

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ .



James Howell

JAMES HOWELL

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Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ

THE FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF

James Howell

With an Introduction by AGNES REPPLIER

VOL. IV



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EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION VIII

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF A FRESHER DATE

BOOK III

SECTION VIII

I

*To the Right Hon. Edward Earl of Dorset
(Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, etc.), at Knowles*

MY LORD,

HAVING so advantageous a hand as Doctor S. Turner, I am bold to send your Lordship a new tract of French philosophy called "L'Usage de Passions," which is cried up to be a choice piece. It is a moral discourse of the right use of passions, the conduct whereof, as it is the principal employment of virtue, so the conquest of them is the difficultest part of valour. To know one's self is much, but to conquer one's self is more. We need not pick quarrels and seek enemies without doors, we have too many inmates at home to exercise our prowess upon; and there is no man, let him have his humours never so well balanced and in subjection unto him, but like Muscovy wives, they will oftentimes insult, unless they be checked, yet we should make them our servants not our slaves. Touching the occurrences of the times, since the King was snatched

away from the Parliament, the army, they say, use him with more civility and freedom; but for the main work of restoring him, he is yet, as one may say, but tantalised, 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, though some of the chiefest commanders be still adverse.

For foreign news, they say St Mark bears up stoutly against Mahommed 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 quashed, but those of Naples increase, and it is like to be a more raging and voracious fire than Vesuvius or any of the sulphurous mountains about her did ever belch out. The Catalan and Portuguese 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 happened, not only in Europe, but all the world over, that have befallen mankind, I dare boldly say, since Adam

fell, in so short a revolution of time. There is a kind of popular planet reigns everywhere. I will begin with the hottest parts, with Africa, where the Emperor of Ethiopia (with two of his sons) was encountered and killed in open field by the groom of his camels and dromedaries, who had 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 over the four hundred miled wall, and rushed into the heart of China as far as Quinzay and beleaguered the very palace of the Emperor, who rather than become captive to the base Tartar burnt his castle and did make away himself, his thirty wives and children. The great Turk hath been lately strangled in the seraglio, his own house. The Emperor of Muscovy, going in a solemn procession upon the Sabbath day, the rabble broke in, knocked down, and cut in pieces divers of his chiefest councillors, favourites and officers before his face, and dragging their bodies to the market-place, their heads were chopped off, thrown into vessels of hot water, and so set upon poles to burn more bright before the court gate. In Naples a common fruiterer hath raised such an insurrection, that they say above 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 betwixt 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 unto him, unless other Christian princes look to it in time; and touching these three kingdoms, there is none more capable than your Lordship to judge what monstrous things have happened; so that it seems the whole earth is off the hinges, and (which is the more wonderful) all these prodigious passages have fallen out in less than the compass of 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 ratified betwixt them and Spain, but they defer the publishing of it yet, till they have collected all the contribution money for the army. The Spaniard hopes that one day this peace may tend to his advantage more than all his wars have done these fourscore years, relying upon the old prophecy —

Marte triumphabis, Batavia, Pace peribis.

The King of Denmark hath buried lately his eldest son Christian, so that he hath now but one living, viz. Frederic, who is Archbishop of Breme, and is shortly to be king-elect.

My Lord, this letter runs upon universals, because I know your Lordship hath a public 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.

From the Fleet, this 20 of *January* 1646.

II

To Mr En. P., at Paris

SINCE we have both agreed to truck intelligence, and that you are contented to barter French for English, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtle air of yours, tinsel sometimes passes for tissue, Venice beads for pearl, and demicastors for beavers; 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 Tuileries, especially that at Charenton Bridge, which quivers and renders the voice ten times when it is open weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turned upside down,

and it hath been long agoing so. You know, a good while since we have had leather caps and beaver shoes, but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops' lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops ; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there ; boots and shoes are so long snouted that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use. The devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to frighten him anywhere, and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately than ever were in this island since the Creation.

I have no more to communicate unto you at this time, and this is too much unless it were better. God Almighty send us patience, you in your banishment, me in my captivity, and give us heaven for our last country, where desires turn to fruition, doubts to certitudes, and dark thoughts to clear contemplations. Truly, my dear Don Antonio, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the elements, and (were it my Maker's pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit scores with the world, make my last account with nature, and return this small skinful 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 is become of my manuscript, I kiss your hand, and rest most passionately your faithful servitor,

J. H.

The Fleet, 20 *February* 1646.

III

To Master W. B.

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 hath as much of piety as curiosity in it, but I must tell you it is a subject fitter for a treatise than a letter, yet I will endeavour to satisfy you in some part.

Touching the word *πρεσβύτερος*, it is as ancient as Christianity itself, and every Churchman completed in holy orders was called presbyter, as being the chiefest name of the function, and so it is used in all Churches, both Eastern and Occidental, to this day. We by contraction call him priest, so that all bishops and archbishops are priests, though not *vice versâ*. These holy titles of bishop and priest are now grown odious among such poor sciolists who scarce know the Hotie's of things, because they savour of antiquity. Though

their minister that officiates in their church be the same thing as priest, and their superintendent the same thing as bishop, but because they are lovers of novelties, they change old Greek words for new Latin ones. The first broacher of the Presbyterian religion, and who made it differ from that of Rome and Luther, was Calvin, who, being once banished Geneva, was revoked, at which time he no less petulantly than profanely applied to himself that text of the holy prophet which was meant of Christ, "The stone which the builders refused is made the headstone of the corner," etc. Thus Geneva Lake swallowed up the Episcopal See, and Church lands were made secular, which was the white they levelled at. This Geneva bird flew thence to France and hatched the Huguenots, which make about the tenth part of that people. It took wing also to Bohemia and Germany, High and Low, as the Palatinate, the land of Hesse, and the confederate provinces of the States of Holland, whence it took flight to Scotland and England. It took first footing in Scotland, when King James was a child in his cradle ; but when he came to understand himself, and was manumitted from Buchanan, he grew cold in it, and being come to England, he utterly 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 happened in Christianity, with most of the wars that have lacerated poor Europe ever since, and it may be called the source

of the civil distractions that now afflict this poor island.

Thus have I endeavoured 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 yours most affectionately to love and serve you,

J. H.

From the Fleet, this 29 of November 1647.

IV

To Sir J. S., Knight, at Rouen

OF all the blessings that ever dropped down from heaven upon man, that of his redemption may be called the blessing paramount; and of all those comforts and exercises of devotion which attend that blessing, the Eucharist or Holy Sacrament may claim the prime place. But as there is devotion, so there is danger in it, and that in the highest degree. It is rank poison to some, though a most sovereign cordial to others, *ad modum recipientis*, as the schoolmen say, whether they take *panem Dominum*, as the Roman Catholic, or *panem Domini*, as the Reformed Churches. The bee and the spider suck honey and poison out of one flower. This, sir, you have divinely expressed in the poem you pleased to send me upon this subject, and whereas you seem to woo my muse to such a task, something you may see she hath done in pure obedience only to your commands.

FAMILIAR LETTERS

UPON THE HOLY SACRAMENT

1

Hail, Holy Sacrament,
 The world's great wonderment,
 Mysterious banquet, much more rare
 Than manna, or the angels' fare ;
 Each crumb, though sinners on thee feed,
 Doth Cleopatra's pearl exceed.
 Oh, how my soul doth hunger, thirst and pine
 After these cates so precious, so divine!

2

She need not bring her stool
 As some unbidden fool ;
 The Master of this heavenly feast
 Invites and woos her for His guest ;
 Though 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 tattered rags throw quite away.

3

This is Bethesda's pool
 That can both cleanse and cool
 Poor leprous and diseased souls ;
 An angel here keeps and controls,
 Descending gently from the heavens above
 To stir the waters, may he also move
 My mind, and rocky heart so strike and rend,
 That tears may thence gush out with them to blend.

This morning-fancy drew on another towards
 the evening, as followeth —

As to the pole the lily bends
 In a sea-compass, and still tends
 By a magnetic mystery
 Unto the Arctic point in sky,
 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 lighteth another, so were my spirits enlightened and heated by your late meditations in this kind; and well fare your soul with all her faculties for them. I find you have a great care of her and of the main chance, *prae quo quiesquiliae caetera*. You shall hear further from me within a few days. In the interim be pleased to reserve still in your thoughts some little room for your most entirely affectionate servitor, J. H.

From the Fleet, 10 of *December* 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 beforehand 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. It is conceit chiefly that gives contentment, and he is happy who thinks himself so in any condition, though he have not enough to keep the wolf from the door. Opinion is that great lady which sways the world, and according to the impressions 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 throughout. These two heads would often fall into altercations pro and con one with the other, and seldom were they of one opinion, but they would knock one against the other in eager disputes, which shows that the judgment is seated in the animal parts, not in the vital, which are lodged in the heart.

We are still in a turbulent sea of distractions, nor as far as I see is there yet any sight of shore. Mr. T. M. hath had a great loss at sea lately, which, I fear, will light heavily upon him. When I consider his case, I may say that as the philosopher made a question whether the mariner be to

be ranked among the number of the living or dead (being but four inches distant from drowning, only the thickness of a plank), so it is a doubt whether the merchant adventurer be to be numbered betwixt the rich or the poor, his estate being in the mercy of that devouring element the sea, which hath so good a stomach that he seldom casts up what he hath once swallowed. This city hath bred of late years men of monstrous strange opinions, that as all other rich places besides, she may be compared to a fat cheese, which is most subject to engender maggots. God amend all, and me first, who am yours most faithfully to serve you,

Fleet, this St Thos. day.

J. H.

VI

To Mr W. Blois

MY WORTHY ESTEEMED NEPHEW,

I RECEIVED those rich nuptial favours you appointed me for bands and hat, which I wear with very much contentment and respect, most heartily wishing that this late double condition may multiply new blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden days, according to the colour and substance of your bridal riband, that those days may be perfumed with delight and pleasure, as the rich scented gloves I wear for your sake. May such benedictions attend you both, as the epithalamiums of Stella in Statius and Julia in

Catullus speak of. I hope also to be married shortly to a lady whom I have wooed above these five years, but I have found her coy and dainty hitherto, yet I am now like to get her good will in part — I mean the lady liberty.

When you see my N. Brownrigg, I pray tell him that I did not think Suffolk waters had such a lethean quality in them as to cause such an amnesia in him of his friends here upon the Thames, among whom for reality and seriousness I may match among the foremost, but I impute it to some new task that his muse might haply impose upon him, which hath ingrossed all his speculations; I pray present my cordial kind respects unto him.

So, praying that a thousand blisses may attend this confarreation, I rest, my dear nephew, yours most affectionately to love and serve you, J. H.

From the Fleet, this 20 of *March* 1647.

VII

To Henry Hopkins, Esq.

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 gathered 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), it is good for many things; it helps digestion taken awhile after meat, it makes one void rheume, break wind, and keeps the body open. A leaf or two being steeped overnight 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 toiled with the pen and stupefied with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually overset the brain. The smoke of it is one of the wholesomest scents that is against all contagious airs, for it o'ermasters all other smells, as King James, they say, found true when, being once ahunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pigsty for shelter, where he caused a pipeful to be taken on purpose. It cannot endure a spider or a flea, with such-like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers it frees him. It is good to 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, it is excellent good against the cholic, and taken into the stomach, it will heat and cleanse it; for I could instance in a great lord (my Lord of Sunderland, President of York), who told me that he taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up

an impostume, bag and all, which had been a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at football, and so preserved his life for many years. Now to descend from the substance of the smoke to the ashes, it is well known that the medicinal virtues thereof are very many but they are so common that I will spare the inserting of them here. But if one would try a petty conclusion how much smoke there is in a pound of tobacco, the ashes will tell him, for let a pound be exactly weighed, and the ashes kept charily and weighed afterward, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be denied 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 is 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, overtired 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 Africa it is wonderful what a small pill of tobacco will do, for those who use to ride post through the sandy deserts, where they meet not with anything that is potable or edible sometimes three days together, they use to carry small balls or pills of tobacco, which being

put under the tongue, it affords them a perpetual moisture, and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days.

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern herb, you must read Doctor Thorus' *Poetologia*, an accurate piece couched in a strenuous heroic verse full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last, insomuch that for the bigness it may be compared to any piece of antiquity, and in my opinion is beyond Βατραχομνομαχία, or γαλεωμνομαχία.

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept this small argument of my great respects unto you. If you want paper to light your pipe, this letter may serve the turn, and if it be true what the poets frequently sing, that affection is fire, you shall need no other than the clear flames of the donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this distich—

Ignis amor si 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 in stead.

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 servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *January* 1646.

VIII

To the Right Honourable my Lord of D.

MY LORD,

THE subject of this letter may peradventure seem a paradox to some, but not, I know, to your Lordship, when you have 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, though ever so mean and mechanical. Every man strains his fortunes to keep his children at school. The cobbler will clout it till midnight, the porter will carry burdens till his bones crack again, the ploughman will pinch both back and belly to give his son learning, and I find that this ambition reigns 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 Saint Crispin's lance handsomely, a skilful yeoman, a good shipwright, etc., 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 dexterous 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 it is all the learning he aims at, which makes them admirable artisans, for besides the dexterity and propensity of the child, being descended lineally from so many of the same trade, the father is more careful to instruct him, and to discover unto him all the mystery thereof: this general custom or law keeps their heads from running at random after book learning and other vocations. I have read a tale of 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 plough or his cart, or to buy tacklings for his horses, with other things belonging to his husbandry, he should not want what was fitting; but he wished him to aim no higher, for a husbandman he found him and a husbandman he would leave him.

The extravagant humour of our country is not

to be altogether commended, that all men should aspire to book learning. There is not a simpler animal, and a more superfluous member of a state, than a mere scholar, than an only 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, though an excellent engineer, when Syracuse was lost, was found at his book in his study, intoxicated with speculations. Who would not have thought another great learned philosopher to be a fool or frantic when, being in a bath, he leaped 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 Manichaeos.*" The other fell a-gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he liked her,

he answered, "Oh, sir, if an earthly queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven?" The latter was the better courtier of the two. Hence we may infer that your mere bookmen, 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, specially those who feed their own fancies only upon the public stock. Therefore it were to be wished that there reigned not among the people of this land such a general itching after book learning, and I believe so many free schools do rather hurt than good. Nor did the art of printing much avail the Christian commonwealth, but may be said to be well near as fatal as gunpowder, which came up in the same age. For, under correction, to this may be partly ascribed that spiritual pride, that variety of dogmatists which swarm among us. Add hereunto that the excessive number of those who converse only with books, and whose profession consists in them, is such that one cannot live for another, according to the dignity of the calling. A physician cannot live for the physicians, a lawyer (civil and common) cannot live for lawyers, nor a divine for divines. Moreover, the multitudes that profess these three best vocations, especially the last, make them of far 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, though in reality he be such a dolt that he hath neither a retentive faculty to keep what he hath read, nor wit to make any useful application of it in common discourse; what he draws in lieth upon dead lees, and never grows fit to be broached. 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 fondest opinions. There are divers who are cried up for great clerks who want discretion. Others, though 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 through briary odd uncouth paths, and so fall into the fallacy called *notum per ignotius*. Some have the hap to be termed learned men though they have gathered up but the scraps of knowledge here and there, though they be but smatterers and mere sciolists scarce knowing the Hoties of things; yet like empty casks if they can make a sound, and have a gift to vent with confidence what they have sucked in, they are accounted great scholars. Amongst all book-learned men, except the divine, to whom all learned men should be lackeys, the philosopher

who hath waded through all the mathematics, who hath dived into the secrets of the elementary world, and converseth also with celestial bodies, may be termed a learned man. The critical historian and antiquary may be called also a learned man, who hath conversed with our forefathers, and observed the carriage and contingencies of matters past, whence he draws instances and cautions for the benefit of the times he lives in. The civilian may be called likewise a learned man if the revolving of huge volumes may entitle one so; but touching the authors of the common law, which is peculiar only to this meridian, they "may be all carried in a wheelbarrow," as my countryman Doctor Gwyn told Judge Finch. The physician must needs be a learned man, for he knows himself inward and outward, being well versed in autology, in that lesson "Nosce Teipsum," and as Adrian the Sixth said, he is very necessary to a populous country, for "were it not for the physician, men would live so long and grow so thick, that one could not live for the other, and he makes the earth cover all his faults."

But what Doctor Gwyn said of the common law books, and Pope Adrian of the physician, was spoken, I conceive, in merriment; for my part, I honour those two worthy professions in a high degree. Lastly, a polyglot or good linguist may be also termed a useful learned man, especially if versed in school languages.

My Lord, I know none of this age more capable

to sit in the chair, and censure what is true learning, and what not, than yourself; therefore, in speaking of this subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same error as Phormio did in discoursing of war before Hannibal. No more now, but that I am, my Lord, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. H.

