and candid Soul, of a virtuous and gentle Spirit. Truly, Sir, as I might perceive
by

by your ingenuous and pathetic 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 extasy 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 bestow'd upon me; for I love and respect you dearly well: Nor is this Love grounded upon vulgar Principles, but upon those extraordinary parts of Virtue and Worth which I have discover'd in you, and such a Love is the most permanent, as you shall find in—Your most affectionate Uncle,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 of Sep. 1647.

XIX.

To Mr. W. B., 3^o 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 Vegetables, they did cast a greater suavity than the *Arabian* Spices use to do in the *Grand Cairo*, where when the Wind is Southward, they say the Air is as sweet as a perfum'd *Spanish* Glove. The Air of this City is not so, specially in the heart of the City, in and about *Paul's* Church, where Horse-dung is a yard deep; insomuch that to cleanse it would be as hard a task as it was for *Hercules* to cleanse the *Augean* Stable, by drawing a great River thro' it, which was accounted one of his twelve Labours. But it was a bitter taunt of the *Italian*, who passing by *Paul's* Church, and seeing it full of horses, *Now I perceive* (said he) *that in England Men and Beasts serve God alike.* No more now, but that I am—Your most faithful

Servant,

J. H.

XX.

To Sir Paul Pindar, Kt., upon the Version of an Italian Piece into English, call'd St. Paul's Progress upon Earth; a new and a notable kind of Satire.

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 conversant with Heaven; so that methinks I see *St. Paul* saluting and solacing you in these black times, assuring you that those pious works of Charity you have done and daily do (and that in such a manner, *that the left hand knows not what the right doth*) will be as a triumphant Chariot to carry you one day up to Heaven, to partake of the same Beatitude with him. Sir, among those that truly honour you, I am one, 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 *Christ's Passion*: Which may serve to free it from all exceptions. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and am, Sir—Your very humble and ready
Servant,

J. H.

Flect, 25 Martii 1646.

XXI.

To Sir Paul Neale, Kt., upon the same Subject.

SIR,

ST. 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 many things which are not vulgar, by a curious mixture of Church and State-Affairs: You shall feel herein the pulse of *Italy*, and how it beats at this time since the beginning of these late Wars '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, tho' shallow ones) to enchain himself to a verbal servitude, and the sense of another. Moreover, *Translations* are but as turn-coated things at best, '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, compared to the *English*. Or I may say, *Translations* are like the wrong side of a *Turkey* Carpet, which useth to be full of thrums and knots, and nothing so even as the right side: Or one may say (as I spake elsewhere), that

Translations

Translations are like Wines ta'en off the lees, and poured into other vessels, that must needs lose somewhat of their first strength and briskness, which in the pouring, 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 Limners, 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 sense 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 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 Virtues 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.—Your most obliged and ready Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 25 Martij.

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 into *English* would transform the World to wonder.

They sing of a *Red Parliament* and *White King*, of a race of People which should be called *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 courtesy, I send you these following prophetic Verses of *Whitehall*, which were made above twenty years ago to my knowledge, upon a Book call'd *Balaam's Ass*, that consisted of some Invectives against K. *James* and the Court *in statu quo tunc*: It was compos'd by one Mr. *Williams*, a Counsellor 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

*If that they could not give me grass,
 They might have given me hay;
 But sixteen hundred forty three,
 Whoso'er shall see that day,
 Will nothing find within that Court,
 But only grass and hay, &c.*

Which was found to happen true in *Whitehall*, till the Soldiers coming to quarter there, trampled it down.

Truly, Sir, I find all things conspire to make strange mutations in this miserable Island; I fear we shall fall from under the *Scepter* to be under the *Sword*: And since we speak of Prophecies, I am afraid among others that which was made since the Reformation will be verified, *The Churchman was, the Lawyer is, the Soldier shall be.* Welcome be the will of God, who transvolves Kingdoms and tumbles down Monarchies as Mole-hills at his pleasure. So I rest, my dear Doctor—Your most faithful Servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 9 Aug. 1648.

XXIII.

*To the Hon. Sir Edward Spencer, Kt., at his House
 near Branceford.*

SIR,

WE are not so bare of intelligence between these walls, but we can hear of your doings in *Branceford*: That so general applause whereby you were cried up Knight of the Shire for *Middlesex*, sounded round about us upon *London Streets*, and echo'd in every corner of the Town; nor do I mingle speech with any, tho' half affected to you, but highly approve of and congratulate the Election, being glad that a Gentleman of such extraordinary parts and probity, as also of such a mature judgment, should be chosen to serve the Public.

I return you the Manuscript you lent me of *Dæmonology*, but the Author thereof and I are *two* in point of opinion that way; for he seems to be on the negative part, and truly he writes as much as can be produc'd for his purpose.

But

But there are some men that are of a mere negative genius, like *Johannes ad oppositum*, who will deny, or at least cross and puzzle anything, tho' never so clear in itself, with their *but, yet, if, &c.*; they will flap the lye in *Truth's* teeth, tho' she visibly stand before their face without any vizard: Such perverse cross-grain'd spirits are not to be dealt withal by arguments, but palpable proofs; as if one should deny that the fire burns, or that he hath a nose on his face; there is no way to deal with him, but to pull him by the tip of the one, and put his finger into the other. I will not say that this Gentleman is so perverse; but to deny there are any Witches, to deny that there are not ill Spirits which seduce, tamper, and converse in divers shapes with human Creatures, and impel them to actions of malice; I say, that he who denies there are such busy Spirits, and such poor passive Creatures upon whom they work, which commonly are 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 waste their brains in making Laws against Chimeras, against *non-entia*, or such as *Plato's Kteritismata's* were. The *Judicial* 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, pœnis 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

guilty of flat Felony, and not capable of Clergy or Sanctuary, &c.

What a multitude of examples are there in good authentic Authors of divers kinds of Fascinations, Incantations, Prestigiations, of Philtres, Spells, Charms, Sorceries, Characters, and such like; as also of Magic, Necromancy, and Divinations? Surely the *Witch* of *Endor* is no fable; the burning of *Joan d'Arc* the Maid of *Orleans* in *Rouen*, and of the Marchioness of *d'Ancre* of late years in *Paris*, are no fables: The execution of *Nostredamus* for a kind of *Witch*, some fourscore years since, is but a modern story, who among other things foretold, *Le Senat de Londres tuera son Roy*, The Senate of *London* shall kill their King. The best historians have it upon record, how *Charlemain's* Mistress enchanted him with a Ring, which as long as she had about her, he would not suffer her dead Carcase to be carry'd 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 cloy'd with his excess of favour, threw it into a Pond, where the Emperor's chiefest pleasure was to walk till his dying day. The story tells us, how the *Waldenses* in *France* were by solemn Arrest of Parliament accus'd and condemn'd of *Witchcraft*. The *Malteses* took *St. Paul* for a *Witch*. *St. Augustin* speaks of Women who could turn Men to Horses, and make them carry their burdens: *Dancæus* 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 *Sweethland's*) corner'd Cap, who could make the Wind shift 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 Colleges for their Augurs and Aruspices,

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 hath recourse except the *Jews*. But you will say, that since *Christianity* display'd her Banner, the *Cross* hath scar'd away the Devil and struck the Oracles dumb: As *Plutarch* reports a notable passage of *Thamus*, an *Italian* Pilot, who a little after the birth of Christ, sailing along the Coasts of *Calabria* in a still silent night, all his Passengers being asleep, an airy cold Voice came to his ears, saying, *Thamus, Thamus, Thamus, The great God Pan is dead*, who was the chiefest Oracle of that Country. Yet tho' the Light of the Gospel chas'd away those great Owls, there be some Bats and little Night-birds that fly still 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; he must contemn the Sacrament, tread on the Cross, spit at the Host, &c.* There is a famous story of such a Paction, which Fryar *Louis* made some half a hundred years ago with the Devil in *Marseilles*, who appeared to him in shape of a Goat, and promis'd him the enjoyment of any Woman whom he fancied, with other Pleasures, for 41 years; but the Devil being too cunning for him, put the figure of 1 before, and made it 14 years in the Contract (which is to be seen to this day, with the Devil's claw to it), at which time the Fryar was detected for Witchcraft, and burnt; and all those Children whom he had christned during that term of fourteen years were re-baptiz'd: The Gentlewomen whom he had abus'd put themselves into a Nunnery by themselves. Hereunto may be added the great rich Widow 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

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 *Rutland's* 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 mere 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 than ever, and Persons of good Quality executed daily.

Thus, Sir, have I huddled together a few Arguments touching this Subject ; because in my last communication with you, methought I found you somewhat unsatisfied, and staggering in your opinion touching the affirmative part of this Thesis, the discussing whereof is far fitter for an elaborate large Treatise than a loose Letter.

Touching the new Commonwealth you intend to establish, now that you have 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 virtue which I have discerned in you : Which makes me entitle myself—Your most humble and affectionate faithful Servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 Feb. 1647.

XXIV.

To Sir William Boswel, at the Hague.

SIR,

THAT black Tragedy which was lately acted here, as it hath fill'd 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 ruminat 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 anything 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 *King's-Evil*.

I had one of yours by Mr. *Jacob Boeue*, and I much thank you for the Account you please to give me of what I sent you by his conveyance. *Holland* may now be proud, for there is a younger Commonwealth in *Christendom* than herself. No more now but that I always rest, Sir—Your most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 Mar. 1648.

XXV.

To Mr. W. B., at Grundsburgh.

SIR,

NEVER credit me, if *Liberty* itself be as dear to me as your *Letters*, they come so full of choice and learned applications, with such free unforc'd strains of ingenuity; insomuch that when I peruse them, methinks they cast such a kind of fragranc, 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

Your expressions were like those *Mucrones* and *Melliti Globuli*, which you so ingeniously apply mine unto ; but these Arrows of yours, tho' they have hit me, they have not hurt me, they had no killing quality, but they were rather as so many cordials ; for you know Gold is restorative. I am suddenly surpriz'd by an unexpected occasion, therefore I must abruptly break off with you for this time : I will only add, my most dear Nephew, that I rest—Yours entirely to love and serve you,

J. H.

June 3, 1648.

XXVI.

To R. K., Esq., at St. Giles's.

SIR,

DIFFERENCE in *Opinion*, no more than a differing *Complexion*, can be cause enough for me to *hate* any. A differing *Fancy* is no more to me than a differing *Face*. If another hath a *fair* Countenance, tho' mine be *black* ; or if I have a *fair* Opinion, tho' 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, tho' I never concur with him in *opinion* : He bears the Image of *Adam*, and the Image of the Almighty, as well as I ; he had *God* for his *Father*, tho' he hath 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'er the faculties of the soul, and the affections of the Heart : 'Tis he who regulates the Will, and rectifies all obliquities in the Understanding by special illuminations, and oftentimes reconciles Men as opposite in *Opinions*, as *Meridians* and *Parallels* are in point of extension, whereof the one draws from East to West, the other from North to South.

Some of the Pagan Philosophers, 'specially *Themistius*,
who

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 (tho' Twins) the same tone of Voice, similitude of Face, or ideas of Mind; therefore, the *God of Nature* ordain'd from the beginning, that he should be worshipp'd in various and sundry forms of Adorations, which nevertheless like so many Lines should tend all to the same Centre. But *Christian Religion* prescribes another *Rule*, viz., that there is but *una via, una veritas*, there is but one true way to Heaven, and that but a narrow one; whereas there be huge large roads that lead to Hell.

God Almighty guide us in the first, and guard us from the second, as also from all cross and uncouth by-paths, which use to lead such giddy brains that follow them to a 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 July 1648.



Familiar Letters.

BOOK IV.

I.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, near Lempster.

SIR,



FPISTLES, 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 rouse up my spirits, and make me take *pen* in hand to meet you more than half-way in the old field of Friendship.

It is recorded of *Galen*, one of Nature's *Cabinet-Clerks*, that when he slept his *Siesta* (as the *Spaniard* calls it) or afternoon sleep, to avoid excess that way, he 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 *Phantasy* began to work, the Ball would fall down, the

the noise whereof would awake him, and draw the Spring-lock back again to set the outward Senses at liberty. I have seen in *Italy* a Finger-ring, which in the boss 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 virtue of that *Pin*: But the *Pen* hath a thousand virtues more. You know that *Anser*, *Apis*, *Vitulus*, the Goose, the Bee, and the Calf, do rule the World; the one affording Parchment, the other two Sealing-Wax, and Quills to write withal. You know also how the *gagging* of Geese did once preserve the Capitol from being surpriz'd by my Countryman *Brennus*, which was the first foreign Force that *Rome* felt. But the *Goose-quill* doth daily greater things, it conserves Empires (and the feathers of it get Kingdoms, witness what Exploits the *English* perform'd by it in *France*), the Quill being the chiefest instrument of Intelligence, and the Ambassador's prime Tool: Nay, the *Quill* is the *useful'st* thing which preserves that noble Virtue *Friendship*, which else would perish among Men for want of practice.

I shall make no more sallies out of *London* this Summer, therefore your Letters may be sure where to find me: Matters are still involv'd here in a strange confusion, but the Stars may let down milder influences; therefore cheer up, and reprieve yourself against better times, for the World would be irksome to me if you were out of it. Hap what will, you shall be sure to find me—Your ready and real
 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 employ'd to *Flanders* by Q. *Elizabeth*,

beth, 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 money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this Mistake rais'd, but the Doctor by this *oversight* (or *cunningness* rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy, to endorse me your Brother, thereby to endear me the more to you: But you needed not to have done that, for the name *Friend* goes sometimes further than *Brother*; and there be more examples of *Friends* that did sacrifice their lives for one another than of *Brothers*; which the Writer doth think he should do for you, if the case requir'd. But since I am fallen upon Dr. *Dale*, who was a witty kind of Drole, I will tell you instead of news (for there is little *good stirring* now) two other facetious Tales of his; and *Familiar Tales* may become *Familiar Letters* well enough: When Q. *Elizabeth* did first propose to him that foreign employment to *Flanders*, among other encouragements she told him, that he should have 20s. *per diem* for his expences: Then, Madam, said he, I will spend 19s. a-day. What will you do with the odd shilling? *the Queen reply'd*. 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 superlative 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 Mistress entitl'd herself *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,

here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth—
Your entire Friend,

J. H.

May 12.

III.

To the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

MADAM,

THERE is a *French* saying, that *Courtesies* and *Favours* are like *Flowers*, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. 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 loses anything of its first colour and scent. Those favours you did me thirty years ago, in the lifetime 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 brood of *Virtues*, which shine in you with that brightness, but 'specially for those high motions whereby your Soul soars up so often towards Héaven: 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 myself—Your truly devoted Servant,

J. H.

April 8.

IV.

To my Lord Marquis of Hartford.

MY LORD,

I RECEIV'D your Lordship's of the 11th current, with the Commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account

count in my next. Foreign 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 knows when she can get into safe harbour 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, tho' 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 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-grain'd pieces as well as of streight and even, for framing a goodly Vessel to ride on *Neptune's* back. The Printer useth many contrary Characters in his Art, to put forth a fair Volume; as *d* is a *p* revers'd, and *n* is a *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 put me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir *P. Herbert*) hath in his late *Conceptions* to his 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 virtuous, 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

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 encumber your mind.* So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep River, whereon there was a narrow bridge; and meeting there with another Passenger, the young Man justled him into the Water, and so drowned him. The old *Anchorite* being much astonished hereat, would have left him; but his Guide said, *Father, be not amaz'd, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part; but at last I shall settle your judgment, and put your mind in full repose.* So going that night to lodge in an Inn where there was a crew of *Banditti* and 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 crew of *Banditti* they had left behind them. The next day they came to a Gentleman's house which was a fair Palace, where they 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 Gentleman; and the young Man spying his opportunity, strangled the Child, and so got away. The third day they came to another Inn, where the Man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and *gratis*; yet the young Man imbezzl'd a Silver Goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still increas'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 to him, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent; yet at parting, the young Man bestowed upon him the Silver Goblet he had stolen from that Host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich Town; but some miles before they came at it, they met with a Merchant at the close of the day,

day, who had a great charge of money about him; and asking the next passage to the Town, the young Man put him in a clean contrary way. The *Anchorite* and his Guide being come to the Town, at the gate they spied a Devil, who lay as it were centinel, but he was asleep: They found also both Men and Women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They went afterwards to a Convent of *Capuchins*, where, about the gate, they found legions of Devils laying siege to that Monastery, yet they got in and lodged there that night. Being awaked the next morning, the young Man came to that Cell where the *Anchorite* was lodg'd, and told him, *I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments, and doubts, for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know, I am an Angel sent from Heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far; for tho' separately they seem strange to the shallow 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 Crew of Rogues, was also an act of Providence, for they intended to go a-robbing all that night; but I kept them there purposely till the next morning, that the hand of Justice might seize upon them.

Touching the kind Host from whom I took the Silver Goblet, and the clownish or knavish Host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate to you, that good Men are liable to crosses and losses, whereof bad Men oftentimes reap the benefit: but it commonly produceth patience in the one, and pride in the other.

Concerning that noble Gentleman whose Child I strangled
after

after so courteous entertainment, know that that also was an act of Providence, for the Gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that Child, that it lessen'd his love to Heaven; so I took away the cause.

Touching the Merchant whom I misguided in his way, it was likewise an act of Providence, for had he gone the direct way to this Town, he had been robb'd, and his throat cut, therefore I preserv'd him by that deviation.

Now, concerning this great luxurious City, whereas we spied but one Devil who lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor Convent, you must consider, that Lucifer being already assur'd of that riotous Town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one single 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 beleaguer them; yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems. So the young Man, or divine Messenger, suddenly disappear'd and vanish'd; yet leaving his Fellow-traveller in good hands.

My Lord, I crave your pardon for this extravagancy, and the tediousness thereof; but I hope the sublimity of the Matter will make some compensation, which, if I am not deceived, will well suit with your genius; for I know your Contemplations to be as high as your Condition, and as much above the Vulgar. This figurative story shews that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, his intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the Plummet and Line whereof is infinitely too short to fathom the depth of his Designs; therefore let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all things co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his glory, and the general good of his Creatures, tho' sometimes they appear to us by uncouth circumstances and cross mediums.

So

So in a due distance and posture of humility I kiss your Lordship's hands, as being, my most highly honoured Lord
—Your thrice-obedient and obliged Servitor,

J. H.

V.

