

# EVELYN JOHN

THE DIARY OF JOHN  
EVELYN (VOLUME 1 OF  
2)

John Evelyn

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## Содержание

EVELYN'S DIARY	5
EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION	8
DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN	16
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	59

# John Evelyn

## The Diary of John Evelyn (Volume 1 of 2)

### EVELYN'S DIARY

**T**he two chief diarists of the age of Charles the Second are, *mutatis mutandis*, not ill characterized by the remark of a wicked wit upon the brothers Austin. "John Austin," it was said, "served God and died poor: Charles Austin served the devil, and died rich. Both were clever fellows. Charles was much the cleverer of the two." Thus John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys, the former a perfect model of decorum, the latter a grievous example of indecorum, have respectively left us diaries, of which the indecorous is to the decorous as a zoölogical garden is to a museum: while the disparity between the testamentary bequests of the two Austins but imperfectly represents the reputation standing to Pepys's account with posterity in comparison with that accruing to his sedate and dignified contemporary.

Museums, nevertheless, have their uses, and Evelyn's comparatively jejune record has laid us under no small obligation. But for Pepys's amazing indiscretion and garrulity, qualities of which one cannot have too little in life, or too much in the record of it, Evelyn would have been esteemed the first diarist of his age. Unable for want of these qualifications to draw any adequate picture of the stirring life around him, he has executed at least one portrait admirably, his own. The likeness is, moreover, valuable, as there is every reason to suppose it typical, and representative of a very important class of society, the well-bred and well-conducted section of the untitled aristocracy of England. We may well believe that these men were not only the salt but the substance of their order. There was an ill-bred section exclusively devoted to festivity and sport. There was an ill-conducted section, plunged into the dissipations of court life. But the majority were men like Evelyn: not, perhaps, equally refined by culture and travel, or equally interested in literary research and scientific experiment, but well informed and polite; no strangers to the Court, yet hardly to be called courtiers, and preferring country to town; loyal to Church and King but not fanatical or rancorous; as yet but slightly imbued with the principles of civil and religious liberty, yet adverse to carry the dogma of divine right further than the right of succession; fortunate in having survived all ideas of serfdom or vassalage, and in having few private interests not fairly reconcilable with the general good. Evelyn was made to be the spokesman of such a class, and, meaning to speak only for himself, he delivers its mind concerning the Commonwealth and the Restoration, the conduct of the later Stuart Kings and the Revolution.

Evelyn's Diary practically begins where many think he had no business to be diarising, beyond the seas. The position of a loyalist who solaces himself in Italy while his King is fighting for his crown certainly requires explanation: it may be sufficient apology for Evelyn that without the family estates he could be of no great service to the King, and that these, lying near London, were actually in the grasp of the Parliament. He was also but one of a large family and it was doubtless convenient that one member should be out of harm's way. His three years' absence (1643-6) has certainly proved advantageous to posterity. Evelyn is, indeed, a mere sight-seer, but this renders his tour a precise record of the objects which the sight-seer of the seventeenth century was expected to note, and a mirror not only of the taste but of the feeling of the time. There is no cult of anything, but there is curiosity about everything; there is no perception of the sentiment of a landscape, but real enjoyment of the landscape itself; antiquity is not unappreciated, but modern works impart more real pleasure. Of the philosophical reflections which afterward rose to the mind of Gibbon there is hardly a vestige, and of course Evelyn is at an immeasurable distance from Byron and De Staël. But he gives us exactly what we want, the actual attitude of a cultivated young Englishman in presence of classic and renaissance art with its background of Southern nature. We may register without undue self-

complacency a great development of the modern world in the æsthetical region of the intellect, which implies many other kinds of progress. It is interesting to compare with Evelyn's narrative the chapters recording the visit to Italy supposed to have been made at this very period by John Inglesant, who inevitably sees with the eyes of the nineteenth century. Evelyn's casual remarks on foreign manners and institutions display good sense, without extraordinary insight; in description he is frequently observant and graphic, as in his account of the galley slaves, and of Venetian female costumes. He naturally regards Alpine scenery as "melancholy and troublesome."

Returned to England, Evelyn strictly follows the line of the average English country gentleman, execrating the execution of Charles I., disgusted beyond measure with the suppression of the Church of England service, but submissive to the powers that be until there are evident indications of a change, which he promotes in anything but a Quixotic spirit. Although he is sincerely attached to the monarchy, the condition of the Church is evidently a matter of greater concern to him: Cromwell would have done much to reconcile the royalists to his government, had it been possible for him to have restored the liturgy and episcopacy. The same lesson is to be derived from his demeanor during the reigns of Charles and James. The exultation with which the Restoration is at first hailed soon evaporates. The scandals of the Court are an offense, notwithstanding Evelyn's personal attachment to the King. But the chief point is not vice or favoritism or mismanagement, but alliances with Roman Catholic powers against Protestant nations. Evelyn is enraged to see Charles missing the part so clearly pointed out to him by Providence as the protector of the Protestant religion all over Europe. The conversion of the Duke of York is a fearful blow, James's ecclesiastical policy after his accession adds to Evelyn's discontent day by day, while political tyranny passes almost without remark. At last the old cavalier is glad to welcome the Prince of Orange as deliverer, and though he has no enthusiasm for William in his character as King, he remains his dutiful subject. Just because Evelyn was by no means an extraordinary person, he represents the plain straightforward sense of the English gentry. The questions of the seventeenth century were far more religious than political. The synthesis "Church and King" expressed the dearest convictions of the great majority of English country families, but when the two became incompatible they left no doubt which held the first place in their hearts. They acted instinctively on the principle of the Persian lady who preferred her brother to her husband. It was not impossible to find a new King, but there was no alternative to the English Church.

Evelyn's memoirs thus possess a value far exceeding the modest measure of worth allowed them by De Quincey: "They are useful as now and then enabling one to fix the date of a particular event, but for little besides." The Diary's direct contribution to historical accuracy is insignificant; it is an index, not to chronological minutiae, but to the general progress of moral and political improvement. The editor of 1857 certainly goes too far in asserting that "All that might have been excluded from the range of his opinions, his feelings and sympathies embraced"; but it is interesting to observe the gradual widening of Evelyn's sympathies with good men of all parties, and to find him in his latter days criticising the evidence produced in support of the Popish Plot on the one hand, and deploring the just condemnation of Algernon Sydney on the other. It is true that, so far as the sufferings of his country are concerned, his attitude is rather that of the Levite than of the Samaritan; but more lively popular sympathies would have destroyed the peculiar value attaching to the testimony of the reluctant witness. We should, for example, have thought little of such a passage as the following from the pen of Burnet, from Evelyn it is significant indeed: —

*October 14, 1688.*—The King's birthday. No guns from the Tower as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror against Harold, near Battel in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the churches against invasion.

It might be difficult to produce a nearer approximation in secular literature to Daniel's "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*."

There is little else in the Diary equally striking, though Evelyn's description of Whitehall on the eve of the death of Charles the Second ranks among the memorable passages of the language. It is nevertheless full of interesting anecdotes and curious notices, especially of the scientific research which, in default of any adequate public organization, was in that age more efficaciously promoted by students than by professors. De Quincey censures Evelyn for omitting to record the conversation of the men with whom he associated, but he does not consider that the Diary in its present shape is a digest of memoranda made long previously, and that time failed at one period and memory at the other. De Quincey, whose extreme acuteness was commonly evinced on the negative side of a question, saw the weak points of the Diary upon its first publication much more clearly than his contemporaries did, and was betrayed into illiberality by resentment at what he thought its undeserved vogue. Evelyn has in truth been fortunate; his record, which his contemporaries would have neglected, appeared (1818) just in time to be a precursor of the Anglican movement, a tendency evinced in a similar fashion by the vindication, no doubt mistaken, of the Caroline authorship of the "*Icon Basilike*." Evelyn was a welcome encounter to men of this cast of thought, and was hailed as a model of piety, culture, and urbanity, without sufficient consideration of his deficiencies as a loyalist and a patriot. It also conduced to his reputation that all his other writings should have virtually perished except his "*Sylva*," like his Diary a landmark in the history of improvement, though in a widely different department. But for his lack of diplomatic talent, he might be compared with an eminent and much applauded, but in our times somewhat decrescent, contemporary, Sir William Temple. Both these eminent persons would have aroused a warmer feeling in posterity, and have effected more for its instruction and entertainment, if they could occasionally have dashed their dignity with an infusion of the grotesqueness, we will not say of Pepys, but of Roger North. To them, however, their dignity was their character, and although we could have wished them a larger measure of geniality, we must feel indebted to them for their preservation of a refined social type.

## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

**Evelyn** lived in the busy and important times of King Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, King Charles II., King James II., and King William, and early accustomed himself to note such things as occurred, which he thought worthy of remembrance. He was known to, and had much personal intercourse with, the Kings Charles II. and James II.; and he was in habits of great intimacy with many of the ministers of these two monarchs, and with many of the eminent men of those days, as well among the clergy as the laity. Foreigners distinguished for learning, or arts, who came to England, did not leave it without visiting him.

The following pages contribute extensive and important particulars of this eminent man. They show that he did not travel merely to count steeples, as he expresses himself in one of his Letters: they develop his private character as one of the most amiable kind. With a strong predilection for monarchy, with a personal attachment to Kings Charles II. and James II., formed when they resided at Paris, he was yet utterly averse to the arbitrary measures of these monarchs.

Strongly and steadily attached to the doctrine and practice of the Church of England, he yet felt the most liberal sentiments for those who differed from him in opinion. He lived in intimacy with men of all persuasions; nor did he think it necessary to break connection with anyone who had ever been induced to desert the Church of England, and embrace the doctrines of that of Rome. In writing to the brother of a gentleman thus circumstanced, in 1659, he expresses himself in this admirable manner: "For the rest, we must commit to Providence the success of times and mitigation of proselytical fervors; having for my own particular a very great charity for all who sincerely adore the Blessed Jesus, our common and dear Saviour, as being full of hope that God (however the present zeal of some, and the scandals taken by others at the instant [present] affliction of the Church of England may transport them) will at last compassionate our infirmities, clarify our judgments, and make abatement for our ignorances, superstructures, passions, and errors of corrupt times and interests, of which the Romish persuasion can no way acquit herself, whatever the present prosperity and secular polity may pretend. But God will make all things manifest in his own time, only let us possess ourselves in patience and charity. This will cover a multitude of imperfections."

He speaks with great moderation of the Roman Catholics in general, admitting that some of the laws enacted against them might be mitigated; but of the Jesuits he had the very worst opinion, considering them as a most dangerous Society, and the principal authors of the misfortunes which befell King James II., and of the horrible persecutions of the Protestants in France and Savoy.

He must have conducted himself with uncommon prudence and address, for he had personal friends in the Court of Cromwell, at the same time that he was corresponding with his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, the Ambassador of King Charles II. at Paris; and at the same period that he paid his court to the King, he maintained his intimacy with a disgraced minister.

In his travels, he made acquaintance not only with men eminent for learning, but with men ingenious in every art and profession.

His manners we may presume to have been most agreeable; for his company was sought by the greatest men, not merely by inviting him to their own tables, but by their repeated visits to him at his own house; and this was equally the case with regard to ladies, of many of whom he speaks in the highest style of admiration, affection, and respect. He was master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. That he had read a great deal is manifest; but at what time he found opportunities for study, it is not easy to say. He acknowledges himself to have been idle, while at Oxford; and, when on his travels, he had little time for reading, except when he stayed about nineteen weeks in France, and at Padua, where he was likewise stationary for several months. At Rome, he remained a considerable time, but, while there, he was so continually engaged in viewing the great variety of interesting objects to be seen in that city, that he could have found little leisure for reading. When



resident in England, he was so much occupied in the business of his numerous offices, in paying visits, in receiving company at home, and in examining whatever was deemed worthy of curiosity, or of scientific observation, that it is astonishing how he found the opportunity to compose the numerous books which he published, and the much greater number of Papers, on almost every subject, which still remain in manuscript; to say nothing of the very extensive and voluminous correspondence which he appears to have carried on during his long life, with men of the greatest eminence in Church and State, and the most distinguished for learning, both Englishmen and foreigners. In this correspondence he does not seem to have made use of an amanuensis; and he has left transcripts in his own hand of great numbers of letters both received and sent. He observes, indeed, in one of these, that he seldom went to bed before twelve, or closed his eyes before one o'clock.

He was happy in a wife of congenial dispositions with his own, of an enlightened mind, who had read much, and was skilled in etching and painting, yet attentive to the domestic concerns of her household, and a most affectionate mother.

His grandfather, George, was not the first of the family who settled in Surrey. John, father of this George, was of Kingston, in 1520, and married a daughter of David Vincent, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Long Ditton, near Kingston, which afterward came in the hands of George, who there carried on the manufacture of gunpowder. He purchased very considerable estates in Surrey, and three of his sons became heads of three families, viz, Thomas, his eldest son, at Long Ditton; John, at Godstone, and Richard at Wotton. Each of these three families had the title of Baronet conferred on them at different times, viz, at Godstone, in 1660; Long Ditton, in 1683; and Wotton, in 1713.

The manufacture of gunpowder was carried on at Godstone as well as at Long Ditton; but it does not appear that there ever was any mill at Wotton, or that the purchase of that place was made with such a view.

It may be not altogether incurious to observe, that though Mr. Evelyn's father was a man of very considerable fortune, the first rudiments of this son's learning were acquired from the village schoolmaster over the porch of Wotton Church. Of his progress at another school, and at college, he himself speaks with great humility; nor did he add much to his stock of knowledge, while he resided in the Middle Temple, to which his father sent him, with the intention that he should apply to what he calls "an impolished study," which he says he never liked.

The "Biographia" does not notice his tour in France, Flanders, and Holland, in 1641, when he made a short campaign as a volunteer in an English regiment then in service in Flanders.<sup>1</sup> Nor does it notice his having set out, with intent to join King Charles I. at Brentford; and subsequently desisting when the result of that battle became known, on the ground that his brother's as well as his own estates were so near London as to be fully in power of the Parliament, and that their continued adherence would have been certain ruin to themselves without any advantage to his Majesty. In this dangerous conjuncture he asked and obtained the King's leave to travel. Of these travels, and the observations he made therein, an ample account is given in this Diary.

The national troubles coming on before he had engaged in any settled plan for his future life, it appears that he had thoughts of living in the most private manner, and that, with his brother's permission, he had even begun to prepare a place for retirement at Wotton. Nor did he afterward wholly abandon his intention, if the plan of a college, which he sent to Mr. Boyle in 1659, was really formed on a serious idea. This scheme is given at length in the "Biographia," and in Dr. Hunter's edition of the "Sylva" in 1776; but it may be observed that he proposes it should not be more than twenty-five miles from London.

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<sup>1</sup> This expression is, perhaps, hardly applicable to the fact of Evelyn's having witnessed a siege merely as a curious spectator. He reached the camp on the 2d, and left it on the 8th of August, 1641. It is certain, however, that during these six days he took his turn on duty, and trailed a pike. – See Diary.

As to his answer to Sir George Mackenzie's panegyric on Solitude, in which Mr. Evelyn takes the opposite part and urges the preference to which public employment and an active life is entitled, — it may be considered as the playful essay of one who, for the sake of argument, would controvert another's position, though in reality agreeing with his own opinion; if we think him serious in two letters to Mr. Abraham Cowley, dated 12th March and 24th August, 1666, in the former of which he writes: "You had reason to be astonished at the presumption, not to name it affront, that I, who have so highly celebrated recess, and envied it in others, should become an advocate for the enemy, which of all others it abhors and flies from. I conjure you to believe that I am still of the same mind, and that there is no person alive who does more honor and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and advance by your example; but, as those who praised dirt, a flea, and the gout, so have I public employment in that trifling Essay, and that in so weak a style compared with my antagonist's, as by that alone it will appear I neither was nor could be serious, and I hope you believe I speak my very soul to you.

'Sunt enim Musis sua ludicra mista Camœnis  
Otia sunt —'

In the other, he says, "I pronounce it to you from my heart as oft as I consider it, that I look on your fruitions with inexpressible emulation, and should think myself more happy than crowned heads, were I, as you, the arbiter of mine own life, and could break from those gilded toys to taste your well-described joys with such a wife and such a friend, whose conversation exceeds all that the mistaken world calls happiness." But, in truth, Mr. Evelyn's mind was too active to admit of solitude at all times, however desirable it might appear to him in theory.

After he had settled at Deptford, which was in the time of Cromwell, he kept up a constant correspondence with Sir Richard Browne (his father-in-law), the King's Ambassador at Paris; and though his connection must have been known, it does not appear that he met with any interruption from the government here. Indeed, though he remained a decided Royalist, he managed so well as to have intimate friends even among those nearly connected with Cromwell; and to this we may attribute his being able to avoid taking the Covenant, which he says he never did take. In 1659, he published "An Apology for the Royal Party"; and soon after printed a paper which was of great service to the King, entitled "The Late News, or Message from Brussels Unmasked," which was an answer to a pamphlet designed to represent the King in the worst light.

On the Restoration, we find him very frequently at Court; and he became engaged in many public employments, still attending to his studies and literary pursuits. Among these, is particularly to be mentioned the Royal Society, in the establishment and conduct of which he took a very active part. He procured Mr. Howard's library to be given to them; and by his influence, in 1667, the Arundelian Marbles were obtained for the University of Oxford.

His first appointment to a public office was in 1662, as a Commissioner for reforming the buildings, ways, streets, and incumbrances, and regulating hackney coaches in London. In the same year he sat as a Commissioner on an inquiry into the conduct of the Lord Mayor, etc., concerning Sir Thomas Gresham's charities. In 1664 he was in a commission for regulating the Mint; in the same year was appointed one of the Commissioners for the care of the Sick and Wounded in the Dutch war; and he was continued in the same employment in the second war with that country.

He was one of the Commissioners for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, shortly before it was burned in 1666. In that year he was also in a commission for regulating the farming and making saltpetre; and in 1671 we find him a Commissioner of Plantations on the establishment of the board, to which the Council of Trade was added in 1672.

In 1685 he was one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, during the absence of the Earl of Clarendon (who held that office), on his going Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. On the foundation of

Greenwich Hospital, in 1695, he was one of the Commissioners; and, on the 30th of June, 1696, laid the first stone of that building. He was also appointed Treasurer, with a salary of £200 a year; but he says that it was a long time before he received any part of it.