IX

To Doctor J. D.

I HAVE many sorts of civilities to thank you for, but among the rest I thank you a thousand times (twice told) for that delightful 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' opinion touching the movement of the earth which hath so stirred all our modern wits, and whereof Sir J. Brown pleased to oblige himself to do the like touching the 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 lunar world.

I believe it is 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 she 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 antipodes was exploded when it was first broached, it was held absurd and ridiculous, and the thing itself to be as impossible as it was for men to go upon their heads with their heels upwards, nay, it was adjudged to be so dangerous a tenet, that you know well the bishop's name who in the primitive Church was by sentence of condemnation sent out of this world without a head to go to and dwell amongst his antipodes, because he first hatched and held that opinion. But now our late navigators and East India mariners who use to cross the equator and tropics so often will tell you, that it is as gross a paradox to hold there are no antipodes, and that the negative is now as absurd as the affirmative seemed at first: for man to walk upon the ocean when the surges were at the high-

est, 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 observed 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 hyssop to the cedar. One day certifieth another, and one age rectifieth another. The morrow hath more experience than the precedent day, and is oftentimes able to be his schoolmaster. The grandchild laughs at some things that were done in his grandsire's days, insomuch that hence it may be inferred 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 though in respect be had to the particular and personal acts of generation, and to the relation of father and son, they who fore-lived and preceded us may be called our ancestors, yet if you go to the age of the world in general, and to the true length and longevity of things, we are more properly the older cosmopolites. In this respect the cadet may be termed more ancient than his elder brother, because the world was older when he entered into it. Moreover, besides truth, time hath also another daughter, which is experience, who holds in her hands the great looking-glass of wisdom and knowledge.

But now to the intended task, touching a habitable world, and a species of living creatures in the orb of the moon, which may bear some analogy with those of this elementary world. Although it be not my purpose to maintain and absolutely assert this problem, yet I will say this, that whosoever 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 it is almost as ancient as philosophy herself; I am sure it is as old as Orpheus, who sings of divers fair cities and castles within the circle of the moon. Moreover, the profoundest clerks and most renowned philosophers in all ages have affirmed it. Towards the

first age of learning among others Pythagoras and Plato avouched it, the first of whom was pronounced the wisest of men by the pagan oracle, as our Solomon is by Holy Writ. In the middle age of learning Plutarch speaks of it, and in these modern times the most speculative and scientificest men, both in Germany and Italy, seem to adhere to it, insinuating that not only the sphere of the moon is peopled with Selenites or lunar men, but that likewise every star in heaven is a peculiar world of itself, which is colonised and replenished with Astrean inhabitants, as the earth, sea and air are with elementary, the body of the sun not excepted, who hath also his solar creatures, and they are accounted the most sublime, the most pure and perfectest of all. The elementary creatures are held the grossest of all, having more matter than form in them. The solar have more form than matter; the Selenites with other Astrean inhabitants are of a mixed nature, and the nearer they approach the body of the sun, the more pure and spiritual they are. Were it so, there were some ground for his speculation, who thought that human souls, be they never so pious and pure, ascend not immediately after their 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 beforehand 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 splendour.

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 other arguments which the assertors of Astrean inhabitants do produce for proof of this high point, one is, that it is neither repugnant to reason nor religion to think that the Almighty

Fabricator of the universe, who doth nothing in vain, nor suffers His handmaid nature to do so, when He created the erratic and fixed stars, He did not make those huge immense bodies, whereof most are bigger than the earth and sea, though conglobated, to twinkle only, and to be an ornament to the roof of heaven, but He placed in the convex of every one of those vast capacious spheres some living creatures to glorify His Name, among whom there is in every of them one supereminent like 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 colonise 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 designed for the damned.

They who are transported with this high speculation that there are mansions and habitable conveniences for creatures to live within the bodies of the celestial orbs, seem to task 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 unto him in the generation and increase of all elementary creatures, and yet have peculiar inhabitants of their own besides to concur with the rest of the world in the service of the Creator. It is a fair prerogative for man to be lord of all terrestrial, aquatic and airy creatures; that with his harpooning iron he can draw ashore the great leviathan, that he can make the camel and huge dromedary to kneel unto him, and take up his burden; that he can make the fierce bull, though 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 it is called His footstool, and though some take it to be the centre, yet it is the very sediment of the elementary world, as they say the moon is of the celestial. It is the very sink of all corruption and frailty, which made Trismegistus say that "terra non mundus est nequitiae locus;" The earth, not the world, is the seat of wickedness. And though, it is true, she be susceptible

of light, yet the light terminates only in her superficialities, 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, as 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 it is a rule, "Quicquid non descendit a monte Scripturae, eadem autoritate 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," etc. (Whatsoever descends not from the mount of reason may be as well rejected as approved of).

So, longing after an opportunity to pursue this point by mixture of oral discourse, which hath more elbow-room than a letter, I rest with all candour and cordial affection, your faithful servant,

J. H.

Fleet, this 2 of *November* 1647.

X

To the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

THOSE rays of goodness which are diffus-
edly scattered in others are all concentr'd
in you, which, were they divided into equal por-
tions, were enough to complete a whole jury of
ladies. This draws you a mixture of love and
envy, or rather an admiration from all who know
you, especially from me, and that in so high a de-
gree, 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
unto me, which I will observe with as much alle-
giance as any branch of Magna Charta; they shall
be as binding to me as Lycurgus' laws were to the
Spartans; and to this I subscribe,

J. H.

Fleet, this 10 of *August* 1647.

XI

To Mr. R. B., Esquire, at Grundesburgh

SIR,

WHEN I overlooked the list of my choicest friends to insert your name, I paused a while, and thought it more proper to begin a new collateral file and put you in the front thereof, where make account you are placed. If anything upon earth partakes of angelic happiness (in civil actions), it is friendship; it perfumes the thoughts with such sweet ideas and the heart with such melting passions. Such are the effects of yours to me, which makes me please myself much in the speculation of it.

I am glad you are so well returned to your own family, and touching the wheelwright you write of, who from a cart came to be a captain, it made me think of the perpetual rotations of fortune, which you know antiquity seated upon a wheel in a restless, though not violent, volubility; and truly it was never more verified than now, that those spokes which were formerly but collateral, and some of them quite underneath, are now coming up apace to the top of the wheel. I hope there will be no cause to apply to them the old verse I learned at school—

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

But there is a transcendent over-ruling Provi-

dence, who cannot only check the rollings of this petty wheel and strike a nail into it that it shall not stir, but stay also when He pleaseth the motions of 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 lowered 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

THAT which the plots of the Jesuits in their dark cells, and the policy of the greatest Roman Catholic princes have driven at these many years, is now done to their hands, which was to divide and break the strength of these three kingdoms, because they held it to be too great a glory and power to be in one heretical prince's hands (as they esteemed the King of Great Britain), because he was in a capacity to be umpire, if not arbiter of this part of the world, as many of our kings have been.

You write thence, that in regard of the sad condition of our queen, their countrywoman, they are sensible of our calamities, but I believe it is the populace only, who see no further than the rind of things; your cabinet council rather rejoiceth at it, who, or I am much deceived, contributed much in the time of the late sanguine Cardinal, to set afoot these distractions, beginning first with Scotland, who, you know, hath always served that nation for a brand to set England afire for the advancement of their own ends. I am afraid we have seen our best days; we knew not when we were well, so that the Italian saying may be well applied 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 *January* 1647.

XIII

To John Wroth, Esq., at Petherton Park

I HAD two of yours lately, one in Italian, the other in French (which were answered in the same dialect), and as I read them with singular delight, so I must tell you, they struck an admiration into me, that in so short a revolution of time you should come to be so great a master of those languages, both for the pen and parley. I have known divers, and those of pregnant and ripe

capacities, who had spent more oil and time in those countries, yet could they not 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 et 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 you, but I find that you have studied the men and the manners of those nations you have conversed withal. Neither have you courted only all their fair cities, castles, houses of pleasure and other places of curiosity, but you have pryed into the very mysteries of their government, as I find by those choice manuscripts and observations you have brought with you. In all these things you have been so curious as if the soul of your great uncle, who was employed ambassador in the Imperial Court, and who held correspondence with the greatest men of Christendom in their own language, had transmigrated into you.

The freshest news here is, that those heart-burnings and fires of civil commotions which you left behind you in France, covered over with thin ashes for the time, are broken out again, and I believe they will be never quite extinguished till there be a peace or truce with Spain, for till then there is no hope of abatement of taxes. And it is feared the Spanish will out-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 employed 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 *August* 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, though 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 that our miseries lengthen with our days; for though the sun and the spring advance nearer us, yet our times are not grown a whit the more comfortable. I am afraid this city hath fooled herself into a slavery. The army, though forbidden to come within ten miles of her by order of Parliament, quarters now in the bowels of her. They threaten to break her portcullises, posts and chains, to make her pervious upon

all occasions. They have secured also the Tower, with addition of strength for themselves. Besides, a famine doth insensibly creep upon us, and the mint is starved 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 engrossed in private hands or gone beyond sea to travel without licence, and much, I believe, of it is returned 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. It is true we have had many such black days in England in former ages, but those paralleled to the present are as the shadow of a mountain compared to the eclipse of the moon. My prayers, early and late, are that God Almighty would please not to turn away His face quite, but cheer us again with the light of His countenance. And I am well assured you will join with me in the same orison to heaven's gate, in which confidence I rest yours most affectionately to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 10 *December* 1647.

XV

To Sir K. D., at Paris

NOW that you are returned and fixed a while in France, an old servant of yours takes leave to kiss your hands and salute you in an intense degree of heat and height of passion. It is well you shook hands with this unfortunate isle when you did, and got your liberty by such a royal mediation as the Queen's Regents, for had you stayed you would have taken but little comfort in your life, in regard that ever since there have been the fearfullest distractions here that ever happened upon any part of the earth. A bellowing kind of immanity never raged 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 wolfish humour hath seized upon most of this people, a true lycanthropy, they so worry and seek to devour one another; so that the wild Arab and fiercest Tartar may be called civil men in comparison of us; therefore he is the happiest who is farthest off from this woe-ful island. The King is straitened of that liberty

he formerly had in the Isle of Wight, and as far as I see, may make up the number of Nebuchadnezzar years before he be restored. The Parliament persists in their first propositions and will go nothing less. This is all I have to send at this time, only I will 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

YOURS of the seventeenth current came safely to hand and I kiss your hands for it. You mention there two others that came not, which made me condole the loss of such jewels, for I esteem all your letters so, being the precious effects of your love, which I value at a high rate, and please myself much in the contemplation of it, as also in the continuance of this letter correspondence, which is performed on your part with such ingenuous 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 tossed back by contrary winds, so I have had frequent hopes of freedom, but some cross accident or other always intervened, insomuch that I am now in half-despair of an absolute release till a general 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-armed Scots have been utterly routed, rifled and all taken prisoners by less than 8000 English. I must confess it was a great exploit whereof I am not sorry, in regard that the English have regained hereby the honour which they had lost abroad of late years in the opinion of the world, ever since the pacification at Berwick, and divers 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 unto 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 RECEIVED and presently ran over your "Cyprian Academy" with much greediness and no vulgar delight, and, sir, I hold myself much honoured for the dedication you have been pleased to make thereof to me, for it deserved a far higher patronage. Truly, I must tell you without any compliment that I have seldom met with such an ingenious mixture of prose and

verse, interwoven with such varieties of fancy and charming strains of amorous passions, which have made all the ladies of the land in love with you. If you begin already to court the Muses so 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 pleased 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 Mazarin should do wisely, now that he hath feathered his nest so well, to truss up his baggage and make over the Alps to his own country, lest the same fate betide him as did the Marquis of Ancre, his compatriot. I am glad the treaty goes on betwixt Spain and France, for nothing can portend a greater good to Christendom than a conjunction of those two great luminaries, which if it please God to bring about, I hope the stars will change their aspects and we shall see better days.

I send here enclosed a second bill of exchange in case the first I sent you in my last hath miscarried. So, my dear nephew, I embrace you with both my arms and rest yours most entirely to love and serve you, while

J. H.

Fleet, 20 *June* 1647.

XVIII

To Mr Tho. More, at York

SIR,

I HAVE often partaken of that pleasure which letters use to carry along with them, but I do not remember to have found a greater proportion of delight than yours afford me. Your last of the fourth current came to safe hand, wherein methought each line, each word, each syllable breathed out the passions of a clear and candid soul, of a virtuous and gentle spirit. Truly, sir, as I might perceive by your ingenuous and 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 ecstasy possessed me for the time. I pray, sir, go on in this correspondence and you shall find that your lines will not be ill-bestowed upon me, for I love and respect you dearly well. Nor is this love grounded upon vulgar principles, but upon those extraordinary parts of virtue and worth which I have discovered in you, and such a love is the most permanent, as you shall find in your most affectionate uncle,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 of September 1647.

XIX

To Mr W. B., 3 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 perfumed Spanish glove. The air of this city is not so, especially in the heart of the city in and about Paul's Church, where horse-dung is a yard deep, insomuch that to cleanse it would be as hard a task as it was for Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable by drawing a great river through 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, Knight, upon the version of
an Italian piece into English, called 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 deserved 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 composed 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 betwixt the two First Persons of the Holy Trinity, there are examples of that kind in some of the most ancient fathers, as Apollinarius and Nazianzen, and lately Grotius hath the like in his tragedy of *Christ's Passion*, which may serve to free it from all exceptions. — So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and am, sir, your very humble and ready servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 25 *Martii* 1646.

XXI

To Sir Paul Neale, Knight, 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 betwixt the Pope and the Duke of Parma, with the grounds, procedure, and success of the said war, together with the interest and grievances, the pre-

tences 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 freeborn thoughts within him and genuine conceptions of his own (whereof I have some, though shallow ones), to enchain himself to a verbal servitude, and the sense of another. Moreover, translations are but as turncoated things at best, especially among languages that have advantages one of the other, as the Italian hath of the English, which may be said to differ one from the other as silk doth from cloth, the common wear of both countries where they are spoken. And as cloth is the more substantial, so the English tongue, by reason it is 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 are like wines taken 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 observed that every language hath certain idioms,

proverbs and peculiar expressions of its own, which are not renderable 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, called too much to the life, which happens when one aims at similitude more than skill. So in version of languages one may be so over-punctilious in words that he may mar the matter. The greatest fidelity that can be expected in a translator is to keep still afoot and entire the true genuine sense of the author with the main design he drives at; and this was the principal thing which was observed in this version.

Furthermore, let it not be thought strange that there are some Italian words made free denizens of England in this discourse, for by such means our language hath grown from time to time to be copious, and still grows more rich by adopting, or naturalising rather, the choicest foreign words of other nations, as a nosegay is nothing else but a tuft of flowers gathered from divers beds.

Touching this present version of Italian into English, I may say it is a thing I did when I had nothing to do. It was to find something whereby to pass away the slow hours of this sad condition of captivity.

I pray be pleased to take this as a small argument of the great respects I owe you for the sundry rare and high virtues I have discovered in you, as also for the obligations I have to your noble lady,

whose hands I humbly kiss, wishing you both, as the season invites me, a good New Year (for it begins but now in law), as also a holy Lent, and a healthful spring. Your most obliged and ready servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 25 *Martii*.

XXII

To Dr W. Turner

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 pleased to send me lately; especially 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 Penguins, 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 called "Balaam's Ass," that consisted of some invectives against King James and the Court *in statu quo tunc*. It was composed by one Mr Williams, a Councilor of the Temple, but a Roman Catholic, who was hanged, drawn and quartered at Charing Cross for it, and I believe there be hundreds that have copies of these verses ever since that time about the town yet living. They were these:

Some seven years since Christ rid to Court,
 And there He left His ass:
 The courtiers kicked him out of doors,
 Because they had no grass.* *grace.
 The ass went mourning up and down,
 And thus I heard him bray,
 If that they could not give me grass,
 They might have given me hay.
 But sixteen hundred forty-three,
 Whosoe'er shall see that day,
 Will nothing find within that Court
 But only grass and hay, etc.

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 sceptre 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 molehills at His pleasure. — So I rest, my dear doctor, your most faithful servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 9 *August* 1648.

XXIII

*To the Honourable Sir Edward Spencer, Knight,
at his House, near Branceford*

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 echoed in every corner of the town; nor do I mingle speech with any, though 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 "Daemonology," 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 produced for his purpose. 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, though never so clear in itself, with their but, yet, if, etc. ; they will flap the lie in truth's teeth, though she visibly stand before their face without any visard. Such perverse, cross-grained 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 called witches ; I say again, that he who denies there are such spirits shows 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 poenis danto" (They who should enchant the fruit of the earth, let them be punished). The imperial law is known by every civilian, "Hi cum hostes naturae sint, supplicio afficiantur" (These, meaning witches, because they are enemies to nature, let them be punished). And the Acts of Parliament in England are against those that invoke ill spirits, that take up any dead man, woman or child, or take the skin or bone of any dead body, to apply it to sorcery or charm, whereby any one is lamed or made to pine away, etc.; such shall be guilty of flat felony and not capable of clergy or sanctuary, etc.