To Richard Baker, *Esq.*

SIR,

NOW that *Lent* and the *Spring* do make their approach, in my opinion *Fasting* would conduce much to the advantage of Soul and Body. Tho' our second Institution of observing *Lent* aim'd at civil respects, as to preserve the brood of Cattle, and advance the profession of Fishermen, yet it concurs with the first Institution, *viz.*, a true spiritual End, which was to subdue the *Flesh*; and that being brought under, our other two spiritual Enemies, the *World* and the *Devil*, are the sooner overcome. The Naturalists observe, that morning-spittle kills *Dragons*, so *fasting* helps to destroy the *Devil*, provided it be accompanied with other acts of devotion. To fast for one day only from about nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, is but a mock-fast. The *Turks* do more than so in their *Ramirams* and *Beiram*s; 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 to me lately. I was so taken with the subject, that I presently lighted my Candle at your torch, and fell into these Stanzas:

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*

3. *But to abstain from Beef, Hog, Goose,
And let our Appetites go loose
To Lobsters, Crabs, Prawns, or such Fish,
We do not fast, but feast in this.*
4. *Not to let down Lamb, Kid, or Veal
Hen, Plover, Turkey-cock, or Teal,
And eat Botargo, Caviar,
Anchovies, Oysters, and like fare ;*
5. *Or to forbear from Flesh, Fowl, Fish,
And eat Potatoes in a dish
Done o'er with Amber, or a mess
Of Ringo's 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 Gleeck,
Or be a Saint when we should sleep.*
7. *Or to leave play with all high dishes,
And feed our thoughts with wanton wishes,
Making the Soul, like a light Wench,
Wear patches of Concupiscence :*
8. *This is not to keep Lent a-right,
But play the juggling Hypocrite :*
*He truly Lent observes, who makes the inward Man
To fast, as well as make the outward feed on bran.*

The *French* Reformists have an odd way of keeping *Lent*, for I have seen the walls of their Temples turn'd to 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

that he could do now for His Majesty was to pray for him : Doth my Cousin of *Soissons*, said the King, answer me so ? They say, *That Prayer without Fasting hath nothing of that efficacy, as when they are join'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 than any other Religion, take *Lent* and *Ember-weeks* together. In some Churches the Christian useth the old way of mortification, by sackcloth and ashes, to this day ; which makes me think on a facetious tale of a *Turkish* Ambassador in *Venice*, who being 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 perfectly cure madness ; for in *Venice* I saw the People go up and down the streets (said he) in ugly antique 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 offsprings of good Actions, I rest—Your ready and real Friend,

J. H.

Ash-Wednesday, 1654.

VI.

To Mr. R. Manwayring.

MY DEAR DICK,

I F you are as well when you read this as I was when I wrote it, we are both well ; I am certain of the one, but

but anxious of the other, in regard of your so long silence ; I pray, at the return of this Post, let your *Pen* pull out this *Thorn* that hath got into my thoughts, and let me have often room in yours, for you know I am your perfect Friend,

J. H.

VII.

To Sir Edward Spencer, *Knight*.

SIR,

I FIND by your last of the first current, that your thoughts are much busied in forming your new Commonwealth ; and whereas the Province that is allotted to me is to treat of a right way to govern the *Female Sex*, I hold my lot to be fallen upon a fair ground, and I will endeavour to husband it accordingly. I find also that for the establishment of this new *Republic*, you have cull'd out the choicest Wits in all Faculties ; therefore I account it an honour that you have put me in the List, tho' 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 some by-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 μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ* : *Unam in thalamo, alteram in tumulo* ; One hour in Bed, the other in the Grave.

Grave. Moreover, I hold also that of the Orator to be a wild extravagant speech, when he said, That if *Women were not conterranean and mingled with Men, Angels would descend and dwell among us.* But a far wilder speech was that of the *Dog-Philosopher*, who 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* & *Orcus—idem.*

Yet I confess, that among this Sex, as among Men, there are some good, some bad, some virtuous, some vicious, and some of an indifferent nature, in whom Virtue makes a compensation for Vice. If there was an Empress in *Rome* so cunning in her lust, that she would take in no passenger until the vessel was frieghted (for fear the resemblance of the Child might discover the true Father), there was a *Zenobia* in *Asia* who would not suffer her Husband to know her carnally any longer, when once she found herself quick. If there were a Queen of *France* that poison'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 Poison 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 Emperor's death, lived after like a *Dove*, and immur'd herself in a Monastic Cell. But what shall I say of *Q. Artemisia*, who had an Urnful of her Husband *Mausolus's* Ashes in her closet, whereof she would take down a dram every morning nex 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,

Moreover, it cannot be deny'd but some Females are of a high and harsh nature; witness those two that of our greatest Clerks for Law and Learning (Lord *B.* and *C.*) did meet withal, one of whom was said to have brought back her Husband to his horn-book again: As also *Moses* and *Socrates's* Wives, who were *Zipporah* and *Xantippe*: you may guess at the humour of one in the holy Code; and for *Xantippe*, among many instances which might be 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 piss-pot 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 Coltstaves; but this proceeds not so often from the fault of the Female, as the silliness of the Husband who knows not how to *manage* a wife.

But a thousand such instances are not able to make me a *Misogenes*, a Female-foe; therefore towards the policying and perpetuating of this your new Republic, there must be some special rules for regulating of Marriage: for a Wife is the best or the worst fortune that can betide a man thro'out the whole train of his life. *Plato's* *Promiscuus Concubitus*, or Copulation, is more proper for Beasts than rational Creatures. That incestuous custom they have in *China*, that one should marry his own Sister, and in default of one, the next akin,

I utterly dislike: Nor do I approve of that goatish latitude of Lust which the *Alcoran* allows, for one Man to have eight Wives, and as many Concubines as he can well maintain; nor of another branch of their Law, that a man should marry after such an age under pain of mortal sin (for then what would become of me?) No, I would have every man left at liberty in this point, for there are men enough besides to people the Earth.

But that opinion of a poor shallow-brain'd Puppy, who upon any cause of disaffection would have men to have a privilege to change their Wives, or to repudiate them, deserves to be hiss'd at rather than confuted; for nothing can tend more to usher in all confusion and beggary thro'out the World: Therefore that Wiseacre 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 Commonwealths Men use to wear invisible horns, it would be a wholesome constitution, that they who upon too much jealousy and restraint, or ill usage of their Wives, or indeed not knowing how to use and *man* them aright (which is one of the prime points of masculine discretion), as also they who according to that barbarous custom in *Russia* do use to beat their Wives duly once a week; but 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 Commonwealth, that all such who impel their Wives by these means to change their Riders, should wear plain visible horns, that Passengers may beware of them as they go along, and give warning to others — *Cornu ferit ille, 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 Dowries exceeding £100 there should be *two* out of every *Cent*. deducted, and put into a common Treasury for putting off hard-favour'd and poor Maids.

Touching

Touching Virginity and the Vestal Fire, I could wish 'twere the worst custom the *Roman* Church had, when gentle Souls, to endear themselves the more to their Creator, do immure their Bodies within perpetual bounds of Chastity, dieting themselves and using austerities accordingly; whereby, bidding a farewell, and dying to the World, they bury themselves alive, as it were, and so pass their time in constant exercises of Piety and Penance night and day, or in some other employments of Virtue, holding Idleness to be a mortal sin. Were this cloyster'd course of Life merely spontaneous and unforced, I could well be contented that it were practis'd in your new Republic.

But there are other kind of Cloysters in some Commonwealths, and among those who are accounted the wisest and best policied, which Cloysters are of a clean contrary nature to the former: these they call the Courtesan Cloysters. And as in others, some Females shut up themselves to keep the sacred fire of Pudicity and Continence, so in these latter there are some of the 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 Men, wherein there are stronger appetites and motions; which motions were not given by Nature to be a torment to Man, but to be turn'd into Delight, Health, and Propagation. Therefore they to whom the gift of Continence is deny'd, 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 men's 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 myself to determine, 'specially in South-East hot Countries where Venerean *Titillation* (which *Scaliger* held to be a fix'd outward sense, but ridiculously) is in a stronger degree; I say, I leave others to judge whether
such

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 libidinous. But it is a vulgar error to think that the heat of the Clime is the cause of Lust: it proceeds rather from adust Choler and Melancholy that predominate, which humours carry with them a salt and sharp itching quality.

The dull *Hollander* (with other North-West Nations, whose blood may he said to be as butter-milk in the 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 *Fryaring*, that is, shroving in our Language; and so put him in an equipage accordingly, having a new Sword and Scarf, with a gold Hatband, and money in his Purse to visit handsome Ladies: but *Hans* not knowing where to go else, went to his Grandmother's house, where he fell a courting and feasting of her. But his Father questioning him at his return where he had been a *Fryaring*, and he answering that he had been at his Grandmother's; the Boor reply'd, God's Sacrament! I hope thou hast not lain with my Mother: Yes, said Boobikin, *Why should not I lie with your Mother, as you have lain with mine?*

Thus in conformity to your desires, and the task impos'd upon me, have I scribbled out this piece of Drollery, which is the way, as I take it, that your design drives at; I reserve some things till I see what others have done in the several Provinces they have undertaken towards the settlement of your new Republic. So, with a thousand thanks for your last hospitable favours, I rest, as I have reason, and as you know me to be—Your own true Servant,

J. H.

Lond. 24 Jan.

VIII.

To Mr. T. V., Barrister, at his Chambers in the Temple.

COUSIN TOM,

I DID not think it was in the power of Passion to have wrought upon you with that violence; for I do not remember to have known any (of so season'd a judgment as you are) lost so far after so frail a thing as a Female. But you will say, *Hercules* himself stoop'd hitherto; 'tis true he did, as appears by this Distich:

*Lenam non potuit, potuit superare Leenam;
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, pejùs 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 tho' 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 moment's space
Have pourtray'd in my Heart your Face.*

I wish this Hexastic may have power to strike her as deep as I find her Eyes struck you. The *Spaniard* saith, there are four things requir'd in a Woer, *viz.*, to be *Savo*, *Secreto*, *Solo*, and *Sollicito*; that is, to be Sollicitous, Secret, Sole, and Sage. Observe these rules, and she may make herself your *Client*, and so employ you to open her Case,
and

and recover her portion, which I hear is in Hucksters' hands.

So, my dear Cousin, I heartily wish you the accomplishment of your desires, and rest upon all occasions—At your dispose,

J. H.

IX.

To Sir R. Williams, Knight.

SIR,

I AM one among many who much rejoice at the fortunate Windfall that happen'd lately, which hath so fairly rais'd and recruited 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 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 evinc'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*, Money his God, but makes himself *Dominum Nummi*, but becomes Master of his Penny. The first is the arrantest beggar and slave that is; nay, he is worse than the *Arcadian 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

to the Devil. Yet I like the saying *Tom Waters* hath often in his mouth, *I had rather leave when I die than lack while I live.* But why do I speak of these things to you, who have so noble a Soul, and so much above the vulgar?

Your Friend Mr. *Watts* is still troubled with coughing, and truly I believe he is not to be long among us; for, as the *Turk* hath it, *A dry Cough is the Trumpeter of Death:* He presents his most affectionate respects to you, and so doth, my most noble Knight—Your ever obliged Servitor,
J. H.

X.

To Sir R. Cary, Knight.

SIR,

I HAD yours of the 20th current on *St. Thomas's Eve*, which was most welcome to me; and (to make a *seasonable* comparison) yours are like *Christmas*, they come but once a year; yet I made very good cheer with your last, specially with that Seraphic Hymn which came inclosed therewith to usher in his holy 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 play'd upon, the other, tho' being a good way distant, will sound of itself, and keep symphony with the first that's play'd upon (which, whether it proceeds from the mere motion of the Air, or the emanation of Atoms, I will not undertake to determine;) so the sound of your Muse hath *scrue'd* 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.

A

3. *A Virgin bears a Son, that Son doth bear
A World of Sin, acquitting Man's arrear,
Since guilty Adam Fig-tree leaves did wear.*
4. *A Majesty both infinite and just
Offended was ; therefore the Offering must
Be such, to expiate frail flesh and dust.*
5. *When no such Victim could be found
Thro'out the whole expansive Round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea, or Ground ;*
6. *The Prince of Life himself descends.
To make Astræa full amends,
And human Souls from Hell defends.*
7. *Was ever such a Love as this,
That th' eternal Heir of Bliss
Should stoop to such a low abyss ?*

The Muse, confounded with the Mystery according to the subject matter, ends with a question of Admiration.

So wishing you, as heartily as to myself (according to the instant season, and the old compliment of *England*), a merry *Christmas*, and consequently a happy New-Year, I subscribe myself—Your entirely devoted Servant,

J. H.

St. Innocents-Day, 1654.

XI.

To J. Sutton, Esq.

SIR,

WHEREAS you desire my opinion of the late History translated by Mr. *Wad*: of the Civil Wars of *Spain*, in the beginning of *Charles* the Emperor's Reign, I cannot 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 the most fitting to your Quality.

Now,

Now, among those sundry advantages which accrue to a Reader of History, one is, that no modern Accident can seem strange to him, much less astonish him : He will leave off wondring at anything, 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 horse-back, 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 everything. 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 *Leaguers* in *France* : He who had read the near upon fourscore years Wars in *Low Germany*, I believe never wonder'd at the late thirty years Wars in *High Germany*. I had wonder'd 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* Emperor 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* thirty-four 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 thro' 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

This History will display the very intrinsecals of the *Castilian*, who goes for the prime *Spaniard*; and make the opinion a Paradox, which cries him up to be so constant to his Principles, so loyal to his Prince, and so conformable to Government: For it will discover as much levity and tumultuary passions in him as in other Nations.

Among divers other examples which could be 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 Commonalty, 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* Soldiers 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 billeted 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 clamber o'er the *Pyreneans* to acquaint other Nations with their foolery and baseness: yet *Mr. Simon Digby*, a Gentleman of much worth, got a Copy, which he brought over with him, out of which this Translation is deriv'd; tho' I must tell you, by the bye, that some passages were commanded to be omitted, because they had too near an analogy with our Times.

So in a serious way of true Friendship, I profess myself—
Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

London, 15 Jan.

XII.

To the Lord Marquis of Dorchester.

MY LORD,

THERE is a sentence that carrieth a high sense with it, *viz.*, *Ingenia Principum fata Temporum*, The fancy of the Prince is the fate of the Times; so in point of Peace or War, Oppression or Justice, Virtue or Vice, Profaneness or Devotion: for *Regis ad exemplum*. But there is another saying, which is as true, *viz.*, *Genius plebis est fatum Principis*, The happiness of the Prince depends upon the humour of the People. There cannot be a more pregnant example hereof, than in that successful and long-liv'd Queen, *Q. Elizabeth*, who having come, as it were, from the *Scaffold* to the *Throne*, enjoy'd a wonderful Calm (excepting some short gusts of Insurrection that happen'd in the beginning) for near upon forty-five years together. But this, my Lord, may be imputed to the temper of the People, who had had a *boisterous* King not long before, with so many revolutions in Religion, and a *Minor* King afterward, which made them to be govern'd by their Fellow-subjects. And the Fire and Faggot being frequent among them in *Q. Mary's* days, the humours of the common People were pretty well spent, and so were willing to conform to any Government, 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 trench'd as much if not more upon the Privileges of Parliament, and the Liberties of the People, than 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 a Lecture in the morning some days of the week before they sat, whereunto the House was very inclinable: The Queen hearing of it, sent them a Message, that she much wonder'd at their rashness, that they should offer to introduce such an Innovation.

Another

Another Parliament would have proposed ways for the regulation of her Court; but she sent them another such Message, That she wondred, that being call'd by her thither to consult of publick Affairs, they should intermeddle with the government of her ordinary Family, and to think her to be so ill an Housewife, as not to be able to look to her own House herself.

In another Parliament there was a motion made, that the Queen should entail the Succession of the Crown, and declare her next Heir: but *Wentworth*, who proposed it, was committed to the *Tower*, where he breath'd his last; and *Bromley* upon a less occasion was clapp'd in the *Fleet*.

Another time the House petitioning that the Lords might join in private Committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how *Stubbs* and *Page* had their hands cut off with a Butcher's Knife and a Mallet, because they writ against the Match with the Duke of *Anjou*; and *Penry* was hang'd at *Tyburn*, tho' *Alured*, who writ a bitter Invec-tive 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 poisoning into *England*! How many of her Maids of Honour did receive claps at Court? Add hereunto, that Privy-Seals were common in her days, and *pressing* of Men more frequent, especially for *Ireland*, where they were sent in handfuls, rather to *continue* a War (by the cunning of the Officers) than to *conclude* it. The three Fleets she sent against the *Spaniard* did hardly make the Benefit of the Voyages to countervail the Charge. How poorly did the *English Garrison* quit *Havre-de-Grace*? and how were we baffled for the Arrears that were due to *England* (by Article) for the Forces sent into *France*? For Buildings, with all kind of Braveries else that use to make a Nation happy, as Riches and Commerce, inward and outward, it was not the twentieth part so much in the best of her

her days (as appears by the Custom-House Books) as it was in the Reign of her Successors.

Touching the Religion of the Court, she seldom came to Sermon but in *Lent-time*, nor did there use to be any Sermon upon *Sundays*, unless they were Festivals: Whereas the succeeding Kings had duly two every morning, one for the 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 *Q. Elizabeth* may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of Men's 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 pamp'rd with so long peace and plenty. Add hereunto, that neither *Hans*, *Jocky*, or *John Calvin* had taken such footing here as they did get afterwards, whose humour is to pry and peep with a kind of malice into the carriage of the Court and mysteries of State, as also to malign Nobility, with the Wealth and Solemnities of the Church.

My Lord, it is far from my meaning hereby to let drop the least Aspersion upon the Tomb of that rare renowned Queen; but it is only to observe the differing temper both of Time and People. The fame of some Princes is like the *Rose*, which, as we find by experience, smells sweeter after 'tis pluck'd: the memory of others is like the *Tulip* and *Poppy*, which make a gay shew and fair flourish while they stand upon the stalk, but being cut down they give an ill-favour'd scent. It was the happiness of that great long-liv'd Queen to cast a pleasing odour among her People both while she stood, and after she was cut off by the common stroke of Mortality; and the older the World grows, the fresher her Fame will be. Yet she is little 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 Republic, by casting that fatal
bone

bone for the *Spaniard* to gnaw upon, which shook his teeth so ill-favour'dly 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 expel the *Jesuits*, who had got a College in *Pera*; as also that her Secretary *Walsingham* should project the poisoning of the Waters of *Douay*; and lastly, how she 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 *knowing'st* 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 *Treasure* 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.

COUSIN FLOYD,

THE first part of Wisdom is to *give* good Counsel, the second to *take* it, and the third to *follow* it. Tho' you be young, yet you may be already capable of the two latter parts of Wisdom, and it is the only way to attain the first: Therefore I wish you to follow the good Counsel of your Uncle *J.*, for I know him to be a very discreet well-weigh'd Gentleman; and I can judge something of Men,
for

for I have studied many: Therefore if you *steer* by his compass in this great business you have undertaken, you need not fear *shipwreck*. This is the Advice of—Your truly affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

Lond., 6 Apr.

XIV.

To my Reverend and Learned Countryman, 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 pegs in a Wainscoat-door, which useth to thrust out one another oftentimes. Yet the old *British* is not so driven out of mine (for the Cask savours still of the Liquor it first took in) but I can say something of this elaborate and ingenious Piece of yours, which you please to communicate to me so early: I cannot compare it more properly than to a basket of Posies gather'd in the best Garden of Flowers, the sacred Scriptures, and bound up with such Art, that every Flower directs us where his bed may be found. Whence I infer, that this Work will much conduce to the Advancement of *Βιβλιοσοφία*, or Scripture-knowledge, and consequently to the public good. It will also tend to the honour of our whole Country, and to your own particular repute: Therefore I wish you good success, to make this Child of your Brain free denizen of the World.

J. H.

London, 17 Sept.

XV.

To J. S., Esq., at White-Fryers.

SIR,

THIS new piece of Philosophy comes to usher in the new Year to you, dropt from the brain of the subtilest Spirits

Spirits of *France*, and the great Personage (the Duke of *Espernon*), tho' *heterodoxal*, and cross-grain'd to the old Philosophers. Among divers other Tenets, he holds that *Privatio* is unworthy to be one of the three Principles of natural Things, and would put *Love* in the place of it. But you know, Sir, that among other 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 supplied by the pregnancy of the *Will*, which swells with mountains of Desires to serve you, and to shew in Action, as well as in Words, how ready I would be—At your disposing,

J. H.

Lond., 2 Jan.