When the Czar of Muscovy came to England, in 1698, proposing to instruct himself in the art of shipbuilding, he was desirous of having the use of Sayes Court, in consequence of its vicinity to the King's dockyard at Deptford. This was conceded; but during his stay he did so much damage that Mr. Evelyn had an allowance of £150 for it. He especially regrets the mischief done to his famous holly hedge, which might have been thought beyond the reach of damage. But one of Czar Peter's favorite recreations had been to demolish the hedges by riding through them in a wheelbarrow.

October, 1699, his elder brother, George Evelyn, dying without male issue, aged eighty-three, he succeeded to the paternal estate; and in May following, he quitted Sayes Court and went to Wotton, where he passed the remainder of his life, with the exception of occasional visits to London, where he retained a house. In the great storm of 1703, he mentions in his last edition of the "Sylva," above one thousand trees were blown down in sight of his residence.

He died at his house in London, 27th February, 1705-6, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was buried at Wotton. His lady survived him nearly three years, dying 9th February, 1708-9, in her seventy-fourth year, and was buried near him at Wotton.

Of Evelyn's children, a son, who died at the age of five, and a daughter, who died at the age of nineteen, were almost prodigies. The particulars of their extraordinary endowments, and the profound manner in which he was affected at their deaths, may be seen in these volumes.

One daughter was well and happily settled; another less so; but she did not survive her marriage more than a few months. The only son who lived to the age of manhood, inherited his father's love of learning, and distinguished himself by several publications.

Mr. Evelyn's employment as a Commissioner for the care of the Sick and Wounded was very laborious; and, from the nature of it, must have been extremely unpleasant. Almost the whole labor was in his department, which included all the ports between the river Thames and Portsmouth; and he had to travel in all seasons and weathers, by land and by water, in the execution of his office, to which he gave the strictest attention. It was rendered still more disagreeable by the great difficulty which he found in procuring money for support of the prisoners. In the library at Wotton, are copies of numerous letters to the Lord Treasurer and Officers of State, representing, in the strongest terms, the great distress of the poor men, and of those who had furnished lodging and necessaries for them. At one time, there were such arrears of payment to the victuallers, that, on landing additional sick and wounded, they lay some time in the streets, the publicans refusing to receive them, and shutting up their houses. After all this trouble and fatigue, he found as great difficulty in getting his accounts settled.<sup>2</sup> In January, 1665-6, he formed a plan for an Infirmary at Chatham, which he sent to Mr. Pepys, to be laid before the Admiralty, with his reasons for recommending it; but it does not appear that it was carried into execution.

His employments, in connection with the repair of St. Paul's (which, however, occupied him but a brief time), as in the Commission of Trade and Plantations, and in the building of Greenwich Hospital, were much better adapted to his inclinations and pursuits.

As a Commissioner of the Privy Seal in the reign of King James II., he had a difficult task to perform. He was most steadily attached to the Church of England, and the King required the Seal to

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<sup>2</sup> 2d October, 1665, he writes to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Arlington, Sir William Coventry, and Sir Philip Warwick, complaining of want of money for the prisoners: praying that while he and his brother Commissioners adventure their persons and all that is dear to them, in this uncomfortable service, they may not be exposed to ruin, and to a necessity of abandoning their care; and adding that they have lost their officers and servants by the pestilence, and are hourly environed with the saddest objects of perishing people. "I have," says he, "fifteen places full of sick men, where they put me to unspeakable trouble; the magistrates and justices, who should further us in our exigencies, hindering the people from giving us quarters, jealous of the contagion, and causing them to shut the doors at our approach."

be affixed to many things incompatible with the welfare of that Church. This, on some occasions, he refused to do, particularly to a license to Dr. Obadiah Walker to print Popish books;<sup>3</sup> and on other occasions he absented himself, leaving it to his brother Commissioners to act as they thought fit. Such, however, was the King's estimation of him, that no displeasure was evinced on this account.

Of Evelyn's attempt to bring Colonel Morley (Cromwell's Lieutenant of the Tower, immediately preceding the Restoration) over to the King's interest, an imperfect account is given in the "Biographia." The fact is, that there was great friendship between these gentlemen, and Evelyn did endeavor to engage the Colonel in the King's interest. He saw him several times, and put his life into his hands by writing to him on 12th January, 1659-60; he did not succeed, and Colonel Morley was too much his friend to betray him; but so far from the Colonel having settled matters privately with Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, or General Monk, as there described, he was obliged, when the Restoration took place, actually to apply to Evelyn to procure his pardon; who obtained it accordingly, though, as he states, the Colonel was obliged to pay a large sum of money for it. This could not have happened, if there had been any previous negotiation with General Monk.

Dr. Campbell took some pains to vindicate Mr. Evelyn's book, entitled, "Navigation and Commerce, their Origin and Progress," from the charge of being an imperfect work, unequal to the expectation excited by the title. But the Doctor, who had not the information which this Journal so amply affords on this subject, was not aware that what was so printed was nothing more than an Introduction to the History of the Dutch War; a work undertaken by Evelyn at the express command of King Charles II., and the materials for which were furnished by the Officers of State. The completion of this work, after considerable progress had been made in it, was put a stop to by the King himself, for what reason does not appear; but perhaps it was found that Evelyn was inclined to tell too much of the truth concerning a transaction, which it will be seen by his Journal that he utterly reprobated. His copy of the History, as far as he had proceeded, he put into the hands of his friend, Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty, who did not return it; but the books and manuscripts belonging to Mr. Pepys passed into the possession of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

From the numerous authors who have spoken in high terms of Mr. Evelyn, we will select the two following notices of him.

In the "Biographia Britannica" Dr. Campbell says, "It is certain that very few authors who have written in our language deserve the character of able and agreeable writers so well as Mr. Evelyn, who, though he was acquainted with most sciences, and wrote upon many different subjects, yet was very far, indeed the farthest of most men of his time, from being a superficial writer. He had genius, he had taste, he had learning; and he knew how to give all these a proper place in his works, so as never to pass for a pedant, even with such as were least in love with literature, and to be justly esteemed a polite author by those who knew it best."

Horace Walpole (afterward Earl of Orford), in his Catalogue of Engravers, gives us the following admirably drawn character: "If Mr. Evelyn had not been an artist himself, as I think I can prove he was, I should yet have found it difficult to deny myself the pleasure of allotting him a place among the arts he loved, promoted, patronized; and it would be but justice to inscribe his name with due panegyric in these records, as I have once or twice taken the liberty to criticise him. But they are trifling blemishes compared with his amiable virtues and beneficence; and it may be remarked that the worst I have said of him is, that he knew more than he always communicated. It is no unwelcome satire to say, that a man's intelligence and philosophy is inexhaustible. I mean not to write his biography, but I must observe, that his life, which was extended to eighty-six years, was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence. The works of the Creator, and the minute labors of the creature, were all objects of his pursuit. He unfolded the perfection of the one, and assisted the imperfection of the other. He adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered

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<sup>3</sup> Dr. Walker had been a member of the Church of England, but had renounced it, and turned Papist.

only by informing his Prince, and by pointing out what was worthy of him to countenance; and really was the neighbor of the Gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him. Whoever peruses a list of his works will subscribe to my assertion. He was one of the first promoters of the Royal Society; a patron of the ingenious and the indigent; and peculiarly serviceable to the lettered world; for, besides his writings and discoveries, he obtained the Arundelian Marbles for the University of Oxford, and the Arundelian Library for the Royal Society. Nor is it the least part of his praise, that he who proposed to Mr. Boyle the erection of a Philosophical College for retired and speculative persons, had the honesty to write in defense of active life against Sir George Mackenzie's 'Essay on Solitude.' He knew that retirement, in his own hands, was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others, laziness and inutility."

Evelyn was buried in the Dormitory adjoining Wotton Church.

On a white marble, covering a tomb shaped like a coffin, raised about three feet above the floor, is inscribed:

**Here lies the Body**

**of John Evelyn, Esq.,**

**of this place, second son**

**of Richard Evelyn, Esq.;**

**who having serv'd the Publick**

**in several employments, of which that**

**of Commissioner of the Privy-Seal in the**

**Reign of King James the 2d was most**

**honourable, and perpetuated his fame**

**by far more lasting monuments than**

**those of Stone or Brass, his learned**

**and usefull Works, fell asleep the 27 day**

**of February 1705-6, being the 86 year**

**of his age, in full hope of a glorious**

**Resurrection, thro' Faith in Jesus Christ**

**Living in an age of extraordinary**

**VOLUME I**

**1620-1664**

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**VOLUME II**

**1665-1706**

## DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN

### WOTTON

**I** was born at Wotton, in the County of Surrey, about twenty minutes past two in the morning, being on Tuesday the 31st and last of October, 1620, after my father had been married about seven years,<sup>4</sup> and that my mother had borne him three children; viz, two daughters and one son, about the 33d year of his age, and the 23d of my mother's.

My father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion, mixed with a dash of choler: his hair inclining to light, which, though exceedingly thick, became hoary by the time he had attained to thirty years of age; it was somewhat curled toward the extremities; his beard, which he wore a little peaked, as the mode was, of a brownish color, and so continued to the last, save that it was somewhat mingled with gray hairs about his cheeks, which, with his countenance, were clear and fresh-colored; his eyes extraordinary quick and piercing; an ample forehead, – in sum, a very well-composed visage and manly aspect: for the rest, he was but low of stature, yet very strong. He was, for his life, so exact and temperate, that I have heard he had never been surprised by excess, being ascetic and sparing. His wisdom was great, and his judgment most acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, silent, and methodical genius, discreetly severe, yet liberal upon all just occasions, both to his children, to strangers, and servants; a lover of hospitality; and, in brief, of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions; not illiterate, nor obscure, as, having continued Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, he served his country as High Sheriff, being, as I take it, the last dignified with that office for Sussex and Surrey together, the same year, before their separation. He was yet a studious decliner of honors and titles; being already in that esteem with his country, that they could have added little to him besides their burden. He was a person of that rare conversation that, upon frequent recollection, and calling to mind passages of his life and discourse, I could never charge him with the least passion, or inadvertency. His estate was esteemed about £4000 per annum, well wooded, and full of timber.

My mother's name was Eleanor, sole daughter and heiress of John Standsfield, Esq., of an ancient and honorable family (though now extinct) in Shropshire, by his wife Eleanor Comber, of a good and well-known house in Sussex. She was of proper personage; of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence, esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country: which rendered her loss much deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her.

Thus much, in brief, touching my parents; nor was it reasonable I should speak less of them to whom I owe so much.

The place of my birth was Wotton, in the parish of Wotton, or Blackheath, in the county of Surrey, the then mansion-house of my father, left him by my grandfather, afterward and now my eldest brother's. It is situated in the most southern part of the shire; and, though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, though by few observed. From it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the coast of Sussex, in a serene day. The house is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most pleasant

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<sup>4</sup> He was married at St. Thomas's, Southwark, 27th January, 1613. My sister Eliza was born at nine at night, 28th November, 1614; Jane at four in the morning, 16th February, 1616; my brother George at nine at night, Wednesday, 18th June, 1617; and my brother Richard, 9th November, 1622. — *Note by Evelyn.*



seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water, in abundance.

The distance from London little more than twenty miles, and yet so securely placed, as if it were one hundred; three miles from Dorking, which serves it abundantly with provision as well of land as sea; six from Guildford, twelve from Kingston. I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be among the most natural, and (till this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses) the most magnificent that England afforded; and which indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegance, since so much in vogue, and followed in the managing of their waters, and other elegancies of that nature. Let me add, the contiguity of five or six manors, the patronage of the livings about it, and what Themistocles pronounced for none of the least advantages – the good neighborhood. All which conspire here to render it an honorable and handsome royalty, fit for the present possessor, my worthy brother, and his noble lady, whose constant liberality gives them title both to the place and the affections of all that know them. Thus, with the poet:

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos  
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

I had given me the name of my grandfather, my mother's father, who, together with a sister of Sir Thomas Evelyn, of Long Ditton, and Mr. Comber, a near relation of my mother, were my susceptors. The solemnity (yet upon what accident I know not, unless some indisposition in me) was performed in the dining-room by Parson Higham, the present incumbent of the parish, according to the forms prescribed by the then glorious Church of England.

I was now (in regard to my mother's weakness, or rather custom of persons of quality) put to nurse to one Peter, a neighbor's wife and tenant, of a good, comely, brown, wholesome complexion, and in a most sweet place toward the hills, flanked with wood and refreshed with streams; the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk. It appears, by a note of my father's, that I sucked till 17th of January, 1622, or at least I came not home before.<sup>5</sup>

1623. The very first thing that I can call to memory, and from which time forward I began to observe, was this year (1623) my youngest brother, being in his nurse's arms, who, being then two days and nine months younger than myself, was the last child of my dear parents.

1624. I was not initiated into any rudiments until near four years of age, and then one Frier taught us at the church-porch of Wotton; and I do perfectly remember the great talk and stir about Il Conde Gondomar, now Ambassador from Spain (for near about this time was the match of our Prince with the Infanta proposed); and the effects of that comet, 1618, still working in the prodigious revolutions now beginning in Europe, especially in Germany, whose sad commotions sprang from the Bohemians' defection from the Emperor Matthias; upon which quarrel the Swedes broke in, giving umbrage to the rest of the princes, and the whole Christian world cause to deplore it, as never since enjoying perfect tranquillity.

1625. I was this year (being the first of the reign of King Charles) sent by my father to Lewes, in Sussex, to be with my grandfather, Standsfield, with whom I passed my childhood. This was the year in which the pestilence was so epidemical, that there died in London 5,000 a week, and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed; and I was shortly after so dangerously sick of a fever that (as I have heard) the physicians despaired of me.

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<sup>5</sup> The whole of this passage, so characteristic of the writer's tastes and genius, and both the paragraphs before and after it, are printed for the first time in this edition. Portions of the preceding description of Wotton are also first taken from the original; and it may not be out of place to add that, more especially in the first fifty pages of this volume, a very large number of curious and interesting additions are made to Evelyn's text from the Manuscript of the Diary at Wotton.

1626. My picture was drawn in oil by one Chanterell, no ill painter.

1627. My grandfather, Standsfield, died this year, on the 5th of February: I remember perfectly the solemnity at his funeral. He was buried in the parish church of All Souls, where my grandmother, his second wife, erected him a pious monument. About this time, was the consecration of the Church of South Malling, near Lewes, by Dr. Field, Bishop of Oxford (one Mr. Coxhall preached, who was afterward minister); the building whereof was chiefly procured by my grandfather, who having the impropriation, gave £20 a year out of it to this church. I afterward sold the impropriation. I laid one of the first stones at the building of the church.

1628-30. It was not till the year 1628, that I was put to learn my Latin rudiments, and to write, of one Citolin, a Frenchman, in Lewes. I very well remember that general muster previous to the Isle of Rhè's expedition, and that I was one day awakened in the morning with the news of the Duke of Buckingham being slain by that wretch, Felton, after our disgrace before La Rochelle. And I now took so extraordinary a fancy to drawing and designing, that I could never after wean my inclinations from it, to the expense of much precious time, which might have been more advantageously employed. I was now put to school to one Mr. Potts, in the Cliff at Lewes, from whom, on the 7th of January, 1630, being the day after Epiphany, I went to the free-school at Southover, near the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundress, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University.<sup>6</sup> This year, my grandmother (with whom I sojourned) being married to one Mr. Newton, a learned and most religious gentleman, we went from the Cliff to dwell at his house in Southover. I do most perfectly remember the jubilee which was universally expressed for the happy birth of the Prince of Wales, 29th of May, now Charles II., our most gracious Sovereign.

1631. There happened now an extraordinary dearth in England, corn bearing an excessive price; and, in imitation of what I had seen my father do, I began to observe matters more punctually, which I did use to set down in a blank almanac. The Lord of Castlehaven's arraignment for many shameful exorbitances was now all the talk, and the birth of the Princess Mary, afterward Princess of Orange.

21st October, 1632. My eldest sister was married to Edward Darcy, Esq., who little deserved so excellent a person, a woman of so rare virtue. I was not present at the nuptials; but I was soon afterward sent for into Surrey, and my father would willingly have weaned me from my fondness of my too indulgent grandmother, intending to have placed me at Eton; but, not being so provident for my own benefit, and unreasonably terrified with the report of the severe discipline there, I was sent back to Lewes; which perverseness of mine I have since a thousand times deplored. This was the first time that ever my parents had seen all their children together in prosperity. While I was now trifling at home, I saw London, where I lay one night only. The next day, I dined at Beddington, where I was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities. Thence, we returned to the Lady Darcy's, at Sutton; thence to Wotton; and, on the 16th of August following, 1633, back to Lewes.

3d November, 1633. This year my father was appointed Sheriff, the last, as I think, who served in that honorable office for Surrey and Sussex, before they were disjoined. He had 116 servants in liveries, every one liveried in green satin doublets; divers gentlemen and persons of quality waited on him in the same garb and habit, which at that time (when thirty or forty was the usual retinue of the High Sheriff) was esteemed a great matter. Nor was this out of the least vanity that my father exceeded (who was one of the greatest decliners of it); but because he could not refuse the civility of his friends and relations, who voluntarily came themselves, or sent in their servants. But my father was afterward most unjustly and spitefully molested by that jeering judge, Richardson, for reprieving the execution of a woman, to gratify my Lord of Lindsey, then Admiral: but out of this he emerged with as much honor as trouble. The king made this year his progress into Scotland, and Duke James was born.

15th December, 1634: My dear sister, Darcy, departed this life, being arrived to her 20th year of age; in virtue advanced beyond her years, or the merit of her husband, the worst of men. She had

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<sup>6</sup> Long afterward, Evelyn was in the habit of paying great respect to his old teacher.

been brought to bed the 2d of June before, but the infant died soon after her, the 24th of December. I was therefore sent for home the second time, to celebrate the obsequies of my sister; who was interred in a very honorable manner in our dormitory joining to the parish church, where now her monument stands.