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 of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, in Rouen, and of the Marchioness 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 Sénat de Londres tuera son roi" (The senate of London shall kill their King). The best historians have it upon record how Charlemagne's mistress enchanted him with a ring, which as long as she had about her he would not

suffer her dead carcass to be carried out of his chamber to be buried; and a bishop taking it out of her mouth, the Emperor grew to be as much bewitched with the bishop, but he being cloyed 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 a solemn arrest of Parliament accused and condemned of witchcraft. The Maltese took Saint Paul for a witch. Saint Augustin speaks of women who could turn men to horses and make them carry their burdens. Danaeus writes of an enchanted staff which the Devil, summoner-like, was used to deliver some market-women to ride upon. In some of the northern countries it is 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 Eric's (King of Sweden's) cornered cap, who could make the wind shift to any point of the compass, according as he turned 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, who used to make their predictions sometimes by fire, sometimes by flying of fowls, sometimes by inspection into the entrails of beasts, or invoking the dead, but most frequently by consulting with the oracles,

to whom all nations had recourse except the Jews. But you will say that since Christianity displayed her banner, the Cross hath scared 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 though the light of the Gospel chased away those great owls, there be some bats and little night birds that fly still abroad. I mean petty spirits that by secret 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, etc. There is a famous story of such a paction which Friar Louis made some half a hundred years ago with the Devil in Marseilles, who appeared to him in shape of a goat and promised him the enjoyment of any woman whom he fancied, with other pleasures, for forty-one years; but the Devil being too cunning for him, put the figure of one before, and made it fourteen years in the contract (which is to be seen to this day with the Devil's claw to it), at which time the friar was detected for witchcraft and burnt, and all those children whom he had christened during that term

of fourteen years were rebaptised; the gentlewomen whom he had abused put themselves into a nunnery by themselves. Hereunto may be added the great rich widow that was burned in Lyons, because it was proved the Devil had lain with her; as also the history of Lieutenant Jaquette, which stands upon record with the former, but if I should insert them here at large it would make this letter swell too much.

But we need not cross the sea for examples of this kind. We have too too many (God wot) at home. King James a great while was loath to believe there were witches, but that which happened to my Lord Francis of Rutland's children convinced him, who were bewitched by an old woman that was servant at Belvoir Castle; but being displeased, she contracted with the Devil (who conversed with her in form of a cat, whom she called Rutterkin) to make away those children, out of mere malignity and thirst of revenge.

But since the beginning of these unnatural wars there may be a cloud of witnesses produced for the proof of this black tenet, for within the compass of two years near upon three hundred witches were arraigned, and the major part executed in Essex and Suffolk only. Scotland swarms with them now more than ever, and persons of good quality are executed daily.

Thus, sir, have I huddled together a few arguments touching this subject, because in my last communication with you, methought I found you

somewhat unsatisfied and staggering in your opinion touching the affirmative part of this thesis, the discussing whereof is far fitter for an elaborate large treatise than a loose letter.

Touching the new Commonwealth you intend to establish, now that you have assigned me my part among so many choice legislators, something I shall do to comply with your desires, which shall be always to me as commands, and your commands as laws, because I love and honour you in a very high degree for those gallant freeborn thoughts and sundry parts of virtue which I have discerned in you, which make me entitle myself your most humble and affectionate faithful servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 *February* 1647.

XXIV

To Sir William Boswell, at the Hague

THAT black tragedy which was lately acted here, as it hath filled most hearts among us with consternation and horror, so I believe it hath been no less resented abroad. For my own particular, the more I 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 wondering 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 cured, as they say, of the King's Evil.

I had one of yours by Mr Jacob Boeue, and I much thank you for the account you please to give me of what I sent you by his conveyance. Holland may now be proud, for 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 *March* 1648.

XXV

To Mr. W. B., at Grundsburgh

NEVER credit me if liberty itself be as dear to me as your letters, they come so full of choice and learned applications, with such free, unforced strains of ingenuity, insomuch that when I peruse them methinks they cast such a kind of fragrancy that I cannot more aptly compare them than to the flowers which are now in their prime season, viz., to roses in June. I had two of them lately which methought were like quivers full of barbed arrows pointed with gold that penetrated my breast.

—Tali quis nollet ab ictu

Ridendo tremulas mortis non ire sub umbras ?

Your expressions were like those *mucrones* and *melliti globuli* which you so ingeniously apply mine

unto. But these arrows of yours, though they have hit me, they have not hurt me. They had no killing quality, but they were rather as so many cordials, for you know gold is restorative. I am suddenly surprised by an unexpected occasion, therefore I must abruptly break off with you for this time. I will only add, my most dear nephew, that I rest, yours entirely to love and serve you,
 J. H.

June 3, 1648.

XXVI

To R. K., Esquire, at St Giles's

DIFFERENCE in opinion, no more than a differing complexion, can be cause enough for me to hate any. A differing fancy is no more to me than a differing face. If another hath a fair countenance, though mine be black, or if I have a fair opinion, though another have a hard-favoured one, yet it shall not break that common league of humanity which should be betwixt rational creatures, provided he correspond with me in the general offices of morality and civil uprightness. This may admit him to my acquaintance and conversation, though I never concur with him in opinion. He bears the image of Adam, and the image of the Almighty as well as I; he had God for his Father, though he hath not the same Church for his mother. The Omniscient Creator, as He is only

kardiognostic, so He is the sole Lord of the whole inward man. It is He who reigns over the faculties of the soul and the affections of the heart. It is He who regulates the will, and rectifies all obliquities in the understanding by special illuminations, and oftentimes reconciles men as opposite in opinions as meridians and parallels are in point of extension, whereof the one draws from east to west, the other from north to south.

Some of the pagan philosophers, especially Themistius, who was prætor of Byzantium, maintained an opinion that as the pulchritude and preservation of the world consisted in varieties and dissimilarities (as also in eccentric and contrary motions), that as it was replenished with such numberless sorts of several species, and that the individuals of those species differed so much one from the other, especially mankind, amongst whom one shall hardly find two in ten thousand that hath exactly (though twins) the same tone of voice, similitude of face, or ideas of mind — therefore, the God of Nature ordained from the beginning that He should be worshipped in various and sundry forms of 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 confused labyrinth of errors, where, being entangled, the Devil, as they stand gaping for new lights to lead them out, takes his advantage to seize on them for their spiritual pride and insobriety in the search of more knowledge. — Your most faithful servant,

J. H.

28 *July* 1648.

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION IX

BOOK IV

SECTION IX

I

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at his house near
Lemster*

EPISTLES, or (according to the word in use) Familiar Letters, may be called the alarum bells of love; I hope this will prove so to you, and have power to awaken you out of that silence wherein you have slept so long; yet I would not have this alarum make any harsh obstreperous sound, but gently summon you to our former correspondence; your returns to me shall be more than alarum bells, they shall be like silver trumpets to rouse up my spirits, and make me take pen in hand to meet you more than halfway in the old field of friendship.

It is recorded of Galen, one of nature's cabinet clerks, that when he slept his siesta (as the Spaniard calls it), or afternoon sleep, to avoid excess that way, he used to sit in such a posture that having a gold ball in his hand, and a copper vessel underneath, as soon as his senses were shut, and the phantasy began to work, the ball would fall down,

the noise whereof would awake him, and draw the spring-lock back again to set the outward senses at liberty. I have seen in Italy a finger-ring which in the 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 pleased in the night. Let the pen between us have the virtue of that pin : but the pen hath a thousand virtues more. You know that *anser*, *apis*, *vitulus*, the goose, the bee and the calf, do rule the world, the one affording parchment, the other two sealing-wax and quills to write withal. You know also how the cackling of geese did once preserve the Capitol from being surprised by my countryman Brennus, which was the first foreign force that Rome felt. But the goose-quill doth daily greater things, it conserves empires (and the feathers of it get kingdoms; witness what exploits the English performed by it in France), the quill being the chiefest instrument of intelligence, and the ambassador's prime tool. Nay, the quill is the usefulest thing which preserves that noble virtue, friendship, which else would perish among men for want of practice.

I shall make no more sallies out of London this summer, therefore your letters may be sure where to find me. Matters are still involved here in a strange confusion, but the stars may let down milder influences ; therefore cheer up, and relieve yourself against better times, for the world would be irksome unto me if you were out of it: happen

what will, you shall be sure to find me your ready
and real servant, J. H.

II

To Mr T. Morgan

I RECEIVED two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me, but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian, Doctor Dale, who, being employed to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the Secretary of State two letters, one to the Queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the Queen was superscribed, To his dear wife, and that for his wife, To her Most Excellent Majesty; so that the Queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with sweetheart, 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 emotions of mirth this mistake raised, 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 unto you; but you needed not to have done that, for the name friend goes sometimes further than brother, and there be more examples of friends that did sacrifice their lives for one another than of brothers, which the writer doth think he should do

for you, if the case required. But since I am fallen upon Doctor Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you instead of news, for there is little good stirring now, two other facetious tales of his; and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When Queen Elizabeth did first propose unto him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements she told him that he should have 20s. per diem for his expenses. "Then, madam," said he, "I will spend 19s. a day." "What will you do with the odd shilling?" the Queen replied. "I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick," meaning his wife and children. This induced the Queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called 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 answered, that the French was the most proper, because his mistress entitled herself Queen of France. "Nay, then," said Doctor Dale, "let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

I performed the civilities you enjoined me to your friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth your entire friend,

J. H.

May 12.

III

To the R. H. 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 compared to some kind of flowers (and they would make a thick posy), but they should be to the flower called "life everlasting," or that pretty vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Etna 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 limbec 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 especially for those high motions whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven. Insomuch, madam, that if it were safe to call any mortal a saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be

one of your chiefest votaries ; howsoever I may without any superstition subscribe myself your truly devoted servant,

J. H.

April 8.

IV

To the Lord Marquis of Hertford

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED your Lordship's of the eleventh current, with the commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account 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 marvelled 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 tossed 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, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it.

Your Lordship knows that the *κόσμος*, this fair frame of the universe, came out of a chaos, an indigested lump, and that this elementary world was made of millions of ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature (and the whole is still preserved by the reluctancy and restless combatings of these principles). We see how the shipwright doth make use of knee-timber and other cross-grained pieces as well as of straight 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* reversed, and *n* is a *u* turned 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 concert. This puts 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 oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared 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 jostled him into the water and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished thereat would have left him, but his guide said, "Father, be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part, but at last I shall settle your judgment and put your mind in full repose." So going that night to lodge in an inn where there was a crew of banditti and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company and revelled with them till the morning, while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads. But as soon as they were departed thence they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be, but in the morning as they parted there was a child in a cradle which was the only son of the gentleman, and the young man, spying his opportunity, strangled the child and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis, yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of

the anchorite. The fourth day in the evening they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil unto them, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent, yet at parting the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day, they made towards a great rich town; but some miles before they came at it they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him, and asking the next passage to the town the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they espied a devil who lay as it were sentinel, 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 awakened the next morning the young man came to that cell where the anchorite was lodged, and told him, "I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments and doubts for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know that I am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far; for though separately

they seem strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.

“That man whom 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 conversed 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 unto you that good men are liable to crosses and losses whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit, but it commonly produceth patience in the one and pride in the other.

“Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled after so courteous entertainment, know that that also was an act of Providence, for the gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that child that it lessened 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 robbed and his throat cut, therefore I preserved him by that deviation.

“Now concerning this great luxurious city, whereas we spied but one devil which lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor convent, you must consider that Lucifer, being already assured of that riotous town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one single sentinel to secure it. But for this holy place of retirement, this monastery inhabited by so many devout 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 disappeared and vanished, 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 shows 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, though sometimes they appear to us, by uncouth circumstances, and cross mediums.

So in a due distance and posture of humility I kiss your Lordship's hands, as being my most highly honoured lord, your thrice-obedient and obliged servitor,

J. H.

V

To R. Baker, Esquire

SIR,

NOW that Lent and the spring do make their approach, in my opinion fasting would conduce much to the advantage of soul and body. Though our second institution of observing Lent aimed at civil respects, as to preserve the brood of cattle, and advance the profession of fishermen, yet it concurs with the first institution, viz., a true spiritual end, which was to subdue the flesh, and that being brought under, our other two spiritual enemies, the world and the devil, are the sooner overcome. The naturalists observe that morning spittle kills dragons, so fasting helps to destroy the devil, provided it be accompanied with other acts of devotion. To fast for one day only from about nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, is but a mock fast. The Turks do more than so in their Ramirams and Beirams, and the Jew also,

for he fasts from the dawn in the morning till the stars be up in the night, as you observe in the devout and delicate poem you pleased to communicate unto me lately. I was so taken with the subject, that I presently lighted my candle at your torch, and fell into these 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 blessed Prince, who for this fast
Will give us angels' food at last.
3. But to abstain from beef, hog, goose,
And let our appetites go loose
To lobsters, crabs, prawns, or such fish,
We do not fast, but feast in this.
4. Not to let down lamb, kid, or veal,
Hen, plover, turkey-cock, or teal,
And eat botargo, caviar,
Anchovies, oysters and like fare ;
5. Or to forbear from flesh, fowl, fish,
And eat potatoes in a dish
Done o'er with amber, or a mess
Of ringos in a Spanish dress :
6. Or to refrain from each hot thing
Which water, earth, or air doth bring,
And lose a hundred pound at gleek,
Or be a saint when we should sleep.

7. Or to leave play with all high dishes
And feed our thoughts with wanton wishes,
Making the soul like a light wench
Wear patches of concupiscence :

8. This is not to keep Lent aright,
But play the juggling hypocrite :
He truly Lent observes who makes the inward man
To fast, as well as makes the outward feed on bran.

The French Reformists have an odd way of keeping Lent, for I have seen the walls of their temples turned 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 offered there.

And now that my thoughts are in France, a witty passage of Henry the Great comes into my mind, who being himself in the field, sent to the old Count of Soissons to accompany him with what forces he could make. The Count answered that he was grown decrepit and crazy ; besides, his estate was so, being much exhausted in the former wars, and all that he could do now for His Majesty was to pray for him. " Doth my cousin of Soissons," said the King, " answer me so ? They say that prayer without fasting hath nothing of that efficacy as when they are joined. *Ventre de St Gris*, By the belly of *St Gris*, I will make him fast as well as pray, for I will not pay him a penny of his ten thousand crowns pension which he hath yearly for these respects."

The Christian Church hath a longer and more solemn way of fasting than any other religion, take Lent and Ember weeks together. In some churches the Christian useth the old way of mortification by sackcloth and ashes to this day, which makes me think on a facetious tale of a Turkish ambassador in Venice, who being returned to Constantinople and asked what he had observed most remarkable in that so rare a city, he answered that among other things the Christian hath a kind of ashes, which thrown upon the head doth presently cure 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 cured 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 ash and powder their pericraniums all the year long.

So, wishing you meditations suitable to the season, and good thoughts which are best when they are the offsprings of good actions, I rest your ready and real friend,

J. H.

Ash-Wednesday, 1654.

VI

To Mr R. Manwayring

MY DEAR DICK,

IF you are as well when you read this as I was when I wrote it, we are both well. I am certain of the one, but anxious of the other in regard of your so long 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

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 endeavor to husband it accordingly. I find also that for the establishment of this new republic you have culled out the choicest wits in all faculties, therefore I account it an honour that you have put me in the list, though the least of them.

In every species of government, and indeed

among all societies of mankind (reclused orders and other regulars excepted), there must be a special care had of the female kind, for nothing can conduce more to the propagation and perpetuity of a republic than the well managing of that gentle and useful sex, for though they be accounted the weaker vessels, yet are they those in whom the whole mass of mankind is moulded, therefore they must not be used 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 stuttered 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).

Moreover, I hold also that of the orator to be a wild extravagant speech, when he said, that if “women were not conterranean and mingled with men, angels would descend and dwell among us.” But a far wilder speech was that of the Dog-philosopher, who termed women “necessary evils.” Of this cynical sect, it seems, was he who would needs make *orcus* to be the anagram of *uxor* by contracting *c*, *s* into an *x*, “Uxor et 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 freighted (for fear the resemblance of the child might discover the true father), there was a Zenobia in Asia who would suffer her husband to know her carnally no longer when once she found herself quick. If there were a Queen of France that poisoned her King, there was a Queen in England who, when her husband had been shot with an envenomed arrow in the Holy Land, sucked out the poison with her own mouth when none else would do it. If the Lady Barbara, wife to Sigismund, the Emperor, being advised by her ghostly father after his death to live like a turtle, having lost such a mate that the world had not the like, made this wanton answer, "Father, since you would have me to lead the life of a bird, why not of a sparrow as well as of a turtle?" (which she did afterwards): I say if there were such a Lady Barbara, there was the Lady Beatrice, who after Henry her Emperor's death lived after like a dove, and immured herself in a monastic cell. But what shall I say of Queen Artemisia, who had an urnful of her husband Mausolus's ashes in her closet, whereof she would take down a dram every morning next her heart, saying that her body was the fittest place to be a sepulchre to her dear husband, notwithstanding that she had erected such a tomb

for the rest of his body, that to this day is one of the wonders of the world?