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 *Grims-thorp*, where, without disparagement to any, I may say you live as much like a Prince as any *Grandee* in *Christendom*. Among those many heroik Parts (which appear'd so much in that tough Battel of *Keinton*, 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 height of his troubles), I say, among other high parts to speak you *noble*, you are cried up, my Lord, to be an excellent *Horseman*, *Huntsman*, *Forester*. This makes me bold to make your Lordship the Judge of a small Discourse, which, upon a critical dispute touching the *Vocal Forest* that goes abroad
in

in my name, was impos'd upon me, to satisfy them who thought I knew something more than ordinary what belong'd to a true Forest.

There be three places for Venery, or Venatical Pleasure, in *England*, viz., a *Forest*, a *Chase*, and a *Park*; they all three agree in one thing, which is, that they are habitations for wild Beasts: The two first lie open, the last inclos'd: The *Forest* is the most noble of all, for it is a *Franchise* of so princely a tenure, that, according to our *Laws*, none but the King can have a *Forest*; if he chance to pass one over to a Subject, 'tis no more *Forest*, but *Frank-chace*. Moreover, a *Forest* hath the Pre-eminence of the other two, 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 *Forest* hath *Laws* of her own, to take cognizance of all trespasses; she hath also her peculiar Officers, as *Foresters*, *Verderers*, *Regarders*, *Agisters*, &c., whereas a *Chase* or *Park* hath only *Keepers* and *Woodwards*. A *Forest* hath her Court of Attachments, *Swainmote-Court*, where matters are as pleadable and determinable as at *Westminster-Hall*. Lastly, they differ something in the species of Beasts: The *Hart*, the *Hind*, the *Boar*, the *Wolf*, are *Forest-Beasts*; the *Buck*, the *Doe*, the *Fox*, the *Matron*, the *Roe*, are Beasts belonging to a *Chase* and *Park*.

The greatest Forester, they say, that ever was in *England* was King *Canutus* the *Dane*, and after him *St. Edward*; at which time *Liber Rufus*, the Red-book for Forest-Laws, was made; whereof one of the *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 coafforest much Land, which continu'd all his Reign, tho' much complain'd of: But in King *John*'s time most of the Nobles and Gentry met in the great Meadow 'twixt *Windsor* and *Stanes*, to petition the King that he would disafforest some, which he promised to do, but death prevented him. . But in *Henry III.*'s Time, the *Charta de Foresta* (together with *Magna Charta*)
were

were establish'd; so that there was much Land disafforested, which hath been call'd *Pourlieus* 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 *Vegetables* 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 Lordship's pardon for this rambling piece of paper, I rest, my most highly honour'd Lord—Your obedient and ever obliged Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 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, tho' you live now upon a brave River, which divides *France* well near in two parts, yet she is held the drunkenest River in *Christendom*, for she swallows thirty-two other Rivers, which she disgorgeth all into the Sea at *Nantes*; she may be call'd a more drunken River than *Ebro* in *Spain*, which takes her name from *Ebrio*, according to the proverb there, *Me llamo Ebro porque de todas aguas bevo*, I call myself *Ebro* because I drink of all waters.

Moreover, tho' you sojourn now in one of the plentiful'st Continents upon Earth, yet I believe you will find the People, I mean the Peasants, nowhere poorer and more slavish; which convinceth two Errors, one of *Aristotle*, who affirms that the Country of *Gallia*, tho' 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 lie
under

under such an intolerable burden of taxes. The second Error is, That *France* is held to be the freest Country upon Earth to all People; for if a Slave comes once to breathe *French Air*, he is free *ipso facto*, if we may believe *Bodin*; it being a fundamental Law of *France*, *Servi peregrini, ut primum Gallicæ fines penetraverint, liberi sunt*; Let Stranger-slaves, as soon as they shall penetrate the borders of *France*, be free. I know not what privilege *Strangers* may claim; but for the native French themselves, I hold them to be under the greatest servitude of any other Nation. There is another Law in *France*, which inhibits *Women* to rule; but what benefit doth accrue by this Law all the while that *Women* are Regent, and govern those who do rule? which hath been exemplify'd in three Queen-Mothers together. The *Huguenots* have long since voted the first two to Hell, to increase the number of the Furies; and the *Spaniard* hath voted the third thither to make up the half-dozen, for continuing a more violent War against her now only Brother, and with more eagerness than her Husband did.

So I wish you all happiness in your Peregrination, advising you to take heed of that turbid humour of Melancholy, which they say you are too prone to. For, take this for a *rule*, that he who makes much of *Melancholy* will never be rid of a troublesome Companion. So I rest, gentle Sir
—Your most affectionate Servant, J. H.

Lond., 3 May.

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 admir'd Maiden-City in her true complexion, together with her Government and Policy, for she is famous all the world over. Therefore, if at your hours of leisure you please to
cast

cast your eyes upon this Glass, I doubt not but it will afford you some objects of entertainment.

Moreover, your Ladyship may discern thro' this Glass the motions, and the very heart of the Author, how he continueth still, and resolves so to do, in what condition soever he be, Madam—Your most constant and dutiful Servant,

J. H.

London, 15 June.

XIX.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Clare.

MY LORD,

AMONG those high Parts that go to make up a *Grandee*, which I find concentrated in your Lordship, one is the exact knowledge you have of many Languages, not in a superficial vapouring way, as some of our Gallants have now-a-days, but in a most exact manner both in point of *Practice* and *Theory*. This induced 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 wonder'd at, considering that the Elements themselves, which are the Principles or primitive Ingredients whereof they be compounded, are naturally so qualified. It were as easy a thing for the Spectator's eye to fasten a firm shape upon a running Cloud, or to cut out a garment that but a few days together might fit the Moon (who, by privilege of her situation and neighbourhood, predominates more over us than any other Celestial body), as to find stability in anything 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

this lower World, is subject to the same lubricity of Mutation: Neither is his *Body* and *Blood* only liable thereunto, but the *Ideas of his Mind*, and interior operations of his Soul, *Religion* herself, with the notions of Holiness, and the formality of saving Faith not excepted; nay, the very faculty of *Reason* (as we find it too true by late experience) is subject to the same instableness.

But to come to our present purpose, among other privileges which are peculiar to mankind, as Emanations flowing from the Intellect, *Language* is none of the least. And Languages are subject to the same fits of inconstancy and alteration as much as anything else, 'specially the *French Language*: Nor can it seem strange to those who know the airy volatile humour of that Nation, that their Speech should partake somewhat of the disposition of their Spirit; but will rather wonder it hath 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 Countries caus'd by the first, and the foreign 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 fortify it, which are not altogether to be slighted.

The

The first is, That the antient *Gauls* us'd to come frequently to be instructed here by the *British Druids*, who were the Divines and Philosophers of those times; which they would not probably have done, unless by mutual communication they had understood one another in some vulgar Language: for this was before the *Greek* or *Latin* came this side the *Alps*, or that any Books were written; and there are no meaner Men than *Tacitus*, and *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 *Isthmus* or neck of land, from *Calais* to *Dover*; for if one do well observe the quality of the Cliffs on both shores, his eyes will judge that they were but one homogeneal piece of earth at first, and that they were slented 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 pronounciation; as *Havre*, a Haven, which is the same in *Welsh*, *derechef*, again; *Putaine*, a Whore; *Airain*, brass money; *Prou*, 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*.

Lastly, *Pausanias* saith, That *Mark*, in the *Celtik* old *French* Tongue, signifieth a Horse; and it signifieth the same in *Welsh*.

But tho' it be disputable whether the *British*, *Greek*, or *Dutch* was the original Language of the *Gauls*, certain it is that it was the *Walloon*; but I confine myself to
Gallia

Gallia Celtica, which, when the *Roman* Eagle had fastened his talons there, and planted twenty-three Legions up and down the Country, he did in tract of time utterly extinguish : It being the ordinary ambition of *Rome*, wheresoever she prevail'd, to bring in her *Language* and *Laws* also with the *Lance*, which she could not do in *Spain*, or this Island, because they had posts and places of Fastness to retire to, as *Biscay* and *Wales*, where Nature hath cast up those Mountains as propugnacles of defence ; therefore the very aboriginal Languages of both Countries remain there to this day. Now, *France* being a passable and plain pervious Continent, the *Romans* quickly diffus'd and rooted themselves in every part thereof, and so co-planted 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 were 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* herself in the times of the *Sabines* was but rude ; afterwards under *Ennius* and *Cato the Censor* it was refin'd in twelve Tables ; but in *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, and *Sallust's* time it came to the highest pitch of purity ; and so dainty were the *Romans* of their Language then, that they would not suffer any exotic or strange word to be enfranchis'd among them, or enter into any of their *Diplomata*, and publick 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

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 publick Edict, that the four *Greek* Letters Θ X 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 Humour, and to display much the Inclination of a People. The *French* Nation is quick and spritful, 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* shorten'd, 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, Cabeça*. And indeed of any other the *Spaniard* affects long words, for he makes some thrice as long as they are in *French*; as of *levement* arising, he makes *levantamiento*; of *Pensee*, a thought, he makes *Pensamiento*; of *Compliment*, he makes *Complimiento*. Besides, the *Spaniard* doth use to pause so in his pronounciation, that his *Tongue* seldom foreruns his *Wit*, and his brain may very well raise and superfoete 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 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 at that delicacy she is now come to, in the midst of the Reign of *Philip de Valois*. *Marot* did something under *Francis I.* (which King was a Restorer of *Learning* in general, as well as of *Language*); but *Ronsard* did more
under

under *Henry II.* Since these Kings there is little difference in the context of Speech, but only in the choice of words and softness of Pronunciation, proceeding from such wanton Spirits that did miniardize and make the Language more dainty and feminine.

But to shew what changes the *French* have receiv'd from what it was, I will produce these few instances in verse and prose, which I found in some antient Authors: The first shall be of a Gentlewoman that translated *Æsop's Fables* many hundred years since out of *English* into *French* where she concludes:

*Au finement de cest' Escuit
 Qu'en Romans ay tourné & dit ;
 Me nommaray par remembrance,
 Marie ay nom je suis de France ;
 Per l'amour de Conte de Guillaume
 Le plus vaillant de ce Royaume,
 M'entremis de ce livre faire
 Et de l'Anglois en Roman traire,
 Esope appelle l'on cil Livre,
 Qu'on translata & fit Escrivre ;
 De Griec en Latin le tourna,
 Et le Roy Alvet qui l'ama,
 Le translata puis en Angloiz,
 Et je l'ay tourné en François.*

Out of the *Roman de la Rose* I will produce this Example:

*Quand ta bouche toucha la moye,
 Ce fut dont au Cœur j'eus joye ;
 Sire juge, donne sentence
 Par moy, Car la pucelle est moye.*

Two of the most antient and approved'st Authors in *France* are *Geoffrey de Villardouin*, Marshal of *Campagne*, and *Hugues de Bersy*, a Monk of *Clugny*, in the Reign of *Philippe Auguste*, above 500 years since: from them I will borrow these two ensuing Examples; the first from the Marshal, upon a *Croisada* to the *Holy Land*.

Scachier

Scachiex que l'an 1188 ans apres l'incarnation al temps Innocent 3. Apostoille de Rome, & Philippe Roy de France, & Richard Roy d'Engleterre, eut un Saint homme en France, qui et nom Folque de Nuilly, & il ere prestre, & tenoit le paroichre de la ville & ce Folque commença a parler de Biex, & 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'oun siecle puant & horrible
Mestuet commencer une Bible,
Per poindre, & per aiguillonner
Et per bons exemples donner,
Ce n'est une Bible bisongere
Mais fine, & voire en droituriere
Mironer est a toutis 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*, *Serourge*, 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 counter-sense; 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 Cuckow, doth use to lay her eggs in another Bird's nest. This word *pleiger* is also to drink after one is drunk to; whereas the first true sense of the word was, that if the party drunk to was not 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*, deriv'd from the Latin *Apricus*, is taken in *French* for a close place or shelter, whereas in the Original it signifieth an open free Sunshine. They now term in *French* a free boon Companion, *Roger bon temps*; whereas the Original is, *Rouge bon temps*, reddish and fair weather: They use also in *France*, when one hath a good bargain, to say, *Il a joue a boule vue*, whereas the Original is, *A bonne vue*. A Beacon or Watch-Tower is call'd *Beffroy*, whereas the true word is *L'effroy*: 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 veu le loup*, he hath seen the Wolf; whereas that effect of hoarseness 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 herself 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 *Greancier* or Creditor. And I persume it had its Foundation from this, That when the *French* were bound by Treaty at *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 VIII's* time at the surrendry of *Bullen*, and upon other Treaties; as also in *Q. Elizabeth's* Reign, besides the Moneys which she had disburs'd herself to put the Crown on *Henry IV's* 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 good time to remain a pledge for the Monies that *France* ow'd 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

There be two other sayings in *French*, which tho' they be obsolete, yet are they worthy the knowledge; the first is, *Il a perdu ses cheveux*, he hath lost his *hair*, meaning his *honour*: For in the first race of Kings there was a Law, call'd *La loy de la Cheveleure*, whereby it was lawful for the *Noblesse* 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 *fleuerdelix'd*, viz., burnt on the back or hand, or branded in the face.

The other Proverb is, *Il a quitté sa ceinture*, 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 everything that belong'd to a man's Estate, as his budget of Money and Writings, the keys of his House, with his Sword, Dagger, and Gloves, &c.

I will add hereunto another Proverb which had been quite lost, had not our Order of the Garter preserv'd it, which is, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*; this we *English*, *Ill to him that thinks ill*: Tho' the true sense be, *Let him be berayed who thinks any ill*; being a Metaphor taken from a child that hath beray'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 attends *Men*, among whom, some rise to perferment, others fall to decay and an undervalue. I will instance in a few: The word *Maistre* was a word of high esteem in former times among the *French*, and applicable 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 Savetier*, Mr. *John* the Cobler; *Maistre Jaquet le Cabaretier*, Mr. *Jammy* the Tapster.

Sire,

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 *Sovereign* hath rais'd itself to that pitch of greatness, that it is applied now only to the King, whereas in times past the President of any Court, any Bailiff or Seneschal, was used to be so call'd *Sovereign*.

Mareshal likewise was at first the name of a Smith, Farrier, or one that dress'd Horses; but it is climb'd by degrees to that height, that the chiefest Commanders of the Gendarmery and Militia of *France* are come to be call'd *Marshals*, which about a hundred 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 II.*'s time. And indeed the style of *France* at first, as well as of other Countries, was to *Tutoyer*, that is, to *Thou* any person that one spake unto, tho' never so high: But when the *Commonwealth* of *Rome* turn'd to an *Empire*, and so much Power came into one man's hand, then, in regard he was able to confer Honour and Offices, the Courtiers began to magnify him, and treat him in the plural number by *You*, and by degrees to deify him by transcending Titles; as we read in *Symmachus*, in his Epistles to the Emperor *Theodosius*, and to *Valentinian*, where his style to them is, *Vestra æternitas, vestrum numen, vestra perennitas, vestra elementia*: So that *You* in the plural number, with other Compliments and Titles, seem to have their first rise with the Western Monarchy, which afterwards by degrees descended upon particular persons.

The *French* Tongue 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 from *Langue de Got*, in regard the *Goths* and *Saracens*, who by their incursions and long stay in *Aquitain* first corrupted the speech of *Gallia*: The *Walloon* is another dialect, which is under the K. of *Spain*: They also of *Liege* have

a dialect of the *French*, which among themselves they call *Romand* to this day.

Touching the modern *French* that's spoken now in the King's Court, the Court of Parliament, and in the Universities of *France*, there had been lately a great competition which was the best; but by the learnedst, and most indifferent persons, it was adjudg'd that the Style of the King's Court was the purest and most elegant, because the other two did smell, the one of *Pedantry*, the other of *Chiquanery*. And the late Prince of *Conde*, with the D. of *Orleans* that now is, were us'd to have a *Censor* in their Houses, that if any of their Family spoke any word that savour'd of the Palace or the Schools, he should incur the penalty of an *Amercement*.

The late Cardinal *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*, past and present; humbly expecting to be corrected when you shall please to have perused it. So I subscribe myself—Your Lordship's thrice obedient Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Oct.

XX.

To Dr. Weames.

SIR,

I RETURN you many thanks for the Additional you pleas'd to communicate to me, in continuance of Sir *Philip Sidney's 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 compliment, that you are Father to a Daughter that *Europe* hath not many of her equals; therefore all those gentle Souls that pretend to *Virtue* should cherish

cherish her. I have herewith sent you a few lines that relate to the Work, according to your desire.

To Mrs. A. W.

*If a Male Soul by transmigration can
Pass to a Female, and her Spirits Man,
Then, sure, some sparks of Sidney's Soul have flown
Into your breast, which may in time be blown
To flames; for 'tis the course of Enthean Fire,
To kindle by degrees, and brains inspire.
As Buds do Blossoms turn to Fruit,
So Wits ask time to ripen and recruit:
But yours gives time the start, and all may see
In this smooth piece of early Poesy,
Which, like Sparks of one Flame, may well aspire,
If Phœbus please, to a Sidneyan Fire.*

So, with my very affectionate respects to yourself, and to your choice Family, I rest—Your ready and real Servant,
J. H.

London, 9 Nov.

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 keep one in the other World. I might play the *Oracle*, and more truly pronounce you the wisest of Women, than he did *Pythagoras* the wisest of Men: For questionless, that *He* or *She* are the wisest of all human Creatures who are careful of preserving the noblest part of them, I mean the *Soul*. They who prink, and pamper the *Body*, and neglect the *Soul*, are like one who, having a *Nightingale* in his House, is more fond of the wicker *Cage* than of the *Bird*: Or rather, like one who hath a *Pearl* of an invaluable Price, and esteems the poor *Box* that holds it more than the *Jewel*. The *Rational Soul* is the *Breath* of God Almighty, she is his
very

very *Image*: Therefore who taints his Soul, may be said to throw dirt in God's face, and make his breath stink. The *Soul* is a spark of Immortality, she is a divine Light, and the body is but a socket of Clay that holds it. In some this Light goes out with an ill-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 Ladyship's truly devoted Servant,

J. H.

London, 3 Nov.

XXII.

To the Lord Bishop of Ro., at Knolls.

MY LORD,

THE Christian Philosopher tells us, That a good *Conscience is a perpetual Feast*: And the Pagan Philosopher hath a saying, That a *virtuous Man is always drunk*. Both these sayings aim at one sense, *viz.*, That an upright, discreet Man is always full of good notions, and good motions; his Soul is always in tune, and the Faculties thereof never jarring: He values this World as it is, a vale of trouble and a valley of tears, full of encumbrances 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 tho' the waters beneath be perpetually working, roaring, and bubbling, 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

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 myself, my Lord—Your truly devoted Servant, J. H.

London, 7 Dec.

XXIII.

To Sir W. Mason, Knight.

SIR,

I PRESENT you with the second part of the *Vocal Forest* ; but before you make an entrance into the last *Walk* thereof, be 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 Indifferences that an historical Piece expos'd to public view should require, which may make them perchance to shoot their *Bolts* at random, and with wry looks at those *Trees*. Therefore let the discerning Surveyor, as he crosseth this last *Walk*, take a short Advertisement beforehand ; that whatsoever he meets therein glancing on the *Oak*, consists of imperfect suggestions, foreign criticisms, and presumptions, &c. Now every petty Sciolist in the Laws of Reason can tell that presumptions were never taken yet for proofs, but for left-handed arguments, approaching rather the nature of cavillations than consequences.