1635. But my dear mother being now dangerously sick, I was, on the 3d of September following, sent for to Wotton. Whom I found so far spent, that, all human assistance failing, she in a most heavenly manner departed this life upon the 29th of the same month, about eight in the evening of Michaelmas-day. It was a malignant fever which took her away, about the 37th of her age, and 22d of her marriage, to our irreparable loss and the regret of all that knew her. Certain it is, that the visible cause of her indisposition proceeded from grief upon the loss of her daughter, and the infant that followed it; and it is as certain, that when she perceived the peril whereto its excess had engaged her, she strove to compose herself and allay it; but it was too late, and she was forced to succumb. Therefore summoning all her children then living (I shall never forget it), she expressed herself in a manner so heavenly, with instructions so pious and Christian, as made us strangely sensible of the extraordinary loss then imminent; after which, embracing every one of us she gave to each a ring with her blessing and dismissed us. Then, taking my father by the hand, she recommended us to his care; and, because she was extremely zealous for the education of my younger brother, she requested my father that he might be sent with me to Lewes; and so having importuned him that what he designed to bestow on her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor, she labored to compose herself for the blessed change which she now expected. There was not a servant in the house whom she did not expressly send for, advise, and infinitely affect with her counsel. Thus she continued to employ her intervals, either instructing her relations, or preparing of herself.

Though her physicians, Dr. Meverell, Dr. Clement, and Dr. Rand, had given over all hopes of her recovery, and Sir Sanders Duncombe had tried his celebrated and famous powder, yet she was many days impairing, and endured the sharpest conflicts of her sickness with admirable patience and most Christian resignation, retaining both her intellectuals and ardent affections for her dissolution, to the very article of her departure. When near her dissolution, she laid her hand on every one of her children; and taking solemn leave of my father, with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God. Thus ended that prudent and pious woman, in the flower of her age, to the inconsolable affliction of her husband, irreparable loss of her children, and universal regret of all that knew her. She was interred, as near as might be, to her daughter Darcy, the 3d of October, at night, but with no mean ceremony.

It was the 3d of the ensuing November, after my brother George was gone back to Oxford, ere I returned to Lewes, when I made way, according to instructions received of my father, for my brother Richard, who was sent the 12th after.

1636. This year being extremely dry, the pestilence much increased in London, and divers parts of England.

13th February, 1637: I was especially admitted (and, as I remember, my other brother) into the Middle Temple, London, though absent, and as yet at school. There were now large contributions to the distressed Palatinates.

The 10th of December my father sent a servant to bring us necessaries, and the plague beginning now to cease, on the 3d of April, 1637, I left school, where, till about the last year, I have been extremely remiss in my studies; so as I went to the University rather out of shame of abiding longer at school, than for any fitness, as by sad experience I found: which put me to re-learn all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gained.

#### OXFORD

10th May, 1637. I was admitted a Fellow-commoner of Baliol College, Oxford; and, on the 29th, I was matriculated in the vestry of St. Mary's, where I subscribed the Articles, and took the

oaths: Dr. Baily, head of St. John's, being vice-chancellor, afterward bishop. It appears by a letter of my father's, that he was upon treaty with one Mr. Bathurst (afterward Doctor and President), of Trinity College, who should have been my tutor; but, lest my brother's tutor, Dr. Hobbs, more zealous in his life than industrious to his pupils, should receive it as an affront, and especially for that Fellow-commoners in Baliol were no more exempt from exercise than the meanest scholars there, my father sent me thither to one Mr. George Bradshaw (*nomen invisum!* yet the son of an excellent father, beneficed in Surrey). I ever thought my tutor had parts enough; but as his ambition made him much suspected of the College, so his grudge to Dr. Lawrence, the governor of it (whom he afterward supplanted), took up so much of his time, that he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars. This I perceiving, associated myself with one Mr. James Thicknesse (then a young man of the foundation, afterward a Fellow of the house), by whose learned and friendly conversation I received great advantage. At my first arrival, Dr. Parkhurst was master: and after his decease, Dr. Lawrence, a chaplain of his Majesty's and Margaret Professor, succeeded, an acute and learned person; nor do I much reproach his severity, considering that the extraordinary remissness of discipline had (till his coming) much detracted from the reputation of that College.

There came in my time to the College one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece, from Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, who, returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee; which custom came not into England till thirty years after.<sup>7</sup>

After I was somewhat settled there in my formalities (for then was the University exceedingly regular, under the exact discipline of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor), I added, as benefactor to the library of the College, these books – "*ex dono Johannis Evelyni, hujus Coll. Socio-Commensalis, filii Richardi Evelyni, è com. Surriæ, armigr.*" —

"*Zanchii Opera*," vols. 1, 2, 3.

"*Granado in Thomam Aquinatem*," vols. 1, 2, 3.

"*Novarini Electa Sacra*" and "*Cresolii Anthologia Sacra*"; authors, it seems, much desired by the students of divinity there.

Upon the 2d of July, being the first Sunday of the month, I first received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the college chapel, one Mr. Cooper, a Fellow of the house, preaching; and at this time was the Church of England in her greatest splendor, all things decent, and becoming the Peace, and the persons that governed. The most of the following week I spent in visiting the Colleges, and several rarities of the University, which do very much affect young comers.

18th July, 1637. I accompanied my eldest brother, who then quitted Oxford, into the country; and, on the 9th of August, went to visit my friends at Lewes, whence I returned the 12th to Wotton. On the 17th of September, I received the blessed Sacrament at Wotton church, and 23d of October went back to Oxford.

5th November, 1637. I received again the Holy Communion in our college chapel, one Prouse, a Fellow (but a mad one), preaching.

9th December, 1637. I offered at my first exercise in the Hall, and answered my opponent; and, upon the 11th following, declaimed in the chapel before the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, according to the custom. The 15th after, I first of all opposed in the Hall.

The Christmas ensuing, being at a Comedy which the gentlemen of Exeter College presented to the University, and standing, for the better advantage of seeing, upon a table in the Hall, which was near to another, in the dark, being constrained by the extraordinary press to quit my station, in leaping down to save myself I dashed my right leg with such violence against the sharp edge of the other board, as gave me a hurt which held me in cure till almost Easter, and confined me to my study.

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<sup>7</sup> Evelyn should have said "till twenty years after," not thirty. Coffee was introduced into England, and coffee-houses set up, in 1658.

22d January, 1638. I would needs be admitted into the dancing and vaulting schools; of which late activity one Stokes, the master, did afterward set forth a pretty book, which was published, with many witty elogies before it.

4th February, 1638. One Mr. Wariner preached in our chapel; and, on the 25th, Mr. Wentworth, a kinsman of the Earl of Strafford; after which followed the blessed Sacrament.

13th April, 1638. My father ordered that I should begin to manage my own expenses, which till then my tutor had done; at which I was much satisfied.

#### PORTSMOUTH

9th July, 1638. I went home to visit my friends, and, on the 26th, with my brother and sister to Lewes, where we abode till the 31st; and thence to one Mr. Michael's, of Houghton, near Arundel, where we were very well treated; and, on the 2d of August, to Portsmouth, and thence, having surveyed the fortifications (a great rarity in that blessed halcyon time in England), we passed into the Isle of Wight, to the house of my Lady Richards, in a place called Yaverland; but were turned the following day to Chichester, where, having viewed the city and fair cathedral, we returned home.

About the beginning of September, I was so afflicted with a quartan ague, that I could by no means get rid of it till the December following. This was the fatal year wherein the rebellious Scots opposed the King, upon the pretense of the introduction of some new ceremonies and the Book of Common Prayer, and madly began our confusions, and their own destruction, too, as it proved in event.

14th January, 1639. I came back to Oxford, after my tedious indisposition, and to the infinite loss of my time; and now I began to look upon the rudiments of music, in which I afterward arrived to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because I was so frequently diverted with inclinations to newer trifles.

20th May, 1639. Accompanied with one Mr. J. Crafford (who afterward being my fellow-traveler in Italy, there changed his religion), I took a journey of pleasure to see the Somersetshire baths, Bristol, Cirencester, Malmesbury, Abington, and divers other towns of lesser note; and returned the 25th.

8th October, 1639. I went back to Oxford.

14th December, 1639. According to injunctions from the Heads of Colleges, I went (among the rest) to the Confirmation at St. Mary's, where, after sermon, the Bishop of Oxford laid his hands upon us, with the usual form of benediction prescribed: but this received (I fear) for the more part out of curiosity, rather than with that due preparation and advice which had been requisite, could not be so effectual as otherwise that admirable and useful institution might have been, and as I have since deplored it.

21st January, 1640. Came my brother, Richard, from school, to be my chamber-fellow at the University. He was admitted the next day and matriculated the 31st.

#### LONDON

11th April, 1640. I went to London to see the solemnity of his Majesty's riding through the city in state to the Short Parliament, which began the 13th following, – a very glorious and magnificent sight, the King circled with his royal diadem and the affections of his people: but the day after I returned to Wotton again, where I stayed, my father's indisposition suffering great intervals, till April 27th, when I was sent to London to be first resident at the Middle Temple: so as my being at the University, in regard of these avocations, was of very small benefit to me. Upon May the 5th following, was the Parliament unhappily dissolved; and, on the 20th I returned with my brother George to Wotton, who, on the 28th of the same month, was married at Albury to Mrs. Caldwell (an heiress of an ancient Leicestershire family, where part of the nuptials were celebrated).

10th June, 1640. I repaired with my brother to the term, to go into our new lodgings (that were formerly in Essex-court), being a very handsome apartment just over against the Hall-court, but four

pair of stairs high, which gave us the advantage of the fairer prospect; but did not much contribute to the love of that impolished study, to which (I suppose) my father had designed me, when he paid £145 to purchase our present lives, and assignments afterward.

London, and especially the Court, were at this period in frequent disorders, and great insolences were committed by the abused and too happy City: in particular, the Bishop of Canterbury's Palace at Lambeth was assaulted by a rude rabble from Southwark, my Lord Chamberlain imprisoned and many scandalous libels and invectives scattered about the streets, to the reproach of Government, and the fermentation of our since distractions: so that, upon the 25th of June, I was sent for to Wotton, and the 27th after, my father's indisposition augmenting, by advice of the physicians he repaired to the Bath.

7th July, 1640. My brother George and I, understanding the peril my father was in upon a sudden attack of his infirmity, rode post from Guildford toward him, and found him extraordinary weak; yet so as that, continuing his course, he held out till the 8th of September, when I returned home with him in his litter.

15th October, 1640. I went to the Temple, it being Michaelmas Term.

30th December, 1640. I saw his Majesty (coming from his Northern Expedition) ride in pomp and a kind of ovation, with all the marks of a happy peace, restored to the affections of his people, being conducted through London with a most splendid cavalcade; and on the 3d of November following (a day never to be mentioned without a curse), to that long ungrateful, foolish, and fatal Parliament, the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after, and the period of the most happy monarch in the world: *Quis talia fando!*

But my father being by this time entered into a dropsy, an indisposition the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate, and of admirable regimen, hastened me back to Wotton, December the 12th; where, the 24th following, between twelve and one o'clock at noon, departed this life that excellent man and indulgent parent, retaining his senses and piety to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, while he was taken from the evil to come.

1641. It was a sad and lugubrious beginning of the year, when on the 2d of January, 1640-1, we at night followed the mourning hearse to the church at Wotton; when, after a sermon and funeral oration by the minister, my father was interred near his formerly erected monument, and mingled with the ashes of our mother, his dear wife. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination: but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw; and, if I did not amidst all this impeach my liberty nor my virtue with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least providence or discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.

15th April, 1641. I repaired to London to hear and see the famous trial of the Earl of Strafford, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, who, on the 22d of March, had been summoned before both Houses of Parliament, and now appeared in Westminster-hall,<sup>8</sup> which was prepared with scaffolds for the Lords and Commons, who, together with the King, Queen, Prince, and flower of the noblesse, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocency that ever met before so illustrious an assembly. It was Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, who

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<sup>8</sup> On the 15th of April Strafford made his eloquent defense, which it seems to have been Evelyn's good fortune to be present at. And here the reader may remark the fact, not without significance, that between the entries on this page of the Diary which relate to Lord Strafford, the young Prince of Orange came over to make love to the Princess Royal, then twelve years old; and that the marriage was subsequently celebrated amid extraordinary Court rejoicings and festivities, in which the King took a prominent part, during the short interval which elapsed between the sentence and execution of the King's great and unfortunate minister.

was made High Steward upon this occasion; and the sequel is too well known to need any notice of the event.

On the 27th of April, came over out of Holland the young Prince of Orange, with a splendid equipage, to make love to his Majesty's eldest daughter, the now Princess Royal.

That evening, was celebrated the pompous funeral of the Duke of Richmond, who was carried in effigy, with all the ensigns of that illustrious family, in an open chariot, in great solemnity, through London to Westminster Abbey.

On the 12th of May, I beheld on Tower-hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognizance of no human law or statute, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction. With what reluctancy the King signed the execution, he has sufficiently expressed; to which he imputes his own unjust suffering – to such exorbitancy were things arrived.

On the 24th of May, I returned to Wotton; and, on the 28th of June, I went to London with my sister, Jane, and the day after sat to one Vanderborcht for my picture in oil, at Arundel-house, whose servant that excellent painter was, brought out of Germany when the Earl returned from Vienna (whither he was sent Ambassador-extraordinary, with great pomp and charge, though without any effect, through the artifice of the Jesuited Spaniard who governed all in that conjuncture). With Vanderborcht, the painter, he brought over Wincellaus Hollar, the sculptor, who engraved not only the unhappy Deputy's trial in Westminster-hall, but his decapitation; as he did several other historical things, then relating to the accidents happening during the Rebellion in England, with great skill; besides many cities, towns, and landscapes, not only of this nation, but of foreign parts, and divers portraits of famous persons then in being; and things designed from the best pieces of the rare paintings and masters of which the Earl of Arundel was possessor, purchased and collected in his travels with incredible expense: so as, though Hollar's were but etched in aquafortis, I account the collection to be the most authentic and useful extant. Hollar was the son of a gentleman near Prague, in Bohemia, and my very good friend, perverted at last by the Jesuits at Antwerp to change his religion; a very honest, simple, well-meaning man, who at last came over again into England, where he died. We have the whole history of the king's reign, from his trial in Westminster-hall and before, to the restoration of King Charles II., represented in several sculptures, with that also of Archbishop Laud, by this indefatigable artist; besides innumerable sculptures in the works of Dugdale, Ashmole, and other historical and useful works. I am the more particular upon this for the fruit of that collection, which I wish I had entire.

This picture<sup>9</sup> I presented to my sister, being at her request, on my resolution to absent myself from this ill face of things at home, which gave umbrage to wiser than myself that the medal was reversing, and our calamities but yet in their infancy: so that, on the 15th of July, having procured a pass at the Custom-house, where I repeated my oath of allegiance, I went from London to Gravesend, accompanied with one Mr. Caryll, a Surrey gentleman, and our servants, where we arrived by six o'clock that evening, with a purpose to take the first opportunity of a passage for Holland. But the wind as yet not favorable, we had time to view the Block-house of that town, which answered to another over against it at Tilbury, famous for the rendezvous of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1588, which we found stored with twenty pieces of cannon, and other ammunition proportionable. On the 19th of July, we made a short excursion to Rochester, and having seen the cathedral went to Chatham to see the Royal Sovereign, a glorious vessel of burden lately built there, being for defense and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind. She carried an hundred brass cannon, and was 1,200 tons; a rare sailer, the work of the famous Phineas Pett, inventor of the frigate-fashion of building, to this day practiced. But what is to be deplored as to this vessel is, that it cost his Majesty the affections of his subjects, perverted by the malcontent of great ones, who took occasion to quarrel for his having

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<sup>9</sup> His own portrait.

raised a very slight tax for the building of this, and equipping the rest of the navy, without an act of Parliament; though, by the suffrages of the major part of the Judges the King might legally do in times of imminent danger, of which his Majesty was best apprised. But this not satisfying a jealous party, it was condemned as unprecedented, and not justifiable as to the Royal prerogative; and, accordingly, the Judges were removed out of their places, fined, and imprisoned.<sup>10</sup>

We returned again this evening, and on the 21st of July embarked in a Dutch frigate, bound for Flushing, convoyed and accompanied by five other stout vessels, whereof one was a man-of-war. The next day at noon, we landed at Flushing.

#### DE VERE

Being desirous to overtake the Leagure,<sup>11</sup> which was then before Genep, ere the summer should be too far spent, we went this evening from Flushing to Middleburg, another fine town in this island, to De Vere, whence the most ancient and illustrious Earls of Oxford derive their family, who have spent so much blood in assisting the state during their wars. From De Vere we passed over many towns, houses, and ruins of demolished suburbs, etc., which have formerly been swallowed up by the sea; at what time no less than eight of those islands had been irrecoverably lost.

The next day we arrived at Dort, the first town of Holland, furnished with all German commodities, and especially Rhenish wines and timber. It hath almost at the extremity a very spacious and venerable church; a stately senate house, wherein was holden that famous synod against the Arminians in 1618; and in that hall hangeth a picture of "The Passion," an exceeding rare and much-esteemed piece.

From Dort, being desirous to hasten toward the army, I took wagon this afternoon to Rotterdam, whither we were hurried in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant; so furiously do those Foremen drive. I went first to visit the great church, the Doole, the Bourse, and the public statue of the learned Erasmus, of brass. They showed us his house, or rather the mean cottage, wherein he was born, over which there are extant these lines, in capital letters:

#### **ÆDIBUS HIS ORTUS, MUNDUM DECORAVIT ERASMUS**

#### **ARTIBUS INGENIO, RELIGIONE, FIDE**

The 26th of July I passed by a straight and commodious river through Delft to the Hague; in which journey I observed divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.

Arrived at the Hague, I went first to the Queen of Bohemia's court, where I had the honor to kiss her Majesty's hand, and several of the Princesses', her daughters. Prince Maurice was also there, newly come out of Germany; and my Lord Finch, not long before fled out of England from the fury of the Parliament. It was a fasting day with the Queen for the unfortunate death of her husband, and the presence chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease.

#### NIMEGUEN

The 28th of July I went to Leyden; and the 29th to Utrecht, being thirty English miles distant (as they reckon by hours). It was now Kermas, or a fair, in this town, the streets swarming with boors

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<sup>10</sup> In such manner Evelyn refers to the tax of Ship-money. But compare this remarkable passage, now first printed from the original, with the tone in which, eight years later, he spoke of the only chance by which monarchy in England might be saved; namely, that of "doing nothing as to government but what shall be approved by the old way of a free parliament, and the known laws of the land."