Moreover, it cannot be denied but some females are of a high and harsh nature, witness those that two of our greatest clerks for law and learning (Lords B. and C.) did meet withal, one of whom was said to have brought back her husband to his hornbook again. As also Moses' and Socrates' wives, who were Zipporah and Xantippe: you may guess at the humour of one in the Holy Code; and for Xantippe, among many instances which might be produced, let this serve for one. After she had scolded her husband one day out of doors, as the poor man was going out, she whipped up into an upper loft and threw a pisspot 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 Stroud's wife in Westminster, who once ringing him a peal as she was basting his roast (for he was a cook) after he had newly come from the tavern upon Sunday evening, she grew hotter and hotter against him, having hell and the devil in her mouth, to whom she often bequeathed him. The staring husband, having heard her a great while with silence, at last answered, "I prithee, sweetheart, 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 misogynist, a female foe, therefore towards the policing and perpetuating of this your new republic, there must be some special rules for regulating of marriage; for a wife is the best or the worst fortune that can betide a man throughout the whole train of his life. Plato's promiscuous *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-brained puppy, who upon any cause of disaffection would have men to have a privilege to change their wives or repudiate them, deserves to be hissed at rather than confuted; for nothing can tend more to usher in all confusion and beggary throughout

the world. Therefore that wiseacre deserves of all other to wear a 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 especially they who in their absence coop them up and secure their bodies with locks, I say it would be a very fitting ordinance in this new-moulded commonwealth that all such who impel their wives by these means to change their riders, should wear plain visible horns, that passengers may beware of them as they go along, and give warning to others, "Cornu ferit ille: 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-favoured and poor maids.

Touching virginity and the vestal fire, I could wish it were the worst custom the Roman Church

had, when gentle souls, to endear themselves the more unto their Creator, do immure their bodies within perpetual bounds of chastity, dieting themselves and using austerities accordingly, whereby, bidding a farewell and dying unto the world, they bury themselves alive, as it were, and so pass their time in constant exercises of piety and penance night and day, or in some other employments of virtue, holding idleness to be a mortal sin. Were this cloistered course of life merely spontaneous and unforced, I could well be contented that it were practised in your new republic.

But there are other kinds of cloisters in some commonwealths, and among those who are accounted the wisest and best policied, which cloisters are of a clean contrary nature to the former; these they call the courtesan cloisters. And, as in others some females shut up themselves to keep the sacred fire of pudicity and continence, so in these latter there are some of the handsomest sorts of females who are connived at to quench the flames of irregular lust, lest they should break into the lawful married bed. It is true, nature hath poured more active and hotter blood into the veins of some men, wherein there are stronger appetites and motions, which motions were not given by nature to be a torment to man, but to be turned into delight, health and propagation. Therefore they to whom the gift of continence is denied, and have not the conveniency to have *debita vasa*, and lawful coolers of their own by way of wedlock,

use to extinguish their fires in these venerean cloisters rather than abuse their neighbours' wives, and break into other men's enclosures. But whether such a custom may be connived at in this your republic, and that such a common may be allowed to them who have no enclosures of their own, I leave to wiser legislators than myself to determine, especially in south-east hot countries, where venerean titillation (which Scaliger held to be a fixed outward sense, but ridiculously) is in a stronger degree; I say, I leave others to judge whether such a rendezvous be to be connived at in hotter climes, where both air, and food, and the 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 be said to be as buttermilk in their veins) is not so frequently subject to such fits of lust, therefore he hath no such cloisters or houses for ladies of pleasure. Witness the tale of Hans Boobikin, a rich Boer's son, whom his father had sent abroad a-friaring, 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-friaring, and he answering that he had been at his grandmother's, the Boer replied, "God's Sacrament! I hope thou hast not lain with my mother." "Yes," said Boobikin, "why should not I lie with your mother, as you have lain with mine?"

Thus, in conformity to your desires, and the task imposed upon me, have I scribbled out this piece of drollery, which is the way, as I take it, that your design drives at. I reserve some things till I see what others have done in the several provinces they have undertaken towards the settlement of your new republic.

So with a thousand thanks for your last hospitable favours, I rest, as I have reason, and as you know me to be, your own true servant,

J. H.

London, 24 of *January*.

VIII

To Mr T. V., Barrister, at his Chamber 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

seasoned a judgment as you are) lost so far after so frail a thing as a female; but you will say Hercules himself stooped hitherto; it is true he did, as appears by this distich,

Lenam non potuit, potuit superare Leænam,
Quem fera non potuit vincere, vicit Hera.

The saying also of the old comic poet makes for you, when he said, “ Qui in amorem cecidit pejus agit quam si saxo saliat ” (To be tormented with love is worse than to dance upon hot stones). Therefore, partly out of a sense of your suffering, as well as upon the seriousness of your request, but especially understanding that the gentlewoman hath parts and portion accordingly, I have done what you desired me in these lines; which though plain, short and sudden, yet they display the manner how you were surprised, 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 portrayed in my heart your face.

I wish this hexastic may have power to strike her as deep as I find her eyes struck you. The Spaniard saith there are four things required in a woer, viz., to be *savio*, *secreto*, *solo* and *sollicito*, that is, to be solicitous, secret, sole and sage. Ob-

serve these rules, and she may make herself your client, and so employ you to open her case, 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 disposal,

J. H.

IX

To Sir R. Williams, Knight

SIR,

I AM one among many who much rejoice at the fortunate windfall that happened lately, which hath so fairly raised and recruited your fortunes. It is commonly seen that "Ubi est multum phantasiae (viz., ingenii) ibi est parum fortunae, et ubi est multum fortunae ibi est parum phantasiae" (Where there is much of fancy, there is little of fortune, and where there is much of fortune, there is little of fancy). It seems that Recorder Fleetwood reflected upon one part of this saying, when, in his speech to the Londoners, among other passages, whereby he soothed and stroked them, he said, "When I consider your wit, I admire your wealth." But touching the Latin saying, it is quite evinced in you, for you have fancy and fortune (now) in abundance. And a strong argument may be drawn, that fortune is not blind by her carriage

to you, for she saw well enough what she did, when she smiled so lately upon you.

Now, he is the really rich man who can make true use of his riches. He makes not nummum his numen, money his 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.

Now, it is observed to be the nature of covetousness, that when all other sins grow old, covetousness in some sordid souls grows younger and younger, hence I believe sprung the city proverb, "That the son is happy whose father went to the devil." Yet I like the saying Tom Waters hath often in his mouth, "I had rather 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 unto you, and so doth, my most noble knight, your ever obliged servitor,

J. H.

X

To Sir R. Cary, Knight

I HAD yours of the 20th current on St Thomas's Eve, which was most welcome unto me ; and (to make a seasonable comparison) yours are like Christmas, they come but once a year ; yet I made very good cheer with your last, especially with that seraphic hymn which came enclosed therewith to usher in his holy tide ; and to correspond with you in some measure that way, I have returned you another of the same subject. For as I have observed, two lutes being tuned alike, if one of them be played upon, the other, though being a good way distant, will sound of itself, and keep symphony with the first that's played upon (which, whether it proceeds from the mere motion of the air or the emanation of atoms, I will not undertake to determine). So the sound of your muse hath screwed up mine to the same key and tune in these ternaries :

UPON THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR

1. Wonder of wonders, earth and sky,
Time mingleth with eternity
And matter with immensity.
2. The sun becomes an atom, and a star
Turns to a candle to light kings from far
To see a spectacle so wondrous rare.

3. A virgin bears a Son, that Son doth bear
A world of sin, acquitting 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
Throughout the whole expansive round
Of heaven, of air, of sea, or ground,
6. The Prince of Life Himself descends
To make Astraea full amends,
And human souls from hell defends.
7. Was ever such a love as this,
That the eternal Heir of bliss
Should stoop to such a low abyss?

The muse, confounded with the mystery, according to the subject-matter, ends with a question of admiration.

So, wishing you as heartily as to 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 Innocent's Day, 1654.

XI

To J. Sutton, Esq.

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 kinds of studies that your contemplative soul delights in, I hold history to be the most fitting to your quality.

Now, among those sundry advantages which accrue to a reader of history, one is that no modern accident can seem strange unto him, much less astonish him. He will leave off wondering at anything, in regard he may remember to have read of the same, or much like the same that happened in former times; therefore he doth not stand staring like a child at every unusual spectacle, like that simple American, who, the first time he saw a Spaniard on horseback, thought the man and the beast to be but one creature, and that the horse did chew the rings of his bit and eat them.

Now, indeed, not to be an historian, that is not to know what foreign nations and our forefathers did, *Hoc est semper esse puer*, as Cicero hath it,

this is still to be a child who gazeth at everything. Whence may be inferred there is no knowledge that ripeneth the judgment, and puts one out of his nonage sooner than history.

If I had not formerly read the Barons' Wars in England, I had more admired that of the Leaguers in France. He who had read the near upon four score years' wars in Low Germany, I believe never wondered at the late thirty years' wars in High Germany. I had wondered more that Richard of Bordeaux was knocked down with halberts, had I not read formerly that Edward of Carnarvon was made away by a hot iron thrust up his fundament. It was strange that Murat the Ottoman Emperor should be lately strangled in his own court at Constantinople, yet considering that Osman, his predecessor, had been knocked down by one of his ordinary slaves not many years before, it was not strange at all: the blazing star in Virgo thirty-four years since did not seem strange to him who had read of that which appeared in Cassiopœia and other constellations some years before. Hence may be inferred, that history is the great looking-glass through which we may behold with ancestral eyes, not only the various actions of ages past, and the odd accidents that attend time, but also discern the different humours of men, and feel the pulse of former times.

This history will display the very intrinsics 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 royal to his prince, and so conformable to government, for it will discover as much levity and tumultuary passions in him as in other nations.

Among divers other examples which could be produced out of this story, I will instance 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, used to pray publicly in the church, "Let us pray for the holy commonalty, and His Majesty Don Juan de Padillia, and for the Lady Donna Maria Pacheco his wife," etc. But a little after some of Juan de Padillia's soldiers having quartered in his house, and pitifully plundered him, the next Sunday the same priest said in the church, "Beloved Christians, you know how Juan de Padillia passing this way, some of his brigade were billeted in my house; truly they have not left me one chicken, they have drunk up a whole barrel of wine, devoured my bacon, and taken away my Catalina, my maid Kate; I charge you therefore to pray no more for him." Divers such traverses as these may be read in that story, which may be the reason why it was suppressed in Spain, that it should not cross the seas, or clamber over the Pyrenees to acquaint other nations with their foolery and baseness; yet Mr Simon Digby, a gentleman of much worth, got a copy, which he brought over with him, out of which this translation is derived, though I must tell you

by-the-bye, that some passages were commanded to be omitted, because they had too near an analogy with our times.

So in a serious way of true friendship, I profess myself your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

London, 15 *January*.

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-lived queen, Queen Elizabeth, who, having come as it were from the scaffold to the throne, enjoyed a wonderful calm (excepting some short gusts of insurrection that happened 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 governed by their fellow subjects. And the fire and faggot being frequent among them in Queen 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-beloved Queen, there were many traverses which trenched as much if not more upon the privileges of Parliament, and the liberties of the people, than any that happened in the reign of the two last kings, yet it was not their fate to be so popular. Touching the first, viz., Parliament, in one of hers, there was a motion made in the House of Commons that there should be a lecture in the morning some days of the week before they sat, whereunto the House was very inclinable. The Queen hearing of it sent them a message that she much wondered at their rashness, that they should offer to introduce such an innovation.

Another Parliament would have proposed ways for the regulation of her Court; but she sent them another such message, that she wondered that being called by her thither to consult of public affairs, they should intermeddle with the government of her ordinary family, and to think her to be so ill a housewife as not to be able to look to her own house herself.

In another Parliament there was a motion made that the Queen should entail the succession of the Crown and declare her next heir; but Wentworth, who proposed it, was committed to the Tower, where he breathed his last; and Bromley, upon a less occasion, was clapped in the Fleet.

Another time, the House petitioning that the Lords might join in private committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how Stubbs and Page had their hands cut off with a butcher's knife and a mallet because they writ against the match with the Duke of Anjou; and Penry was hanged at Tyburn, though Alured, who wrote a bitter invective against the late Spanish match, was but confined for a short time; how Sir John Heywood was shut up in the Tower for an epistle dedicatory to the Earl of Essex, etc.

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 unto England (by article) for the

forces sent into France! For buildings, with all kind of braveries else that used to make a nation happy, as riches and commerce inward and outward, it was not the twentieth part so much in the best of her days (as appears by the Custom House book) as it was in the reign of her successors.

Touching the religion of the Court, she seldom came to sermon but in Lent time, nor did there use to be any sermon upon Sundays unless they were festivals; whereas the succeeding kings had duly two every morning, one for the household, the other for themselves, where they were always present, as also at private prayers in the closet; yet it was not their fortune to gain so much upon the affections of city or country. Therefore, my Lord, the felicity of Queen Elizabeth may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of men's minds in those days, for the pulse of the common people and Londoners did beat nothing so high as it did afterwards when they grew pampered with so long peace and plenty. Add hereunto that neither Hans, Jocky, nor John Calvin had taken such footing here as they did get afterwards, whose humour is to pry and peep with a kind of malice into the carriage of the Court and mysteries of State, as also to malign nobility, with the wealth and solemnities of the Church.

My Lord, it is far from my meaning hereby to let drop the least aspersion upon the tomb of that rare renowned Queen, but it is only to observe the

differing temper both of time and people. The fame of some princes is like the rose, which, as we find by experience, smells sweeter after it is plucked. The memory of others is like the tulip and poppy, which make a gay show and fair flourish while they stand upon the stalk, but being cut down, they give an ill-favoured scent. It was the happiness of that great long-lived Queen to cast a pleasing odour among her people both while she stood and after she was cut off by the common stroke of mortality; and the older the world grows the fresher her fame will be. Yet she is little 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, though with the expense of much English blood and bullion, raised them to a republic, by casting that fatal bone for the Spaniard to gnaw upon, which shook his teeth so ill-favouredly for fourscore years together. Other writers speak bitterly of her for her carriage to her sister the Queen of Scots, for her ingratitude to her brother Philip of Spain, for giving advice by her ambassador with the Great Turk to expel the Jesuits, who had got a college in Pera, as also that her secretary Walsingham should project the poisoning of the waters of Douay; and lastly, how she suffered the Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary in September to be turned to the celebration of her own birthday, etc. But these stains are cast upon her by her enemies;

and the aspersions of an enemy used to be like the dirt of oysters, which doth rather cleanse than contaminate.

Thus, my Lord, have I pointed at some remarks, to show how various and discrepant the humours of a nation may be, and the genius of the times, from what it was; which doubtless must proceed from a high all-disposing Power — a speculation that may become the greatest and knowingest spirits, among whom your Lordship doth shine as a star of the first magnitude, for your house may be called a true academy, and your head the Capitol of knowledge, or rather an exchequer, wherein there is treasure enough to give pensions to all the wits of the time. With these thoughts I rest, my most highly honoured Lord, your very obedient and ever obliged servitor,

J. H.

London, 15 *August*.

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. Though you be young, yet you may be already capable of the two latter parts of wisdom, and it is the only way to attain the first. Therefore I wish you to follow the good counsel of

your Uncle J., for I know him to be a very discreet well-weighed gentleman, and I can judge something of men, for I have studied many. Therefore if you steer by his compass in this great business you have undertaken you need not fear shipwreck. This is the advice of your truly affectionate cousin,

J. H.

London, 6 *April*.

XIV

*To my Reverend and Learned Countryman,
Mr R. Jones*

IT is, among many others, one of my imperfections that I am not versed in my maternal tongue so exactly as I should be. The reason is that languages and words (which are the chief creatures of man, and the keys of knowledge) may be said to stick in the memory like nails or pegs in a wainscot door, which used 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 unto me so early. I cannot compare it more properly than to a basket of posies gathered 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 Βίβλιοσοφία 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 *September*.

XV

To J. S., Esq., at Whitefriars

THIS new piece of philosophy comes to usher in the New Year unto you, dropped from the brain of the subtlest spirits of France, and the great personage (the Duke of Espernon), though heterodoxal and cross-grained 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 entailed 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 is 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 show in action, as well as in words, how ready I would be at your disposing,

J. H.

London, 2 *January*.