Moreover, Apologues, Parables, and Metaphors, tho' 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 receiv'd 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

spent so much oil and labour in shrouding *Realities* under Disguises, unless the Author had promis'd himself beforehand a greater latitude and scope of liberty to pry into some miscarriages and solecisms of State; as also to question and perstring some sorts of Actors, especially the *Cardanian* and *Classican*, who, as the whole World can witness, were the first Raisers of those hideous Tempests which pour'd down in so many showers of blood upon unfortunate *Druina*, and all her coafforested Territories.

Now touching that which is spoken of the Oak in the last *Walk*, if any intemperate *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 world's end), that there never was yet any Prince (except one), nor will there ever be any hereafter, but had his frailties; and these frailties in Kings are like stains in the purest Scarlet, which are more visible: What are but *motes* in others are as *beams* in them, because that being mounted so high, they are more expos'd to the eye of the World. And if the Historian points haply at some of those *motes* in the *Royal Oak*, he makes good what he promised in the Entrance of the *Forest*, that he would endeavour to make a constant grain of *evenness* and *impartiality* to pass through the whole bulk of that *Arborical* Discourse.

We read that there being a high feud '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 ansam*, that he might by way of prevention cut off the advantages and intention which *Cicero* might have had to asperse him in that particular: The Application hereof is easy and obvious.

But if the sober-minded Reader observe well what is spoken elsewhere of the *Oak* throughout the body and series of the story, he will easily conclude, that 'twas far from the design of the Author, out of any self or sinister ends, to let
any



any *sour droppings* fall from these *Trees* to hurt the *Oak*. And give me leave to tell you, That he who hath but as much wit as may suffice to preserve him from being begg'd for a *Fool*, will judge so.

Lastly, they who know anything of the Laws of History do well know, that Verity and Indifference are two of the prime virtues that are requisite in a *Chronicler*. The same Answer may serve to stop their mouths, who would say something, if they could tell what, against my *Survey of the Signory of Venice*, and dedicated to the Parliament of *England*, as if the Author had chang'd his principles, and were affected to *Republiques*; whereas there's not a syllable therein but what makes for *Monarchy*: Therefore I rather pity than repine at such poor Critiques, with the shallowness of their Judgments.

Thus much I thought good to intimate to you, not that I mistrust your own censure, which I know to be candid and clear, but that if there be occasion you may vindicate—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 repriev'd 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 Virtues, everlasting. But it is not so much to be lamented that he hath left us (it being so infinitely to his advantage), as that he hath left behind so few like him.

I confess, Madam, this is the weightiest cross that possibly could

could come to exercise your patience; but I know your Ladyship to be both *pious* and *prudent* in the highest degree: Let the one preserve you from excess of sorrow, which may prove *irreligious* to Heaven; and the other keep you from being injurious to yourself, and to that goodly brave Issue of his, which may serve as so many living Copies of the Original.

God Almighty comfort your Ladyship; so prayeth, Madam—
—Your most humble and sorrowful Servant, J. H.

London, 2 Feb.

XXV.

To the Right Honourable John Lord Sa.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, if I did not congratulate your lately descended Honours: But truly, my Lord, this Congratulation is like a Vapour exhal'd from a Soil overwhelm'd with a sudden inundation; such is the state of my mind at this time, it being o'ercast with a thick Fog 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 Virtues, 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—Your Lordship's most humble Servant,

J. H.

London, 10 Dec.

XXVI.

To Mr. J. Wilson.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D 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-

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 extreme cold, had heard and understood him, he would have thought he had preach'd of *Paradise*. His mouth methought did fume with the Lake of Brimstone, with the infernal Torments, and the thundrings of the Law, not a syllable of the Gospel: So I concluded him to be one of those who 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—Your assured Friend to serve you,

J. H.

London, 5 July.

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 myself more in paying these civilities to any than to yourself: For when I undertake this task, I find that my *Head*, my *Hand*, and my *Heart* go all so willingly 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; work do I call it? 'Tis rather a sport, my Pen and Paper are as a *Chess-board*, or as your *Instruments* of *Music* are to you, when you would recreate your harmonious Soul. Whence this proceeds I know not, unless it be from a charming kind of virtue that your Letters carry with them to work upon my spirits, which are so full of facete and familiar friendly strains, and so punctual in answering

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 labour and cost to put him in better cloaths, for the Genius of the Age is quite another thing: yet there be some Lines of his, which I think will never be out of date for their quaint sense: and with these I will close this Letter, and salute you, as he did his Friend, with these options:

*Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,
Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum,
Quot pratis flores, quot sunt & in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt & in æquore naves,
Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta gehennæ,
Quot cæli 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—Your

J. H.

London, 4 Aug.

XXVIII.

To R. Davis, Esq.

SIR,

DID your Letters know how truly welcome they are to me, they would make more haste, and not loiter so long in the way; for I did not receive yours of the 2nd of *June* till the 1st of *July*; which is time enough to have travell'd not only a hundred *English*, but so many *Helvetian* miles, that are five times bigger; for in some places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unless it be in *Wales*, where they are allow'd better measure, or in the North Parts, where there is a wea-bit to every mile. But that yours should be a whole month in making scarce 100 *English* miles (for the distance between us is no more)

is

is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by *John Long* the Carrier. I know, being so near *Lemster's-Ore*, that you dwell in a gentle Soil, which is good for Cheese as well as for *Cloth*; therefore if you send me a good one, I shall return my Cousin your Wife something from hence that may be equivalent: If you neglect me, I shall think that *Wales* is relapsed into her first barbarisms; for *Strabo* makes it one of his arguments to prove the *Britons* barbarous, because they had not the Art of making *Cheese* till the *Romans* came: 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 yourself, and to the partner of your Couch and Cares, I rest, my dear Cousin—
Yours always to dispose of,

J. H.

Lond., 5 July.

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 *ourselves* only in the second: One may *beg* for another, but he must *believe* for himself, there is no Man can believe by a Deputy. The Articles of the Creed are as the twelve Signs in the Zodiak 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 *Lord's-Prayer* or the *Creed* have committed (together with the *Ten Commandments*) as to be as it were banished the Church of late years, I know not; considering that the whole office of a Christian may be said to be comprehended in them: For the last prescribes

us

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 *Agonoclitæ*, 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 *Arians*, and *Atheists* at last. The greatest *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers inveigh against those *Aerians* more bitterly than against any other: *Chrysostom* saith, *Heretiques who have learnt of the Devil not to give due honour to Bishops*; and *Epiphanius* saith, *It is the voice of a Devil, rather than of a Christian, that there is no difference '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 Cemeteries, and about Churches, so the eagerest and most sanguinary Wars are about Religion; and there is a great deal of weight in that distich of *Prudentius*:

*Sic mores produunt animum, & mihi credite semper,
Junctus cum falso est dogmate cædis amor.*

Let the *Turk* spread his *Alcoran* by the Sword, but let Christianity expand herself still by a passive Fortitude, wherein she always gloried.

We live in a strange Age, when every one is in love with his own *Fancy*, as *Narcissus* was with his *Face*: And this is true *spiritual Pride*, the usherer-in of all Confusions. The Lord deliver us from it, and grant we may possess our Souls with

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—Yours entirely,

J. H.

London, 5 Jan.

XXX.

To Howel Gwyn, Esq.

MY MUCH ENDEARED COUSIN,

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 wif mw y die wedd
Jawn genan Owen Gwyneth,
Ni funnum dir fy enridd oedd,
Ni da mowr ondy moroedd.*

Which is *English'd* thus in Mr. *Herbert's Travels* :

*Madoc ap Owen was I call'd,
Strong, tall, and comely, not inthrall'd
With home-bred pleasure, but for Fame
Thro' Land and Sea I sought the same.*

This *British* Prince *Madoc* (as many Authors make mention) made two Voyages thither, and in the last left his bones there, upon which this Epitaph lay. There be other pregnant remarks that the *British* were there, for there is a Promontory not far from *Mexico* call'd *Cape Britain* ; there is a creek call'd *Gyndwor*, which is in *Welsh*, *White-water* ; with other words, as you shall find in Mr. *Herbert* and others : They had also the sign of the *Cross* in reverence among them.

And now that I am upon *British* Observations, I will tell you something of this name *Howel*, which is your *first*, and my *second* name : Passing lately by the Cloysters of the
Abbey

Abbey at *Westminster*, I stept up to the Library that Archbishop *Williams* erected there, and I lighted upon a *French* Historian, *Bertrane a Argentre*, Lord of *Forges*, who was President of the Court of Parliament in *Renes*, the chief Town of *Little Britany* in *France*, call'd *Armorica*, which is a pure *Welsh* word, and signifies a Country bordering upon the Sea, as that doth, and was first coloniz'd by the *Britons* of this Island in the reign of *Theodosius* the Emperor, *An.* 387, whose Language they yet preserve in their radical words: In that Historian I found that there were four Kings of that Country of the name *Howel*, viz., *Howel* the First, *Howel* the Second, *Howel* the Great (who bore up so stoutly against *Ætius* the famous *Roman* General), and *Howel* the Fourth, that were all Kings of *Armorica*, or the *Lesser Britany*, which continued a Kingdom till the year 874, at which time the Title was chang'd to a *Duchy*, but *Sovereign* of itself, till it was reduc'd to the *French* Crown by *Francis* I. There are many Families of Quality of that name to this day in *France*: And one of them desired to be acquainted with me, by the mediation of Mons. *Augier*, who was there Agent for *England*. Touching the Castle of good K. *Howel* hard by you, and other ancient places of that name, you know them better than I; but the best Title which *England* hath to *Wales* is by that Castle, as a great Antiquary told me. So in a true bond of Friendship, as well as of Blood, I rest—Your most affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

London, 8 Oct.

XXXI.

To Mr. W. Price, at Oxon.

MP 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 through the briars of *Logic*, you fall so close to *Philosophy*: Yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new Authors, and neglect the

old, as I hear you do. It is the ingrateful Genius of this Age, that if any Sciolist can find a hole in an old Author's coat, he will endeavour to make it much more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby; I am none of those; but touching the Ancients, I hold this to be a good moral Rule, *Laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt*: The older an Author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of Truth. This makes me think on a *Spanish* Captain, who being invited to a Fish-dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower end of the Table where the small Fish lay, the great ones being at the upper end; there-upon he took one of the little Fish and held it to his Ear: His comrades ask'd him what he meant by that; he answer'd in a sad tone, *Some thirty 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 anything, but those old Fish at your end of the table may say something to it*: So by that trick of drollery he got his share of them. The application is easy, therefore I advise you not to neglect old Authors; for 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, Cousin, that your Kindred and Friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you in regard of the pregnancy of your Spirit, and those Advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all Knowledge. I was told of a Countryman, who coming to *Oxford*, and being at the Towns-end, stood 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

tenacious Memory, a quick Understanding, and rich Invention? All which I have discover'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 Uncle,

J. H.

Lond. 3 Feb.

XXXII.

To Sir K. D., in Paris.

SIR,

I HAD been guilty of such an offence, whereof I should never have absolved myself, if I had omitted so handsome an opportunity to quicken my old Devotions to you. Among those multitudes here who resent your hard condition and 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 myself, 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 tho' it be a dull thing of itself, and cannot cut, yet it can make other bodies to cut: So shall I quicken those who have the managing of your business, and power to do you good, whensoever I meet them. So I rest—Your thirty years Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 2 Sept.

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,

liers, 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 yourselves, and build always Castles in the Air :* Thereupon a sudden reply was made, *Where will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our Lands from us ?* I know what you will say when your read this : *A pox on those true Jest.*

This Tale puts me in mind of another : There was a Gentleman lately, who was offer'd by the Parliament a parcel of *Church or Crown-Lands*, equal 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-Land, you are sure to be damn'd.* Whereunto the other made him a shrewd reply, *Sir, I'll tell you a Tale :* There was an old Usurer not far from *London*, who had train'd up a Dog of his to bring his meat after him in a Hand-basket, so that in time the Shag-dog was so well bred, that his Master 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 to you, 'tis too obvious, therefore I intend to have my share also of the Church-Lands.*

In that large List of Friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very sensible that you have thus banish'd
yourself ;

yourself; it is the high Will of Heaven that matters should be thus. Therefore *Quod divinitus accidit humiliter, quod ab hominibus viriliter ferendum*; we must manfully bear what comes from Men, and humbly what comes from above. The Pagan Philosopher tells us, *Quod divinitus contingit, homo a se nulla arte dispellet*; there is no fence against that which comes from Heaven, whose Decrees are irreversible.

Your Friends in *Fleet-street* are all well, both long-coats and short-coats, and so is—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 K. *James*, tho' I know for many years your own judgment to be strong and clear enough of itself, yet to comply with your desires, and to oblige you that way another time to me, I will deliver you my opinion.

I cannot deny but the thing is a painful Piece, and proceeds after a handsome method, in drawing on the series and thread of the Story; but it is easily discernible, that a partial *Presbyterian* Vein goes constantly throughout the whole Work, and you know it is the Genius of that People to pry more than they should into the Courts and Comportments of Princes, and take any occasion to traduce and bespatter them: So doth this Writer, who endeavours all along (among other things) to make the world believe that K. *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 *Prester-John* as the *Pope*, or *Mahomet* as soon as the *Mass*. This Conceit made the Writer to be subject to many Mistakes and Misrepresentations,

sentations, which so short a circuit as a *Letter* cannot comprehend.

Yet I will instance in one gross mistake he hath in relating a passage which concerns Sir *Elias Hicks*, a worthy Knight, and a Fellow-servant of yours and mine. And he doth not only misrepresent the business, but he foully asperseth him with the terms of *unworthiness* and *infamy*. The truth of that passage is as followeth, and I had it from very good hands.

In the year 1621, the *French King* making a general War against them of the *Religion*, beleaguer'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 *Rochel* was surrender'd; 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 *Rochel*, being commended by Sir *George Goring* to the Marquis *de la Force*, who was one of them that commanded in chief, and treated Mr. *Hicks* with much civility, so far as that he took him to be one of his domestic Attendants. The *Rochellers* had sent two or three special Envoys to *Montauban* to acquaint them with their good condition, but it seems they all miscarried; and the Marquis being troubled in his thoughts one day, Mr. *Hicks* told him, that by God's favour he would undertake and perform the service to *Montauban*: Hereupon he was put accordingly in equipage; so after ten days' journey he came to a place call'd *Moysak*, where my Lord of *Doncaster*, afterwards Earl of *Carlisle*, was in quality of Ambassador from *England*, to observe the *French King's* proceedings, and to mediate a Peace '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 Lord Ambassador's retinue, who had been a former Comrade of his: Among other Civilities he brought Mr. *Hicks* to wait upon the Ambassador, to whom he had credential Letters from the Assembly of *Rochel*, acquainting his Lordship with the good state they were in; Mr. *Hicks* told him besides, that he was
engag'd

engag'd 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 above his head, got in, being pursu'd almost to the Walls of the Town by the King's Party. Being enter'd, old Marshal *de la Force*, who was then in *Montauban*, having heard his relations of *Rochel*, fell on his neck and wept, saying, That he would give 1000 Crowns he were as safely got back to *Rochel* as he came thither: And having stay'd there three weeks, he, in a sallie that the Town made one Evening, got clear through the Leaguer before *Montauban*, as he had formerly done before that of the Duke of *Espernon*, and so recover'd *Rochel* again. But to return to Mr. *Fairfax*; after he had parted with Mr. *Hicks*, he was taken prisoner, and threaten'd the rack; but whether out of the Apprehension thereof, or otherwise, he died a little after of a Fever at *Moysac*; tho' 'tis true that the Gazettes in *Paris* do publish that he died of the torture, with the *French* Mercury since.

Mr. *Hicks* being return'd to *London*, was question'd by
Sir

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 him to Sir *Ferdinand's* Lodgings, who did positively 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 *Roche* 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 deny'd but that the said Writer (who so largely intitles his Book the *History of Great Britain*, tho' it be but the particular Reign of K. *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 dy'd in Child-bed.

So presenting herewith unto you my hearty respects and love, endear'd and strengthen'd by so long a tract of time, I rest—Your faithful true Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 9 Nov.

XXXV.

To Mr. R. Lewis, in Amsterdam.

COUSIN,

I FOUND yours of the first of *February* in the *Post-house*, as I casually had other business there, else it had miscarry'd;

carry'd ; I pray be more careful of your directions hereafter. I much thank you for the aviso's you sent me how matters pass thereabouts : Methinks that *Amsterdam* begins to smell rank of a *Hans Town*, as if she would be independent and paramount over the rest of the Confederate Provinces ; she hath some reason in one respect, because *Holland* contributes three parts of five, and *Amsterdam* herself near upon the one moiety of those three parts, to maintain the Land and Naval Forces of the *States-General*. That *Town* likewise, as I hear, begins to compare with *Venice*, but let her stay there a while ; yet she may in some kind do it, for their situation and beginning have been alike, being both indented with *Waters*, and both *Fisher-Towns* at first.

But I wonder at one news you write me, that *Amsterdam* should fall on repairing and beautifying Churches, whereas the news here is clean contrary ; for while you *adorn* your Churches there, we *destroy* them here. Among other, poor *Paul's* looks like a great Skeleton, so pitifully handled, that you may tell her ribs thro' her skin ; her body looks like the Hulk of a huge *Portugal Carake*, that having cross'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 *Paul's* 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 Cæcæ Noctis habent.*—

There are strange *Heteroclites* in Religion now-a-days ; among whom, some of them may be said to endeavour the exalting of the Kingdom of Christ, in lifting it upon *Belzebub's* back, by bringing in so much *Profaneness* to avoid *Superstition*. God deliver us from *Atheism*, for we are within one step of it ; and touching *Judaism*, some corners of our City smell as rank of it as yours doth there.

I pray be punctual in your returns hereafter ; for, as you say well and wittily, Letters may be said to be the *chiefest Organs* (tho' they have but *Paper-pipes*) through which
Friendship

Friendship doth use to breathe and operate. For my part, I shall not be wanting to set those *Organs* a working for the often conveyance of my best Affections unto you. Sir *T. Williams*, with his choice Lady, *blow* over through the same *Pipe* their kind respects unto you, and so do divers of your Friends besides ; but 'specially, my dear Cousin—Yours,
J. H.

Lond., 3 Jan.

XXXVI.

To J. Anderson, *Esq.*

SIR,

YOU have been often at me (tho' I know you to be a *Protestant* so in grain, that all the Water of the *Tyber* is not able to make you change colour) that I should impart to you in *Writing* what I observ'd commendable and discommendable in the *Roman Church*, because I had eaten my Bread often in those Countries where that Religion is profess'd and practis'd in the greatest height. Touching the *second* part of your request, I need not say anything to it ; for there be Authors enough in our Church to inform you about the Positions and Tenets wherein we differ, and for which we blame them. Concerning the *first* part, I will give you a short intimation what I noted to be 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 *Ecclesiastical* us'd to keep such a world of People of several Nations and Humours in one *Religion* : Tho' at first when the *Church* extended but to one *Chamber*, then to one *House*, after to one *Parish*, then to one *Province*, such Policy 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 *Childhood*, 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

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 humours of Men. Insomuch that it was a wholesome 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 dependence of mutual support by a rare contignation, concinnity, and intendings one in the other, that if you take out but *one* Stone, it hazards the downfall of the *whole* Edifice. This makes me think that the Church of *Rome* would be content to part with, and rectify some things, if it might not endanger the Ruin of the whole; which puts the World in 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 ne'er so strange to them in point of *Lodging*, *Language*, and *Diet*, tho' 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; tho' all things seem strange unto them, and so somewhat uncouth and comfortless; yet when they go to God's House in either Country, they may say they are there at home: For nothing differs there either in *Language*, *Worship*, *Service*, or *Ceremony*; which must needs be an unspeakable comfort to either of them.