<sup>11</sup> The meaning of this expression is, that they should be in time to witness the siege.



and rudeness, so that early the next morning, having visited the ancient Bishop's court, and the two famous churches, I satisfied my curiosity till my return, and better leisure. We then came to Rynen, where the Queen of Bohemia hath a neat and well built palace, or country house, after the Italian manner, as I remember; and so, crossing the Rhine, upon which this villa is situated, lodged that night in a countryman's house. The 31st to Nimeguen; and on the 2d of August we arrived at the Leagure, where was then the whole army encamped about Genep, a very strong castle situated on the river Waal; but, being taken four or five days before, we had only a sight of the demolitions. The next Sunday was the thanksgiving sermons performed in Colonel Goring's regiment (eldest son of the since Earl of Norwich) by Mr. Goffe, his chaplain (now turned Roman, and father-confessor to the Queen-mother). The evening was spent in firing cannon and other expressions of military triumphs.

Now, according to the compliment, I was received a volunteer in the company of Captain Apsley, of whose Captain-lieutenant, Honywood (Apsley being absent), I received many civilities.

The 3d of August, at night, we rode about the lines of circumvallation, the general being then in the field. The next day I was accommodated with a very spacious and commodious tent for my lodging; as before I was with a horse, which I had at command, and a hut which during the excessive heats was a great convenience; for the sun piercing the canvas of the tent, it was during the day unsufferable, and at night not seldom infested with mists and fogs, which ascended from the river.

6th August, 1641. As the turn came about, we were ordered to watch on a horn-work near our quarters, and trail a pike, being the next morning relieved by a company of French. This was our continual duty till the castle was reformed, and all danger of quitting that station secured; whence I went to see a Convent of Franciscan Friars, not far from our quarters, where we found both the chapel and refectory full, crowded with the goods of such poor people as at the approach of the army had fled with them thither for sanctuary. On the day following, I went to view all the trenches, approaches, and mines, etc. of the besiegers; and, in particular, I took special notice of the wheel-bridge, which engine his Excellency had made to run over the moat when they stormed the castle; as it is since described (with all the other particulars of this siege) by the author of that incomparable work, "Hollandia Illustrata." The walls and ramparts of earth, which a mine had broken and crumbled, were of prodigious thickness.

Upon the 8th of August, I dined in the horse-quarters with Sir Robert Stone and his lady, Sir William Stradling, and divers Cavaliers; where there was very good cheer, but hot service for a young drinker, as then I was; so that, being pretty well satisfied with the confusion of armies and sieges (if such that of the United Provinces may be called, where their quarters and encampments are so admirably regular, and orders so exactly observed, as few cities, the best governed in time of peace, exceed it for all conveniences), I took my leave of the Leagure and Camerades; and, on the 12th of August, I embarked on the "Waal," in company with three grave divines, who entertained us a great part of our passage with a long dispute concerning the lawfulness of church-music. We now sailed by Teil, where we landed some of our freight; and about five o'clock we touched at a pretty town named Bommell, that had divers English in garrison. It stands upon Contribution-land, which subjects the environs to the Spanish incursions. We sailed also by an exceeding strong fort called Lovestein, famous for the escape of the learned Hugo Grotius, who, being in durance as a capital offender, as was the unhappy Barneveldt, by the stratagem of his lady, was conveyed in a trunk supposed to be filled with books only. We lay at Gorcum, a very strong and considerable frontier.

13th August, 1641. We arrived late at Rotterdam, where was their annual mart or fair, so furnished with pictures (especially landscapes and drolleries, as they call those clownish representations), that I was amazed. Some of these I bought and sent into England. The reason of this store of pictures, and their cheapness, proceeds from their want of land to employ their stock, so that it is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer lay out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity. Their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their fairs to very great gains. Here I first saw an elephant, who was extremely well disciplined and obedient. It was a beast of a monstrous

size, yet as flexible and nimble in the joints, contrary to the vulgar tradition, as could be imagined from so prodigious a bulk and strange fabric; but I most of all admired the dexterity and strength of its proboscis, on which it was able to support two or three men, and by which it took and reached whatever was offered to it; its teeth were but short, being a female, and not old. I was also shown a pelican, or *onocratulas* of Pliny, with its large gullets, in which he kept his reserve of fish; the plumage was white, legs red, flat, and film-footed, likewise a cock with four legs, two rumps and vents: also a hen which had two large spurs growing out of her sides, penetrating the feathers of her wings.

17th August, 1641. I passed again through Delft, and visited the church in which was the monument of Prince William of Nassau, – the first of the Williams, and savior (as they call him) of their liberty, which cost him his life by a vile assassination. It is a piece of rare art, consisting of several figures, as big as the life, in copper. There is in the same place a magnificent tomb of his son and successor, Maurice. The senate-house hath a very stately portico, supported with choice columns of black marble, as I remember, of one entire stone. Within, there hangs a weighty vessel of wood, not unlike a butter-churn, which the adventurous woman that hath two husbands at one time is to wear on her shoulders, her head peeping out at the top only, and so led about the town, as a penance for her incontinence. From hence, we went the next day to Ryswick, a stately country-house of the Prince of Orange, for nothing more remarkable than the delicious walks planted with lime trees, and the modern paintings within.

#### HAGUE

19th August, 1641. We returned to the Hague, and went to visit the Hoff, or Prince's Court, with the adjoining gardens full of ornament, close walks, statues, marbles, grots, fountains, and artificial music. There is to this palace a stately hall, not much inferior to ours of Westminster, hung round with colors and other trophies taken from the Spaniards;<sup>12</sup> and the sides below are furnished with shops. Next day (the 20th) I returned to Delft, thence to Rotterdam, the Hague, and Leyden, where immediately I mounted a wagon, which that night, late as it was, brought us to Haerlem.

#### AMSTERDAM

About seven in the morning after I came to Amsterdam, where being provided with a lodging, the first thing I went to see was a Synagogue of the Jews (being Saturday), whose ceremonies, ornaments, lamps, law, and schools, afforded matter for my contemplation. The women were secluded from the men, being seated in galleries above, shut with lattices, having their heads muffled with linen, after a fantastical and somewhat extraordinary fashion; the men, wearing a large calico mantle, yellow colored, over their hats, all the while waving their bodies, while at their devotions. From thence, I went to a place without the town, called Overkirk, where they have a spacious field assigned them to bury their dead, full of sepulchers with Hebraic inscriptions, some of them stately and costly. Looking through one of these monuments, where the stones were disjointed, I perceived divers books and papers lie about a corpse; for it seems, when any learned Rabbi dies, they bury some of his books with him. With the help of a stick, I raked out several, written in Hebrew characters, but much impaired. As we returned, we stepped in to see the Spin-house, a kind of bridewell, where incorrigible and lewd women are kept in discipline and labor, but all neat. We were shown an hospital for poor travelers and pilgrims, built by Queen Elizabeth of England; and another maintained by the city.

The State or Senate-house of this town, if the design be perfected, will be one of the most costly and magnificent pieces of architecture in Europe, especially for the materials and the carvings. In the Doole is painted, on a very large table, the bust of Marie de Medicis, supported by four royal diadems, the work of one Vanderdall, who hath set his name thereon, 1st September, 1638.

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<sup>12</sup> Westminster hall used to be so in Term time, and during the sitting of Parliament, as late as the beginning of the reign of George III.

On Sunday, I heard an English sermon at the Presbyterian congregation, where they had chalked upon a slate the psalms that were to be sung, so that all the congregation might see them without the bidding of a clerk. I was told, that after such an age no minister was permitted to preach, but had his maintenance continued during life.

I purposely changed my lodgings, being desirous to converse with the sectaries that swarmed in this city, out of whose spawn came those almost innumerable broods in England afterward. It was at a Brownist's house, where we had an extraordinary good table. There was in pension with us my Lord Keeper, Finch, and one Sir J. Fotherbee. Here I also found an English Carmelite, who was going through Germany with an Irish gentleman. I now went to see the Weese-house, a foundation like our Charter-house, for the education of decayed persons, orphans, and poor children, where they are taught several occupations. The girls are so well brought up to housewifery, that men of good worth, who seek that chiefly in a woman, frequently take their wives from this hospital. Thence to the Rasp-house, where the lusty knaves are compelled to work; and the rasping of brasil and logwood for the dyers is very hard labor. To the Dool-house, for madmen and fools. But none did I so much admire, as an Hospital for their lame and decrepit soldiers and seamen, where the accommodations are very great, the building answerable; and, indeed, for the like public charities the provisions are admirable in this country, where, as no idle vagabonds are suffered (as in England they are), there is hardly a child of four or five years old, but they find some employment for it.

It was on a Sunday morning that I went to the Bourse, or Exchange, after their sermons were ended, to see the Dog-market, which lasts till two in the afternoon, in this place of convention of merchants from all parts of the world. The building is not comparable to that of London, built by that worthy citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham, yet in one respect exceeding it, that vessels of considerable burden ride at the very quay contiguous to it; and indeed it is by extraordinary industry that as well this city, as generally all the towns of Holland, are so accommodated with graffs, cuts, sluices, moles, and rivers, made by hand, that nothing is more frequent than to see a whole navy, belonging to this mercantile people, riding at anchor before their very doors: and yet their streets even, straight, and well paved, the houses so uniform and planted with lime trees, as nothing can be more beautiful.

The next day we were entertained at a kind of tavern, called the Briloft, appertaining to a rich Anabaptist, where, in the upper rooms of the house, were divers pretty waterworks, rising 108 feet from the ground. Here were many quaint devices, fountains, artificial music, noises of beasts, and chirping of birds; but what pleased me most was a large pendant candlestick, branching into several sockets, furnished all with ordinary candles to appearance, out of the wicks spouting out streams of water, instead of flames. This seemed then and was a rarity, before the philosophy of compressed air made it intelligible. There was likewise a cylinder that entertained the company with a variety of chimes, the hammers striking upon the brims of porcelain dishes, suited to the tones and notes, without cracking any of them. Many other waterworks were shown.

The Kaiser's or Emperor's Graft, which is an ample and long street, appearing like a city in a forest; the lime trees planted just before each house, and at the margin of that goodly aqueduct so curiously wharfed with Klincard brick, which likewise paves the streets, than which nothing can be more useful and neat. This part of Amsterdam is built and gained upon the main sea, supported by piles at an immense charge, and fitted for the most busy concourse of traffickers and people of commerce beyond any place, or mart, in the world. Nor must I forget the port of entrance into an issue of this town, composed of very magnificent pieces of architecture, some of the ancient and best manner, as are divers churches.

The turrets, or steeples, are adorned after a particular manner and invention; the chimes of bells are so rarely managed, that being curious to know whether the motion was from any engine, I went up to that of St. Nicholas, where I found one who played all sorts of compositions from the tablature before him, as if he had fingered an organ; for so were the hammers fastened with wires to several keys put into a frame twenty feet below the bells, upon which (by the help of a wooden instrument, not

much unlike a weaver's shuttle, that guarded his hand) he struck on the keys and played to admiration. All this while, through the clattering of the wires, din of the too nearly sounding bells, and noise that his wooden gloves made, the confusion was so great, that it was impossible for the musician, or any that stood near him, to hear anything at all; yet, to those at a distance, and especially in the streets, the harmony and the time were the most exact and agreeable.

The south church is richly paved with black and white marble, – the west is a new fabric; and generally all the churches in Holland are furnished with organs, lamps, and monuments, carefully preserved from the fury and impiety of popular reformers, whose zeal has foolishly transported them in other places rather to act like madmen than religious.

#### HAERLEM

Upon St. Bartholomew's day, I went among the booksellers, and visited the famous Hondius and Bleaw's shop, to buy some maps, atlases, and other works of that kind. At another shop, I furnished myself with some shells and Indian curiosities; and so, toward the end of August, I returned again to Haerlem by the river, ten miles in length, straight as a line, and of competent breadth for ships to sail by one another. They showed us a cottage where, they told us, dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.

Haerlem is a very delicate town and hath one of the fairest churches of the Gothic design I had ever seen. There hang in the steeple, which is very high, two silver bells, said to have been brought from Damietta, in Egypt, by an earl of Holland, in memory of whose success they are rung out every evening. In the nave hang the goodliest branches of brass for tapers that I have seen, esteemed of great value for the curiosity of the workmanship; also a fair pair of organs, which I could not find they made use of in divine service, or so much as to assist them in singing psalms, but only for show, and to recreate the people before and after their devotions, while the burgomasters were walking and conferring about their affairs. Near the west window hang two models of ships, completely equipped, in memory of that invention of saws under their keels, with which they cut through the chain of booms, which barred the port of Damietta.

#### LEYDEN

Having visited this church, the fish-market, and made some inquiry about the printing-house, the invention whereof is said to have been in this town, I returned to Leyden.

At Leyden, I was carried up to the castle, or Pyrgus, built on a very steep artificial mount, cast up (as reported) by Hengist the Saxon, on his return out of England, as a place to retire to, in case of any sudden inundations.

The churches are many and fair; in one of them lies buried the learned and illustrious Joseph Scaliger, without any extraordinary inscription, who, having left the world a monument of his worth more lasting than marble, needed nothing more than his own name; which I think is all engraven on his sepulcher. He left his library to this University.

28th August, 1641. I went to see the college and schools, which are nothing extraordinary, and was complimented with a *matricula* by the *magnificus* Professor, who first in Latin demanded of me where my lodging in the town was, my name, age, birth, and to what Faculty I addicted myself; then, recording my answers in a book, he administered an oath to me that I should observe the statutes and orders of the University while I stayed, and then delivered me a ticket, by virtue whereof I was made excise-free; for all which worthy privileges, and the pains of writing, he accepted of a rix-dollar.

Here was now the famous Dan. Heinsius, whom I so longed to see, as well as the no less famous printer, Elzevir's printing-house and shop, renowned for the politeness of the character and editions of what he has published through Europe. Hence to the physic-garden, well stored with exotic plants, if the catalogue presented to me by the gardener be a faithful register.

But, among all the rarities of this place, I was much pleased with a sight of their anatomy-school, theater, and repository adjoining, which is well furnished with natural curiosities; skeletons, from the whale and elephant to the fly and spider; which last is a very delicate piece of art, to see how the bones (if I may so call them of so tender an insect) could be separated from the mucilaginous parts of that minute animal. Among a great variety of other things, I was shown the knife newly taken out of a drunken Dutchman's guts, by an incision in his side, after it had slipped from his fingers into his stomach. The pictures of the chirurgion and his patient, both living, were there.

There is without the town a fair Mall, curiously planted.

Returning to my lodging, I was showed the statue, cut in stone, of the happy monk, whom they report to have been the first inventor of typography, set over the door; but this is much controverted by others, who strive for the glory of it, besides John Gutenberg.

I was brought acquainted with a Burgundian Jew, who had married an apostate Kentish woman. I asked him divers questions: he told me, among other things, that the World should never end; that our souls transmigrated, and that even those of the most holy persons did penance in the bodies of brutes after death, – and so he interpreted the banishment and savage life of Nebuchadnezzar: that all the Jews should rise again, and be led to Jerusalem; that the Romans only were the occasion of our Savior's death, whom he affirmed (as the Turks do) to be a great prophet, but not the Messiah. He showed me several books of their devotion, which he had translated into English, for the instruction of his wife; he told me that when the Messiah came, all the ships, barks, and vessels of Holland should, by the power of certain strange whirlwinds, be loosed from their anchors, and transported in a moment to all the desolate ports and havens throughout the world, wherever the dispersion was, to convey their brethren and tribes to the Holy City; with other such like stuff. He was a merry drunken fellow, but would by no means handle any money (for something I purchased of him), it being Saturday; but desired me to leave it in the window, meaning to receive it on Sunday morning.

1st September, 1641. I went to Delft and Rotterdam, and two days after back to the Hague, to bespeak a suit of horseman's armor, which I caused to be made to fit me. I now rode out of town to see the monument of the woman, pretended to have been a countess of Holland, reported to have had as many children at one birth, as there are days in the year. The basins were hung up in which they were baptized, together with a large description of the matter-of-fact in a frame of carved work, in the church of Lysdun, a desolate place. As I returned, I diverted to see one of the Prince's Palaces, called the Hoff Van Hounsler's Dyck, a very fair cloistered and quadrangular building. The gallery is prettily painted with several huntings, and at one end a gordian knot, with rustical instruments so artificially represented, as to deceive an accurate eye to distinguish it from actual relievo. The ceiling of the staircase is painted with the "Rape of Ganymede," and other pendant figures, the work of F. Covenberg, of whose hand I bought an excellent drollery, which I afterward parted with to my brother George of Wotton, where it now hangs. To this palace join a fair garden and park, curiously planted with limes.

8th September, 1641. Returned to Rotterdam, through Delftshaven and Sedan, where were at that time Colonel Goring's winter quarters. This town has heretofore been very much talked of for witches.

10th September, 1641. I took a wagon for Dort, to be present at the reception of the Queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, Dowager of France, widow of Henry the Great, and mother to the French King, Louis XIII., and the Queen of England, whence she newly arrived, tossed to and fro by the various fortune of her life. From this city, she designed for Cologne, conducted by the Earl of Arundel and the Herr Van Bredrod. At this interview, I saw the Princess of Orange, and the lady her daughter, afterward married to the House of Brandenburg. There was little remarkable in this reception befitting the greatness of her person; but an universal discontent, which accompanied that unlucky woman wherever she went.

12th September, 1641. I went toward Bois-le-Duc, where we arrived on the 16th, at the time when the new citadel was advancing, with innumerable hands, and incomparable inventions for draining off the waters out of the fens and morasses about it, being by buckets, mills, cochleas, pumps, and the like; in which the Hollanders are the most expert in Europe. Here were now sixteen companies and nine troops of horse. They were also cutting a new river, to pass from the town to a castle not far from it. Here we split our skiff, falling foul upon another through negligence of the master, who was fain to run aground, to our no little hazard. At our arrival, a soldier conveyed us to the Governor, where our names were taken, and our persons examined very strictly.

17th September, 1641. I was permitted to walk the round and view the works, and to visit a convent of religious women of the order of St. Clara (who by the capitulation were allowed to enjoy their monastery and maintenance undisturbed, at the surrender of the town twelve years since), where we had a collation and very civil entertainment. They had a neat chapel, in which the heart of the Duke of Cleves, their founder, lies inhumed under a plate of brass. Within the cloister is a garden, and in the middle of it an overgrown lime tree, out of whose stem, near the root, issue five upright and exceeding tall suckers, or bolls, the like whereof for evenness and height I had not observed.

The chief church of this city is curiously carved within and without, furnished with a pair of organs, and a most magnificent font of copper.

18th September, 1641. I went to see that most impregnable town and fort of Hysdune, where I was exceedingly obliged to one Colonel Crombe, the lieutenant-governor, who would needs make me accept the honor of being captain of the watch, and to give the word this night. The fortification is very irregular, but esteemed one of the most considerable for strength and situation in the Netherlands. We departed toward Gorcum. Here Sir Kenelm Digby, traveling toward Cologne, met us.