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 Grimthorpe, where, without disparagement to any, I may say you live as much like a prince as any grandee in Christendom. Among those many heroic parts (which appeared so much in that tough battle of Kinton, where having all your officers killed, yet you kept the field and preserved your wounded father from the fury of the soldier and from death for the time; as also for being the inseparablest 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 my name, was imposed upon me to satisfy them who thought

I knew something more than ordinary, what belonged to a true forest.

There be three 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 enclosed. The forest is the most noble of all, for it is a franchise of so princely a tenure, that, according to our laws, none but the King can have a forest. If he chance to pass one over to a subject it is no more forest but frank chase. 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 cognisance of all trespasses. She hath also her peculiar officers as foresters, verderers, regards, agisters, etc., 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 Canute 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 astineat a venariis meis super paenam vitae" (Let every one refrain from my places of hunting upon pain of death).

Henry Fitz Empress (viz., the Second) did co-aforest much land, which continued all his reign, though much complained of. But in King John's time most of the nobles and gentry met in the great meadow betwixt Windsor and Staines to petition the King that he would disaforest some, which he promised to do, but death prevented him. But in Henry the Third's time the Charter de Foresta (together with Magna Charta) were established, so that there was much land disaforested, which hath been called pourlieus ever since, whereof there were appointed rangers, etc.

Among other innocent animals which have suffered by these wars, the poor deer have felt the fury thereof as much as any. Nay, the very vegetables have endured the brunt of it. Insomuch that it is not improperly said that England of late is full of new lights, her woods being cut down, and so much destroyed in most places. So craving your Lordship's pardon for this rambling piece of paper, I rest my most highly honoured Lord, your obedient and ever obliged servant,

J. H.

London, 3 *August*.

XVII

To Mr E. Field, at Orleans

IN your last you write to me that you are settled for a while in Orleans, the loveliest city upon the Loire and the best school for gaining pure language, for as the Attic dialect in Greece, so the Aurelian in France doth bear the bell. But I must tell you, though you live now upon a brave river that 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 called 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, though you sojourn now in one of the plentifullest 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, though bordering upon Spain, hath no asses. If he were living now he would avouch the greatest part of the inhabitants to be all asses, they lie under such an intolerable burden of taxes. The second error is, that France is held to be the freest country upon earth to all people,

for if a slave comes once to breathe French air, he is free *ipso facto*, if we may believe Bodin, it being a fundamental law of France, “*Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliae fines penetraverintae 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 exemplified in three queen-mothers together. The Huguenots have long since voted the first two to hell to increase the number of the furies, and the Spaniard hath voted the third thither to make up the half-dozen, for continuing a more violent war against her now only brother, and with more eagerness than her husband did.

So I wish you all happiness in your peregrination, advising you to take heed of that turbid humour of melancholy, which they say you are too prone unto, 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 servitor,

J. H.

London, 3 *May*.

XVIII

To the Lady E., Countess Dowager of Sunderland

MADAM,

I AM bold to send your Ladyship to the country a new Venice looking-glass wherein you may behold that admired maiden city in her true complexion, together with her government and policy, for which she is famous all the world over. Therefore if at your hours of leisure you please to cast your eyes upon this glass, I doubt not but it will afford you some objects of entertainment and pleasure.

Moreover, your Ladyship may discern through this glass the motions, and the very heart of the author, how he continueth still, and resolves so to do in what condition soever he be, madam, your most constant and dutiful servant, J. H.

London, 15 Junii.

XIX

To the R. H., the Earl of Clare

MY LORD,

AMONG those high parts that go to make up a grandee, which I find concentred in your Lordship, one is, the exact knowledge you have of many languages, not in a superficial, va-

pouring way, as some of our gallants have nowadays, 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 imposed lately upon me by an emergent occasion touching the origin, 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 wondered at, considering that the elements themselves, which are the principles or primitive ingredients whereof they be compounded, are naturally so qualified. It were as easy a thing for the spectator's eye to 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 pleased the Almighty to imprint His own image, and make him as it were lord paramount of this lower world, is subject to the same lubricity of mutation, neither is his body and blood only liable thereunto, but the ideas of his mind, and interior operations of his soul. Religion herself with the notions of holiness, and the formality of saving faith not

excepted, nay, the very faculty of reason (as we find it too true by late experience), is subject to the same unstableness.

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, especially the French language. Nor can it seem strange to those who know the airy volatile humour of that nation, that their speech should partake somewhat of the disposition of their spirit, but will rather wonder it hath received no oftener change, especially considering what outward causes did also concur thereunto, as that their kings should make six several voyages to conquer or conserve what was got in the Holy Land, considering also how long the 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 caused 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 first is, that the ancient Gauls used to come frequently to be instructed here by the British Druids, who were the divines and philosophers of those times, which they would not probably have done, unless by mutual communication they had understood one another in some vulgar language, for this was before the Greek or Latin came this side the Alps, or that any books were written, and there are no meaner men than Tacitus, and 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 eye will judge that they were but one homogeneous piece of earth at first, and that they were slented and shivered asunder by some act of violence, as the impetuous waves of the sea.

The third reason is, that before the Romans conquered the Gauls, the country was called Wal-

lia, which the Romans called Gallia, turning W into G, as they did elsewhere, yet the Walloon keeps his radical letter to this day.

The fourth reason is, that there be divers old Gaulic words yet remaining in the French which are pure British both for sense and pronounciation, as havre, a haven, which is the same in Welsh; derechef, again; putaine, a whore; arrain, brass money; prou, an interjection of stopping, or driving of a beast; but especially when one speaks any old word in French that cannot be understood, they say, "Il parle baragouin," which is to this day in Welsh white bread.

Lastly, Pausanias saith, that "mark" in the Celtic Old French tongue signifieth a horse, and it signifieth the same in Welsh.

But though it be disputable whether the British, Greek, or Dutch was the original language of the Gauls, certain it is that it was the Walloon; but I confine myself to *Gallia 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 where-soever she prevailed, to bring in her language and laws also with the lance, which yet she could not do in Spain or this island, because they had posts and places of fastness to retire unto, as Biscay and Wales, where nature hath cast up those mountains as propugnacles of defence, therefore the very aboriginal languages of both countries re-

main there to this day. Now, France being a passable and plain pervious continent, the Romans quickly diffused and rooted themselves in every part thereof, and so co-planted their language, which in a short revolution of time came to be called Romance. But when the Franconians, a people of Germany, came afterwards to invade and possess Gallia, both speech and people were called 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 refined in twelve tables; but in Cæsar's, Cicero's, and Sallust's time it came to the highest pitch of purity, and so dainty were the Romans of their language then, that they would not suffer any exotic or strange word to be enfranchised among them, or enter into any of their *diplomatae* and public instruments of command or justice. The word *emblema* having got into one, it was thrust out by an express edict of the Senate, but *monopolium* had with much ado leave to stay in, yet not without a large preface and apology. A little after, the Latin tongue in the vulgarity thereof began to degenerate and decline very much, out of which degeneration sprang up the Italian, Spanish, and French.

Now, the French language being set thus upon

a Latin stock, hath received since sundry habitudes, yet retaining to this day some Latin words entire, as animal, cadaver, tribunal, non, plus, qui, os, with a number of others.

Childeric, one of the first race of French Kings, commanded by public edict that the four Greek letters Φ , X , Θ , Ψ should be added to the French alphabet to make the language more masculine and strenuous, but afterwards it was not long observed.

Nor is it a worthless observation, that languages use to comply with the humour, and to display much the inclination of a people. The French nation is quick and spiritfull, so is his pronounciation. The Spaniard is slow and grave, so is his pronounciation; for the Spanish and French languages being but branches of the Latin tree, the one may be called Latin shortened, and the other Latin drawn out at length, as corpus, tempus, caput, etc., are monosyllables in French, as corps, temps, caps, or chef; whereas the Spaniard doth add to them, as cuerpo, tiempo, cabeza; and indeed of any other the Spaniard affects long words, for he makes some thrice as long as they are in French, as of levement, a rising, he makes levantamiento; of pensée, 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 superfœte a second thought before the first be uttered. Yet is not

the French so hasty in his utterance as he seems to be, for his quickness or volubility proceeds partly from that concatenation he useth among his syllables, by linking the syllable of the precedent word with the last of the following, so that sometimes a whole sentence is made in a manner but one word, and he who will speak the French roundly and well, must observe this rule.

The French language began first to be polished, and arrive to that delicacy she is now come unto in the midst of the reign of Philip de Valois. Marot did something under Francis the First (which King was a restorer of learning in general, as well as of language), but Ronsard did more under Henry the Second. Since these kings there is little difference in the context of speech, but only in the choice of words and softness of pronunciation proceeding from such wanton spirits that did miniardise and make the language more dainty and feminine.

But to show what changes the French hath received from what it was, I will produce these few instances in verse and prose which I found in some ancient authors. The first shall be of a gentlewoman that translated “Æsop’s Fables” many hundred years since out of English into French, where she concludes :

Au finement de cest’ escrit
Qu’en Romans ay tourné et dit ;
Me nommaray par remembrance
Marie ay nom je suis de France ;

Per l'amour de Conte Guillaume
 Le plus vaillant de ce Royaume,
 M'entremis de ce livre faire
 Et de L'Anglois en Roman traire,
 Esope appelle l'on cil Livre,
 Qu'on translata et sit Escrivre ;
 De Griec en Latin le tourna,
 Et le Roy Alvert 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, donnes sentence
 Par moy, Car la pucelle est moye.

Two of the most ancient and approvedest authors in French are Geoffrey de Villardouin, Marshal of Champagne, 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 crusade to the Holy Land.

" Scachiez que l'an 1188 ans après l'incarnation al temps Innocent III, apostolle de Rome, et Philippe Roy de France, et Richard Roy d'Engleterre eut un Saint homme en France, qui eut nom Folque de Nully, et il ere prestre, et tenoit le pariochre de la ville, et ce Folque commença a parler de Biex, et nostre sire fit manits miracles par luy," etc.

Hugues de Bersy who made the Guiot Bible so much spoken of in France, begins thus in verse :

D'oun siecle puant et horrible
 M'estuet commencer une Bible,
 Per poindre, et per aiguillonner
 Et per bons exemples donner,
 Ce n'est une Bible bisongere
 Mais fine, et 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*, *fillatre*, *serourge* (a stepmother, a stepfather, a son or daughter-in-law, a sister-in-law), which now they express in two words, *belle mère*, *beau père*, *belle sœur*. Moreover, I find there are some words now in French which are turned to a counter-sense, as we use the Dutch word *crank* in English to be "well-disposed," which in the original signifieth to be sick. So in French *cocu* is taken for one whose wife is light, and hath made him a passive cuckold ; whereas, clean contrary

cocu, which is the cuckoo, doth use to lay her eggs in another bird's nest. This word *pleiger* is also to drink after one is drunk unto, whereas the first true sense of the word was, that if the party drunk unto was not disposed to drink himself, he would put another for a pledge to do it for him, else the party who began would take it ill. Besides, this word *abry*, derived from the Latin *apricus*, is taken in French for a close place or shelter, whereas in the original it signifieth an open free sunshine. They now term in French a free boon companion *Roger bon temps*, whereas the original is *rouge bon temps* (reddish and fair weather). They use also in France, when one hath a good bargain, to say *il a joue à boule veue*, whereas the original is *à bonne veue*. A beacon or watch-tower is called *beffroy*, whereas the true word is *l'effroy*. A travelling warrant is called *passeport*, whereas the original is *passe par 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'ai payé tous mes Anglois*, so that in this and other phrases *Anglois* is taken for *créancier*, or creditor. And

I presume it had its foundation from this, that when the French were bound by treaty in Breigny to pay England so much for the ransom of King John, then prisoner, the contribution lay so heavy upon the people that for many years they could not make up the sum. The occasion might be seconded in Henry the Eighth's time at the surrender of Boulogne, and upon other treaties, as also in Queen Elizabeth's reign, besides the moneys which she had disbursed herself to put the crown on Henry the Fourth's head, which makes me think on a passage that is recorded in Pasquier, that happened when the Duke of Anjou, under pretence of wooing the Queen, came over into England, who being brought to her presence, she told him he was come in a good time to remain a pledge for the moneys that France owed her father and other of her progenitors; whereunto the Duke answered that he was come not only to be a pledge, but her close prisoner.

There be two other sayings in French which, though they be obsolete, yet are they worthy the knowledge. The first is, *Il a perdu ses cheveux* (He hath lost his hair, meaning his honour). For in the first race of kings there was a law called *la loi 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 used to be condemned to have their long hair to be cut off as a mark of ignominy, and it was as

much as if he had been *fleur-de-lys'd*, viz., burnt on the back or hand, or branded in the face.

The other proverb was, *Il a quite 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 used before the tribunal of justice to give up his girdle, implying thereby that the girdle held everything that belonged to a man's estate, as his budget of money and writings, the keys of his house, with his sword, dagger and gloves, etc.

I will add hereunto another proverb which had been quite lost, had not our Order of the Garter preserved it, which is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This we English, "Ill to him who thinks ill," though the true sense be, "Let him be bewrayed who thinks any ill," being a metaphor taken from a child that hath bewrayed his clouts, and I daresay there is not one of a hundred in France who understands this word nowadays.

Furthermore, I find in the French language that the same fate hath attended some French words as usually attend men, among whom some rise to preferment, others fall to decay and an undervalue. I will instance in a few. 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 it is fallen from the baron to the boor, from the count to the

cobbler, or any other mean artisan, as Maître Jean le Sauvetier, Mr John the Cobbler, Maître Jaquet le Cabaretier, Mr Jamie the Tapster.

Sire was also appropriate only to the King, but now adding a name after it, it is applicable to any mean man upon the endorsement of a letter or otherwise. But this word *sovereign* hath raised 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 called sovereign.

Marshal likewise was at first the name of a smith, farrier or one that dressed horses, but it has climbed by degrees to that height that the chiefest commanders of the gendarmerie and militia of France are come to be called marshals, which about one 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, though never so high. But when the commonwealth of Rome turned to an empire, and so much power came into one man's hand, then, in regard he was able to confer honour and offices, the courtiers began to magnify him and treat him in the plural number by *You*, and by degrees to deify him by transcending titles, as we read in Symmachus in his Epistles to the Emperor Theodosius and to Val-

entinian, where his style to them is *Vestra aeternitas, Vestrum numen, vestra perennitas, vestra clementia*; so that you in the plural number, with other compliments and titles, seem to have their first rise with the western monarchy, which afterwards by degrees descended upon particular persons.

The French tongue hath divers dialects, viz., the Picard, that of Jersey and Guernsey, appanages once of Normandy, the Provençal, the Gascon or the speech of Languedoc, which Scaliger would etymologise from *Langue d'oui*, whereas it comes truly from *Langue de Got*, in regard the Goths and Saracens, who by their incursions and long stay in Aquitaine first corrupted the speech of Gallia. The Walloon is another dialect which is under the King of Spain. They also of Liége have a dialect of the French, which among themselves they call Roman to this day.

Touching the modern French that is spoken now in the King's Court, the courts of parliament, and in the universities of France, there had been lately a great competition which was the best. But by the learnedest and most indifferent persons it was adjudged 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 chicanery. And the late Prince of Condé, with the Duke of Orleans that now is, were used to have a censor in their houses that if any of their family spoke any word that savoured of the palace

or the schools he should incur the penalty of an amercement.

The late Cardinal Richelieu made it part of his glory to advance learning and the French language. Among other monuments he erected a 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 presumed to send your Lordship a rambling discourse of the French language past and present, humbly expecting to be corrected when you shall please to have perused it. So I subscribe myself your Lordship's thrice-obedient servant,

J. H.

London, 1 *October.*

XX

To Dr Weames

I RETURN you many thanks for the additions you pleased to communicate unto me in continuance of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and I admired it the more because it was the composition of so young a spirit, which makes me tell you, without any compliment, that you are father to a daughter that Europe hath not many of her equals, therefore all those gentle souls that pretend to virtue should cherish her. I have here-

with 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 it is the course of Enthean fire
 To kindle by degrees, and brains inspire :
 As buds to blossoms, blossoms turn to fruit,
 So wits ask time to ripen and recruit ;
 But yours gives time the start, as all may see
 In this smooth piece of early poesie,
 Which like sparks of one flame may well aspire,
 If Phœbus please, to a 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 *November*.