Thirdly, It must needs be a commendable thing that they keep their Churches so cleanly and amiable, for the Dwellings of the Lord of Hosts should be so: To which end your greatest Ladies will rise before day sometimes in their Night-clothes to fall a sweeping some part of the Church, and decking it with flowers, as I heard Count *Gondomar's* Wife us'd to do here at *Ely-House* Chapel;
besides,

besides, 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, 'tis 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 breathe out the Pantings of his Heart, and 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, are very exemplary: Add hereunto, that the Reverence they shew to the holy Function of the Church is wonderful; Princes and Queens will not disdain to kiss a Capuchin's Sleeve, or the Surplice of a Priest. Besides, I have seen the greatest and 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 resigment of their Judgments to the Governors of the Church, are remarkable. There are not such *Scepticks* and Cavillers there, as in other places; they humbly believe that *Lazarus* was three days in the grave, without questioning where his Soul was all the while; nor will they expostulate how a Man who was born blind from his Nativity, should presently know the shapes of Trees, whereunto he thought the first Men he ever saw were like, after he receiv'd sight. Add hereunto, that they esteem for Church-preferments most commonly a Man of a pious good disposition, of a meek spirit, and godly life, more than a *Learned Man*, that is either a great Linguist, Antiquary, or Philosopher; and the first is advanced sooner than the latter.

Lastly, They think nothing too good or too much for God's *House*, or for his *Ministers*; no Place too sweet, no Buildings too stately for them, being of the best Profession.

The

The most curious Artists will employ the best of their Skill to compose Hymns and Anthems for God's House, &c.

But methinks I hear you say, that you acknowledge all this to be commendable, were it not that it is accompanied with an odd opinion that they think to *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, must be put into that great Vessel, and so must needs be made Wine; not that the Water hath any inherent Virtue of itself, to make itself so, but as it receives it from the *Wine*.

It is reported of *Cosmo de Medici*, that having built a goodly Church, with a Monastery thereunto annex'd, and two Hospitals, with other Monuments of Piety, and endow'd 'em with large Revenues; as one did much magnify him for these extraordinary Works, for which doubtless he merited a high reward in Heaven, he answer'd, 'Tis true, I employ'd much Treasure that way, yet when I look over my Ledger-Book of Accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one Penny, but I am still in the arrear to him.

Add hereunto the sundry ways of mortification they have by frequent long fastings, and macerations of the flesh by their 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 hurl away in a kind of scorn as others do, but by putting it gently into the beggar's hand.

Some shallow-pated *Puritan*, in reading this, will shoot his bolt, and presently cry me up to have a *Pope* in my belly; but you know me otherwise, and there's none knows my intrinsecals better than you. We are come to such times, that if any would maintain those Decencies, and humble Postures, those Solemnities and Rites which should be practis'd in the holy House of God (and *Holiness* becomes
his

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 the *Reformation* began, yet you know how few have run thither. Nay, the *Lutherans*, who use far more Ceremonies symbolizing with those of *Rome*, than the *English Protestants* ever did, keep still their distance, and are as far from her now as they were at first.

England had lately (tho' to me it seems a great while since) the Face and Form, the Government and Gravity, the Constitutions and Comeliness of a *Church*; for she had something to keep herself handsome; she had wherewith to be hospitable, and do *Deeds of Charity*, to build *Alms-houses*, *Free-schools*, and *Colleges*, which had been very few in this Island, had there been no *Church-Benefactors*: She had brave degrees of Promotion to incite industry, and certainly the conceit of Honour is a great encouragement to Virtue: Now, if all Professions have steps of Rising, why should *Divinity*, the best of all Professions, be without them? The *Apprentice* doth not think it much to wipe his Master's shoes, and sweep the gutters, because he hopes one day to be an *Alderman*: The *common Soldier* carrieth hopes in his Knap-sack, to be one day a *Captain* or *Colonel*: The *Student* in the Inns of Courts turns over *Ploydon* 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 labour sweet, because he was buoy'd up with hopes that he might be one day a *Bishop*, *Dean*, or *Canon*. This comely subordination of Degrees we once had, and we had a *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 involved in; so that it may be not improperly said,

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 satisfy your Importunity as far as a sheet of paper could reach, to give you a touch what may be not only allowable but laudable, and consequently imitable in the *Roman Church*; for

—————*Fas est & ab Hoste doceri.*

But I desire you would expound all with the *same sense* wherewith I know you *abound*; otherwise I would not be so free with you upon this ticklish subject: Yet I have cause to question your *Judgment* in one thing, because you magnify so much my *talent* in your last. Alas, Sir, a small *Handkerchief* is enough to hold mine, whereas a large *Table-Cloth* can hardly contain that rich *Talent* which I find God and Nature hath *intrusted* you withal. In which opinion I rest always—Your ready and real Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 3 July.

XXXVII.

To Doctor Harvey, at St. Lawrence 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 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

some Trees, that they are *fatidical*, these come to foretell, at leastwise to wish you, as the season invites me, a good New-year, according to the *Italian* compliment, *Buon principio, miglior mezzo, ed ottimo fine*. With these wishes of happiness in all the three degrees of comparison, I rest—Your devoted Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 2 Jan.

XXXVIII.

To R. Bowyer, *Esq.*

SIR,

I RECEIV'D 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 care how he throws stones at those of his Neighbours. We have both of us our failings that way, witness else yours of the last of *May*, 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 past; I hope you will do the like, and so we may absolve one another without a ghostly Father.

The *French* and *Spaniard* are still at it like two Cocks of the game, both of them pitifully bloodied; and 'tis thought they will never leave, till they peck out one another's eyes. They are daily seeking new Alliances to fortify themselves, and the quarrel is still so hot, that they would make a league with *Lucifer* to destroy one another.

For home news, the freshest is, that whereas in former times there were complaints that *Churchmen* were *Justices of Peace*, now the clean contrary way, *Justices of the Peace* are become *Churchmen*; for by a new *Act* of that *Thing* in *Westminster* call'd a *Parliament*, the power of giving in Marriage is pass'd over to them, which is an *Ecclesiastical Rite* everywhere else throughout the World.

A

A Cavalier coming lately to a Bookseller's shop, desir'd to buy this *Matrimonial Act*, with the rest of that holy Parliament, but he would have them all bound in Calf's Leather, bought out of Mr *Barbone's* Shop in *Fleet-street*.

The soldiers have a great spleen to the Lawyers, insomuch 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 Apothecary's shop can afford us *Purges* and *Cordials*. So with my kind and cordial respects unto you, I rest—Your entire and truly affectionate Servant, J. H.

Lond., 9 Nov.

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* than *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 had dropp'd from you then, I extremely wonder'd, 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 worldly Revolution, or any cross-winds, tho' never so violent, no not a *Hurricane* could trouble the *Calm* of your Mind. Therefore to deal freely with you, you are not the same Man I took you for.

I confess 'tis a passive Age, and the stoutness of the prudent'st and most philosophical Men were never put to

such a trial. I thank God, the School of Affliction hath brought me to such a habit of Patience, it 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 Camomile all along: Such may be said to have their Paradise here, or to sail still in Fortune's sleeve, and to have the wind in the poop all the while, not knowing what a storm means; yet both the *Divine* and *Philosopher* do rank these among the most unfortunate of men. Others there are who in their journey to their last home do meet with rocks and craggs, with ill-favour'd sloughs and bogs, 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 encumbrances 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 than *Phormio* did, when he discours'd of War before *Hannibal*: I know you have Prudence enough to cheer up and instruct yourself; only let me tell you, that you superabound with *fancy*, you have more of *mind* than of *body*, and that sometimes you overcharge the *Imagination*, by musing too much upon the odd traverses of the *World*: Therefore I pray rouse up your Spirits, and reserve yourself for better times, that I may long enjoy the sweetness of your Friendship; for the Elements

ments are the more pleasing to me, because you live with me amongst them. So God send you such tranquillity of thoughts as I wish.—Your true Friend,

J. H.

5 April.

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 boisterous and rough. I understand you have been in sundry hot and hazardous encounters, because of those many scars and cuts you wear about you; and as *Tom Dawson* told me, it was no less than a miracle that none of them were mortal, being eleven in all. It makes me think on a witty compliment that Captain *Miller* put upon the *Persian Ambassador* when he was here, who showing him many Wounds that he had receiv'd in the Wars against the *Turk*, the Captain said, That his *Lordship's skin after his death would yield little money, because it had so many holes in it.*

I find the same Fate hangs o'er the *Irish*, as befell the old *Britons* here; for as they were hemm'd in among the *Welsh Mountains*, so the *Irish* are like now to be all kennell'd in *Connaught*. We see daily strange revolutions, and God knows what the issue will be at last; howsoever, let us live and love one another, in which resolution I rest—Entirely yours,

J. H.

2 May.

XLI.

To Mr. T. C., at his House upon Tower-hill.

SIR,

TO inaugurate a good and jovial New-year to you, I send you a morning's draught, viz., a Bottle of *Metheglin*. Neither Sir *John Barly-corn* or *Bacchus* had anything to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the *Bee*, the laborious
Bee,

Bee, and King of Insects. The *Druids* and old *British Bards* were wont to take a carouse hereof before they enter'd into their Speculations; and if you do so when your Fancy labours with anything, it will do you no hurt, and I know your *fancy* to be very good.

But this Drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast; nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning; if more, it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak too much of the House it comes from, I mean the Hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere: And because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it go upon these poetick feet:

J. H. T. C. *Salutem, & annum Platonicum.*

*Non Vitis, sed Apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem legimus Bardos olim potasse Britannos.
Qualibet in bacca Vitis Megea latescit,
Qualibet in gutta Mellis Aglaia nitet.*

*The juice of Bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British Bards were wont to quaff of old;
The Berries of the Grape with Furies swell,
But in the Honeycomb the Graces dwell.*

This alludes to a saying which the *Turks* have, that there lurks a devil in every berry of the Vine. So I wish you as cordially as to myself an auspicious and joyful New-year, because you know I am—Your truly affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

XLII.

To Sir E. S.

SIR,

AT my return to *London*, I found two of yours that lay in bank for me, which were as welcome to me as the New-year, and as pleasing as if two Pendants of *Orient Pearl* had been sent to a *French Lady*: But your Lines, methought, did cast a greater lustre than any such *Muscle-beads*; for they display'd the whiteness of a comely and knowing

knowing Soul, which reflecting upon my Faculties did much enlighten them with the choice notions I found therein.

I thank you for the Absolution you send me for what's past, and for your other Invitation: But I have 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 spirits by talk, which they say spends much of the inward man. But when you have recover'd yourself, as I hope you will do with the season, I shall return to kiss your hands, and your feet also, could I ease you of that podagrical pain which afflicts you.

I send you a thousand thanks for your kind Acceptance of that small New-year's Gift I sent, and that you concur with divers others in a good opinion of it. So I rest—Your own true Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 18 Feb.

XLIII.

To the truly honoured the Lady Sibylla 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 *Sibyls* by one, who, your Ladyship knows, is no great Friend to *Antiquity*; and I was glad to apprehend this opportunity to perform the promise you drew from me then, to vent something upon this subject for your Ladyship's satisfaction.

Madam, in these peevish times, which may be call'd the *Rust* of the *Iron Age*, there is a race of cross-grain'd People, who are malevolent to all *Antiquity*. If they read an old Author, it is to quarrel with him, and find some hole in his coat; they slight the Fathers of the primitive Times, and prefer *John Calvin*, or a *Casaubon* before them all. Among other tenets of the first times, they hold the ten *Sibyls* to be fictitious and fabulous, and no better than *Urganda*, or the Lady of the Lake, or such doting beldams. They stick not to term their Predictions of Christ to be mere Mock-Oracles,

Oracles, and odd arreperitious frantick Extravagancies. They cry out, that they were forg'd and obtruded on the World by some officious Christians, to procure credit and countenance to their Religion among the *Pagans*.

For my part, Madam, I am none of this incredulous perverse race of men; but what the current and concurrent testimonies of the primitive Times do hold forth, I give credit thereto without any scruple.

Now touching the Works of the *Sibyls*, they were in high request among the Fathers of the first four Centuries, in-somuch that they us'd to urge their Prophecies for the Conversion of *Pagans*, who therefore call'd the *Christians Sibyllianists*, nor did they hold it a word of reproach. They were all Virgins, and for reward of their chastity, 'twas thought they had the gift of Prophecy; not by any endowment of Nature, or inherent human Quality, or ordinary Ideas in the Soul, but by pure divine Inspirations, not depending on second Causes in sight. They spake not like the ambiguous *Pagan* Oracles in riddles, but so clearly, that they sometimes go beyond the *Jewish* Prophets; they were 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* Wizards, before the *Bacides*, *Branchidæ*, 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 *Ethniks* did so, as *Varro*, *Livy*, and *Cicero*; the first being the greatest *Antiquary*, the second the greatest *Historian*, and the third the greatest *Orator*, that ever *Rome* had; who speak so much of that famous *Acrostick* that one of them made of the Name of our Saviour, which sure could not be the work of a *Christian*, as some would maliciously obtrude, it being so long before the Incarnation.

But for the better discharge of my engagement to your Ladyship, I will rank all the ten before you, with some of their most signal Predictions.

The *Sibyls* were ten in number, whereof there were five born in *Europe*, to wit, *Sibylla Delphica*, *Cumæa*, *Samia*,
Cumana,

Cumana, and *Tyburnina*; the rest were born in *Asia* and *Africa*.

The first was a *Persian* call'd *Samberthe*, who plainly foretold many hundred years before, in these Words, *The Womb of the Virgin shall be the Salvation of the Gentiles, &c.*

The second was *Sibylla Lybica*, who among other Prophecies hath this, *The day shall come that Men shall see the King of all living things, and a Virgin Lady of the World shall hold him in her lap.*

The third was *Delphica*, who saith, *A Prophet shall be born of a Virgin.*

The fourth was *Sibylla Cumæa*, born in *Campania* in *Italy*, who hath these words, that *God shall be born of a Virgin, and converse with sinners.*

The fifth was the famous *Erythræa*, born at *Babylon*, who compos'd that famous *Acrostick* which *St. Augustine* took so much pains to translate into *Latin*. Which begins, *The Earth shall sweat signs of Judgment, from Heaven shall come a King who shall reign for ever, viz., in human Flesh, to the end that by his presence he may judge the world. A River of Fire and Brimstone shall fall from Heaven, the Sun and Stars shall lose their light, the Firmament shall be dissolv'd, and the Moon shall be darken'd; a Trumpet shall sound from Heaven in woful and terrible manner: And the opening of Earth shall discover confused and dark Hell; and before the Judge shall come every King, &c.*

The sixth was *Sibylla Samia*, who saith, *He being rich, shall be born of a poor Maid: The Creatures of the Earth shall adore him, and praise him for ever.*

The seventh was *Cumana*, who saith, *That he should come from Heaven, and reign here in poverty; he should rule in silence, and be born of a Virgin.*

The eighth was *Sibylla Hellespontica*, who foretells 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*

from Heaven, and shall confirm the Counsel in Heaven; and a Virgin shall be shew'd in the Vallies of the Desarts, &c.

The tenth was *Tiburtina*, 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* reciteth these Prophecies following of the *Sibyls*: *Then he shall be taken by the wicked hands of Infidels, and they shall give him buffets on his face, they shall spit upon him with their foul and accursed mouths, he shall turn unto them his shoulders, suffering them to be whipp'd: He also shall be crown'd with thorns; they shall give him gall to eat and vinegar to drink: Then the veil of the Temple shall rend, and at mid-day it shall be dark night, &c.*

Lactantius relateth these Prophecies of theirs, *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 *Sibyls* may be deduced a good part of the Miracles and Sufferings of Christ; therefore for my part I will not cavil with Antiquity, or traduce the primitive Church, but I think I may believe without danger, that those *Sibyls* might be select instruments to announce the dispensations of Heaven to Mankind. Nor do I see how they do the Church of God any good service or advantage at all, who question the truth of their Writings (as also *Trismegistus* his *Pymandra*, and *Aristæus*, &c), which 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 me touching the *ten Sibyls*; 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

of the *New Testament*; and they not improperly may be call'd so, for they sympathize much with that Nation in a revengeful sanguinary humour and thirsting after blood. I could produce a cloud of examples, but let two suffice.

There liv'd a few years before the *Long Parliament* near *Clun-Castle* in *Wales*, a good old Widow that had two sons grown to Men's estate, who having taken the holy Sacrament on a first *Sunday* in the month, at their return home they enter'd 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 come home to dinner from their business abroad, the eldest Brother, as it was his custom, took a nap upon a cushion at the end of the table, that he might be more fresh for labour. The Puritan Brother, call'd *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 Brother's 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!* cried she, *hast thou murder'd thy Brother?* *Yes*, quoth he, *and you shall after him;* and so striking her down, he dragg'd her body to the threshold 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 Murderer the Assizes after was condemn'd, and the Law could but only hang him, tho' he had committed *Matricide* and *Fratricide*.

I will fetch another example of their cruelty from *Scotland*. The late Marquis of *Montrose*, being betray'd by a Lord in whose house he lay, was brought prisoner of War to *Edinburgh*; there the common Hangman met him at the Towns-
end,

end, and first pull'd off his hat, then he forc'd him up to a Cart, and hurried him like a condemn'd person, tho' 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 thirty 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 depriv'd of Christian burial. Thus was this Nobleman us'd, tho' 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—Your Ladyship's most faithfully devoted Ser-
vant,

J. H.

London, 30 Aug.

XLIV.

To Sir. L. D., in Paris.

NOBLE KNIGHT,

YOURS of the 22d 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 Schismatiques do croak in every corner; but, poor things, they rather want a Physician to
cure

cure them of their madness, than a Divine to confute them of their errors. Such is the height of their spiritual pride, that they make it nothing to interpret every tittle of the *Apocalypse*; they make a shallow rivulet of it, that one may pass over and scarce wet his ankles; whereas the greatest Doctors of the Church compar'd it to a deep Ford wherein an Elephant might swim. They think they are of the Cabinet-Council of God, and not only know his Attributes, but his Essence: Which made me lately break out upon my pillow into these metrical Speculations :

1. *If of the smallest Stars in Sky
We know not the Dimensity ;
If those bright Sparks which them compose,
The highest mortal Wits do pose,
How then, poor shallow Man, can'st thou
The Maker of these Glories know ?*
2. *If we know not the Air we draw,
Nor what keeps Winds and Waves in awe ;
If our small skulls cannot contain
The flux and saltness of the Main ;
If scarce a Cause we ken below,
How can we the Supernal know ?*
3. *If it be a mysterious thing
Why Steel 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 Man's health and food she brings ;
If Nature's so obscure, then how
Can we the God of Nature know ?*
5. *What the Bat's eye is to the Sun,
Or of a Glowworm to the Moon,*

The

*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 fry
Too near, lest like the silly Fly,
While she the wanton with the flames doth play,
First fries her Wings, then fools her Life away.*

There are many things under serious debate in Parliament, whereof the results may be call'd yet but the imperfect productions of a grand Committee; they may in time come to the maturity of Votes, and so of Acts.

You write that you have the *German Diet*, which goes forth in my name; and you say, that *you never had more matter for your money*. I had 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 labour.