The next morning, the 19th, we arrived at Dort, passing by the Decoys, where they catch innumerable quantities of fowl.

#### ROTTERDAM

22d September, 1641. I went again to Rotterdam to receive a pass which I expected from Brussels, securing me through Brabant and Flanders, designing to go into England through those countries. The Cardinal Infante, brother to the King of Spain, was then governor. By this pass, having obtained another from the Prince of Orange, upon the 24th of September I departed through Dort; but met with very bad tempestuous weather, being several times driven back, and obliged to lie at anchor off Keele, other vessels lying there waiting better weather. The 25th and 26th we made other essays; but were again repulsed to the harbor, where lay sixty vessels waiting to sail. But, on the 27th, we, impatient of the time and inhospitableness of the place, sailed again with a contrary and impetuous wind and a terrible sea, in great jeopardy; for we had much ado to keep ourselves above water, the billows breaking desperately on our vessel: we were driven into Williamstadt, a place garrisoned by the English, where the governor had a fair house. The works, and especially the counterscarp, are curiously hedged with quick, and planted with a stately row of limes on the rampart. The church is of a round structure, with a cupola, and the town belongs entirely to the Prince of Orange, as does that of Breda, and some other places.

28th September, 1641. Failing of an appointment, I was constrained to return to Dort for a bill of exchange; but it was the 1st of October ere I could get back. At Keele, I numbered 141 vessels, who durst not yet venture out; but, animated by the master of a stout bark, after a small encounter of weather, we arrived by four that evening at Steenbergen. In the passage we sailed over a sea called the Plaats, an exceeding dangerous water, by reason of two contrary tides which meet there very impetuously. Here, because of the many shelves, we were forced to tide it along the Channel; but, ere we could gain the place, the ebb was so far spent, that we were compelled to foot it at least two long miles, through a most pelting shower of rain.

2d October, 1641. With a gentleman of the Rhyngaves, I went in a cart, or tumbrel (for it was no better; no other accommodation could be procured), of two wheels and one horse, to Bergen-op-Zoom, meeting by the way divers parties of his Highness's army now retiring toward their winter quarters; the convoy skiffs riding by thousands along the harbor. The fort was heretofore built by the English.

The next morning I embarked for Lillo, having refused a convoy of horse which was offered me. The tide being against us, we landed short of the fort on the beach, where we marched half leg deep in mud, ere we could gain the dyke, which, being five or six miles from Lillo, we were forced to walk on foot very wet and discomposed; and then entering a boat we passed the ferry, and came to the castle. Being taken before the Governor, he demanded my pass, to which he set his hand, and asked two rix-dollars for a fee, which methought appeared very exorbitant in a soldier of his quality. I told him that I had already purchased my pass of the commissaries at Rotterdam; at which, in a great fury, snatching the paper out of my hand, he flung it scornfully under the table, and bade me try whether I could get to Antwerp without his permission: but I had no sooner given him the dollars, then he returned the passport surlily enough, and made me pay fourteen Dutch shillings to the cantone, or searcher, for my contempt, which I was glad to do for fear of further trouble, should he have discovered my Spanish pass, in which the States were therein treated by the name of rebels. Besides all these exactions, I gave the commissary six shillings, to the soldiers something, and, ere perfectly clear of this frontier, thirty-one stivers to the man-of-war, who lay blocking up the river between Lillo and the opposite sconce called Lifkinshoeck.

#### ANTWERP

4th October, 1641. We sailed by several Spanish forts, out of one of which, St. Mary's port, came a Don on board us, to whom I showed my Spanish pass, which he signed, and civilly dismissed us. Hence, sailing by another man-of-war, to which we lowered our topsails, we at length arrived at Antwerp.

The lodgings here are very handsome and convenient. I lost little time; but, with the aid of one Mr. Lewkner, our conductor, we visited divers churches, colleges, and monasteries. The Church of the Jesuits is most sumptuous and magnificent; a glorious fabric without and within, wholly incrustated with marble, inlaid and polished into divers representations of histories, landscapes, and flowers. On the high altar is placed the statue of the Blessed Virgin and our Savior in white marble, with a boss in the girdle set with very fair and rich sapphires, and divers other stones of price. The choir is a glorious piece of architecture: the pulpit supported by four angels, and adorned with other carvings, and rare pictures by Rubens, now lately dead, and divers votive tables and relics. Hence, to the Vroù Kirk, or Nôtre Dame of Antwerp: it is a very venerable fabric, built after the Gothic manner, especially the tower, which I ascended, the better to take a view of the country adjacent; which, happening on a day when the sun shone exceedingly bright, and darted his rays without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe: perceiving all the subjacent country, at so small an horizontal distance, to repercuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniform color; resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to Hevelius, and as they appear in our late telescopes. I numbered in this church thirty privileged altars, that of St. Sebastian adorned with a painting of his martyrdom.

We went to see the Jerusalem Church, affirmed to have been founded by one who, upon divers great wagers, passed to and fro between that city and Antwerp, on foot, by which he procured large sums of money, which he bestowed on this pious structure.<sup>13</sup> Hence, to St. Mary's Chapel, where I

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<sup>13</sup> This notice, slipped by accident into the entries which refer to Antwerp, belongs to those of Bruges.

had some conference with two English Jesuits, confessors to Colonel Jaye's regiment. These fathers conducted us to the Cloister of Nuns, where we heard a Dutch sermon upon the exposure of the Host. The Senate-house of this city is a very spacious and magnificent building.

5th October, 1641. I visited the Jesuits' School, which, for the fame of their method, I greatly desired to see. They were divided into four classes, with several inscriptions over each: as, first, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*; over the second, *Princeps diligentiae*; the third, *Imperator Byzantium*; over the fourth and uppermost, *Imperator Romanorum*. Under these, the scholars and pupils and their places, or forms with titles and priority according to their proficiency. Their dormitory and lodgings above were exceedingly neat. They have a prison for the offenders and less diligent; and, in an ample court, to recreate themselves in, is an aviary, and a yard, where eagles, vultures, foxes, monkeys, and other animals are kept, to divert the boys withal at their hours of remission. To this school join the music and mathematical schools, and lastly a pretty, neat chapel. The great street is built after the Italian mode, in the middle whereof is erected a glorious crucifix of white and black marble, greater than the life. This is a very fair and noble street, clean, well paved, and sweet to admiration.

The Oesters house, belonging to the East India Company, is a stately palace, adorned with more than 300 windows. From hence, walking into the Gun-garden, I was allowed to see as much of the citadel as is permitted to strangers. It is a matchless piece of modern fortification, accommodated with lodgments for the soldiers and magazines. The graffs, ramparts, and platforms are stupendous. Returning by the shop of Plantine, I bought some books, for the namesake only of that famous printer.

But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean, elegantly built and civil place, than this magnificent and famous city of Antwerp. In the evening, I was invited to Signor Duarte's, a Portuguese by nation, an exceeding rich merchant, whose palace I found to be furnished like a prince's. His three daughters entertained us with rare music, vocal and instrumental, which was finished with a handsome collation. I took leave of the ladies and of sweet Antwerp, as late as it was, embarking for Brussels on the Scheldt in a vessel, which delivered us to a second boat (in another river) drawn or towed by horses. In this passage, we frequently changed our barge, by reason of the bridges thwarting our course. Here I observed numerous families inhabiting their vessels and floating dwellings, so built and divided by cabins, as few houses on land enjoyed better accommodation; stored with all sorts of utensils, neat chambers, a pretty parlor, and kept so sweet, that nothing could be more refreshing. The rivers on which they are drawn are very clear and still waters, and pass through a most pleasant country on both the banks. We had in our boat a very good ordinary, and excellent company. The cut is straight as a line for twenty English miles. What I much admired was, near the midway, another artificial river, which intersects this at right angles, but on an eminence of ground, and is carried in an aqueduct of stone so far above the other as that the waters neither mingle, nor hinder one another's passage.

We came to a town called Villefrow, where all the passengers went on shore to wash at a fountain issuing out of a pillar, and then came aboard again. On the margin of this long tract are abundance of shrines and images, defended from the injuries of the weather by niches of stone wherein they are placed.

## BRUSSELS

7th October, 1641. We arrived at Brussels at nine in the morning. The Stadt-house, near the market place, is, for the carving in freestone, a most laborious and finished piece, well worthy observation. The flesh-shambles are also built of stone. I was pleased with certain small engines, by which a girl, or boy, was able to draw up, or let down, great bridges, which in divers parts of this city crossed the channel for the benefit of passengers. The walls of this town are very entire, and full of towers at competent distances. The cathedral is built upon a very high and exceeding steep ascent, to



which we mounted by fair steps of stone. Hence I walked to a convent of English Nuns, with whom I sat discoursing most part of the afternoon.

8th October, 1641. Being the morning I came away, I went to see the Prince's Court, an ancient, confused building, not much unlike the Hoff, at the Hague: there is here likewise a very large hall, where they vend all sorts of wares. Through this we passed by the chapel, which is indeed rarely arched, and in the middle of it was the hearse, or catafalque, of the late Archduchess, the wise and pious Clara Eugenia. Out of this we were conducted to the lodgings, tapestried with incomparable arras, and adorned with many excellent pieces of Rubens, old and young Breugel, Titian, and Stenwick, with stories of most of the late actions in the Netherlands.

By an accident we could not see the library. There is a fair terrace which looks to the vineyard, in which, on pedestals, are fixed the statues of all the Spanish kings of the house of Austria. The opposite walls are painted by Rubens, being an history of the late tumults in Belgia: in the last piece, the Archduchess shuts a great pair of gates upon Mars, who is coming out of hell, armed, and in a menacing posture; which, with that other of the Infanta taking leave of Don Philip IV., is a most incomparable table.

From hence, we walked into the park, which for being entirely within the walls of the city is particularly remarkable: nor is it less pleasant than if in the most solitary recesses; so naturally is it furnished with whatever may render it agreeable, melancholy, and country-like. Here is a stately heronry, divers springs of water, artificial cascades, rocks, grotts; one whereof is composed of the extravagant roots of trees, cunningly built and hung together with wires. In this park are both fallow and red deer.

From hence, we were led into the Menage, and out of that into a most sweet and delicious garden, where was another grot of more neat and costly materials, full of noble statues, and entertaining us with artificial music; but the hedge of water, in form of lattice-work, which the fountaineer caused to ascend out of the earth by degrees, exceedingly pleased and surprised me; for thus, with a pervious wall, or rather a palisade hedge of water, was the whole parterre environed.

There is likewise a fair aviary; and in the court next it are kept divers sorts of animals, rare and exotic fowl, as eagles, cranes, storks, bustards, pheasants of several kinds, and a duck having four wings. In another division of the same close are rabbits of an almost perfect yellow color.

There was no Court now in the palace; the Infante Cardinal, who was the Governor of Flanders, being dead but newly, and every one in deep mourning.

At near eleven o'clock, I repaired to his Majesty's agent, Sir Henry de Vic, who very courteously received me, and accommodated me with a coach and six horses, which carried me from Brussels to Ghent, where it was to meet my Lord of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, who had requested me when I was at Antwerp to send it for him, if I went not thither myself.

Thus taking leave of Brussels and a sad Court, yet full of gallant persons (for in this small city, the acquaintance being universal, ladies and gentlemen, I perceived had great diversions, and frequent meetings), I hastened toward Ghent. On the way, I met with divers little wagons, prettily contrived, and full of peddling merchandise, drawn by mastiff dogs, harnessed completely like so many coach horses; in some four, in others six, as in Brussels itself I had observed. In Antwerp I saw, as I remember, four dogs draw five lusty children in a chariot: the master commands them whither he pleases, crying his wares about the streets. After passing through Ouse, by six in the evening, I arrived at Ghent. This is a city of so great a circumference, that it is reported to be seven leagues round; but there is not half of it now built, much of it remaining in fields and desolate pastures even within the walls, which have strong gates toward the west, and two fair churches.

Here I beheld the palace wherein John of Gaunt and Charles V. were born; whose statue<sup>14</sup> stands in the market-place, upon a high pillar, with his sword drawn, to which (as I was told) the magistrates

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<sup>14</sup> That of Charles V.

and burghers were wont to repair upon a certain day every year with ropes about their necks, in token of submission and penance for an old rebellion of theirs; but now the hemp is changed into a blue ribbon. Here is planted the basilisco, or great gun, so much talked of. The Lys and the Scheldt meeting in this vast city, divide it into twenty-six islands, which are united by many bridges, somewhat resembling Venice. This night I supped with the Abbot of Andoyne, a pleasant and courteous priest.

8th October, 1641. I passed by a boat to Bruges, taking in at a redoubt a convoy of fourteen musketeers, because the other side of the river, being Contribution-land, was subject to the inroads and depredations of the bordering States. This river was cut by the famous Marquis Spinola, and is in my judgment a wonderful piece of labor, and a worthy public work, being in some places forced through the main rock, to an incredible depth, for thirty miles. At the end of each mile is built a small redoubt, which communicates a line to the next, and so the whole way, from whence we received many volleys of shot, in compliment to my Lord Marshal, who was in our vessel, a passenger with us. At five that evening, we were met by the magistrates of Bruges, who came out to convey my Lord to his lodgings, at whose cost he was entertained that night.

The morning after we went to see the Stadt-house and adjoining aqueduct, the church, and market-place, where we saw cheeses and butter piled up in heaps; also the fortifications and graffs, which are extremely large.

The 9th, we arrived at Ostend by a straight and artificial river. Here, with leave of the captain of the watch, I was carried to survey the river and harbor, with fortifications on one side thereof: the east and south are mud and earth walls. It is a very strong place, and lately stood a memorable siege three years, three months, three weeks, and three days. I went to see the church of St. Peter, and the cloisters of the Franciscans.

10th October, 1641. I went by wagon, accompanied with a jovial commissary, to Dunkirk, the journey being made all on the sea sands. On our arrival, we first viewed the court of guards, the works, the townhouse, and the new church; the latter is very beautiful within; and another, wherein they showed us an excellent piece of "Our Savior's Bearing the Cross." The harbor, in two channels, coming up to the town, was choked with a multitude of prizes.

From hence, the next day, I marched three English miles toward the packet boat, being a pretty frigate of six guns, which embarked us for England about three in the afternoon.

#### DOVER

At our going off, the fort, against which our pinnace anchored saluted my Lord Marshal with twelve great guns, which we answered with three. Not having the wind favorable, we anchored that night before Calais. About midnight, we weighed; and, at four in the morning, though not far from Dover, we could not make the pier till four that afternoon, the wind proving contrary and driving us westward: but at last we got on shore, October the 12th.

From Dover, I that night rode post to Canterbury. Here I visited the cathedral, then in great splendor; those famous windows being entire, since demolished by the fanatics. The next morning by Sittingbourne, I came to Rochester, and thence to Gravesend, where a light-horseman (as they call it) taking us in, we spent our tide as far as Greenwich. From hence, after we had a little refreshed ourselves at the College (for by reason of contagion then in London we balked the inns), we came to London, landing at Arundel stairs. Here I took leave of his Lordship, and retired to my lodgings in the Middle Temple, being about two in the morning, the 14th of October.

16th October, 1641. I went to see my brother at Wotton. On the 31st of that month (unfortunate for the Irish Rebellion, which broke out on the 23d), I was one and twenty years of age.

7th November, 1641. After receiving the Sacrament at Wotton church, I visited my Lord Marshal at Albury.

23d November, 1641. I returned to London; and, on the 25th, saw his Majesty ride through the City after his coming out of Scotland, and a Peace proclaimed, with great acclamations and joy of the giddy people.

15th December, 1641. I was elected one of the Comptrollers of the Middle Temple revellers, as the fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this year with great solemnity; but, being desirous to pass it in the country, I got leave to resign my staff of office, and went with my brother Richard to Wotton.

10th January, 1642. I gave a visit to my cousin Hatton, of Ditton.

19th January, 1642. I went to London, where I stayed till 5th of March, studying a little, but dancing and fooling more.

3d October, 1642. To Chichester, and hence the next day to see the siege of Portsmouth; for now was that bloody difference between the King and Parliament broken out, which ended in the fatal tragedy so many years after. It was on the day of its being rendered to Sir William Waller; which gave me an opportunity of taking my leave of Colonel Goring, the governor, now embarking for France. This day was fought that signal battle at Edgehill. Thence I went to Southampton and Winchester, where I visited the castle, school, church, and King Arthur's Round Table; but especially the church, and its Saxon kings' monuments, which I esteemed a worthy antiquity.

The 12th of November was the battle of Brentford, surprisingly fought; and to the great consternation of the City, had his Majesty (as it was believed he would) pursued his advantage. I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat; but was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th, by reason of the army marching to Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his Majesty.

#### LONDON

7th December, 1642. I went from Wotton to London, to see the so much celebrated line of communication, and on the 10th returned to Wotton, nobody knowing of my having been in his Majesty's army.

10th March, 1643. I went to Hartingford-berry to visit my cousin, Keightly.

11th March, 1643. I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's Palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), were the garden and vineyard, rarely well watered and planted. They also showed us the picture of Secretary Cecil, in Mosaic work, very well done by some Italian hand.

I must not forget what amazed us exceedingly in the night before, namely, a shining cloud in the air, in shape resembling a sword, the point reaching to the north; it was as bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about eleven at night, and vanished not till above one, being seen by all the south of England. I made many journeys to and from London.

15th April, 1643. To Hatfield, and near the town of Hertford I went to see Sir J. Harrison's house new built. Returning to London, I called to see his Majesty's house and gardens at Theobald's, since demolished by the rebels.

2d May, 1643. I went from Wotton to London, where I saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately Cross in Cheapside.

On the 4th I returned, with no little regret, for the confusion that threatened us. Resolving to possess myself in some quiet, if it might be, in a time of so great jealousy, I built by my brother's permission, a study, made a fish-pond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements at Wotton; which gave the first occasion of improving them to those waterworks and gardens which afterward succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England.

12th July, 1643. I sent my black menage horse and furniture with a friend to his Majesty, then at Oxford.

23d July, 1643. The Covenant being pressed, I absented myself; but, finding it impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things, and which had been a great cause of my perpetual motions hitherto between Wotton and London, October the 2d, I obtained a license of his Majesty, dated at Oxford and signed by the King, to travel again.