XXI

To the incomparable Lady, the Lady M. Cary

MADAM,

I HAVE discovered so much of divinity in you, that he who would find your equal must seek one in the other world. I might play the oracle, and more truly pronounce you the wisest of women, than he did Pythagoras the wisest of men; for questionless that he or she are the wisest of all human creatures, who are careful of

preserving the noblest part of them, I mean the soul. They who prink and pamper the body, and neglect the soul, are like one who, having a nightingale in his house, is more fond of the wicker cage than of the bird; or rather like one who hath a pearl of an invaluable price and esteems the poor box that holds it more than the jewel. The rational soul is the breath of God Almighty, she is His very image, therefore who taints his soul may be said to throw dirt in God's face, and make His breath stink. The soul is a spark of immortality, she is a divine light, and the body is but a socket of clay that holds it. In some this light goes out with an ill-favoured stench; but others have a save-all to preserve it from making any snuff at all. Of this number, madam, you are one that shines clearest in this horizon, which makes me so much your Ladyship's truly devoted servant,

J. H.

London, 3 *November*.

XXII

To the Lord B. 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 armed against all events: "Si fractus illabatur orbis."

While you read this you have your own character, for I know none more capable both for the practical part as well as the theory, to give precepts of patience, and prescribe rules of morality and prudence to all mankind. Your mind is like a stone bridge over a rapid river, which, though the waters beneath be perpetually working, roaring, and bubbling, yet the bridge never stirs, *pons manet immotus*; —so among those monstrous mutations and traverses that have lately happened you are still the same,

Mens immota manet —.

I received your last under the covert of Sir John Sackvil, to whom I present my affectionate service, with a thousand thanks for that seasonable present he pleased to send me, which will find me and my friends some employment; so desiring your benediction, I conclude and subscribe myself, my Lord, your truly devoted servant,

J. H.

London, 7 December.

XXIII

To Sir W. Mason, Knight

I PRESENT you with the second part of "the Vocal Forest," but before you make an entrance into the last walk thereof, be pleased to take this short caution along with you, which tends to rectify such who I hear are over-rash and critical in their censure of what is there contained, not penetrating the main design of the author in that allegorical discourse, nor into the quality of the times, or the prudential cautions and indifferences that an historical piece exposed to public view should require, which may make them perchance to shoot their bolts at random, and with wry looks at those trees; therefore let the discerning surveyor, as he crosseth this last walk, take a short advertisement beforehand: That whatsoever he meets therein glancing on the oak, consists of imperfect suggestions, foreign criticisms and presumptions, etc. Now, every petty Sciolist in the laws of reason can tell that presumptions were never taken yet for proofs, but for left-handed arguments, approaching rather the nature of cavillations than consequences.

Moreover, apologues, parables and metaphors, though pressed never so hard, have not the strength to demonstrate or positively assert any thesis; for, as in theology, the highest of sciences, it is a re-

ceived principle, "Scriptura parabolica non est argumentativa," so this maxim holds good in all other compositions and arts. It is granted that in the walks of this forest there be some free and home expressions drawing somewhat near to the nature of satires, for otherwise it had been a vain superfluous curiosity to have spent so much oil and labour in shrouding realities under disguises unless the author had promised himself beforehand a greater latitude and scope of liberty to pry into some miscarriages and solecisms of state, as also to question and perstring some sorts of actors, especially the cardenian and classican, who, as the whole world can witness, were the first raisers of those hideous tempests which poured down in so many showers of blood upon unfortunate Druina, and all her co-afforested 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 it was said before, most of them are but traducements and pretensions; yet it is a human principle (and will ever be so to the world's end) that there never was yet any prince (except one), nor will there ever be any hereafter, but had his frailties, and these frailties in kings are like stains in the purest scarlet, which are more visible. What are but motes in others are as beams in them, because that, being mounted so high, they are more exposed to the eye of the world. And if the historian points 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 betwixt Cicero and Vatinius, who had crooked bow-legs, Vatinius, having the advantage of pleading first, took occasion to give a touch himself of his natural imperfection that way, that he might *tollere ansam*, that he might by way of prevention cut off the advantages and intention which Cicero might have had to asperse him in that particular; the application hereof is easy and obvious.

But if the sober-minded reader observe well what is spoken elsewhere of the "Oak" throughout the body and series of the story, he will easily conclude that it was far from the design of the author, out of any self or sinister ends, to let any 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 begged 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 changed his principles, and were affected to republics; whereas

there is not a syllable therein but what makes for monarchy ; therefore I rather pity than repine at such poor critics with the shallowness of their judgments.

Thus much I thought good to intimate unto you, not that I mistrust your own censure, which I know to be candid and clear, but that if there be occasion you may vindicate your truly affectionate servant,

J. H.

London, 4 *April*.

XXIV

*To the Right Honourable the Lady 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. Oh, how willingly could I have measured with my feet and performed a pilgrimage over all those large continents wherein I have travelled to have repleved him ! Truly, madam, I shall mourn for him while I have a heart beating in my breast ; and though time may mitigate the sense of grief, yet his memory shall be to me, like his worth and virtues, everlasting. But it is not so much to be lamented that he hath left us (it being so infinitely to his advantage) as that he hath left behind so few like him.

I confess, madam, this is the weightiest cross that possibly could come to exercise your patience, but I know your Ladyship to be both pious and prudent in the highest degree; let the one preserve you from excess of sorrow, which may prove irreligious to heaven; and the other keep you from being injurious to yourself, and to that goodly brave issue of his, which may serve as so many living copies of the original.

God Almighty comfort your Ladyship, so prayeth, madam, your most humble and sorrowful servant,

J. H.

London, 2 *February*.

XXV

To the Right Honourable John, Lo. Sa.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself if I did not congratulate your lately descended honours, but truly, my Lord, this congratulation is like a vapour exhaled from a soil overwhelmed with a sudden inundation, such is the state of my mind at this time, it being overcast with a thick fog of grief for the death of your incomparable father.

I pray from the 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 discovered 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 *December*.

XXVI

To Mr J. Wilson

I RECEIVED yours of the tenth current, and I have many thanks to give you, that you so quaintly acquaint me how variously the pulse of the pulpiteers beat in your town. Touching ours here (by way of correspondence with you) I will tell you of one whom I heard lately, for, dropping casually into a church in Thames Street, I fell upon a winter-preacher who spoke of nothing but of the fire and flames of hell, so that if a Scythian or Greenlander, who are habituated to such extreme cold, had heard and understood him, he would have thought he had preached of Paradise. His mouth methought did fume with the lake of brimstone, with the infernal torments, and the thunderings of the law, not a syllable of the Gospel; so I concluded him to be one of those who used to preach the Law in the church, and the 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.

IN the various courses of my wandering life, I have had occasion to spend some part of my time in literal correspondence with divers, but I never remember that I pleased myself more in paying these civilities to any than to yourself; for when I undertake this task I find that my head, my hand, and my heart go all so willingly 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?), it is rather a sport, my pen and paper are as a chessboard, or as your instruments of music are to you when you would re-create 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 every part of mine, that you may give the law of epistolising to all mankind.

Touching your poet laureate, Skelton, I found him at last (as I told you before), skulking in Duck Lane, pitifully tattered and torn, and as the times are, I do not think it worth the labour and cost to put him in better clothes, 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 et in orbe colores,
 Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt et in aequore naves,
 Quot volucrum pennae, quot sunt tormenta Gehennae,
 Quot coeli stellae, quot sunt et in orbe puellae,
 Quot Sancti Romae, quot sunt miracula Thomae,
 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 *August*.

XXVIII

To R. Davies, Esquire

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 was time enough to have travelled not only a hun-

dred English, but so many Helvetian miles, that are five times bigger, for in some places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unless it be in Wales, where they are allowed better measure, or in the north parts, where there is a wee bit to every mile. But that yours should be a whole month in making scarce 100 English miles (for the distance between us is no more) is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by John Long the carrier. I know, being so near Lemster's Ore, that you dwell in a gentle soil which is good for 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 barbarousness, 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.

London, 5 *July*.

XXIX

To W. Roberts, Esquire

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 include 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 figures in the Zodiac 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 first prescribes us what we should do; the second, what we should believe; the third, how and what we should pray for. Of all the heretics that ever I heard of, I never read of any who bore analogy with these.

Touching other opinions, they are but old fancies newly furbished. There were Adamites in former times and rebaptisers; there were iconoclastae, destroyers of images, but I never read of stauro-

clastæ, destroyers of crosses. There were also Agoniclita, 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 Æreans also, who maligned bishops and the hierarchy of the Church; but we read those Æreans turned Arians, and atheists at last. The greatest Greek and Latin fathers inveigh against those Æreans more bitterly than against any other. Chrysostom saith, "Heretics who have learned of the Devil not to give due honour to bishops;" and Epiphanius saith, "It is the voice of a devil rather than of a Christian, that there is no difference betwixt a bishop and a presbyter," etc.

Good Lord, what fiery clashings have we 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 rufflingest winds to be commonly in cemeteries and about churches, so the eagerest and most sanguinary wars are about religion, and there is a great deal of weight in that distich of Prudentius—

*Sic mores produnt animum, et mihi credite semper
Junctus cum falso est dogmate caedis amor.*

Let the Turk spread his Alcoran by the sword, but let Christianity expand herself still by a passive fortitude wherein she always gloried.

We live in a strange age, when every one is in love with his own fancy, as Narcissus was with his

face, and this is true spiritual pride, the usherer in of all confusions. The Lord deliver us from it, and grant we may possess our souls with patience till the great wheel of Providence turn up another spoke that may point at peace and unanimity among poor mortals. In these hopes I rest, yours entirely,

J. H.

London, 5 *January*.

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 six hundred years since :

Madoc wif mw y die wedd
 Jawn genan Owen Gwyneth,
 Ni funnum dir fy enrid oedd,
 Ni da mowr ondy moroedd.

Which is Englished thus in Mr Herbert's "Travels" :

Madoc ap Owen was I called,
 Strong, tall and comely, not enthralled
 With home-bred pleasure, but for fame
 Through land and sea I sought the same.

This British Prince Madoc (as many authors make mention) made two voyages thither, and in the last left his bones there, upon which this epitaph lay. There be other pregnant remarks that the British were there, for there is a promontory not far from Mexico called Cape Britain, there is a creek called Gwyndwor, which is in Welsh white water, with other words, as you shall find in Mr Herbert's 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 Howell, which is your first and my second name. Passing lately by the cloisters of the Abbey at Westminster, I stepped up to the library that Archbishop Williams erected there, and I lighted upon a French historian, Bertrane à Argentre, Lord of Forges, who was President of the Court of Parliament in Rennes, the chief town of Little Britanny in France, called Armorica, which is a pure Welsh word, and signifies a country bordering upon the sea, as that doth, and was first colonised 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 Aetius, the famous Roman general), and Howel the Fourth, that were all kings of Armorica, or the Lesser Britanny,

which continued a kingdom till the year 874, at which time the title was changed to a duchy, but sovereign of itself, till it was reduced to the French crown by Francis the First. 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 Monsieur Augier, who was their agent for England. Touching the castle of good King Howel hard by you, and other ancient places of that name, you know them better than I, but the best title which England hath to Wales is by that castle, as a great antiquary told me. So in a true bond of friendship, as well as of blood, I rest, your most affectionate cousin to serve you,

J. H.

London, 8 *October*.

XXXI

To Mr W. Price, at Oxon

MY PRECIOUS NEPHEW,

THERE could hardly better news be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a student, and that having passed through the briars of logic, you fall so close to philosophy. Yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new authors and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ingrateful genius of this age, that if any Sciolist can find a hole in an old author's coat, he will endeavour to make it much

more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby. I am none of those, but touching the 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; thereupon he took one of the little fish and held it to his ear. His comrades asked him what he meant by that. He answered in a sad tone, "Some 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 though we be come as it were to the meridian of truth, yet there be many neoterical commentators and self-conceited writers that eclipse her in many things, and go from *obscurum* to *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 town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese and a few dogs that were hard by; being asked the reason, he answered, that he thought the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin. If some in the world think so much of those irrational poor creatures that take in university air, what will your friends in the country expect from you who have the instruments of reason in such a perfection, and so well strung with a tenacious memory, a quick understanding, and rich invention?—all which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of your truly affectionate uncle,

J. H.

London, 3 *February*.

XXXII

To Sir K. D., in Paris

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 almanac out of date, I am grown an unprofitable thing, and good for nothing as the times run, yet in your business I shall play the whetstone, which, though it be a dull thing of 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.

London, 2 *September*.

XXXIII

To Mr R. Lee, in Antwerp

AN acre of performance is worth the whole Land of Promise; besides, as the Italian hath it, deeds are men and words women. You pleased to promise me, when you shook hands with England, to barter letters with me. But whereas I writ to you a good while since by Mr Simons, I have not received a syllable from you ever since.

The times here frown more and more upon the Cavaliers, yet their minds are buoyed up still with strong hopes; some of them being lately in company of such whom the times favour, and reporting some comfortable news on the Royalists' side, one of the other answered, "Thus you Cavaliers still fool yourselves, and build always castles in the air;" thereupon a sudden reply was made, "Where

will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our lands from us?" I know what you will say when you read this: A pox on those true jests.

This tale puts me in mind of another. There was a gentleman lately who was offered by the Parliament a parcel of Church or Crown lands equivalent to his arrears, and asking counsel of a friend of his which he should take, he answered, "Crown lands by all means; for if you take them you run a hazard only to be hanged, but if you take Church land you are sure to be damned." Whereunto the other made him a shrewd reply: "Sir, I will tell you a tale: There was an old usurer not far from London who had trained up a dog of his to bring his meat after him in a hand-basket, so that in time the shag-dog was so well bred that his master used to send him by himself to Smithfield shambles with a basket in his mouth, and a note in the bottom thereof to his butcher, who accordingly would put in what joint of meat he wrote for, and the dog would carry it handsomely home. It happened one day that as the dog was carrying a good shoulder of mutton home to his master, he was set upon by a company of other huge dogs, who snatched away the basket and fell to the mutton. The other dog measuring his own single strength, and finding he was too weak to redeem his master's mutton, said within himself (as we read the like of Chrysippus's dog), 'Nay, since there is no remedy, you shall be hanged

before you have all. I will have also my share,' and so fell a-eating amongst them. I need not," said he, "make the application unto you, it is too obvious. Therefore I intend to have my share also of the Church lands."

In that large list of friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very sensible that you have thus banished 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 unalterable friend to love and serve you, J. H.

London, 9 *November*.

XXXIV

To Sir J. Tho., Knight

THERE is no request of yours but is equivalent to a command with me; and whereas you crave my thoughts touching a late history published by one Mr Wilson, which relates the life of King James, though I know for many years

your own judgment to be strong and clear enough of itself, yet to comply with your desires, and to oblige you that way another time to me, I will deliver you my opinion.

I cannot deny but the thing is a painful piece, and proceeds after a handsome method in drawing on the series and thread of the story, but it is easily discernible that a partial Presbyterian vein goes constantly throughout the whole work. And you know it is the genius of that people to pry more than they should into the courts and comportments of princes, and take any occasion to traduce and bespatter them. So doth this writer, who endeavours all along (among other things) to make the world believe that King James and his son after him were inclined to Popery and to bring it into England. Whereas I dare avouch that neither of them entertained the least thought that way; they had as much design to bring in Prester-John as the Pope, or Mahommed as soon as the mass. This conceit made the writer to be subject to many mistakes and misrepresentations, which so short a circuit as a letter cannot comprehend.

Yet I will instance in one gross mistake he hath in relating a passage which concerns Sir Elias Hicks, a worthy knight, and a fellow-servant of yours and mine. And he doth not only misrepresent the business, but he foully asperseth him with the terms of unworthiness and infamy. The truth of that passage is as followeth, and I had it from very good hands.

In the year 1621, the French King, making a general war against them of the religion, beleaguered Montauban in person, while the Duke of Espernon blocked up Rochelle. The King having lain a good while before the town, a cunning report was raised that Rochelle was surrendered; this report being blown into Montauban, must needs dishearten them of Rochelle, being the prime and tenablest propugnacle they had. Mr Hicks happened to be then in Rochelle, 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 that he took him to be one of his domestic attendants. The Rochellers had sent two or three special envoys to Montauban to acquaint them with their good condition, but it seems they all miscarried, and the Marquis being troubled in his thoughts, one day Mr Hicks told him that by God's favour he would undertake and perform the service to Montauban. Hereupon he was put accordingly in equipage. So, after ten days' journey, he came to a place called Moysac, where my Lord of Doncaster, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, was in quality of ambassador from England to observe the French King's proceedings, and to mediate a peace betwixt him and the Protestants. At his first arrival thither it was his good hap to meet casually with Mr Peregrine 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 Rochelle, acquainting his Lordship with the good state they were in. Mr Hicks told him besides that he was engaged to go to Montauban as an envoy from Rochelle to give them true information how matters stood. The ambassador replied that it was too great a trust to 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 Thomas Webb that belonged to the Marshal St Gerand, who lodged them both in his own hut that night, and having showed them the batteries and trenches the day after, Mr Hicks took notice of one place which lay most open for his design, resolving within himself to pass that way to the town. He had told Fairfax of his purpose before, who discovering it to Webb, Webb asked him whether he came thither to be hanged, for divers were used so a little before. The next day Hicks, taking his leave of Webb, desired Fairfax to stay behind, which he refusing, did ride along with him to the place which Hicks had pointed out the day before for his design, and there Fairfax left him. So having got betwixt the corps de guard and the town, he put spurs to his horse, and waving his pistol above his head, got in, being pursued almost to the walls of the town by the King's party.