Sir, if there be anything 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 my service to the noble Earl your Brother, and preserve still in your good opinion—Your truly obliged
Servant, J. H.

XLV.

To Sir E. S., Knight.

SIR,
NOW that the *Sun* and the *Spring* advance daily 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 fretful humour, which hath confin'd you so long to your Chamber, and barr'd you of the use of your
true

true supporters. But tho' your Toes be slugs, yet your Temples are nimble enough, as I find by your last of the 12th current; which makes me think on a speech of *Severus* the Emperor, who having lain sick a long time of the *Gout* at *York*, and one of his Nobles telling him that he wonder'd much how he could rule so vast an Empire, being so lame and unwieldy, the Emperor 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 Musick.

Your Friends here are well, and wish you were so too: For my part, I do not only wish it, but pray it may be so; for my Life is the sweeter in yours, and I please myself much in being—Your truly faithful Servant,

J. H.

1 *Martii*.

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 smoke; but your Letter did sparkle with actual Fire, for methought there were pure flames of Love and Gentleness waving in every line. The Poets do frequently compare Affection to Fire; therefore

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 Stupendous piece of Story. I am in the arrear to you for sundry courtesies more, which shall make me ever entitle myself—
Your truly thankful Friend and Servant,

J. H.

Holborn, 3 June.

XLVII.

To W. Sands, Esq.

SIR,

THE Calamaties and Confusions which the late Wars did bring upon us were many and manifold, yet *England* may be said to have gain'd one Advantage by it; for whereas before she was like an Animal that knew not his own strength, she is now better acquainted with herself, for her Power and Wealth did never appear more both by Land and Sea. This makes *France* to cringe to her so much. This makes *Spain* to purchase Peace of her with his *Italian* Patacoons: This makes the *Hollander* to dash his colours, and veil his bonnet so low unto her: This makes the *Italian* Princes, and all other States that have anything to do with the Sea, to court her so much. Indeed, touching the Emperor, and the *Mediterranean* Princes of *Germany*, whom she cannot reach with her Cannons, they care not much for her.

Nor indeed was the true Art of governing *England* known till now; the Sword is the surest sway over all People, who ought to be cudgell'd rather than cajol'd to obedience, if upon a glut of plenty and peace they should forget it. There is not such a windy wavering thing in the world as the common People; they are got by an *Apple*, and lost for a *Pear*; the Elements themselves are not more inconstant: So that it is the worst solecism in Government for a Prince to depend merely upon their Affections. Riches and long
Rest

Rest make them insolent and wanton : It was not *Tarquin's* wantonness so much as the People's, that ejected Kings in *Rome* ; it was the People's Concupiscence, as much as *Don Rodrigo's* Lust, that brought the *Moors* into *Spain*, &c.

Touching the Wealth of *England*, it never also appear'd so much by public 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 anything else. Add hereunto, that the World stands in Admiration of the capacity and docibleness of the *English*, that Persons of ordinary Breeding, Extraction, and Callings, should become Statesmen and Soldiers, Commanders and Counsellors, 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 discourses and hopes here, is the Issue of our Treaty with the *Dutch* : It is a piece that hath been a good while on the Anvil, but it is not 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 *Padua* Doctor, who having kill'd a lusty young Mule, clapp'd the Patient's Body naked in the Paunch thereof ; by which gentle fomentation he recover'd him of the Tumours he had in his Knees and elsewhere.

Donna *Olympia* sways most, and hath the highest ascendant

dant over him; so that a Gentleman writes to me from *Rome*, that among other Pasquils this was one, *Papa magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum*. He writes of another, That the Bread being not long since grown scant, and made coarser than ordinary by reason of the Tax that his Holiness laid upon Corn, there was a Pasquil 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 Countryman Dr. B. gave lately of him, who being turn'd Roman Catholic, and expecting a Pension, and having one day attended his Holiness a long time about it, he at last broke away suddenly; a Friend of his asking, why? he replied, It is to no purpose for me to stay longer, for I know he will give me nothing, because I find by his Physiognomy that he hath a negative Face. 'Tis true, he is one of the hard-favoured'st Popes that sat 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 ere long serve your Lordship with one of a new Edition, and with some Enlargements. I humbly thank your Lordship for the favourable, and indeed too high a character you please to give of my *Survey of Venice*; yet there are some who would detract from it, and (which I believe your Lordship will something wonder at) they are Cavaliers, but the shallowest and silliest sort of them; and such may well deserve the epithet of *Malignants*. So I humbly kiss your hands in quality of—Your Lordship's most obedient and ever obliged Servant,

J. H.

XLIX.

To the R. H. the Earl Rivers, at his House in Queen-street.

MY LORD,

THE least command of yours is enough to set all my Intellectuals on work; therefore I have done something, as your Lordship shall find herewith, relating to that gallant Piece call'd *The Gallery of Ladies*, which my Lord Marquis of *Winchester* (your Brother) hath set forth.

Upon the glorious Work of the Lord Marquis of
Winchester.

1. *THE World of Ladies must be honour'd much,
That so sublime a Personage, that such
A noble Peer, and Pen, 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 Crystal streams:
The Matter and the Agent grace each other,
So Danae did when Jove made her a Mother.*
3. *Queens, Countesses and Ladies, go unlock
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richest stock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
With Rubies, Pearl, and Saphires yet unworn.*
4. *Rise early, gather Flowers now i' th' Spring,
Twist wreaths of Laurel, and fresh Garlands bring
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your Apollo all the year:
And when his Soul shall leave this earthly Mine,
Then offer sacrifice unto his Shrine.*

I send also the *Elegy* upon the late Earl of *Dorset*, which your Lordship spake of so much when I waited on you last; and I believe your Lordship will find therein every Inch of that noble Peer characteris'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 Knight of the most
 Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

Alluding to { *The Quality of the Times.*
His admired Perfections.
His goodly Person.
His ancient Pedigree.
His Coat of Arms crested with a Star.
The Condition of Mortality.
The Author's Passion, closing with an Epitaph.

LORDS have been long declining (we well know)
 And making their last Testament ; but now
 They are defunct, they are extinguish'd all,
 And never like to rise by this Lord's fall :
 A Lord whose Intellectuals alone
 Might make a House of Peers, and prop a Throne,
 Had not so dire a Fate hung o'er the Crown,
 That Privilege Prerogative should drown.

Where-e'er he sat, he sway'd, and Courts did awe,
 Gave Bishops Gospel, and the Judges Law,
 With such exalted reasons, which did flow
 So clear and strong, that made *Astrea* bow
 To his Opinion ; for where he did side,
 Advantag'd more than half the Bench beside.

But is great *Sackville* dead ? Do we him lack,
 And will not all the Elements wear black ?
 Whereof he was compos'd, a perfect Man,
 As ever Nature in one frame did span :
 Such high-born Thoughts, a Soul so large and free,
 So clear a Judgment, and vast Memory,
 So princely, hospitable, and brave Mind,
 We must not think in haste on earth to find,
 Unless the Times would turn to Gold again,
 And Nature get new strength in forming Men.

His Person with it such a State did bring,
 That made a Court as if he had been King.

No wonder, since he was so near a-kin
To *Norfolk's* Duke, and the great Maiden-Queen.

He Courage had enough by conqu'ring one,
To have confounded that whole Nation :
Those Parts which single do in some appear,
Were all concentred here in one bright Sphere.

For Brain, Tongue, Spirit, Heart, and Personage,
To mould up such a Lord will ask an Age.
But how durst pale white-liver'd Death seize on
So dauntless and heroic a Champion ?
Yes, to die once is that 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 thyself, for those which here
Did on thy Crest, and upper Robes appear :
For thy Director take that Star, we read,
Which to thy Saviour's Birth three Kings did lead.

A Corollary.

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 Woe.
Let this small Mite suffice, until I may
A larger tribute to his Ashes pay ;
In the meantime this Epitaph shall shut,
And to my Elegy a period put.

HERE

*H*ERE lies a Grandee by Birth, Parts, and Mind,
Who hardly left his Parallel behind.

Here lies the Man of Men, who should have been
An Emperor, had Fate or Fortune seen.

Totus in lachrymas 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, J. H.

Lond., 20 Dec.

L.

To T. Harris, Esq.

SIR,

YOURS of Dec. 10. I had the 2d of this *January*, and I
account it a good Augury that it came so seasonably
to usher in the New-year, and to cheer up my thoughts,
which your Letters have a virtue to do always whensoever
they come, they are so full of quaint and copious quick
expressions. When the *Spaniards* at their first Coalition
in the *West-Indies* did begin to mingle with the *Americans*,
that silly People thought that those little white Papers and
Letters which the *Spaniards* 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 sat while he was eating,
thinking thereby that the Spirit in the Letter could not
discover him, &c. Whether your Letters be Spirits or no,
I will not dispute, but I am sure they beget new Spirits in
me

me; and *quod efficit tale illud ipsum est magis tale*; if I am possess'd with *melancholy*, they raise a Spirit of *mirth* in me; if my thoughts are contracted with *Sadness*, they presently dilate them into *Joy*, &c., as if they had some subtil invisible *Atoms* whereby they operate; which is now an old Philosophy newly furbish'd, and much cried up, that all natural Actions and Motions are perform'd by emission of certain Atoms, whereof there is a constant effluvium from all elementary bodies, and are of divers shapes, some angular, others cylindrical, some spherical; which Atoms are still hovering up and down, and never rest till they meet with some pores proportionable and cognate to their figures, where they acquiesce. By the expiration of such Atoms the Dog finds the scent as he hunts, the Pestilence infects, the Loadstone attracts Iron, the *Sympathetick* Powder or *Zaphyrian* Salt calcined by *Apollinean* heat, operating in *July* or *August* till it come to a lunary complexion; I say, by the virtue and intervention of such Atoms, '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 Atoms, as the heavenly Bodies do by their Influences. Now it is more visible in the Loadstone than any other Body; for by help of artificial Glasses a kind of mist hath been discern'd to expire out of it, as Dr. *Higmore* 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 perform'd 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

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 confin'd 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 tho' 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 off 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 itself, without the help of a Spur, or any violent motion: Therefore he spoke like a true Philosopher, who excepted against the title of a Book call'd *De statu vitæ*, for he should rather have entitled it *De cursu vitæ*; for this Life is still upon the speed.

You and I have luckily met abroad under many Meridians; when our course is run here, I hope we shall meet in a Region that is above the wheel of Time: And it may be in the concave of some Star, if those glorious Lamps are habitable. Howsoever, my Genius prompts me, that when I part hence I shall not downwards; for I had always soaring
ing

ing 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-endear'd Friend, and Fellow-Traveller, I rest
—Yours verily and invariably, J. H.

Holborn, 10 Jan.

To the Sagacious Reader.

*U*T clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus ;
Clauditur Hæc cera, clauditur Illa sera.

As *Keys* do open Chests,
So *Letters* open Breasts

Τ Ε Λ Ο Σ.

Gloria Lausq ; Deo Sæculorum in sæcula sunt.

A DOXOLOGICAL Chronogram including this present year MDCLV. and hath numeral Letters enough to extend to the year Nineteen hundred twenty seven, if it please God this World should last so long.

SUPPLEMENT.



LETTERS, &c., OF AND ABOUT HOWELL

NOT PREVIOUSLY COLLECTED.

Mainly from Unpublished Sources.

I.

TO LORD CONWAY.

(Pub. Rec. Off. Stat. Pap. Dom. Chas. I. xix. No. 100.)

Right hon^{ble}

&

my very good Lo :

There is a partie that hath lately hanted the Court who may be suspected to come for no good. his father was an english Minister & chaplaine to S^r Charles Cornwallyes & afterward an officer to y^e Inquisition in y^e Court of Spaine where he obtained a pension for himself, his wief & children.

This man (a busie pragmaticall fellowe) comes from Bruffells & hath dependencie on Gondamar.

Yo^r lo : may please to comand that he be brought before yo^u by these bearers who tell me wilbe employed by yo^r lo : in ocasions of this nature So I most humbly take my leaue & will euer liue

Yo^r lo : most faithfull

Servant

JA HOWELL

The partie's name is
James Wadefworth.

MIDDLE TEMPLE
this Thursday

(*Endorsed*).

(Endorsed).

[Seal, a
double headed
bird, salient.]

To y^e right hon^{ble} my
very good Lo: y^e lord
Conway principall Secretary
to his Ma^{tie}

att Court

Januarii 1625
Mr. Howell
Giunge infomasōn of
a suspected pson one
Wadsworth.

II.

THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND TO LORD VISC. WENTWORTH.

(Stafford Letters, i. p. 48.)

My very good Lord

I understand your Lordship hath bestowed the next Attorney's Place in Reversion at York upon James Howell, my Secretary, I must thank you for it, and the rather because he hath deservingly and faithfully served me in that Place, wherein I hear your Lordship hath succeeded me. I wish you much Happiness in it, & rest very faithfully

Your Lordship's Friend
E. SUNDERLAND.

ST MARTIN'S LANE
Dec. 15. 1628.

III.

TO THE LORD VISC^T WENTWORTH, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE
NORTH.

(Stafford Letters, i. p. 50.)

My ever honoured good Lord,

Herewith I send your Lordship the instrument you pleased to pass unto me for the reversion of the next Attorney's place in York, for which, by your Lordship's appointment, M^r Radcliffe hath given me satisfaction. I was always and shall ever continue so sensible of so free and noble a favour, that in the whole course of my life I shall endeavour to make Expressions of my Thankfulness, and how much I am,

My Lord

Your Lordship's
Most true and humble servant.

JA. HOWELL.

ST MARTIN'S LANE
May 5. 1629.

IV.

IV.

LEGATIO COMITIS LEICESTRIÆ IN DANIAM 1632.

(Bodl. MS. Rawl. C. 354.)

Diarium et fidelis relacio Legacionis Illustrissimi Comitis Leycest[r]encis ad Christianum quartum Regem Daniæ, etc.
 Jacobo Howell Oratore.

Designatus fuit Legatus extraordinarius ad Christianum quartum Regem Daniæ et alios principes Danica stirpe oriundos, Regiæque Magnæ Britanniæ Maieftati materno sanguine coniunctos, Robertus Sydneius Comes Leycestriæ, vt luctum ageret pro morte Reginæ *Sophiæ* Frederici secundi vxoris, Regum, Magnæ Britanniæ, Daniæque Matris et Auxæ: et de alijs arduis maximique ponderis negotijs tractaret.

Regia Magnæ Britanniæ Maieftas se declarabat 6° Aprilis 1632 sed retrospiciens quatuor integros menses in mandatis dedit (regij in dictum Comitem fauoris gratiâ) vt litteræ priuati sigilli inchoarent 6° Decembris proxime præcædentis, ex quo die consignatæ fuerunt dicto Comiti octo libræ pro quotidiano salario, vsque dum ad regiam personam reuerteretur.

Vale dixit Regiæ Maieftati in ædibus *Oatlandiæ* 16° Augusti, cuius, pro more osculatis manibus cum primarijs generosum qui eum in hac legatione concomitabantur, et duabus mille libris anticipatis, cum tesseris numarijs Philippo Burlemachi firmatis in Hamburgho recipiendis, ad iter sese accinxit; Ab ædibus suis in Penshurst discessit 14° Septembris cum quibusdam domesticis famulis versus Roffam, vbi integer suus comitatus ex numero circiter 55 personarum consistens, inter quas plurimi erant generosissima profapia oriundi (quorum primarius fuit Phillippus Baro de Lisle dicti Comitis primogenitus) excellentiæ suæ præstolabantur.

A dicta vrbe tribus currubus et numerofo equorum Cohorte vehebatur ad *Margetts* vbi marium Admirallus *Penington* (hoc enim titulo tunc temporis fungebatur) in regia Naue *Conuertina* dictum Dom. Legatum expectabat.

Qua Naue, vento Noto-Zephiro strenuè afflante, tridui spacio appulit in flumine Alvis et pedem figens *Glucstadio* dimorabatur ibi 4^r diebus, Deinde conductus fuit a Governatore dicti loci regijs currubus et 50 ad minimum apertis vehiculis ad Rendeburgum in terra Holfatica vbi Rex Comitijs interfuit. Hospitium Dom. Legato designatum fuit in ædibus cuiusdam Jurisperiti, et reliquis sui Comitatus in alijs domibus, vbi spacio integræ hebdomadis sumptu Regio epulabatur, 50 circiter Regijs famulis ad inferuendum constitutis.

Princeps

Princeps Fredericus secundus regijs Daniae filius Coadiutor Episcopatus Bremensis, postridie decore generosorum agmine stipatus dictum Dominum Legatum inuisit, et die sequente Det lief Ranzouius nobilium Holsatiae primarius et ditissimus. 7° die post appulsum suam in dicto loco, admissus fuit Dominus Legatus ad Arcem Regis, magno generosum Aulicorum numero, et 50 ex proprio Comitatu pullatis vestibus et atratis penulis sub longis decore agmine suam personam circumeuntibus. Deductus ad praesentiam regiam D. Jacobus Howell (qui erat a secretis dicto Domino Legato) orationem quandam encomiasticam inchoavit in laudem defunctae Reginae, qua ad finem perducta et literis credentialibus a domino legato regijs manibus oblatis, ad Christianum 5^{um} Regis primogenitum electum Daniae principem, sese vertit cum simili Oratione, et deinde ad Fredericum dicti Regis filium secundum (ambo enim prope Regem circumstabant); Hoc peracto responsum fuit dictis Orationibus a Doctore Doorne Jurisperito, et regis [*sic*] apertis vlnis Dominum Legatum amplectente, et manus primarijs sui Comitatus ad osculandum porrigente, reductus fuit eodem Comitatu ad Hospitium suum.

Postridie postulavit Dominus Legatus (condignas agendo gra pro regio fauore) vt prop[r]ia quadra se aleret et famuli Regis manumitterentur quod (vnoquoque eorum qui inferuierant ample et magnus fice remunerato) concessum fuit. Postero die aliam obtinuit audientiam Dominus Legatus, qua propositiones in paginis subsequenter inferas solemniter modo Regijs manibus exhibuit, quibus proximo die responsum fuit, Rege prima luce versum Gluckstadium comigrato, Cui triduo postea Reduci dictus dominus Legatus alias tradidit propositiones, quibus etiam subito responsum fuit, a quibusdam consiliarijs ad hoc ex industria designatis, vt in paginis subsequenter constat.

Postremò, definitiua Regis Daniae ad dictas propositiones habita Resolutione, postulavit Dominus legatus colloquium cum ante memoratis Consiliarijs, quod concessum fuit, et in quodam angulo Ecclesiae Cathedralis conuenientis, omnia ea quae a Domino Legato prius fuerant proposita, cum singulis Regis Daniae responsis perlecta, discussa ac euentilata ffuerunt, In quo colloquio Dictus Dominus Legatus in fauorem Reginae Bohemiae multa Instructiones suas excedentia) prop[r]ium honorem patrimoniarumque tangentia ad conciliandam auitam haereditariam portionem proposuit, quibus Durus Auunculus surdas praebuit aures.

Triduo postea vocatus fuit Dominus Legatus ad epulandum regiã mensã cum suo comitatu, vbi liberis pro more, computationibus vsque ad vesperum protractum fuit prandium. Postero die Rex ante lucano tempore Gluckstadium tendit iter, Dominusque Legatus ad Gottorpium Frederici Ducis Holsatiae, (Regis Danorum

Danorum Nepotis ex forore) Arcem, et inde ad Husum, ad Augustam Ducissam viduam Holstiae Danorum Regis sororem, proficiscitur, Quibus in locis intra muros Arcium hospitatus, comiter receptus, et magnificè epulatus est.