6th November, 1643. Lying by the way from Wotton at Sir Ralph Whitfield's, at Blechingley (whither both my brothers had conducted me), I arrived at London on the 7th, and two days after took boat at the Tower-wharf, which carried me as far as Sittingbourne, though not without danger, I being only in a pair of oars, exposed to a hideous storm: but it pleased God that we got in before the peril was considerable. From thence, I went by post to Dover, accompanied with one Mr. Thicknesse, a very dear friend of mine.

11th November, 1643. Having a reasonable good passage, though the weather was snowy and untoward enough, we came before Calais, where, as we went on shore, mistaking the tide, our shallop struck on the sands, with no little danger; but at length we got off.

Calais is considered an extraordinary well-fortified place, in the old castle and new citadel regarding the sea. The haven consists of a long bank of sand, lying opposite to it. The market place and the church are remarkable things, besides those relics of our former dominion there. I remember there were engraven in stone, upon the front of an ancient dwelling which was showed us, these words in English – "God save the King," together with the name of the architect and date. The walls of the town are substantial; but the situation toward the land is not pleasant, by reason of the marshes and low grounds about it.

12th November, 1643. After dinner we took horse with the Messagere, hoping to have arrived at Boulogne that night; but there fell so great a snow, accompanied with hail, rain, and sudden darkness, that we had much ado to gain the next village; and in this passage, being to cross a valley by a causeway, and a bridge built over a small river, the rain that had fallen making it an impetuous stream for near a quarter of a mile, my horse slipping had almost been the occasion of my perishing. We none of us went to bed; for the soldiers in those parts leaving little in the villages, we had enough to do to get ourselves dry, by morning, between the fire and the fresh straw. The next day early, we arrived at Boulogne.

This is a double town, one part of it situate on a high rock, or downs; the other, called the lower town, is yet with a great declivity toward the sea; both of them defended by a strong castle, which stands on a notable eminence. Under the town runs the river, which is yet but an inconsiderable brook. Henry VIII., in the siege of this place is said to have used those great leathern guns which I have since beheld in the Tower of London, inscribed, "*Non Marte opus est cui non deficit Mercurius*"; if at least the history be true, which my Lord Herbert doubts.

The next morning, in some danger of parties [Spanish] surprising us, we came to Montreuil, built on the summit of a most conspicuous hill, environed with fair and ample meadows; but all the suburbs had been from time to time ruined, and were now lately burnt by the Spanish inroads. This town is fortified with two very deep dry ditches; the walls about the bastions and citadel are a noble piece of masonry. The church is more glorious without than within; the market place large; but the inhabitants are miserably poor. The next day, we came to Abbeville, having passed all this way in continual expectation of the volunteers, as they call them. This town affords a good aspect toward the hill from whence we descended: nor does it deceive us; for it is handsomely built, and has many pleasant and useful streams passing through it, the main river being the Somme, which discharges itself into the sea at St. Valery, almost in view of the town. The principal church is a very handsome piece of Gothic architecture, and the ports and ramparts sweetly planted for defense and ornament. In the morning, they brought us choice of guns and pistols to sell at reasonable rates, and neatly made, being here a merchandise of great account, the town abounding in gunsmiths.

#### ST. DENIS

Hence we advanced to Beauvais, another town of good note, and having the first vineyards we had seen. The next day to Beaumont, and the morrow to Paris, having taken our repast at St. Denis, two leagues from that great city. St. Denis is considerable only for its stately cathedral, and the dormitory of the French kings, there inhumed as ours at Westminster Abbey. The treasury is esteemed one of the richest in Europe. The church was built by King Dagobert,<sup>15</sup> but since much enlarged, being now 390 feet long, 100 in breadth, and 80 in height, without comprehending the cover: it has also a very high shaft of stone, and the gates are of brass. Here, while the monks conducted us, we were showed the ancient and modern sepulchers of their kings, beginning with the founder to Louis his son, with Charles Martel and Pepin, son and father of Charlemagne. These lie in the choir, and without it are many more: among the rest that of Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France; in the chapel of Charles V., all his posterity; and near him the magnificent sepulcher of Francis I., with his children, wars, victories, and triumphs engraven in marble. In the nave of the church lies the catafalque, or hearse, of Louis XIII., Henry II., a noble tomb of Francis II., and Charles IX. Above are bodies of several Saints; below, under a state of black velvet, the late Louis XIII., father of this present monarch. Every one of the ten chapels, or oratories, had some Saints in them; among the rest, one of the Holy Innocents. The treasury is kept in the sacristy above, in which are crosses of massy gold and silver, studded with precious stones, one of gold three feet high, set with sapphires, rubies, and great oriental pearls. Another given by Charles the Great, having a noble amethyst in the middle of it, stones and pearls of inestimable value. Among the still more valuable relics are, a nail from our Savior's Cross, in a box of gold full of precious stones; a crucifix of the true wood of the Cross, carved by Pope Clement III., enchased in a crystal covered with gold; a box in which is some of the Virgin's hair; some of the linen in which our blessed Savior was wrapped at his nativity; in a huge reliquary, modeled like a church, some of our Savior's blood, hair, clothes, linen with which he wiped the Apostles' feet; with many other equally authentic toys, which the friar who conducted us would have us believe were authentic relics. Among the treasures is the crown of Charlemagne, his seven-foot high scepter and hand of justice, the agraffe of his royal mantle, beset with diamonds and rubies, his sword, belt, and spurs of gold; the crown of St. Louis, covered with precious stones, among which is one vast ruby, uncut, of inestimable value, weighing 300 carats (under which is set one of the thorns of our blessed Savior's crown), his sword, seal, and hand of justice. The two crowns of Henry IV., his scepter, hand of justice, and spurs. The two crowns of his son Louis. In the cloak-royal of Anne of Bretagne is a very great and rare ruby. Divers books covered with solid plates of gold, and studded with precious stones. Two vases of beryl, two of agate, whereof one is esteemed for its bigness, color, and embossed carving, the best now to be seen: by a special favor I was permitted to take the measure and dimensions of it; the story is a Bacchanalia and sacrifice to Priapus; a very holy thing truly, and fit for a cloister! It is really antique, and the noblest jewel there. There is also a large gondola of chrysolite, a huge urn of porphyry, another of calcedon, a vase of onyx, the largest I had ever seen of that stone; two of crystal; a morsel of one of the waterpots in which our Savior did his first miracle; the effigies of the Queen of Saba, of Julius, Augustus, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, and others, upon sapphires, topazes, agates, and cornelians: that of the queen of Saba<sup>16</sup> has a Moorish face; those of Julius and Nero on agates are rarely colored and cut. A cup in which Solomon was used to drink, and an Apollo on a great amethyst. There lay in a window a mirror of a kind of stone said to have belonged to the poet Virgil. Charlemagne's chessmen, full of Arabic characters. In the press next the door, the brass lantern full of crystals, said to have conducted Judas and his company to apprehend our blessed Savior. A fair unicorn's horn, sent by a king of Persia, about seven feet long. In another press (over which stands the picture in oil of their Orleans Amazon with her sword), the

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<sup>15</sup> A. D. 630.

<sup>16</sup> Or Sheba.

effigies of the late French kings in wax, like ours in Westminster, covered with their robes; with a world of other rarities.

### PARIS

Having rewarded our courteous friar, we took horse for Paris, where we arrived about five in the afternoon. In the way were fair crosses of stone carved with fleur-de-lis at every furlong's end, where they affirm St. Denis rested and laid down his head after martyrdom, carrying it from the place where this monastery is builded. We lay at Paris at the Ville de Venice; where, after I had something refreshed, I went to visit Sir Richard Browne, his Majesty's Resident with the French king.

5th December, 1643. The Earl of Norwich came as Ambassador extraordinary: I went to meet him in a coach and six horses, at the palace of Monsieur de Bassompierre, where I saw that gallant person, his gardens, terraces, and rare prospects. My lord was waited on by the master of the ceremonies, and a very great cavalcade of men of quality, to the Palais Cardinal, where on the 23d he had audience of the French king, and the queen Regent his mother, in the golden chamber of presence. From thence, I conducted him to his lodgings in Rue St. Denis, and so took my leave.

24th December, 1643. I went with some company to see some remarkable places without the city: as the Isle, and how it is encompassed by the Rivers Seine and the Ouse. The city is divided into three parts, whereof the town is greatest. The city lies between it and the University in form of an island. Over the Seine is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf, begun by Henry III. in 1578, finished by Henry IV. his successor. It is all of hewn freestone found under the streets, but more plentifully at Montmartre, and consists of twelve arches, in the midst of which ends the point of an island, on which are built handsome artificers' houses. There is one large passage for coaches, and two for foot passengers three or four feet higher, and of convenient breadth for eight or ten to go abreast. On the middle of this stately bridge, on one side, stands the famous statue of Henry the Great on horseback, exceeding the natural proportion by much; and, on the four faces of a stately pedestal (which is composed of various sorts of polished marbles and rich moldings), inscriptions of his victories and most signal actions are engraven in brass. The statue and horse are of copper, the work of the great John di Bologna, and sent from Florence by Ferdinand the First, and Cosmo the Second, uncle and cousin to Mary de Medicis, the wife of King Henry, whose statue it represents. The place where it is erected is inclosed with a strong and beautiful grate of iron, about which there are always mountebanks showing their feats to the idle passengers. From hence is a rare prospect toward the Louvre and suburbs of St. Germain, the Isle du Palais, and Nôtre Dame. At the foot of this bridge is a water-house, on the front whereof, at a great height, is the story of Our Savior and the woman of Samaria pouring water out of a bucket. Above, is a very rare dial of several motions, with a chime, etc. The water is conveyed by huge wheels, pumps, and other engines, from the river beneath. The confluence of the people and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, to a new spectator is an agreeable diversion. Other bridges there are, as that of Nôtre Dame and the Pont-au-Change, etc., fairly built, with houses of stone, which are laid over this river; only the Pont St. Anne, landing the suburbs of St. Germain at the Tuileries, is built of wood, having likewise a water house in the midst of it, and a statue of Neptune casting water out of a whale's mouth, of lead, but much inferior to the Samaritan.

The University lies southwest on higher ground, contiguous to, but the lesser part of, Paris. They reckon no less than sixty-five colleges; but they in nothing approach ours at Oxford for state and order. The booksellers dwell within the University. The schools (of which more hereafter) are very regular.

The suburbs are those of St. Denis, Honoré, St. Marcel, St. Jaques, St. Michael, St. Victoire, and St. Germain, which last is the largest, and where the nobility and persons of best quality are seated: and truly Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the material the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world; large in circuit, of

a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom, environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were mingled with the mud; yet it is paved with a kind of freestone, of near a foot square, which renders it more easy to walk on than our pebbles in London.

On Christmas eve, I went to see the Cathedral at Nôtre Dame, erected by Philip Augustus, but begun by King Robert, son of Hugh Capet. It consists of a Gothic fabric, sustained with 120 pillars, which make two aisles in the church round about the choir, without comprehending the chapels, being 174 paces long, 60 wide, and 100 high. The choir is inclosed with stonework graven with the sacred history, and contains forty-five chapels chancelled with iron. At the front of the chief entrance are statues in relievo of the kings, twenty-eight in number, from Childebert to the founder, Philip; and above them are two high square towers, and another of a smaller size, bearing a spire in the middle, where the body of the church forms a cross. The great tower is ascended by 389 steps, having twelve galleries from one to the other. They greatly reverence the crucifix over the screen of the choir, with an image of the Blessed Virgin. There are some good modern paintings hanging on the pillars. The most conspicuous statute is the huge colossal one of St. Christopher; with divers other figures of men, houses, prospects and rocks, about this gigantic piece; being of one stone, and more remarkable for its bulk than any other perfection. This is the prime church of France for dignity, having archdeacons, vicars, canons, priests, and chaplains in good store, to the number of 127. It is also the palace of the archbishop. The young king was there with a great and martial guard, who entered the nave of the church with drums and fifes, at the ceasing of which I was entertained with the church music; and so I left him.

4th January, 1644. I passed this day with one Mr. J. Wall, an Irish gentleman, who had been a friar in Spain, and afterward a reader in St. Isodore's chair, at Rome; but was, I know not how, getting away, and pretending to be a soldier of fortune, an absolute cavalier, having, as he told us, been a captain of horse in Germany. It is certain he was an excellent disputant, and so strangely given to it that nothing could pass him. He would needs persuade me to go with him this morning to the Jesuits' College, to witness his polemical talent. We found the Fathers in their Church at the Rue St. Antoine, where one of them showed us that noble fabric, which for its cupola, pavings, incrustations of marble, the pulpit, altars (especially the high altar), organ, lavatorium, etc., but above all, for the richly carved and incomparable front I esteem to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europe, emulating even some of the greatest now at Rome itself. But this not being what our friar sought, he led us into the adjoining convent, where, having shown us the library, they began a very hot dispute on some points of divinity, which our cavalier contested only to show his pride, and to that indiscreet height, that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience. The next day, we went into the University, and into the College of Navarre, which is a spacious, well-built quadrangle, having a very noble library.

Thence to the Sorbonne, an ancient fabric built by one Robert de Sorbonne, whose name it retains, but the restoration which the late Cardinal de Richelieu has made to it renders it one of the most excellent modern buildings; the sumptuous church, of admirable architecture, is far superior to the rest. The cupola, portico, and whole design of the church, are very magnificent.

We entered into some of the schools, and in that of divinity we found a grave Doctor in his chair, with a multitude of auditors, who all write as he dictates; and this they call a Course. After we had sat a little, our cavalier started up, and rudely enough began to dispute with the doctor; at which, and especially as he was clad in the Spanish habit, which in Paris is the greatest bugbear imaginable, the scholars and doctor fell into such a fit of laughter, that nobody could be heard speak for a while: but silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and made his apology in so good a style, that their derision was turned to admiration; and beginning to argue, he so baffled the Professor, that with universal applause they all rose up, and did him great honors, waiting on us to the very street and our coach, and testifying great satisfaction.

2d February, 1644. I heard the news of my nephew George's birth, which was on January 15th, English style, 1644.

3d February, 1644. I went to the Exchange. The late addition to the buildings is very noble; but the galleries where they sell their petty merchandise nothing so stately as ours at London, no more than the place where they walk below, being only a low vault.

The Palaise, as they call the upper part, was built in the time of Philip the Fair, noble and spacious. The great Hall annexed to it, is arched with stone, having a range of pillars in the middle, round which, and at the sides, are shops of all kinds, especially booksellers'. One side is full of pews for the clerks of the advocates, who swarm here (as ours at Westminster). At one of the ends stands an altar, at which mass is said daily. Within are several chambers, courts, treasuries, etc. Above that is the most rich and glorious Salle d'Audience, the chamber of St. Louis, and other superior Courts where the Parliament sits, richly gilt on embossed carvings and frets, and exceedingly beautified.

Within the place where they sell their wares, is another narrower gallery, full of shops and toys, etc., which looks down into the prison-yard. Descending by a large pair of stairs, we passed by Sainte Chapelle, which is a church built by St. Louis, 1242, after the Gothic manner: it stands on another church, which is under it, sustained by pillars at the sides, which seem so weak as to appear extraordinary in the artist. This chapel is most famous for its relics, having as they pretend, almost the entire crown of thorns: the agate patine, rarely sculptured, judged one of the largest and best in Europe. There was now a very beautiful spire erecting. The court below is very spacious, capable of holding many coaches, and surrounded with shops, especially engravers', goldsmiths', and watchmakers'. In it are a fair fountain and portico. The Isle du Palais consists of a triangular brick building, whereof one side, looking to the river, is inhabited by goldsmiths. Within the court are private dwellings. The front, looking on the great bridge, is possessed by mountebanks, operators, and puppet-players. On the other part, is the every day's market for all sorts of provisions, especially bread, herbs, flowers, orange trees, choice shrubs. Here is a shop called NOAH'S ARK, where are sold all curiosities, natural or artificial, Indian or European, for luxury or use, as cabinets, shells, ivory, porcelain, dried fishes, insects, birds, pictures, and a thousand exotic extravagances. Passing hence, we viewed the port Dauphine, an arch of excellent workmanship; the street bearing the same name, is ample and straight.

4th February, 1644. I went to see the Marais de Temple, where are a noble church and palace, heretofore dedicated to the Knights Templar, now converted to a piazza, not much unlike ours at Covent Garden; but large and not so pleasant, though built all about with divers considerable palaces.

The Church of St. Geneviève is a place of great devotion, dedicated to another of their Amazons, said to have delivered the city from the English; for which she is esteemed the tutelary saint of Paris. It stands on a steep eminence, having a very high spire, and is governed by canons regular. At the Palais Royal Henry IV. built a fair quadrangle of stately palaces, arched underneath. In the middle of a spacious area, stands on a noble pedestal a brazen statue of Louis XIII., which, though made in imitation of that in the Roman capitol, is nothing so much esteemed as that on the Pont Neuf.

The hospital of the Quinze-Vingts, in the Rue St. Honoré, is an excellent foundation; but above all is the Hôtel Dieu for men and women, near Nôtre Dame, a princely, pious, and expensive structure. That of the Charité gave me great satisfaction, in seeing how decently and christianly the sick people are attended, even to delicacy. I have seen them served by noble persons, men and women. They have also gardens, walks, and fountains. Divers persons are here cut for the stone, with great success, yearly in May. The two Châtelets (supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar) are places of judicature in criminal causes; to which is a strong prison. The courts are spacious and magnificent.

8th February, 1644. I took coach and went to see the famous Jardine Royale, which is an inclosure walled in, consisting of all varieties of ground for planting and culture of medical simples. It is well chosen, having in it hills, meadows, wood and upland, natural and artificial, and is richly stored with exotic plants. In the middle of the parterre is a fair fountain. There is a very fine house,



chapel, laboratory, orangery, and other accommodations for the President, who is always one of the king's chief physicians.

From hence, we went to the other side of the town, and to some distance from it, to the Bois de Vincennes, going by the Bastille, which is the fortress, tower, and magazine of this great city. It is very spacious within, and there the Grand Master of the artillery has his house, with fair gardens and walks.

The Bois de Vincennes has in it a square and noble castle, with magnificent apartments, fit for a royal court, not forgetting the chapel. It is the chief prison for persons of quality. About it there is a park walled in, full of deer; and in one part there is a grove of goodly pine trees.

The next day, I went to see the Louvre with more attention, its several courts and pavilions. One of the quadrangles, begun by Henry IV., and finished by his son and grandson, is a superb, but mixed structure. The cornices, moldings, and compartments, with the insertion of several colored marbles, have been of great expense.