Being entered, old Marshal de la Force, who was then in Montauban, having heard his relations of Rochelle, fell on his neck and wept, saying that he would give 1000 crowns he were as safely got back to Rochelle as he came thither. And having stayed there three weeks he, in a sally that the town made one evening, got clear through the leaguer before Montauban, as he had formerly done before that of the Duke of Espernon, and so recovered Rochelle again. But to return to Mr Fairfax, after he had parted with Mr Hicks, he was taken prisoner, and threatened the rack, but whether out of the apprehension thereof, or otherwise, he died a little after of a fever at Moysac, though it is true that the gazettes in Paris did publish that he died of the torture, with the French mercury since.

Mr Hicks, being returned to London, was questioned by Sir* Ferdinand Fairfax for his brother's death. Thereupon Mr Webb, being also come back to London, who was upon the very place where these things happened in France, Mr Hicks brought him along with him to Sir Ferdinand's lodgings, who did positively affirm that Mr Hicks had communicated his design to Mr Peregrine Fairfax (and that he revealed it first to him), so he did fairly vindicate Mr Hicks, wherewith Sir Ferdinand remained fully satisfied and all his kindred.

Whosoever will observe the carriage and circumstance of this action must 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 preserved both Montauban and Rochelle for that time from the fury of the enemy, for the King raised his siege a little after from before the one and Espernon from before the other. Therefore it cannot be denied that the said writer (who so largely entitles his book "The History of Great Britain," though it be but the particular reign of King James only) was very much to blame for branding so well a deserving gentleman with infamy and unworthiness, which are the words he pleaseth to bestow upon him. And I think he would willingly recant and retract his rash censure were he now living, but death pressed him away before the press had done with his book, whereof he may be said to have died in childbed.

So presenting herewith unto you my hearty respects and love, endeared and strengthened by so long a tract of time, I rest your faithful true servant,

J. H.

London, 9 *November*.

XXXV

To Mr R. Lewis, in Amsterdam

COUSIN,

I FOUND yours of the 1st of February in the posthouse as I casually had other business there, else it had miscarried. I pray be more careful of your directions hereafter. I much thank you for the avisos you sent me how matters pass thereabouts. Methinks that Amsterdam begins to smell rank of a Hanse 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 awhile, 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 of churches, whereas the news here is clean contrary, for while you adorn your churches there, we destroy them here. Among other, poor Paul's looks like a great skeleton, so pitifully handled that you may tell her ribs through her skin; her

body looks like the hulk of a huge Portugal carake, that having crossed the Line twelve times, and made three voyages into the East Indies, lies rotting upon the strand. Truly I think not Turk or Tartar, nor any creature except the Devil himself, would have used 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. *Prob superi! quantum mortalia pectora Caecae Noctis habent* —

There are strange heteroclitcs in religion nowadays, among whom some of them may be said to endeavour the exalting of the kingdom of Christ, in lifting it upon Beelzebub's back, by bringing in so much profaneness to avoid superstition. God deliver us from atheism, for we are within one step of it; and touching Judaism, some corners of our city smell as rank of it as yours doth there.

I pray be punctual in your returns hereafter, for as you say well and wittily, letters may be said to be the chiefest organs (though they have but paper-pipes) through which friendship doth use to breathe and operate. For my part I shall not be wanting to set those organs a-working for the often conveyance of my best affections unto you. Sir T. Williams, with his choice Lady, blow over through the same pipe their kind respects unto you, and so do divers of your friends besides; but especially, my dear cousin, yours,

J. H.

London, 3 *January*.

XXXVI

To J. Anderson, Esq.

YOU have been often at me (though I know you to be a Protestant so in grain that all the waters of the Tiber are not able to make you change colour) that I should impart unto you in writing what I observed commendable and discommendable in the Roman Church, because I had eaten my bread often in those countries where that religion is professed and practised in the greatest height. Touching the second part of your request, I need not say anything to it, for there be authors enough of 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 of what I noted to be praiseworthy and imitable in point of practice.

The government of the Roman Church is admirable, being moulded with as much policy as the wit of man can reach unto, and there must be civil policy as well as ecclesiastic used to keep such a world of people of several nations and humours in one religion, though at first, when the Church extended but to one chamber, then to one house, after to one parish, then to one province, such policy was not so requisite. For the Church of Christ may be compared to His Person in point

of degrees of growing, and as that coat which served 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 compared to the fundamentals of faith, that are still the same, are but as outward garments) fit all ages of the Church, in regard of those millions of accidents that use to attend time, and the mutable humours of men, insomuch that it was a wholesome caution of an ancient father, *Distinguas inter tempora, et concordabis cum Scriptura*. This government is like a great fabric reared up with such exact rules of art and architecture that the foundation, the roof, sides and angles, with all the other parts, have such a dependence of mutual support by a rare contignation, concinnity, and indentings one in the other, that if you take out but one stone it hazards the downfall of the whole edifice. This makes me think that the Church of Rome would be content to part with, and rectify some things, if it might not endanger the ruin of the whole, which puts the world in despair of an œcumenical council again.

The uniformity of this fabric is also to be admired, 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 farthest part of Spain, whereas all other objects may seem ne'er so strange to them in point of lodging, language, and diet, though the complexion and faces, the behaviour, garb, and gar-

ments of men, women, and children be differing, together with the very air and clime of the place, though all things seem strange unto them, and so somewhat uncouth and comfortless, yet when they go to God's house in either country, they may say they are there at home, for nothing differs there either in language, worship, service, or ceremony, which must needs be an unspeakable comfort to either of them.

Thirdly, it must needs be a commendable thing that they keep their churches so cleanly and amiable, for the dwellings of the Lord of Hosts should be so; to which end your greatest ladies will rise before day sometimes in their night clothes to fall a-sweeping some part of the church and decking it with flowers, as I heard Count Gondomar's wife used to do here at Ely House Chapel; besides they keep them in constant repair, so that if but a quarry of glass chanced to be broken or the least stone be out of square it is 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 the ejaculations of his soul either in prayer or praise; nor is there any exception of persons in their churches, for the cobbler will kneel with the count, and the laundress cheek-by-jowl 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 genu-

flexion, and other acts of humility in time of divine service are very exemplary. Add hereunto that the reverence they show 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 beatifulest young ladies go to hospitals, where they not only dress but lick the sores of the sick.

Furthermore, the conformity of seculars, and resignation of their judgments to the governors of the Church are remarkable. There are not such sceptics 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 received sight ; add hereunto that they esteem for Church preferments most commonly a man of a pious good disposition, of a meek spirit and godly life, more than a learned man, that is either a great linguist, antiquary, or philosopher, and the first is advanced sooner than the latter.

Lastly, they think nothing too good or too much for God's house or for His ministers, no place too sweet, no buildings too stately for them, being of the best profession. The most curious artists will employ the best of their skill to compose hymns and anthems for God's house, etc.

But, methinks I hear you say that you acknow-

ledge 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 discoursed with the greatest magnifiers of meritorious works, and the chiefest of them made me this comparison, that the blood of Christ is like a great vessel of wine, and all the merits of men, whether active or passive, were it possible to gather them all in one lump, are but as a drop of water thrown 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 annexed, and two hospitals with other monuments of piety, and endowed them with large revenues, as one did much magnify him for these extraordinary works, for which doubtless he merited a high reward in heaven, he answered: "It is true I employed much treasure that way, yet when I look over my ledger book of accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one penny, but I am still in the arrear to Him."

Add hereunto the sundry ways of mortification they have by frequent long fastings and macerations of the flesh, by their retiredness, their abandoning the world and sequestration 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 intrinsics better than you. We are come to such times, that if any would maintain those decencies and humble postures, those solemnities and rites which should be practised in the holy house of God (and holiness becomes His house for ever), nay, if one passing through a church should put off his hat, there is a giddy and malignant race of people (for indeed they are the true malignants), who will give out that he is running post to Rome. Notwithstanding that the religion established by the laws of England did ever allow of them ever since the Reformation began, yet you know how few have run thither. Nay, the Lutherans, who use far more ceremonies symbolising 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 (though to me it seems a great while since) the face and form, the government and gravity, the constitutions and comeliness of a Church; for she had something to keep herself handsome; she had wherewith to be hospitable, and 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 knapsack to be one day a captain or colonel. The student in the Inns of Courts turns over "Ployden" with more alacrity, and tugs with that crabbed study of the law, because he hopes one day to be a judge. So the scholar thought his labour sweet, because he was buoyed up with hopes that he might be one day a bishop, dean, or canon. This comely subordination of degrees we once had, and we had a 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 show her face. Add hereunto in what various kinds of confusion she is involved, so that it may be not improperly said, while she thought to run away so eagerly from Babylon, she is fallen into a babel of all opinions: insomuch that they who come 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 endeavoured to satisfy your importunity as far as a sheet of paper could reach, to

give you a touch that may be not only allowable but laudable, and consequently imitable in the Roman Church, for —

Fas est et ab hoste doceri,

but I desire you would expound all with a sane 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 tablecloth 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.

London, 3 *July*.

XXXVII

To Doctor Harvey, at St Laurence Poultney

I REMEMBER well you pleased 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 these times in an allegorical way under the shadow of trees, and I believe

it omits not any material passage which happened as far as it goes. If you please to spend some of the parings of your time, and fetch a walk in this grove, you may haply find therein some recreation. And if it be true what the ancients write of 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.

London, 2 *January*.

XXXVIII

To R. Bowyer, Esq.

I RECEIVED yours of the tenth current, where I made a new discovery, finding therein one argument of your friendship which you never urged before, for you gave me a touch of my failings in point of literal correspondence with you. To this give me leave to answer that he who hath glass windows of his own should take heed how he throws stones at those of his neighbours. We have both of us our failings that way: witness else yours of the last of May to mine of the first of March before; but it is never over-late to mend, therefore I begin, and do penance in this white

sheet for what is past. I hope you will do the like, and so we may absolve one another without a ghostly father.

The French and Spaniard are still at it like two cocks of the game, both of them pitifully bloodied, and it is thought they will never leave till they peck out one another's eyes. They are daily seeking new alliances to fortify themselves, and the quarrel is still so hot that they would make a league with 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 peace are become Churchmen, for by a new Act of that thing in Westminster called now a Parliament, the power of giving in marriage is passed over to them, which is an ecclesiastic rite everywhere else throughout the world.

A Cavalier coming lately to a bookseller's shop, desired to buy this Matrimonial Act, with the rest of that holy Parliament, but he would have them all bound in calf's leather bought out of Mr Barebone'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.

London, 9 *November*.

XXXIX

To Mr J. B., at his House in St Nicholas Lane

WHEN I exchanged 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 dropped from you then, I extremely wondered, which I should not have done at another, in regard, since the first time I had the advantage of your friendship, I discovered that you were naturally of generous and freeborn thoughts. I have found, also, that by a rarer industry you have stored up a rich stock of philosophy and other parts of prudence, which induced me to think that no worldly revolution or any cross winds, though never so violent, no, not a hurricane, could trouble the calm of your mind. Therefore, to deal freely with you, you are not the same man I took you for.

I confess it is a passive age, and the stoutness of the prudentest 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 caused in me such symptoms of mortification that I can value this world as it is. It is but a vale of troubles, and we who are in it are like so many ants trudging up and down about a mole-hill. Nay, at best we are but as so many pilgrims or passengers travelling on still towards another country. It is true that some do find the way thither more smooth and fair; they find it flowery, 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 crags, with ill-favoured sloughs and bogs, and divers deep and dirty passages. For my part I have already passed through many such, and must expect to meet with more. Therefore you also, by your various adventures and negotiations in the world, must not think to escape them. You must make account to meet with encumbrances and disasters, with mischances and crosses. Now, it was a brave, generous saying of a great Armenian merchant, who, having understood how a vessel of his was cast away, wherein there was laden a rich cargazon upon his sole account, he struck his hand on his breast and said, "My heart, I thank God, is still

afloat; my spirit shall not sink with the ship, nor go an inch lower."

But why do I write to you of patience and courage? In doing this, I do no otherwise than Phormio did when he discoursed of war before Hannibal. I know you have prudence enough to cheer up and instruct yourself. Only let me tell you that you superabound with fancy, you have more of mind than of body, and that sometimes you overcharge the imagination by musing too much upon the odd 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 are the more pleasing unto 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

I HEARTILY congratulate your return to England, and that you so safely crossed 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 Daw-

son 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 received in the wars against the Turk, the captain said, "That his Lordship's skin after his death would yield little money, because it had so many holes in it."

I find the same fate hangs over the Irish as befell the old Britons here, for as they were hemmed in among the Welsh mountains, so the Irish are like now to be all kennelled 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

TO inaugurate a good and jovial New Year unto you, I send you a morning's draught, viz., a bottle of metheglin. Neither Sir John Barleycorn nor Bacchus had anything to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and the king of insects. The Druids and old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations,

and if you do so when your fancy labours with 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 (poetic) feet:

J. H. T. C. Salutem, et annum platonicum.

Non Vitis, sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
 Quem legimus bardos olim potasse Britannos.
 Qualibet in bacca Vitis 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.

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 mussel beads, for they displayed the whiteness of a comely and knowing soul, which, reflecting upon my faculties, did much enlighten them with the choice notions I found therein.

I thank you for the absolution you send me for what is past, and for your other invitation. But I have observed a civility they use in Italy and Spain, not to visit a sick person too often, for fear of putting him to waste his spirits by talk, which they say spends much of the inward man; but when you have recovered yourself, as I hope you will do with the season, I shall return to kiss your hands and your feet also, could I ease you of that 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.

London, 18 *February*.

XLIII

*To the truly Honoured the Lady Sybilla Brown,
at her House near Sberburn*

WHEN I had the happiness to wait upon you at your being in London, there was a dispute raised about the ten Sibyls, by one who, your Ladyship knows, is no great friend to antiquity, and I was glad to apprehend this opportunity to perform the promise you drew from me then to vent something upon this subject for your Ladyship's satisfaction.

Madam, in these peevish times, which may be called the rust of the iron age, there is a race of crossgrained people which 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, and odd arreptitious frantic extravagances. They cry out that they were forged and obtruded on the world by some officious Christians to procure credit and countenance to their religion among the pagans.

For my part, madam, I am none of this incredulous, perverse race of men, but what the current and concurrent testimonies of the primitive times do hold forth, I give credit thereunto without any scruple.

Now, touching the works of the Sibyls, they were in high request among the fathers of the first four centuries, insomuch that they used to urge their prophecies for the conversion of pagans, who therefore called the Christians Sibyllianists; nor did they hold it a word of reproach. They were all virgins, and for reward of their chastity, it was 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 speak not like the ambiguous pagan oracles in riddles, but so clearly that they sometimes go beyond the Jewish prophets. They were called *Siobulae*, that is, of the counsels of God, *Sios* in the Æolic dialect being *Deus*. They were preferred before all the Chaldean wizards, before the Bacides, Branchydae and others, as also before Tyresias, Manto, Matis or Cassandra, etc.

Nor did the Christians only value them at that height, but the most learned among the ethnicks did so, as Varro, Livy, and Cicero, the first being the greatest antiquary, the second the greatest historian, and the third the greatest orator, that ever Rome had, who speak so much of that famous acrostic that one of them made of the name of

our Saviour, which sure could not be the work of a Christian, as some would maliciously obtrude, it being so long before the Incarnation.

But for the better discharge of my engagement to your Ladyship, I will rank all the ten before you, with some of their most signal predictions.

The Sibyls were ten in number, whereof there were five born in Europe; to wit, Sibyla Delphica, Cumaea, Samia, Cumana, and Tyburtina; the rest were born in Asia and Africa.

The first was a Persian called Samberthe, who plainly foretold many hundred years before in these words, "The womb of the Virgin shall be the salvation of the Gentiles," etc.

The second was Sibyla 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 Sibyla Cumaea, 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 Erythraea, born at Babylon, who composed that famous acrostic which St Augustin took so much pains to translate into Latin, which begins, "The earth shall sweat signs of judgment; from heaven shall come a King who shall reign for ever, viz., in human flesh, to the end that by His presence He may judge the world.

A river of fire and brimstone shall fall from heaven, the sun and stars shall lose their light, the firmament shall be dissolved, and the moon shall be darkened, a trumpet shall sound from heaven in woeful and terrible manner, and the opening of the earth shall discover confused and dark hell, and before the Judge shall come every king," etc.