Illinc ad Hamburgum sese contulit vbi a senatoribus dictæ Ciuitatis et Anglis Mercatoribus honorificè tractatus fuit; Et ROBERTUM ANSTRUTHERUM ex aula Cæsareâ nuperrimè Reducem legatum, conueniens, eum secum perduxit cum dicto Admirallo Penington, et regia Naue Conuertina, in Angliam, et ventis minime fauentibus, post velificationem dierum appulit dictus dominus Legatus apud Margatts, 3^o die Decembris inde vere die subito vectus fuit ad Aulam vbi ad regias manus osculandas subitò admissus, exactissimam reddebat rationem vniuersæ legationis, summa cum Regiæ Maiestatis satisfactiōe, et indelebili suppius honore.

V.

TO SIR F. WINDEBANK.

(Pub. Rec. Off. Dom. Chas. I. ccxlv. No. 33.)

Right hon^{ble}

The packett to Orleans was safely sent, but j well hoped to haue had ere nowe some newes from thence, considering the strictnes of frequent correspondence we agreed vpon at the time of our separation; from other places there came posts this week, as Bruxells & Holland, the one brings newes that y^e treaty being nowe vtterly dissolud, the states Army is in the field againe, & had a designe to make sudden incurfions vp and downe Brabant & plunder the Countrey before them, but y^e enemies army gathering into a head, & y^e Boores rising vp p'uented them. It seemes ther is some designe on both sides, for ther was lately a Bidday by y^e one and a Bead-day by the other solemnly enioynd. The Spaniards fortifie apace y^e Isle of St. Stephen & Arfen w^{ch} they haue lately taken, being both vpon the Maze, to block vp all approches that way towards Maestricht & make it ripe for a next yeares siege, for they haue ben masters of y^e field a good while, but now that y^e Hollander hath had some recreuts & these new addicōns of forces from Germany & a late supply of 200^m. crowns from France, he hath bruffled vp his feat here againe & is vpon the offensue.

From Germany aduise comes, that y^e d. of Friedland hath made more deep inrodes into Saxony & taken Lipsick & Holk is before Erford.

The Duke of Feria hath crofft the Hills and is come to
Alfatia,

Alfatia, to assist y^e Lorainer, & relieve Nancy (as the Frencs did Cafal) some say y^e King is already before y^e towne, but tis thought he may throw [his cap at it, as Charles y^e Emperour did when he was forc'd to burne his tente, & fly by Torchlight ; the Dukes sifter was lately come thither but gott out disguised & came in mans habitt to Luxembourg whence she was brought to Bruxells. Our Turkey Marchants are like to suffer much by a fight y^t happened lately in y^e Archiepielago twixt 2 English shippes of Alderman Freemans, who contrary to y^e Capitulaçoñs of peace betweene vs & the great Turk taking in a cargazon of corne for Italie & pceiuing] the 7 Gallies of Rhodes to make towards them, by way of preuention fearing to be surpris'd, they lett fly at them, sunk y^e generall & flew y^e Baspha with diuers others, y^e 6 gallies y^t remaind went & gaue aduise to y^e great fleet hard-by consistng of 80 gallies more who (as they yearly do) were come to leuy, & cary home y^e Turks tribut from Greece & other parts adjacent, & in a dead calme made way to y^e 2 shippes deuiding themselves into 4 squadrons. The shippes having betweene them 140 men, & nere vpon 50 peeces of Ordinance resisted manfully (p'ferring death before flauery) & sunk 6 of y^e gallies, killed 2000 Turks, & fought till they were reduced to that extremity y^t setting fyre to both y^e shippes those w^{ch} remaind being not many leapt unto y^e sea & so were taken vp prifoners but y^e great fleet of gallies is so tottered & torne that they haue lost this yeares voyage & returnd to the Port (constantinople) empty. The Confulls and Marchants feare some barbarisme wilbe offered vpon their persons, or at least some fearfull auenia vpon their goods, this is Alderman Freemans relacion. The Lo ; denbigh is returned from y^e great Mogor full of jewells. So with my very humble obseruance j rest ready

Att yo^r Lo : comandm^{ts}
JAMES HOWELL.

WESTMINSTER, this 28 of
Aug: 1633.

(Endorsed).

28 Aug. 1633
Mr. Howell rec. at
Bags Efs. 4 Sept.

To the right hon^{ble} S^r
Francis Windebank
Knight principall Secretary
of State, & one of his Ma^{ties}
moft hon^{ble} priuy Counsell
this

VI.

DR. T. HOWELL TO SIR F. WINDEBANK.

(Pub. Rec. Off. Dom. Chas. I. cccxiii. No. 2.)

Honorable S^r

I am truly sorry and asham'd to heare that my brother hath lately broken in vpon you, foe farre beyond y^e bounds of common modesty. Wether I have not longe groan'd vnd^r the weight of some iealous thoughts, and accordingly complain'd, least happily he might be troublefome to y^r Hono^r and I also might suffer with him, beside this euidence, I am sure Dr. Turner will testify wth me w^{ch} put me diuers tim's vpon a purpose to cleare my selfe. But since it is nowe growne foe high, least any mis-prision should settle, as touching me, I am forc't thus to adresse my selfe to y^r Hono^r for my owne iustificacōn. yf eu^r therefore I have found any fauo^r in y^r fight (not that I knowe any iust cause for it faue only y^r owne goodnes) Let me humbly beseech you, since he fayles meerely by the Card and compasse of his owne Genius, that his actions may not any way reflect vpon me, but that each of vs wthout any relacōn to other, may stand or fall in y^r opinion, according to y^e resultance of his pticular deeds, and the quality of his owne single conu'sacōn. for then, I am confident for my owne pt, that I shall doe nothings to deserve y^r iust displeasure, though I doe not flatter myselfe, that by any strength or merit of mine I can winne vpon y^r fauo^r faue only in this, that (as zealously as any oth^r) I doe & will eu^r wish y^e continuance & enlargem^t of all prospity both to y^r Hono^r & all yours, & shall most gladly embrace any opportunity that you shall vouchsafe to giue, or I can take, to expresse my selfe

Y^r Hono^{rs} affectionate and
humble seruant
THO: HOWELL.

WALBROOKE 2 febr. 1635.

(Endorsed).

To the Honorable S^r Francis
Windebanke, principall Secretary
of State to his Ma^{ty}

2 Feb. 1635
D. Howell.

[Seal, a bird with
wings extended.]

p^rsent these.

VII.

VII.

MR. HOWELL TO THE LORD DEPUTY.

(Stafford *Letters*, i. 488).

My most honoured good Lord,

The late coming of the Prince Palatine is the greatest news here at present, he staid windbound five weeks at Flushing, having launched out twice and been beaten back. About Dover, the three Hollands' Men-of-War, which transported him, passing by some of the King's Ships my Lord of Lindfey had left in the Downs, Sir John Pennington giving a volley of shot, one of the Cannons having a Bullet in it grazed over the Ship where the Palsgrave was, & killed four of his Train, for which the Gunner is like to suffer. There are various opinions of the reason of his coming, that which sounds best is, that he is come to endear himself to his Uncle, & sollicite his own Business, & know what to trust to, to advance the Treaty of the Match with Poland, and do some good offices for the Hollanders who are brought to a low ebb, the stream having turned extreemly against them this Summer; though in the Indies it hath run as much with them, having made themselves sole Masters of the Staple & Trade of Sugars in Brasil (though nobody is the better for it but themselves) whither the Spaniard hath a great Fleet going or gone from Lisbon.

From Germany there is late advice that the squandered Remnants of Swedes, which were towards the Baltick Sea, made head under Banner, and have given a smart blow to the Duke of Saxe.

The French shuffle yet well enough upon the Frontiers of Germany & Lorrain. The Queen-Mother is a dying in Ghent in Flanders in a religious Convent. The French Cardinal bears up still, though Hatred and Danger increase daily. The Cardinal Ginetti, the Pope's Legate de Latere, is not yet come to Constance. I believe it will be the Spring before he come. Now that the Peace is concluded betwixt the Pole and the Swede by the Intervention of the Kings of England and France, the Parliament sits in Poland about the Match with the young Lady Elizabeth: Mr. Gordon went thither hence, from whom there is news daily expected. The *Ban & Arriere Ban* in France is dismissed for this Winter, & some disbanded themselves, of whom some received exemplary Punishment. The Siege is still continued by Crequy before Valencia upon the Territories of Milan.

For home matters, there hath been much grief at Court lately for the Loss of two noble Lords, the Lord of S^t Albans and my
Lord

Lord Savage, especially the latter. There are two or three Houses shut up in Greenwich, though there died none but out of one.

The Business betwixt Sir And. Pell and Sir James Bagge was determined lately in the Star Chamber, & I never heard a Cause so equally canvassed, of the eighteen Judges nine fined him & the other quitted him, & my Lord Keeper's odd Voice carried it; but I hear that it will prove no censure, the redundant Voice being to be for Mercy and not Justice. They say my Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Pardon is ready to pass the great seal with a perfect Redintegration into the King's Favour, Abolition of all old Matters, & my Lord Cottington had a great hand in it. The four youngest Prebends of Westminster have eagerly banded themselves against him lately divers ways.

There is a Lottery afoot for bringing in fresh waters by Aqueducts into the Covent Garden (where the new Town is almost finished) & White Hall. There have been lately new Impositions set upon Wines and Linnen Cloth & other Commodities, which is thought will enhance his Majesty's Customs £80,000 a year. The Levy of the Ship money in Towns & Country is done, & the Money almost come in: there is a Computation made, it will amount to two Subsidies & an half. There is nought else worth the Advertisement, therefore I must humbly take my Leave, resting ever

Your Lordship's
truly devoted Servant
Jam. HOWELL.

WESTMINSTER
Nov. 28. 1635.

VIII.

HOWELL'S APPOINTMENT AS CLERK OF COUNCIL. (Privy Council Minutes.)

Att the Court att Nottingham the 30th of August 1642.

Present

Lord Keeper	Lo. Visc. Savile
Lo. D. of Richmond	M ^r Comptroler
Lo. g. Chamberlaine	M ^r Sec ^r Nicholas

This day James Howell Esq^r was by his Ma^{ty} command sworne clark of the Counsell in extraordinary.

IX.

TO MY HONORED AND KNOWN FRIEND, SIR I. C. KNIGHT.
(12 Tr. pp. 169-71.)

Sir,

Among many other Barbarifmes which like an impetuous Torrent have lately rush'd in upon us, the interception and opening of Letters is none of the least, For it hath quite bereft all ingenious Spirits of that correspondency and sweet communication of fancy which hath bin alwaies esteemed the best fuel of affection and the very marrow of friendship. And truly, in my judgment, this custom may be termed not only a *Barbarifme*, but the basest kind of *Burglary* than can be, 'tis a plundering of the very brain, as is spoken in another place.

We are reduced here to that servile condition, or rather to such a height of slavery, that we have nothing left which may entitle us free Rationall creatures; the *thought* it self cannot say 'tis free, much less the *tongue* or *pen*. Which makes me impart unto you the traverses of these turbulent times under the following fables. I know you are an exquisite Astronomer. I know the deep inspection you have in all parts of Philosophy, I know you are a good Herald, and I have found in your Library sundry books of Architecture and Comments upon *Vitruvius*. The unfolding of these Apologues will put you to it in all these, and will require your second, if not your third thoughts, and when you have concocted them well, I believe (else I am much deceived in your Genius) they will afford you some entertainment and do the errand upon which they are sent, which is, to communicate unto you the most material passages of this long'd-for Parlement, and of these sad confusions which have so unhing'd, distorted, traversed, tumbled and dislocated all things, that England may be termed now, in comparifon of what it was, no other than an *Anagram of a Kingdom*. One thing I promise you, in the perusal of these Parables, that you shall find no gingles in them, the common dialect and disease of these times. So I leave you to the gard and guidance

*Of God and Vertu who do still advance
Their Favorite, maugre the Frownes of Chance*

Your constant fervitor
J. H.

X.

X.

TO SIR K. DIGBY.

(Twelve Treatises, p. 194.)

Sir, I long to receive your opinion of these rambling pieces of fancy, you may peradventure, have more, when the times are open; surely the wind will not hold still in this unlucky hole, for it is too violent to last. It begins (thanks be to God) to sift already, and amongst those multitudes, who expect the change, I am one that lyeth at the *Cape of Good Hope*, though a long time under hatches (in the *Fleet*). Howsoever, though all the winds in the compass shall bluster upon me; nay though a *Haraucana* should rage, I am arm'd and resolv'd to bear the brunt, to welcome the Will of God, and possess my soul with patience.

If you desire a further intimation of things, I refer you to a Discourse of mine call'd *The Tru Informer*, who will give you no vulgar satisfaction. *So I am*

Yours, as at first, inalterable
J. H.

XI.

Dedication to Vol. II. of Letters.

TO HIS HIGHNES JAMES DUKE OF YORK; A Star of the greatest Magnitude in the Constellation of Charles-Wayn.

Sir,

This Book was engendred in a Cloud, born a Captive, and bred up in the dark shades of Melancholy: He is a true *Benoni* the son of sorrow, nay, which is a thing of wonderment, He was begot in the Grave by one who hath been buried quick any time these five and fifty months: Such is the hard condition of the Author, wherein he is like to continue, untill some good Angell roll off the stone, and raise him up, for *Prisoners* are capable of a double Resurrection: my *Faith* ascertains me of one but my *fears* make me doubtfull of the other, for, as far as I see yet, I may be made to moulder away so long among these walls, till

I be carried hence with my feet forward: Welcom be the will
of God and the Decrees of Heaven.

Your Highneffes, moſt
humble and moſt
obedient Servit^r
JAMES HOWELL.

*From the Priſon
of the Fleet
this May day
1647.*

XII.

TO JOHN SELDEN.
Brit. Mus. *Harl.* 7003 f. 374.

S^r

The principall aym of this final preſent is to bring you thanks
for the pleaſure & profit j haue receaud from yo^r Works wher-
with you haue enrichd the whole Co^mon Wealth of Learning, &
wherin may be diſcoverd ſuch a fullnes & vniverſality of know-
ledg that it may well be ſayed Quod Seldenus neſcit, nemo ſcit,
And this was a kind of character that ſome of the renownedſt
men beyond the ſeas gaue of you in ſom diſcourſe j mingled
with them: Moreouer theſe ſmall peeces (w^{ch} j ſhalbe bold to
pourſue with a viſit) com to introduce mee to yo^r knowledg not
you to mine, for it were an Ignorance beyond Barbariſm not to
know you: May you pleaſe when (having nothing elf to do) you
haue caſt yo^r eys vpon them to throw them into ſom corner of
the loweſt ſhelf that ſtands in yo^r library wher it wilbe an honor
for them to be found hereafter, & if theſe bee admitted j haue more
to follow. So hoping that this obligation will not be held an
intruſion j reſt

(Endorſed.)

For the moſt Honored
John Selden Eſq^r
this.

S^r

Yo^r moſt humble & ready
ſervit^r
JAM. HOWELL.

XIII.

XIII.

TO THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

(Brit. Mus. Add. 32,093, f. 370).

It is humbly offerd to y^e Consideration
of
The Right Hon^{ble} y^e Counsell of State

That, Whereas vpon this Change of Government, & devolution of Interest from kingly power to a Comōn Wealth ther may happen fom question touching the primitiue and Inalienable Right that Great Britain claymes to the Souuerainty of her own feas as hath already appeerd by the late clafh that broke out twixt vs & Holland (which may well be sayed to be a Comon Wealth of England's Creation;) It were expedient, humbly under favor, that a new Treatise be compiled for the vindication, and continuance of this Right notwithstanding this Change; And if the State be pleased to impose so honorable a comand vpon y^r Subscriber Hee will employ his best abilities to perform it; In which Tretise not only all the learned Reasons & Authorities of Mr. Selden shalbe produced, but the Truth of the Thing shalbe reinforced and asserted by further arguments, Examples and Evidences; And it were requisit that this sayed Treatise shold go published in French as well as English, French being the most comunicable language of Commerce among those nations whom the knowledg herof doth most concern, and so may much avayle to disperse the truth, & satisfie the world in this point

JAM HOWELL.

(*Endorsed.*)
Mr. Howell
dominion Sea.

XIV.

TO JUDGE RUMSEY.

(*Organon Salutis*, Pref.)

To his Highly esteemed Friend and Compatriot Judge *Rumsey*, upon his *Provang*, or rare pectoral Instrument and his rare experiments of Cophie and Tobacco.

Sir,

Since I knew the World, I have known divers forts of *Instruments*: The first that I was acquainted withall, was *Aristotles Organon*

Organon, or Instrument at *Oxford*: Another was the great happy Instrument at *Munster*: The third was the *Instrument* which was made after the dissolution of the late *long Parliament*; That in *Oxford* was *Instrumentum Logicæ*, The Instrument of Logick; That in *Munster* was *Instrumentum Pacis*, The Instrument of Peace; The last was *Instrumentum Politicum*, The Instrument of Policy. Now your Instrument is most properly called *The Instrument of Health*, and may take place among the rest. Without controversie, it was an Invention very happily lighted upon, and obligeth all mankinde to give you thanks: For he who finds out any thing conducing to humane health, is the best Cosmopolite, the best among the Citizens of the World; health being the most precious Jewel of Nature, without which we cannot discharge our duties to God or Man. But indeed there's no perfection of health in this life, when we converse with the Elements; the best is a valitudinarian kinde of disposition; and this proceeds from the perpetual conflict of the humors within us for predomination; which were they equally ballanced, and in peace *Methuselah's* yeers would be but a short life among us. Now this Combate and malignity of the Humors ariseth from the stomach; which like a boyling pot on the fire, is still boyling within us, and hath much froth; whence, if the concoction be not very good, there are il-favoured fumes, and fuliginous evaporations that ascend into the head; where being distill'd they descend into Catarrhes and Defluxions, sometimes upon the Optiques, and that may be called the Gout in the Eyes; if they fall upon the Teeth, it may be call'd the Gout in the Mouth; if into the Hands 'tis *Chiragra*; if in the Hip, *Sciatica*; if in the Knees, *Gonagra*; if in the Feet, *Podogra*. Now, Sir, *Your Instrument* serves to take away the grounds of these Distempers, by rummaging and scouring the stomach, and make it expectorate that froth, or phlegmy stuffe which lodgeth there, and that in a more gentle manner than any Drugges. 'Tis true that *Rhubarbe* is good against Choler, *Agarick* against Phlegme, and *Hellebore* against Melancholy, but they use to stir the humours so violently by their nauseousnes, that their operation is a sickness of it self all the while: Your Instrument causeth no such thing, nor leaves any lurking dreggs behinde, as *Druggs* use to do.

Touching *Coffee*, I concurre with them in opinion, who hold it to be that black broth which was us'd of old in *Lacedemon*, whereof the Poets sing; Surely it must needs be salutiferous, because so many sagacious, and the wittiest sort of Nations use it so much; as they who have conversed with *Shastres* and *Turbants* doe well know. But besides the exsiccant quality it hath to dry up the crudities of the stomach, as also to comfort the Brain, to fortifie the sight with its steem & prevent Dropsies, Gouts, the
Scurvie

Scurvie, together with the spleen, and Hypochondriacal winds (all of which it doth without any violence or distemper at all) I say, besides all these qualities, 'tis found already, that this *Coffee* drink both caused a greater Sobriety among the Nations: for whereas formerly Apprentices & Clerks with others used to take their mornings draught in Ale, Beer, or Wine, which by the dizzines they cause in the Brain, make many unfit for business, they use now to play the Good-fellows in this *wakeful* and civil drink: Therefore that worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Mudiford*, who introduced the practice hercof first to *London*, deserves much respect of the whole Nation.