We went through the long gallery, paved with white and black marble, richly fretted and painted *à fresco*. The front looking to the river, though of rare work for the carving, yet wants of that magnificence which a plainer and truer design would have contributed to it.

In the Cour aux Tuileries is a princely fabric; the winding geometrical stone stairs, with the cupola, I take to be as bold and noble a piece of architecture as any in Europe of the kind. To this is a *corps de logis*, worthy of so great a prince. Under these buildings, through a garden in which is an ample fountain, was the king's printing house, and that famous letter so much esteemed. Here I bought divers of the classic authors, poets, and others.

We returned through another gallery, larger, but not so long, where hung the pictures of all the kings and queens and prime nobility of France.

Descending hence, we were let into a lower very large room, called the *Salle des Antiques*, which is a vaulted Cimelia, destined for statues only, among which stands that so celebrated Diana of the Ephesians, said to be the same which uttered oracles in that renowned Temple. Besides these colossean figures of marble, I must not forget the huge globe suspended by chains. The pavings, inlayings, and incrustations of this Hall, are very rich.

In another more private garden toward the Queen's apartment is a walk, or cloister, under arches, whose terrace is paved with stones of a great breadth; it looks toward the river, and has a pleasant aviary, fountain, stately cypresses, etc. On the river are seen a prodigious number of barges and boats of great length, full of hay, corn, wood, wine, and other commodities, which this vast city daily consumes. Under the long gallery we have described, dwell goldsmiths, painters, statuaries, and architects, who being the most famous for their art in Christendom have stipends allowed them by the King. Into that of Monsieur Saracin we entered, who was then molding for an image of a Madonna to be cast in gold of a great size to be sent by the Queen Regent to Loretto, as an offering for the birth of the Dauphin, now the young King.

I finished this day with a walk in the great garden of the Tuileries, rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, the other of mulberries; and that labyrinth of cypresses; not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary; but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly; and, as it is never without some fair nymph singing to its grateful returns; standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another, as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginary accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw so many coaches, as one would hardly think could be maintained in the whole city, going, late as it was in the year, toward the course, which is a place adjoining, of near an English mile long, planted with four rows of trees, making a large circle in the middle. This course is walled about, near breast high, with squared freestone, and

has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Mary di Medicis. Here it is that the gallants and ladies of the Court take the air and divert themselves, as with us in Hyde Park, the circle being capable of containing a hundred coaches to turn commodiously, and the larger of the plantations for five or six coaches abreast.

Returning through the Tuileries, we saw a building in which are kept wild beasts for the King's pleasure, a bear, a wolf, a wild boar, a leopard, etc.

#### ST. CLOUD

27th February, 1644. Accompanied with some English gentlemen, we took horse to see St. Germain-en-Laye, a stately country house of the King, some five leagues from Paris. By the way, we alighted at St. Cloud, where, on an eminence near the river, the Archbishop of Paris has a garden, for the house is not very considerable, rarely watered and furnished with fountains, statues, and groves; the walks are very fair; the fountain of Laocoon is in a large square pool, throwing the water near forty feet high, and having about it a multitude of statues and basins, and is a surprising object. But nothing is more esteemed than the cascade falling from the great steps into the lowest and longest walk from the Mount Parnassus, which consists of a grotto, or shell-house, on the summit of the hill, wherein are divers waterworks and contrivances to wet the spectators; this is covered with a fair cupola, the walls painted with the Muses, and statues placed thick about it, whereof some are antique and good. In the upper walks are two perspectives, seeming to enlarge the alleys, and in this garden are many other ingenious contrivances. The palace, as I said, is not extraordinary. The outer walls only painted *à fresco*. In the court is a Volary, and the statues of Charles IX., Henry III., IV., and Louis XIII., on horseback, mezzo-relievo'd in plaster. In the garden is a small chapel; and under shelter is the figure of Cleopatra, taken from the Belvidere original, with others. From the terrace above is a tempest well painted; and thence an excellent prospect toward Paris, the meadows, and river.

At an inn in this village is a host who treats all the great persons in princely lodgings for furniture and plate, but they pay well for it, as I have done. Indeed, the entertainment is very splendid, and not unreasonable, considering the excellent manner of dressing their meat, and of the service. Here are many debauches and excessive revelings, as being out of all noise and observance.

From hence, about a league further, we went to see Cardinal Richelieu's villa, at Ruell. The house is small, but fairly built, in form of a castle, moated round. The offices are toward the road, and over against it are large vineyards, walled in. But, though the house is not of the greatest, the gardens about it are so magnificent, that I doubt whether Italy has any exceeding it for all rarities of pleasure. The garden nearest the pavilion is a parterre, having in the midst divers noble brass statues, perpetually spouting water into an ample basin, with other figures of the same metal; but what is most admirable is the vast inclosure, and variety of ground, in the large garden, containing vineyards, cornfields, meadows, groves (whereof one is of perennial greens), and walks of vast length, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable. On one of these walks, within a square of tall trees, is a basilisk of copper, which, managed by the fountaineer, casts water near sixty feet high, and will of itself move round so swiftly, that one can hardly escape wetting. This leads to the Citronière, which is a noble conserve of all those rarities; and at the end of it is the Arch of Constantine, painted on a wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done, that even a man skilled in painting, may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills, which seem to be between the arches, are so natural, that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall. I was infinitely taken with this agreeable cheat. At the further part of this walk is that plentiful, though artificial cascade, which rolls down a very steep declivity, and over the marble steps and basins, with an astonishing noise and fury; each basin hath a jetto in it, flowing like sheets of transparent glass, especially that which rises over the great shell of lead, from whence it glides silently down a channel through the middle of a spacious gravel walk, terminating in a grotto. Here are also fountains that cast water to a great height, and large ponds, two of which have islands

for harbor of fowls, of which there is store. One of these islands has a receptacle for them built of vast pieces of rock, near fifty feet high, grown over with moss, ivy, etc., shaded at a competent distance with tall trees: in this rupellary nidary do the fowl lay eggs, and breed. We then saw a large and very rare grotto of shell-work, in the shape of Satyrs, and other wild fancies: in the middle stands a marble table, on which a fountain plays in divers forms of glasses, cups, crosses, fans, crowns, etc. Then the fountaineer represented a shower of rain from the top, met by small jets from below. At going out, two extravagant musketeers shot us with a stream of water from their musket barrels. Before this grotto is a long pool into which ran divers spouts of water from leaden escalop basins.

### ST. GERMAINS

The viewing this paradise made us late at St. Germain.

The first building of this palace is of Charles V., called the Sage; but Francis I. (that true virtuoso) made it complete; speaking as to the style of magnificence then in fashion, which was with too great a mixture of the Gothic, as may be seen in what there is remaining of his in the old Castle, an irregular piece as built on the old foundation, and having a moat about it. It has yet some spacious and handsome rooms of state, and a chapel neatly painted. The new Castle is at some distance, divided from this by a court, of a lower, but more modern design, built by Henry IV. To this belong six terraces, built of brick and stone, descending in cascades toward the river, cut out of the natural hill, having under them goodly vaulted galleries; of these, four have subterranean grots and rocks, where are represented several objects in the manner of scenes and other motions, by force of water, shown by the light of torches only; among these, is Orpheus with his music; and the animals, which dance after his harp; in the second, is the King and Dolphin;<sup>17</sup> in the third, is Neptune sounding his trumpet, his chariot drawn by sea horses; in the fourth, the story of Perseus and Andromeda; mills; hermitages; men fishing; birds chirping; and many other devices. There is also a dry grot to refresh in; all having a fine prospect toward the river, and the goodly country about it, especially the forest. At the bottom, is a parterre; the upper terrace nearly half a mile in length, with double declivities, arched and balustered with stone, of vast and royal cost.

In the pavilion of the new Castle are many fair rooms, well painted, and leading into a very noble garden and park, where is a pall-mall, in the midst of which, on one of the sides, is a chapel, with stone cupola, though small, yet of a handsome order of architecture. Out of the park you go into the forest, which being very large, is stored with deer, wild boars, wolves, and other wild game. The Tennis Court, and Cavallerizzo, for the menaged horses, are also observable.

### PARIS

We returned to Paris by Madrid, another villa of the King's, built by Francis I., and called by that name to absolve him of his oath that he would not go from Madrid (in which he was prisoner), in Spain, but from whence he made his escape. This house is also built in a park, and walled in. We next called in at the Bonnes-hommes, well situated, with a fair chapel and library.

1st March, 1644. I went to see the Count de Liancourt's Palace in the Rue de Seine, which is well built. Toward his study and bedchamber joins a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged; to this there is another part, supported by arches in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary, out of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, when it sinks down at the wall. It is a very agreeable deceit. At the end of this garden is a little theater, made to change with divers pretty scenes, and the stage so ordered, with figures of men and women painted on light boards, and cut out, and, by a person who stands underneath, made to act as if they were speaking, by guiding them, and reciting words in different tones, as the parts require. We were led into a round

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<sup>17</sup> Dauphin.

cabinet, where was a neat invention for reflecting lights, by lining divers sconces with thin shining plates of gilded copper.

In one of the rooms of state was an excellent painting of Poussin, being a Satyr kneeling; over the chimney, the Coronation of the Virgin, by Paulo Veronese; another Madonna over the door, and that of Joseph, by Cigali; in the Hall, a Cavaliero di Malta, attended by his page, said to be of Michael Angelo; the Rape of Proserpine, with a very large landscape of Correggio. In the next room are some paintings of Primaticcio, especially the Helena, the naked Lady brought before Alexander, well painted, and a Ceres. In the bedchamber a picture of the Cardinal de Liancourt, of Raphael, rarely colored. In the cabinet are divers pieces of Bassano, two of Polemburg, four of Paulo Brill, the skies a little too blue. A Madonna of Nicholao, excellently painted on a stone; a Judith of Mantegna; three women of Jeronimo; one of Stenwick; a Madonna after Titian, and a Magdalen of the same hand, as the Count esteems it: two small pieces of Paulo Veronese, being the Martyrdoms of St. Justina and St. Catherine; a Madonna of Lucas Van Leyden, sent him from our King; six more of old Bassano; two excellent drawings of Albert; a Magdalen of Leonardo da Vinci; four of Paulo; a very rare Madonna of Titian, given him also by our King; the *Ecce Homo*, shut up in a frame of velvet, for the life and accurate finishing exceeding all description. Some curious agates, and a chaplet of admirable invention, the intaglios being all on fruit stones. The Count was so exceeding civil, that he would needs make his lady go out of her dressing room, that he might show us the curiosities and pictures in it.

We went thence to visit one Monsieur Perishot, one of the greatest virtuosos in France, for his collection of pictures, agates, medals, and flowers, especially tulips and anemonies. The chiefest of his paintings was a Sebastian, of Titian.

From him we went to Monsieur Frene's, who showed us many rare drawings, a Rape of Helen in black chalk; many excellent things of Sneyders, all naked; some of Julio and Michael Angelo; a Madonna of Passignano; some things of Parmensis, and other masters.

The next morning, being recommended to one Monsieur de Hausse, President of the Parliament, and once Ambassador at Venice for the French King, we were very civilly received, and showed his library. Among his paintings were a rare Venus and Adonis of Veronese, a St. Anthony, after the first manner of Correggio, and a rare Madonna of Palma.

Sunday, the 6th of March, I went to Charenton, two leagues from Paris, to hear and see the manner of the French Protestant Church service. The place of meeting they call the Temple, a very fair and spacious room, built of freestone, very decently adorned with paintings of the Tables of the Law, the Lord's Prayer, and Creed. The pulpit stands at the upper end in the middle, having an inclosure of seats about it, where the Elders and persons of greatest quality and strangers, sit; the rest of the congregation on forms and low stools, but none in pews, as in our churches, to their great disgrace, as nothing so orderly, as here the stools and other cumber are removed when the assembly rises. I was greatly pleased with their harmonious singing the Psalms, which they all learn perfectly well, their children being as duly taught these, as their catechism.

In our passage, we went by that famous bridge over the Marne, where that renowned echo returns the voice of a good singer nine or ten times.

7th March, 1644. I set forward with some company toward Fontainebleau, a sumptuous Palace of the King's, like ours at Hampton Court, about fourteen leagues from the city. By the way, we pass through a forest so prodigiously encompassed with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary. It abounds with stags, wolves, boars, and not long after a lynx, or ounce, was killed among them, which had devoured some passengers. On the summit of one of these gloomy precipices, intermingled with trees and shrubs, the stones hanging over, and menacing ruin, is built an hermitage. In these solitudes, rogues frequently lurk and do mischief (and for whom we were all well appointed with our

carabines); but we arrived safe in the evening at the village, where we lay at the Horne, going early next morning to the Palace.

This House is nothing so stately and uniform as Hampton Court, but Francis I. began much to beautify it; most of all Henry IV. (and not a little) the late King. It abounds with fair halls, chambers, and galleries; in the longest, which is 360 feet long, and 18 broad, are painted the Victories of that great Prince, Henry IV. That of Francis I., called the grand Gallery, has all the King's palaces painted in it; above these, in sixty pieces of excellent work in fresco, is the History of Ulysses, from Homer, by Primaticcio, in the time of Henry III., esteemed the most renowned in Europe for the design. The Cabinet is full of excellent pictures, especially a Woman, of Raphael. In the Hall of the Guards is a piece of tapestry painted on the wall, very naturally, representing the victories of Charles VII. over our countrymen. In the Salle des Festins is a rare Chimney-piece, and Henry IV. on horseback, of white marble, esteemed worth 18,000 crowns; Clementia and Pax, nobly done. On columns of jasper, two lions of brass. The new stairs, and a half circular court, are of modern and good architecture, as is a chapel built by Louis XIII., all of jasper, with several incrustations of marble through the inside.

Having seen the rooms, we went to the volary, which has a cupola in the middle of it, great trees and bushes, it being full of birds who drank at two fountains. There is also a fair tennis court, and noble stables; but the beauty of all are the gardens. In the Court of the Fountains stand divers antiquities and statues, especially a Mercury. In the Queen's Garden is a Diana ejecting a fountain, with numerous other brass statues.

The great Garden, 180 toises long and 154 wide, has in the center a fountain of Tyber of a Colossean figure of brass, with the Wolf over Romulus and Remus. At each corner of the garden rises a fountain. In the garden of the piscina, is a Hercules of white marble; next, is that of the pines, and without that a canal of an English mile in length, at the end of which rise three jettos in the form of a fleur-de-lis, of a great height; on the margin are excellent walks planted with trees. The carps come familiarly to hand (to be fed). Hence they brought us to a spring, which they say being first discovered by a dog, gave occasion of beautifying this place, both with the palace and gardens. The white and terrific rocks at some distance in the forest, yield one of the most august and stupendous prospects imaginable. The park about this place is very large, and the town full of noblemen's houses.

Next morning, we were invited by a painter, who was keeper of the pictures and rarities, to see his own collection. We were led through a gallery of old Rosso's work, at the end of which, in another cabinet, were three Madonnas of Raphael, and two of Andrea del Sarto. In the Academy where the painter himself wrought, was a St. Michael of Raphael, very rare; St. John Baptist of Leonardo, and a Woman's head; a Queen of Sicily, and St. Margaret of Raphael; two more Madonnas, whereof one very large, by the same hand; some more of del Sarto; a St. Jerome, of Perino del Vaga; the Rape of Proserpine, very good; and a great number of drawings.

Returning part of our way to Paris, that day, we visited a house called *Maison Rouge*, having an excellent prospect, grot, and fountains, one whereof rises fifty feet, and resembles the noise of a tempest, battle of guns, etc., at its issue.

Thence to Essone, a house of Monsieur Essling, who is a great virtuoso; there are many good paintings in it; but nothing so observable as his gardens, fountains, fish-pools, especially that in a triangular form, the water cast out by a multitude of heads about it; there is a noble cascade and pretty baths, with all accommodations. Under a marble table is a fountain of serpents twisting about a globe.

We alighted next at Corbeil, a town famous for the siege by Henry IV. Here we slept, and returned next morning to Paris.

18th March, 1644. I went with Sir J. Cotton, a Cambridgeshire Knight, a journey into Normandy. The first day, we passed by Gaillon, the Archbishop of Rouen's Palace. The gardens are highly commended, but we did not go in, intending to reach Pontoise by dinner. This town is built in a very gallant place, has a noble bridge over the Oise, and is well refreshed with fountains.

This is the first town in Normandy, and the furthest that the vineyards extend to on this side of the country, which is fuller of plains, wood, and inclosures, with some towns toward the sea, very like England.

## ROUEN

We lay this night at a village, called Magny. The next day, descending a very steep hill, we dined at Fleury, after riding five leagues down St. Catherine, to Rouen, which affords a goodly prospect, to the ruins of that chapel and mountain. This country so abounds with wolves that a shepherd whom we met, told us one of his companions was strangled by one of them the day before, and that in the midst of his flock. The fields are mostly planted with pears and apples, and other cider fruits. It is plentifully furnished with quarries of stone and slate, and hath iron in abundance.

I lay at the White Cross, in Rouen, which is a very large city, on the Seine, having two smaller rivers besides, called the Aubette and Robec. There stand yet the ruins of a magnificent bridge of stone, now supplied by one of boats only, to which come up vessels of considerable burden. The other side of the water consists of meadows, and there have the Reformed a church.

The Cathedral Nôtre Dame was built, as they acknowledge, by the English; some English words graven in Gothic characters upon the front seem to confirm it. The towers and whole church are full of carving. It has three steeples, with a pyramid; in one of these, I saw the famous bell so much talked of, thirteen feet in height, thirty-two round, the diameter eleven, weighing 40,000 pounds.

In the Chapel d'Amboise, built by a Cardinal of that name, lies his body, with several fair monuments. The choir has behind it a great dragon painted on the wall, which they say had done much harm to the inhabitants, till vanquished by St. Romain, their Archbishop; for which there is an annual procession. It was now near Easter, and many images were exposed with scenes and stories representing the Passion; made up of little puppets, to which there was great resort and devotion, with offerings. Before the church is a fair palace. St. Ouen is another goodly church and an abbey with fine gardens. Here the King hath lodgings, when he makes his progress through these parts. The structure, where the Court of Parliament is kept, is very magnificent, containing very fair halls and chambers, especially La Chambre Dorée. The town-house is also well built, and so are some gentlemen's houses; but most part of the rest are of timber, like our merchants' in London, in the wooden part of the city.

21st March, 1644. On Easter Monday, we dined at Totes, a solitary inn between Rouen and Dieppe, at which latter place we arrived. This town is situated between two mountains, not unpleasantly, and is washed on the north by our English seas.