The sixth was Sibyla 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 Sibyla Hellespontica, who foretells plainly that, "A Woman shall descend of the Jews called Mary, and of her shall be born the Son of God, and that without carnal copulation," etc.

The ninth was Phrygia, who saith, "The Highest shall come from heaven, and shall confirm the counsel in heaven, and a Virgin shall be showed in the valleys of the deserts," etc.

The tenth was Tyburtina, born near Tibur, who saith, "The invisible Word shall be born of a Virgin; He shall converse with sinners, and shall of them be despised," etc.

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 whipped. He also shall be crowned with thorns ; they shall give Him gall to eat, and vinegar to drink ; then the veil of the temple shall rend, and at midday it shall be dark night," etc.

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," etc.

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' " Pymandra," and Aristaeus, etc.), which have been handed over to posterity as incontrovertible truths for so many ages.

Thus, madam, have I done something of that task you imposed upon me touching the ten Sibyls, whereunto I may well add your Ladyship for the eleventh, 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 called Presbyterians, or Jews of the New Testament; and they not improperly may be called so, for they sympathise much with that nation in a revengeful, sanguinary humour, and thirsting after blood. I could produce a cloud of examples, but let two suffice.

There lived a few years before the Long Parliament, near Clun Castle in Wales, a good old widow that had two sons grown to man's estate, who having taken the holy Sacrament on a first Sunday in the month, at their return home they entered into a dispute touching the manner of receiving it. The eldest brother, who was an orthodox Protestant (with the mother), held it was very fitting, it being the highest act of devotion, that it should be taken in the humblest posture that could be — upon the knees; the other, being a Puritan, opposed it, and the dispute grew high, but it ended without much heat. The next day, being both come home to dinner from their business abroad, the eldest brother, as it was his custom, took a nap upon a cushion at the end of the table that he might be more fresh for labour; the Puritan brother, called Enoch Evans, spying his opportunity, fetched an axe, which he had provided, it seems, on purpose, and stealing softly to

the table, he chopped off his brother's head. The old mother, hearing a noise, came suddenly from the next room, and there found the body and head of her eldest son both asunder, and reeking in hot blood. "Oh, villain," cried she, "hast thou murdered thy eldest brother?" "Yes," quoth he, "and you shall after him." And so striking her down, he dragged her body to the threshold of the door, and there chopped off her head also, and put them both in a bag; but, thinking to flee, he was apprehended and brought before the next Justice of Peace, who chanced to be Sir Robert Howard; so the murderer at the Assizes after was condemned, and the law could but only hang him, though he had committed matricide and fratricide.

I will fetch another example of their cruelty from Scotland. The late Marquis of Montrose, being betrayed by a lord in whose house he lay, was brought prisoner of war to Edinburgh. There the common hangman met him at the town's end, and first pulled off his hat, then he forced him up to a cart, and hurried him like a condemned person, though he had not yet been arraigned, much less convicted, through the great street, and brought him before the Parliament, where being presently condemned, he was posted away to the gallows, which was above thirty feet high. There his hand was cut off first, then he was lifted up by pulleys to the top, and then hanged in the most ignominious manner that could be. Being taken

down, his head was chopped off and nailed to the high cross ; his arms, thighs, and legs were sent to be set up in several places, and the rest of his body was thrown away and deprived of Christian burial. Thus was this nobleman used, though one of the ancientest peers of Scotland, and esteemed the greatest honour of that country both at home and abroad. Add hereunto the mortal cruelty they used to their young king, with whom they would not treat unless he first acknowledged his father to be a tyrant, and his mother an idolatress, etc.

So I most humbly kiss your hands, and rest always, madam, your Ladyship's most faithfully devoted servant,

J. H.

London, *this 30 of August.*

XLIV

To Sir L. D., in Paris

NOBLE KNIGHT,

YOURS of the 22nd 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 used to do — I venture beads and other bagatelles, out of the proceed whereof I have pearl and other Oriental jewels returned me in yours.

Concerning the posture of things here, we are still involved in a cloud of confusion, especially touching Church matters. A race of odd crack-brained schismatics do croak in every corner, but, poor things, they rather want a physician to cure them of their madness, than a divine to confute them of their errors. Such is the height of their spiritual pride that they make it nothing to interpret every tittle of the Apocalypse; they make a shallow rivulet of it that one may pass over and scarce wet his ankles, whereas the greatest doctors of the Church compared it to a deep ford wherein an elephant might swim. They think they are of the Cabinet Council of God, and not only know His attributes, but His Essence, which made me lately break out upon my pillow into these metrical speculations :

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, canst thou
 The Maker of these glories know ?

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 ?

If it be a mysterious thing
 Why steel should to the loadstone cling,

If we know not why jet should draw,
 And with such kisses hug a straw,
 If none can truly yet reveal
 How sympathetic powders heal :

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 ?

What the bat's eye is to the sun,
 Or of a glowworm to the moon,
 The same is human intellect,
 If on our Maker we reflect,
 Whose magnitude is so immense,
 That it transcends both soul and sense.

Poor purblind man, then sit thee still,
 Let wonderment thy temples fill,
 Keep a due distance, do not pry
 Too near, lest like the silly fly,
 While she the wanton with the flames doth play,
 First fries her wings, then fools her life away.

There are many things under serious debate in Parliament, whereof the results may be called yet but the imperfect productions of a grand committee: they may in time come to the maturity of votes and so of Acts.

You write that you have the German Diet which goes forth in my name, and you say that you never had more matter for your money. I have valued it the more ever since, in regard that you please to set such a rate upon it, for I know your

opinion is current and sterling. I shall shortly by T. B. send you a new "History of Naples," which also did cost me a great deal of oil and labour.

Sir, if there be anything imaginable wherein I may stead or serve you here, you well know what interest and power you may claim both in the affections of my heart and the faculties of my soul. I pray be pleased to present the humblest of my service to the noble Earl your brother, and preserve still in your good opinion your truly obliged servant,

J. H.

XLV

To Sir E. S., Knight

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 confined you so long to your chamber, and barred you of the use of your true supporters. But though your toes be slugs, yet your temples are nimble enough, as I find by your last of the 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 wondered much how he could rule so vast an empire being so lame and unwieldy, the Emperor answered that he ruled the empire with his brain,

not with his feet. So it may be said of you that you rule the same way the whole state of that microcosm of yours, for every man is a little world of himself.

Moreover, I find that the same kind of spirit doth govern your body as governs the great world, I mean the celestial bodies, for as the motions whereby they are regulated are musical, if we may believe Pythagoras whom the Tripod pronounced the wisest man, so a true harmonious spirit seems to govern you in regard you are so naturally inclined to the ravishing art of music.

Your friends here are well, and wish you were so too. For my part I do not only wish it, but pray it may be so, for my life is the sweeter in 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

I RECEIVED that choice parcel of tobacco your servant brought me, for which I send you as many returns of gratitude as there were grains therein, which were many (and cut all methinks with a diamond cut), but too few to express my acknowledgment. I had also therewith your most ingenious letter, which I valued far more. The other was but a potential fire only reducible

to smoke; but your letter did sparkle with actual fire, for methought there were pure flames of love and gentleness waving in every line. The poets do frequently compare affection to fire, therefore whensoever I take any of this varina I will imagine that I light my pipe always at the flames of your love.

I also highly thank you for the Italian manuscripts you sent me of the late revolutions in Naples, which will infinitely advantage me in exposing to the world that 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.

THE calamities and confusions which the late wars did bring upon us were many and manifold, yet England may be said to have gained one advantage by it, for whereas before she was like an animal that knew not his own strength, she is now better acquainted with herself, for her power and wealth did never appear more both by land and sea. This makes France to cringe unto her so much; this makes Spain to purchase peace of her with his Italian patacoons; this makes the Hollander to dash his colours and 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 canons, 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 cudgelled rather than cajoled to obedience, if upon a glut of plenty and peace they should forget it. There is not such a windy, wavering thing in the world as the common people. They are got by an apple and lost for a pear; the elements themselves are not more inconstant. So that it is the worst solecism in government for a prince to depend merely upon their affections. Riches and long rest make them insolent and wanton. It was not Tarquin's wantonness so much as the people's that ejected kings in Rome. It was the people's concupiscence as much as Don Rodrigo's lust that brought the Moors into Spain, etc.

Touching the wealth of England, it never also appeared so much by public erogations and taxes, which the Long Parliament raised, 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

councillors 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 pleased to send me. At our next conjuncture I shall give you an account of it. In the interim I pray let me have still a small corner in your thoughts, while you possess a large room in mine, and ever shall while

JAM. HOWELL.

XLVIII

To the R. H. the E. of S.

MY LORD,

SINCE my last, that which is the greatest subject of our discourses and hopes here is the issue of our treaty with the Dutch. It is a piece that hath been a good while on the anvil, but it is not hammered yet to any shape. The Parliament likewise hath many things in debate, which may be called yet but embryos; in time they may be hatched into Acts.

The Pope, they write, hath been of late dangerously sick, but hath been cured in a strange way by a young Padua doctor, who, having killed a lusty young mule, clapped the patient's body naked in the paunch thereof, by which gentle fomentation he recovered him of the tumours he had in his knees and elsewhere.

Donna Olympia sways most, and hath the highest ascendant over him, so that a gentleman writes to me from Rome that among other pasquils this was one, *Papa magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum*. He writes of another, that the bread being not long since grown scant, and made coarser than ordinary by reason of the tax His Holiness laid upon corn, there was a pasquil fixed 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 Doctor B. gave lately of him, who being turned Roman Catholic, and expecting a pension, and having one day attended His Holiness a long time about it, he at last broke away suddenly. A friend of his asking why, he replied, "It is to no purpose for me to stay longer, for I know he will give me nothing, because I find by his physiognomy that he hath a negative face." It is true he is one of the hardest-favoured 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 banged him ill-favouredly this summer in Dalmatia by land, and before the Dardanelles 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 Lord-

ship 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 Right Honourable the Earl Rivers, at his House in Queen Street

MY LORD,

THE least command of yours is enough to set all my intellectuals on work, therefore I have done something, as your Lordship shall find herewith, relating to that gallant piece called the "Gallery of Ladies," which my Lord Marquis of Winchester (your brother) hath set forth.

UPON THE GLORIOUS WORK OF THE LORD MARQUIS OF
WINCHESTER

1. The world of ladies must be honoured 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 Danaë did when Jove made her a mother.
3. Queens, countesses, and ladies go unlock
Your cabinets, draw forth your richest stock
Of jewels, and his coronet adorn
With rubies, pearl, and sapphires yet unworn.
4. Rise early, gather flowers now in the spring,
Twist wreaths of laurel, and fresh garlands bring,
To crown the temples of this high-born peer,
And make him your Apollo all the year:
And when his soul shall leave this earthly mine,
Then offer sacrifice unto his shrine.

I send also the elegy upon the late Earl of Dorset, which your Lordship spake of so much when I waited on you last, and I believe your Lordship will find therein every inch of that noble peer characterised inwardly and outwardly.

AN ELEGY UPON THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED AND HEROIC LORD,
EDWARD, EARL OF DORSET, LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO HIS
LATE MAJESTY OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST
NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

Alluding to	}	<p>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 passion of the author, closing with an epitaph.</p>
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Lords have been long declining (we well know)
 And making their last testaments, but now
 They are defunct, they are extinguished 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'er he sat he swayed, 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
 Advantaged 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 composed 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 a 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 akin
 To Norfolk's Duke, and the great maiden Queen.

He courage had enough by conquering one,
 To have confounded that whole nation ;
 Those parts which single do in some appear
 Were all centred 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-livered death seize on
 So dauntless and heroic a champion ?

Yes, to die once is that uncanceled debt
 Which nature claims, and raiseth by escheat
 On all mankind by an old statute passed
 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 outshine, that Venus still may be
 In a benign conjunction with thee,
 To check that planet which on lords hath lowered.
 And such malign influxes lately powered ;
 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 blubbered out some tears and verse
 On this renowned heroe and his herse,
 And could my eyes have dropped down pearls upon it,
 In lieu of tears, God knows, I would have done it ;
 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 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.

London, 20 *December*.

L

To T. Herris, Esquire

YOURS of December the tenth I had the second of this January, and I account it a good augury that it came so seasonably to usher in the New Year and to 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 used to send one to another were certain kinds of conjurers or spirits that used to go up and down to tell tales and make discoveries. Among other examples, I remember to have read one of an Indian boy sent from a Mexico merchant to a captain with a basket of figs and a letter. The boy in the way did eat some of them, and the captain, after he had read the letter, asked him what became of the rest, whereat the boy stood all astonished; and being sent with another basket a little after to the same party, his maw

began to yearn again after some of the figs, but he first took the letter and clapped 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, etc. Whether your letters be spirits or no, I will not dispute; but I am sure they beget new spirits in me, and *quod efficit tale illud ipsum est magis tale*. If I am possessed with melancholy, they raise a spirit of mirth in me. If my thoughts are contracted with sadness, they presently dilute them into joy, etc., as if they had some subtle invisible atoms whereby they operate, which is now an old philosophy newly furbished and much cried up, that all natural actions and motions are performed by emission of certain atoms, whereof there is a constant effluvium from all elementary bodies, and are of divers shapes, some angular, others cylindrical, some spherical, which atoms are still hovering up and down and never rest till they meet with some pores proportionable and cognate unto their figures, where they acquiesce. By the expiration of such atoms, the dog finds the scent as he hunts, the pestilence infects, the loadstone attracts iron, the sympathetic powder or Zaphyrian salt calcined by Apollinian heat; operating in July and August till it come to a lunary complexion, — I say, by the virtue and intervention of such atoms, it is found that this said powder heals at a distance without topical applications to the place affected. They who are of this opinion hold that all sublu-

nary bodies operate thus by atoms as the heavenly bodies do by their influences. Now, it is more visible in the loadstone than any other body, for by help of artificial glasses a kind of mist hath been discerned to expire out of it, as Dr Highmore doth acutely, and so much like a philosopher observe. For my part I think it more congruous to reason and to the course of nature that all actions and motions should be thus performed by such little atomical bodies than by accidents and qualities, which are but notional things, having only an imaginary subsistence and no essence of themselves at all but as they inhere in some other. If this philosophy be true, it were no great absurdity to think that your letters have a kind of atomical energy which operates upon my spirits, as I formerly told you.

The times continue still untoward and troublesome; therefore, now that you and I carry above a hundred years upon our backs, and that those few grains of sand which remain in the brittle glasses of our lives are still running out, it is time, my dear Tom, for us to think on that which of all future things is the most certain, I mean our last removal and emigration hence to another world. It is time to think on that little hole of earth which shall hold us at last. The time was that you and I had all the fair continent of Europe before us to range in. We have been since confined to an island, and now Lincoln holds you and London me. We must expect the day that sick-

ness will confine us to our chambers, then to our beds, and so to our graves, the dark, silent grave which will put a period to our pilgrimage in this world. And observable it is what method nature doth use in contracting our liberty thus by degrees, as a worthy gentleman observes.

But though this small bagfull of bones be so confined, yet the noblest part of us may be said to be then set at liberty, when, having shaken off this slough of flesh, she mounts up to her true country, the country of eternity, where one moment of joy is more than if we enjoyed all the pleasures of this world a million of years here among the elements.

But till our threads are spun up let us continue to enjoy ourselves as well as we can. Let those grains I spoke of before run gently by their own motion without jogging the glass by any perturbation of mind or musing too much upon the times.

Man's life is nimble and swift enough of itself without the help of a spur or any violent motion; therefore he spoke like a true philosopher, who excepted against the title of a book called "De Statu Vitae," for he should rather have entituled it "De cursu Vitae," for this life is still upon the speed.

You and I have luckily met abroad under many meridians; when our course is run here, I hope we shall meet in a region that is above the wheel of time, and it may be in the concave of some star (if those glorious lamps are habitable).

Howsoever my genius prompts me, that when I part hence I shall not downwards, for I had always soaring thoughts, being but a boy, at which time I had a mighty desire to be a bird, that I might fly towards the sky.

So my long-endear'd friend and fellow-traveller,
I rest yours verily and invariably,

J. H.

Holborn, 10 *January*.

To the Sagacious Reader

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus ;
Clauditur haec cera, clauditur illa sera.

As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts.

ΤΕΛΟΣ

Gloria Lausq; Deo Saeculorum in saecula sunt

A Doxological Chronogram including this present
year, MDCLV., and hath numeral letters
enough to extend to the year nine-
teen hundred twenty-seven, if
it please God this world
shall last so long.

AD LIBRUM

Sine me, liber, ibis in Aulam,
Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo.

TO HIS BOOK

Thou mayest to Court, and progress to and fro,
Oh, that thy captived master could do so.

The Riverside Press

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