Concerning *Tobacco* which the *Spaniards* call *la Yerva santa*, the holy herb, in regard of the fundry virtues it hath: without doubt 'tis also a wholsom vegetal, if rightly applyed and seasonably taken; it helps concoction, makes one void Rheume, break winde, and keeps the body open: A leaf or two steeped in white Wine, or Beer over night, is a Vomit that never fails; It is a good companion to sedentary men, and students, when they are stupified by long reading or writing, by dissipating those Vapours which use to o're-cloud the Brain: The smoak of it is passing good against all contagious airs; In so much, that if one takes two or three puffs in the morning, before he goes abroad, there's no infectious air can fasten upon him; for it keeps out all other fents, according to the Axiome, *Intus existens prohibet alienum*.

But, Sir, I find you have made other experiments of these two simples, which though not so gustfull, conduce much to humane health: And touching your *Frovang*, or Whale-bone Instrument, let me tell you, that it hath purchased much repute abroad among Forreiners; In so much, that some, in imitation of yours, have found a way to make such an Instrument in ductible Gold, and you know what a Cordial Gold is. I have been told of another kinde of new Instrument that will conveniently reach from the mouth, to let in the smoak of Tobacco at the fundament, and it hath done much good. Certainly, there are in Natures Cabinet many boxes yet undiscovered, there are divers mysteries and Magnalia's yet unknown; there be fundry effects which she would produce, but she wants the hand of Art to co-operate, as it were by the hand of Mid-wifery: the World must needs confes that you have done her a great good Office herein.

So with my heartly kinde respects unto you, wishing that some happy occasion were offered, whereby I might be *Instrumental* unto you, I rest,

Worthy Sir,

Your most affectionate
Friend and Companion,
JAMES HOWELL.

XV.

TO SIR EDWARD WALKER.

(Autograph collection of Mr. A. Morrison.)

S^r

Now that a correspondence may bee kept with more freedom and that neither writer or letter run fo much danger of shippwrack j thought it not amisse to give you this invitation in that kind; Touching affairs here, since the late Dissolution of the Parleмент the counfell of State carry all the Sway smoothly before them, & Monk professeth still an exact & constant obedience to the Civill power. The Anababtists have shewd their teeth lately, but they are kept from biting, for a great flore of armes were taken away lately from them; Generall Monk sticks still close to the City of London who made a privat ouverture lately to the counfell of State, how Trade was lamentably delayed, And the Mint starvd, and that ther was no way to feed the one and advance the other without a peace with Spaine, w^{ch} was impossible to bee done but by calling in king Charles. Tis thought certainly ther wilbe a a House of Peers the next Parleмент w^{ch} will infallibly begin 25^o of Aprill stylo loci; The new militia is upon settling in the countrey, and divers Lords, knights & others of good principles are chofen Comissioners among whom the Earle of Oxford is chief for Effex, Dorsett for Suffex, Rivers for Cheshire, etc.

If I knew that this letter would come safely to Hand, I wold bee more large which upon yo^r answer to this I shalbe in my next.

I pray Sir fend mee word whither my Lo: of Bristoll bee return'd to Bruxells so I most affectionatly kisse yo^r hands & if ther bee any thing imaginable wherin I may serve you here you know what power you haue to comand

Much honored Sir

Yo^r very humble & ready

Servant

JAM. HOWELL.

LONDON, *this 23rd of March, 1659.*

From Mr. Lee a Lawyers Houfe ag^t the Pye Inne in Fetter Lane where I shalbe ready to receave yo^r addreffes & comands.

(*Endorsed*).

For the much Honored
S^r Edward Walker
Knight at the English
Court in Bruxells.

XVI.

XVI.

A letter of Advice confifting all of Proverbs (running in one congruous and concurrent fenfe) to one that was Towards Marriage,

Lexicon Tetraglotton.

Sir,

Although I am none of thofe that love to have an Oare in every ones Boat, Or fuch a bufie body as deserves to be hitt in the teeth, that I fhould keep my breath to cool my pottage, yet, you and I having eaten a peck of falt together, and having a hint that you are upon a bufinefs that will either make or mar you, for a man's beft fortune or his worft's, a Wife, I would wifh you to look before you leap, and make more than two words to a bargain.

'Tis true that Marriages are made in Heaven, it is alfo true that Marriage and hanging goeth by Deftiny ; But if you are difpofed to marry, marry a fhrew rather than a fhew, for a Fool is fulfome, yet ye run a rifk alfo in the other, for a fhrew may fo tye your nofe to the Grindftone, that the gray Mare will prove the better Horfe ; Befides, there is another old fayed Saw, that every one knows how to tame a fhrew but he that hath her ; If it be your Fortune to meet with fuch a one, fhe may chance put you to the charge of buying a long fpoon, for he muft have a long fpoon who will eat with the Devill.

Moreover, if you needs muft marry, do not fetch your wife from *Dunmow*, for fo you may bring home two fides of a Sow, Nor from *Westminster*, for he who goeth to *Westminster* for a Wife, to *Pauls* for a Man, and to *Smithfield* for a Horfe, may have a Jade to his Horfe, a Knave to his Man, and a Wagg-tail to his Wife.

But if you needs muft marry let her rather be little than bigg, for of two evils the leaft is to be chofen, yet there is another hazard in that alfo, for a little pott is foon hott, and as fhe will be little and lowd, if you give her an inch fhe will take an ell, fhe will alwayes have a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*, and two words for one, fuch a Wife though fhe be as tender as a Parsons Lemman, yet fhe may prove a wolf in Lambs skinn, Inftead of a Rose you will have a Burr ; If you meet with fuch a one, you may be put to anfwer as he was who having a damnable fcolde to his Wife, and being afked by Sir *Tho: Badger* who recommended her unto him? he fayed an old Courtier, Sir ; *what Courtier?* fayed Sir *Tho:* 'Twas the Devill, Sir.

Furthermore take heed of two hanfome a Wife, for then fhe is likely not to be all your own, and fo fhe may bring you to your
Horn-book

Horn-book again, or rather make you Horn-madd, and then you have brought your Hoggs to a fair Market.

But by all means, be wary of too costly and lavishing a Wife, for so you may quickly turn a Noble to nine pence, and come home by broken Crosse, she will in a short time make hunger to dropp out at your nose, she will thwitten a Mill-post to a pudding-prick, the Goose will drink as deep as the Gander, and then, When all is gone and nothing left, what waits the Dagger with the dudgeon heft? The Wolf will be then still at your door, and the black Ox will tread on your toe, your Neighbours will make mowes at you, and say, you are as wise as *Walthams* Calf, who went nine miles to suck a Bull and came home more thirsty than when he went.

You must also be wary how you marry one that hath cast her Rider, lest you fall into a Quagmire wherein another was lost, I mean a Widdow, for so you will be subject to hav a Deaths head putt often in your Dish; Touching the complexion of your Wife, the *Spaniard* holdeth black to be the wholesomest, for He hath a Proverb, *Muger negra trementina en ella*, A black woman hath Turpentine in her, the *Frenchman* is for the broun, when he saith, *Fille brunette gaye & nette*, A broun Lasse is gay and cleanly, But they both will tell you, that touching a red-haired and bearded woman, salute them a hundred paces off.

Lastly, take heed by all means of doting so far upon any one Female, as to marry her for meer Affection; 'Tis true, that one hair of a woman will draw more than a hundred yoake of Oxen, yet meer Affection is but blind Reason, and there are more Mayds than Malkin; 'Tis true that in love ther's no lack, yet it is as true, that nothing hath no favour, and there must be Suet as as well as Oatmeal to make a Pudding; In this case it is better to buy a Quart of Milk by the penny than keep a Cow, and to follow the Italian Proverb, *videlicet*, Commend the Sea, but keep thy self ashoar, Commend the Hills, but keep thy self on the Plains, Commend a wedded Life but keep thy self a Batchelor; According to another wise Proverb, He who marrieth doth well, but he who marrieth not, doth better; Wherunto attendeth a third, That next to a single Life, a married Life is best; I will conclude with that of the *Italian*, Honest men use to marry but Wise men not.

When you read this, I know you will be apt to say, that a Fools Bolt is soon shott, or crie out, Witt whither wilt thou? yet, though I am none of the seven Sages, I can look as farr into a Milstone as another, and you know that the stander by seeth more then the Gamester.

What I write is the Language of a Friend, and could I fleeed you herein I would do it with as good a will as ever I came from
School

School, for I am yours as much as any Wife can be, or rather, that I may conclude with the old *Roman* Proverb, I am Yours, *Usque ad Aras*

Yours to the Altar
J. H.

XVII.

TO CHARLES II.

(Pub. Rec. Off. Dom. Chas. II. i. No. 116.)

To the Kings most ex^t Ma^{tie}The humble pet^{on} of James Howell Esq^r

Sheweth, That hauing bin by his late Ma^{ties} imediat comand sworne one of the Clerks of his Privy Counsell about i8 yeers since, And coming to London a little after vpon his Ma^{ties} affairs, he was comitted one of the first prifoners in the Fleet where he lay above 8 yeers, & continued vnder bayle 7 yeers after during which time hee was plunderd 3 severall times to his vtter vndoing.

Hee humbly prays yo^r Ma^{ty} wold please to comand that he may be confirmd in the fayed place, Or that yo^r Ma^{ty} would be graciously pleased to haue him in yo^r Royall thoughts some other way for a Liuelihood

And Hee shall pray eu^r

JAM HOWELL.

(Enclosure.)

The Cafe truly stated

When the Court was at York j was comanded by my Lord of Bristol to attend the King one morning in his Bedchamber, when his Ma^{ty} told me, *That he wold giue orders to sweare me Clerk of the Counsell in Secr: Nicholas his place, but he was ptly engaged to S^r Jo: Jacob, & if he had it not, j shold haue it presently, howsoever s^d his Ma^{ty}, j will giue order you shalbe sworne now, & y^e first place that falls you shalbe sure of it,* Vpon w^{ch} words j had y^e honor to Kisse his hand, so his Ma^{ty} Himself gave comand to S^r Dudley Carleton to sweare me, w^{ch} was done accordingly before divers privy Counsellors.

S^r Jo: Jacob keeping still in these Parts quitted his designe that way, & j coming a little after to London, & being vpon point of returning presently to Court, j was apprehended & comitted prifoner

prifoner to y^e Fleet vnder y^e notion of a dangerous perfon by y^e Long Parlement where j lay clofe aboue 8 years notwithstanding my often petitioning for my enlargement, & continued 7 years after vnder good bayl to be forth coming within fo many howers during w^{ch} traverfes j was plunderd 3 times.

The time y^t j was fworn ther were but 3 Clerks of the Counfell viz. S^r Tho: Mewtis, S^r Dud; Carlton, & S^r Rich: Brown wherof y^e 2 firft died a while after during my imprifonment, yet fince, ther haue bin three Clerks gott over my head ett^s

JAM. HOWELL.

XVIII.

TO CHARLES II.

(Pub. Rec. Off. Dom. Chas. II. xvii. No. 6.)

To the Kings moft ex^t Ma^{tie}

The humble pet^{on} of James Howell Efq^r
Clerk of the Counfell to his late Maiefty
of ever bleffed Memory

Sheweth, That wheras yo^r Ma^{ty} is graciously pleafed for the Regulation & aduancement of Trade to award a Royall Comiffion to fome of the knowingft Marchants, & others whom yo^r Ma^{ty} fhall pleafe to nominat for the intent aforefayed And wheras yo^r pet^t hath bin verfd & employd by their late Ma^{ties} in affaires of that nature to Spaine, Germany, & Denmark

He prayeth, yo^r Ma^{tie} wold pleafe to comand that He may ferve yo^r Ma^{tie} in quality of an Affiftant & Secretary to the fayd Comiffion, & He fhall employ his beft endeouours to acquit himfelf to his duty therein

And duly pray ett^s.

XIX.

TO LORD CLARENDON.

(Dom. Chas. II., xxxix., No. 52).

My Lord,

Yo^r lo^{pp} having bin pleafd to promife mee the contribution of yo^r favour, j take this great boldnes to defire, yo^r lo^{pp} wold pleafe to move his Ma^{tie} that j may attend the la: Infanta (who comes to be our Queen) in quality of Her Tutor for Languages:

For

For having the Spanish Toung (with the Portuguez dialect) As also y^e Italian & French both for the Practice and Theory so farr that j have published a Great Dictionary with Gramars to all the Three dedicated to the King at his first coming (for which his Ma^{tie} promised to sett a mark of his favor vpon me) of which Dictionary j was not wanting to present yo^r lo^{pp} with one, Having also a compendious choice method of Instruction I hope j shalbe thought par negotio, which in all humblenes is left to consideration by

Yo^r lo^{pps} most obedient
and ready fervant
JAM HOWELL.

(*Endorsed.*)

R. 11^o July 1661
M^r Jam : Howell
to be Tutor for Languages
to y^e Queen.

To my Lo : Chancelor

XX.

GRANT TO HOWELL.

(Pub. Rec. Off. Signet Office Docket, Feb. 1661.)

Warrant to the Excheq^r to pay to James Howell Esq^r y^e sum of 200^{li} as of his ma^{tis} free gift wth out acc^t. Subsc^r by M^r Berd by warrant under his ma^{te} Sign manuell ut supra.

XXI.

JAMES HOWELL'S WILL.

(Somerset House I. Carr. 323.)

London j4^o 8^{bus} j666.

[Iacob' Howell.] In The name of God Amen. y James Howell of the Parish of S^t Andrews in Holborn Esquire: being sickly in body but well in mind and memory doe make this my last will and testament. Aboue all I bequeath my soule to him that gaue it my eternall God and maker. I Desire my body may be carried decently in a herse: And buried in the Middle Temple Church as privately as can be Att the ffoote of the next great Piller This side the little Quier where I have directed M^r Marshall to sett up a large Black Marble with a Brasse Picture of
mine

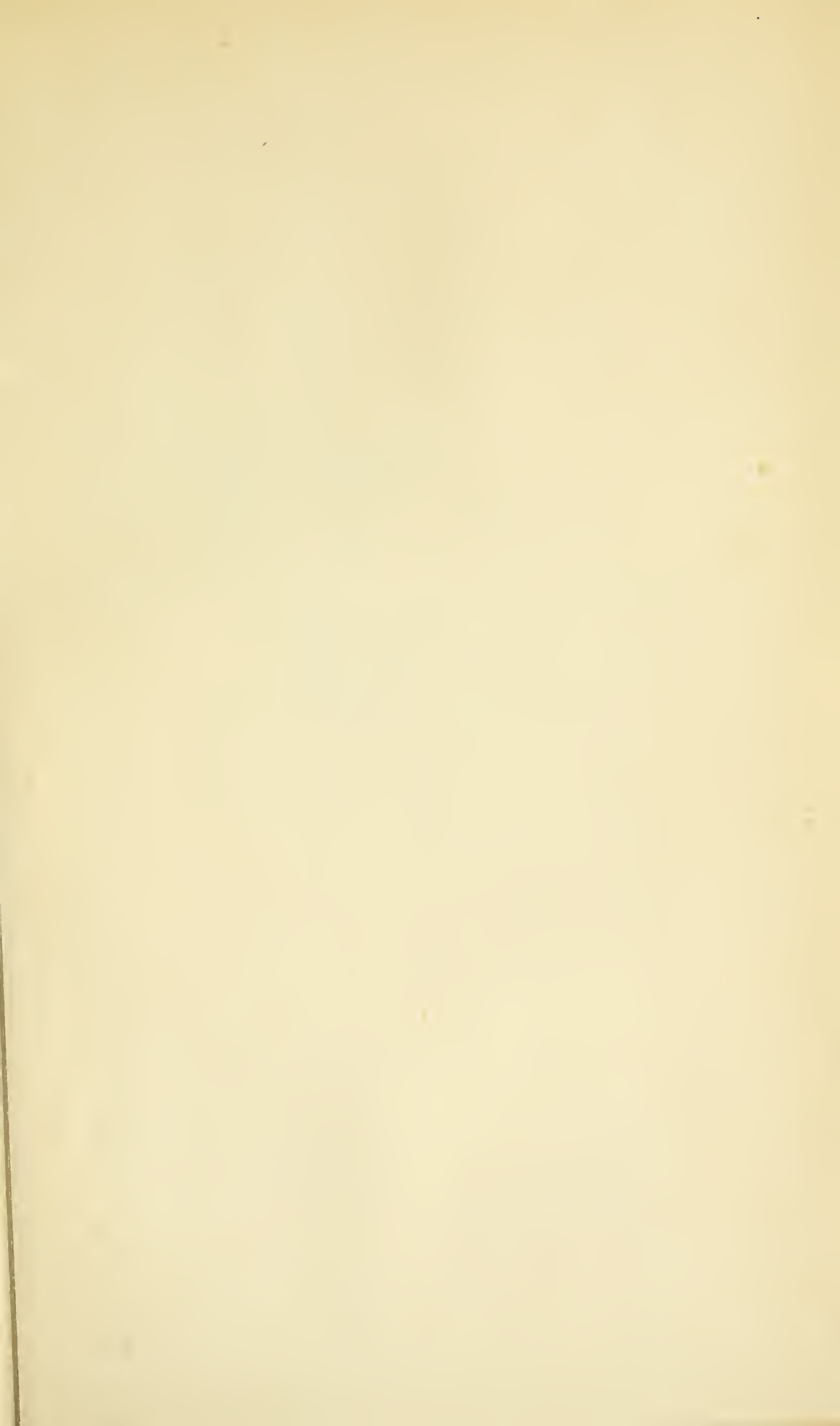
mine in the Middle with my Armes and a Latin Epitaph. Touching my worldly goods I bequeath vnto my brother Howell Howell Twenty ffive pounds To my sifter Gwin fforty shillings to buy her a Ring And fforty shillings to my sifter Roberta Ap-Rice I bequeath vnto my niece Elizabeth Banister Twenty pounds and my silver watch with my best Cloak and suite I bequeath vnto my Nephew Arthur Howell ffour pounds and my light coloured Coate with my Montero Capp I bequeath vnto my Nephew George at Oxon fforty shillings my feale of Armes my Standish and Privat Clafped Prayer booke I bequeath Mrs. Leigh my Landlady Tenn pounds for her selfe and towards the Portion of her daughter Edith. Item I bequeath ffoure pounds to one Strafford a Heelmaker by Somersset Houfe. Of this my will I make my nephew Henry Howell sole Executor and Adminiftrator not doubting but he will see the pre-mises performed accordingly Witnefs my hand and feale

JAM: HOWELL

In the prefence of J. Lowe /

Memorandum that I leave Mr. Playford the Sexton of the Temple Church twenty shillings to buy him a Ring / Mr. Brife of Old-ftreete ffoure pounds to be speedily paid / Item to Mr. Matthew Pinder an old Jacobus to buy him a Ring / All the rest of my worldly goods [I] leave to my p^rsent Executo^r Except Thirty pounds in a white Bagg which is designed for a Tomb wherein I desire my Executor to be very carefull / Iam: Howell / In the p^rfense of I. Lowe.

[Proved by Henry Howell 18 Feb. 1666-7.]





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Howell, James
Epistolae Ho-Eliauae