The port is commodious; but the entrance difficult. It has one very ample and fair street, in which is a pretty church. The Fort Pollet consists of a strong earth-work, and commands the haven, as on the other side does the castle, which is also well fortified, with the citadel before it; nor is the town itself a little strong. It abounds with workmen, who make and sell curiosities of ivory and tortoise-shells; and indeed whatever the East Indies afford of cabinets, porcelain, natural and exotic rarities, are here to be had, with abundant choice.

23d March, 1644. We passed along the coast by a very rocky and rugged way, which forced us to alight many times before we came to Havre de Grace, where we lay that night.

The next morning, we saw the citadel, strong and regular, well stored with artillery and ammunition of all sorts: the works furnished with fair brass cannon, having a motto, *Ratio ultima Regum*. The allotments of the garrison are uniform; a spacious place for drawing up the soldiers, a pretty chapel, and a fair house for the Governor. The Duke of Richelieu being now in the fort, we went to salute him; who received us very civilly, and commanded that we should be showed whatever we desired to see. The citadel was built by the late Cardinal de Richelieu, uncle of the present Duke, and may be esteemed one of the strongest in France. The haven is very capacious.

When we had done here, we embarked ourselves and horses to pass to Honfleur, about four or five leagues distant, where the Seine falls into the sea. It is a poor fisher-town, remarkable for nothing

so much as the odd, yet useful habits which the good women wear, of bears' and other skins, as of rugs at Dieppe, and all along these maritime coasts.

#### CAEN

25th March, 1644. We arrived at Caen, a noble and beautiful town, situate on the river Orne, which passes quite through it, the two sides of the town joined only by a bridge of one entire arch. We lay at the Angel, where we were very well used, the place being abundantly furnished with provisions, at a cheap rate. The most considerable object is the great Abbey and Church, large and rich, built after the Gothic manner, having two spires and middle lantern at the west end, all of stone. The choir round and large, in the center whereof elevated on a square, handsome, but plain sepulcher, is this inscription:

"Hoc sepulchrum invictissimi juxta et clementissimi conquestoris, Gulielmi, dum viverat Anglorum Regis, Normannorum Cenomannorumque Principis, hujus insignis Abbatiae piissimi Fundatoris: Cum anno 1562 vesano hæreticorum furore direptum fuisset, pio tandem nobilium ejusdem Abbatiae religiosorum gratitudinis sensu in tam beneficum largitorem, instauratum fuit, a<sup>o</sup> D'ni 1642. D'no Johanne de Bailhache Assætoreii proto priore. D.D."

On the other side are these monkish rhymes:

"Qui rexit rigidos Northmannos, atq. Britannos  
Audacter vicit, fortiter obtinuit,  
Et Cenomanensis virtute coërcuit ensis,  
Imperii sui Legibus applicuit.  
Rex magnus parvâ jacet hâc Gulielm' in Urnâ,  
Sufficit et magno parva domus Domino.  
Ter septem gradibus te volverat atq. duobus  
Virginis in gremio Phœbus, et hic obiit."

We went to the castle, which is strong and fair, and so is the town-house, built on the bridge which unites the two towns. Here are schools and an University for the Jurists.

The whole town is handsomely built of that excellent stone so well known by that name in England. I was led to a pretty garden, planted with hedges of alaternus, having at the entrance a screen at an exceeding height, accurately cut in topiary work, with well understood architecture, consisting of pillars, niches, friezes, and other ornaments, with great curiosity; some of the columns curiously wreathed, others spiral, all according to art.

#### PARIS

28th March, 1644. We went toward Paris, lying the first night at Evreux, a Bishop's seat, an ancient town, with a fair cathedral; so the next day we arrived at Paris.

1st April, 1644. I went to see more exactly the rooms of the fine Palace of Luxemburg, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, built by Mary di Medicis, and I think one of the most noble, entire, and finished piles that is to be seen, taking it with the garden and all its accomplishments. The gallery is of the painting of Rubens, being the history of the Foundress's Life, rarely designed; at the end of it is the Duke of Orleans' library, well furnished with excellent books, all bound in maroquin and gilded, the valance of the shelves being of green velvet, fringed with gold. In the cabinet joining to it are only the smaller volumes, with six cabinets of medals, and an excellent collection of shells and agates, whereof some are prodigiously rich. This Duke being very learned in medals and plants, nothing of that kind escapes him. There are other spacious, noble, and princely furnished rooms, which look toward the gardens, which are nothing inferior to the rest.

The court below is formed into a square by a corridor, having over the chief entrance a stately cupola, covered with stone: the rest is cloistered and arched on pilasters of rustic work. The terrace ascending before the front, paved with white and black marble, is balustered with white marble, exquisitely polished.

Only the hall below is low, and the staircase somewhat of a heavy design, but the facia toward the parterre which is also arched and vaulted with stone, is of admirable beauty and full of sculpture.

The gardens are near an English mile in compass, inclosed with a stately wall, and in a good air. The parterre is indeed of box, but so rarely designed and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares and as many circular knots, having in the center a noble basin of marble near thirty feet in diameter (as I remember), in which a Triton of brass holds a dolphin, that casts a girandola of water near thirty feet high, playing perpetually, the water being conveyed from Arceuil by an aqueduct of stone, built after the old Roman magnificence. About this ample parterre, the spacious walks and all included, runs a border of freestone, adorned with pedestals for pots and statues, and part of it near the steps of the terrace, with a rail and baluster of pure white marble.

The walks are exactly fair, long, and variously descending and so justly planted with limes, elms, and other trees, that nothing can be more delicious, especially that of the hornbeam hedge, which being high and stately, but full on the fountain.

Toward the further end, is an excavation intended for a vast fish-pool, but never finished, and near it is an inclosure for a garden of simples, well kept; and here the Duke keeps tortoises in great number, who use the pool of water on one side of the garden. Here is also a conservatory for snow. At the upper part, toward the palace, is a grove of tall elms cut into a star, every ray being a walk, whose center is a large fountain.

The rest of the ground is made into several inclosures (all hedge-work or rows of trees) of whole fields, meadows, bocages, some of them containing divers acres.

Next the street side, and more contiguous to the house, are knots in trail, or grass work, where likewise runs a fountain. Toward the grotto and stables, within a wall, is a garden of choice flowers, in which the duke spends many thousand pistoles. In sum, nothing is wanted to render this palace and gardens perfectly beautiful and magnificent; nor is it one of the least diversions to see the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all access is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walks and retirements full of gallants and ladies; in others melancholy friars; in others, studious scholars; in others, jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grass, others running and jumping; some playing at bowls and ball, others dancing and singing; and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place.

What is most admirable, you see no gardeners, or men at work, and yet all is kept in such exquisite order, as if they did nothing else but work; it is so early in the morning, that all is dispatched and done without the least confusion.

I have been the larger in the description of this paradise, for the extraordinary delight I have taken in those sweet retirements. The Cabinet and Chapel nearer the garden-front have some choice pictures. All the houses near this are also very noble palaces, especially Petite Luxemburg. The ascent of the street is handsome from its breadth, situation, and buildings.

I went next to view Paris from the top of St. Jacques' steeple, esteemed the highest in the town, from whence I had a full view of the whole city and suburbs, both which, as I judge, are not so large as London: though the dissimilitude of their several forms and situations, this being round, London long, – renders it difficult to determine; but there is no comparison between the buildings, palaces, and materials, this being entirely of stone and more sumptuous, though I esteem our piazzas to exceed theirs.

Hence I took a turn in St. Innocent's churchyard, where the story of the devouring quality of the ground (consuming bodies in twenty-four hours), the vast charnels of bones, tombs, pyramids,



and sepulchers, took up much of my time, together with the hieroglyphical characters of Nicholas Flamel's philosophical work, who had founded this church, and divers other charitable establishments, as he testifies in his book.

Here divers clerks get their livelihood by inditing letters for poor maids and other ignorant people who come to them for advice, and to write for them into the country, both to their sweethearts, parents, and friends; every large gravestone serving for a table. Joining to this church is a common fountain, with good relievos upon it.

The next day I was carried to see a French gentleman's curious collection, which abounded in fair and rich jewels of all sorts of precious stones, most of them of great sizes and value; agates and onyxes, some of them admirably colored and antique; nor inferior were his landscapes from the best hands, most of which he had caused to be copied in miniature; one of which, rarely painted on stone, was broken by one of our company, by the mischance of setting it up: but such was the temper and civility of the gentleman, that it altered nothing of his free and noble humor.

The next morning, I was had by a friend to the garden of Monsieur Morine, who, from being an ordinary gardener, is become one of the most skillful and curious persons in France for his rare collection of shells, flowers, and insects.

His garden is of an exact oval figure, planted with cypress, cut flat and set as even as a wall: the tulips, anemones, ranunculuses, crocuses, etc., are held to be of the rarest, and draw all the admirers of that kind to his house during the season. He lived in a kind of hermitage at one side of his garden, where his collection of porcelain and coral, whereof one is carved into a large crucifix, is much esteemed. He has also books of prints, by Albert [Durer], Van Leyden, Callot, etc. His collection of all sorts of insects, especially of butterflies, is most curious; these he spreads and so medicates, that no corruption invading them, he keeps them in drawers, so placed as to represent a beautiful piece of tapestry.

He showed me the remarks he had made on their propagation, which he promised to publish. Some of these, as also of his best flowers, he had caused to be painted in miniature by rare hands, and some in oil.

6th April, 1644. I sent my sister my own picture in water colors,<sup>18</sup> which she requested of me, and went to see divers of the fairest palaces of the town, as that of Vendôme, very large and stately; Lougueville; Guise; Condé; Chevereuse; Nevers, esteemed one of the best in Paris toward the river.

I often went to the Palais Cardinal, bequeathed by Richelieu to the King, on condition that it should be called by his name; at this time, the King resided in it, because of the building of the Louvre. It is a very noble house, though somewhat low; the galleries, paintings of the most illustrious persons of both sexes, the Queen's baths, presence-chamber with its rich carved and gilded roof, theater, and large garden, in which is an ample fountain, grove, and mall, worthy of remark. Here I also frequently went to see them ride and exercise the great horse, especially at the Academy of Monsieur du Plessis, and de Veau, whose schools of that art are frequented by the nobility; and here also young gentlemen are taught to fence, dance, play on music, and something in fortification and the mathematics. The design is admirable, some keeping near a hundred brave horses, all managed to the great saddle.

12th April, 1644. I took coach, to see a general muster of all the *gens d'armes* about the city, in the Bois de Boulogne, before their Majesties and all the Grandees. They were reputed to be near 20,000, besides the spectators, who much exceeded them in number. Here they performed all their motions; and, being drawn up, horse and foot, into several figures, represented a battle.

## ORLEANS

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<sup>18</sup> In the first and second editions of the "Diary" many trifling personal details, such as this mention of the author having sent his own picture in water colors to his sister, were omitted. It is not necessary to point them out in detail. They are always of this personal character; as, among other examples, the mention of the wet weather preventing the diarist from stirring out, and that of his coming weary to his lodgings.

The summer now drawing near, I determined to spend the rest of it in some more remote town on the river Loire; and, on 19th of April, I took leave of Paris, and, by the way of the messenger, agreed for my passage to Orleans.

The way from Paris to this city, as indeed most of the roads in France, is paved with a small square freestone, so that the country does not much molest the traveler with dirt and ill way, as in England, only 'tis somewhat hard to the poor horses' feet, which causes them to ride more temperately, seldom going out of the trot, or *grand pas*, as they call it. We passed divers walled towns, or villages; among others of note, Chartres and Etampes, where we lay the first night. This has a fair church. The next day, we had an excellent road; but had liked to come short home: for no sooner were we entered two or three leagues into the Forest of Orleans (which extends itself many miles), but the company behind us were set on by rogues, who, shooting from the hedges and frequent covert, slew four upon the spot. Among the slain was a captain of Swiss, of the regiment of Picardy, a person much lamented. This disaster made such an alarm in Orleans at our arrival, that the Prevôt Marshal, with his assistants, going in pursuit, brought in two whom they had shot, and exposed them in the great market place, to see if any would take cognizance of them. I had great cause to give God thanks for this escape; when coming to Orleans and lying at the White Cross, I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary. In the night a cat kittenned on my bed, and left on it a young one having six ears, eight legs, two bodies from the middle downward, and two tails. I found it dead, but warm, in the morning when I awaked.

21st April, 1644. I went about to view the city, which is well built of stone, on the side of the Loire. About the middle of the river is an island, full of walks and fair trees, with some houses. This is contiguous to the town by a stately stone bridge, reaching to the opposite suburbs, built likewise on the edge of a hill, from whence is a beautiful prospect. At one of the extremes of the bridge are strong towers, and about the middle, on one side, is the statue of the Virgin Mary, or Pieta, with the dead Christ in her lap, as big as the life. At one side of the cross, kneels Charles VII., armed, and at the other Joan d'Arc, armed also like a cavalier, with boots and spurs, her hair disheveled, as the deliveress of the town from our countrymen, when they besieged it. The figures are all cast in copper, with a pedestal full of inscriptions, as well as a fair column joining it, which is all adorned with fleurs-de-lis and a crucifix, with two saints proceeding (as it were) from two branches out of its capital. The inscriptions on the cross are in Latin: "*Mors Christi in cruce nos á contagione, labis et æternorum morborum sanavit.*" On the pedestal: "*Rex in hoc signo hostes profligavit, et Johanna Virgo Aureliam obsidio liberavit. Non diu ab impiis diruta, restituta sunt hoc anno D'ni 1578. Jean Buret, m. f.*" – "*Octannoque Galliam servitute Britannicâ liberavit. A Domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris; in quorum memoriâ hæc nostræ fidei Insignia.*" To this is made an annual procession on 12th of May, mass being sung before it, attended with great ceremony and concourse of people. The wine of this place is so strong, that the King's cup bearers are, as I was assured, sworn never to give the King any of it: but it is a very noble liquor, and much of it transported into other countries. The town is much frequented by strangers, especially Germans, for the great purity of the language here spoken, as well as for divers other privileges, and the University, which causes the English to make no long sojourn here, except such as can drink and debauch. The city stands in the county of Bealse (Blaisois); was once styled a Kingdom, afterward a Duchy, as at present, belonging to the second son of France. Many Councils have been held here, and some Kings crowned. The University is very ancient, divided now by the students into that of four nations, French, High Dutch, Normans, and Picardines, who have each their respective protectors, several officers, treasurers, consuls, seals, etc. There are in it two reasonable fair public libraries, whence one may borrow a book to one's chamber, giving but a note under hand, which is an extraordinary custom, and a confidence that has cost many libraries dear. The first church I went to visit was St. Croix; it has been a stately fabric, but now much ruined by the late civil wars. They report the tower of it to have been the highest in France. There is the beginning of a fair reparation. About this cathedral there is a very spacious cemetery.

The townhouse is also very nobly built, with a high tower to it. The market place and streets, some whereof are deliciously planted with limes, are ample and straight, so well paved with a kind of pebble, that I have not seen a neater town in France. In fine, this city was by Francis I. esteemed the most agreeable of his vast dominions.

28th April, 1644. Taking boat on the Loire, I went toward Blois, the passage and river being both very pleasant. Passing Mehun, we dined at Baugenci, and slept at a little town called St. Dieu. Quitting our bark, we hired horses to Blois, by the way of Chambord, a famous house of the King's, built by Francis I. in the middle of a solitary park, full of deer, inclosed with a wall. I was particularly desirous of seeing this palace, from the extravagance of the design, especially the staircase, mentioned by Palladio. It is said that 1800 workmen were constantly employed in this fabric for twelve years: if so, it is wonderful that it was not finished, it being no greater than divers gentlemen's houses in England, both for room and circuit. The carvings are indeed very rich and full. The staircase is devised with four entries, or assents, which cross one another, so that though four persons meet, they never come in sight, but by small loopholes, till they land. It consists of 274 steps (as I remember), and is an extraordinary work, but of far greater expense than use or beauty. The chimneys of the house appear like so many towers. About the whole is a large deep moat. The country about is full of corn, and wine, with many fair noblemen's houses.

### BLOIS

We arrived at Blois in the evening. The town is hilly, uneven, and rugged, standing on the side of the Loire, having suburbs joined by a stately stone bridge, on which is a pyramid with an inscription. At the entrance of the castle is a stone statue of Louis XII. on horseback, as large as life, under a Gothic state; and a little below are these words:

"Hic ubi natus erat dextro Ludovicus Olympo,  
Sumpsit honoratâ regia sceptrâ manu;  
Felix quæ tanti fulsit Lux nuncia Regis!  
Gallica non alio principe digna fuit."

Under this is a very wide pair of gates, nailed full of wolves and wild-boars' heads. Behind the castle the present Duke Gaston had begun a fair building, through which we walked into a large garden, esteemed for its furniture one of the fairest, especially for simples and exotic plants, in which he takes extraordinary delight. On the right hand is a long gallery full of ancient statues and inscriptions, both of marble and brass; the length, 300 paces, divides the garden into higher and lower ground, having a very noble fountain. There is the portrait of a hart, taken in the forest by Louis XII., which has twenty-four antlers on its head. In the Collegiate Church of St. Savior, we saw many sepulchres of the Earls of Blois.

On Sunday, being May-day, we walked up into Pall Mall, very long, and so noble shaded with tall trees (being in the midst of a great wood), that unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier.

From hence, we proceeded with a friend of mine through the adjoining forest, to see if we could meet any wolves, which are here in such numbers that they often come and take children out of the very streets; yet will not the Duke, who is sovereign here, permit them to be destroyed. We walked five or six miles outright; but met with none; yet a gentleman, who was resting himself under a tree, with his horse grazing by him, told us that half an hour before, two wolves had set upon his horse, and had in probability devoured him, but for a dog which lay by him. At a little village at the end of this wood, we ate excellent cream, and visited a castle builded on a very steep cliff.

Blois is a town where the language is exactly spoken; the inhabitants very courteous; the air so good, that it is the ordinary nursery of the King's children. The people are so ingenious, that, for

goldsmith's work and watches, no place in France affords the like. The pastures by the river are very rich and pleasant.

2d May, 1644. We took boat again, passing by Charmont, a proud castle on the left hand; before it is a sweet island, deliciously shaded with tall trees. A little distance from hence, we went on shore at Amboise, a very agreeable village, built of stone, and the houses covered with blue slate, as the towns on the Loire generally are; but the castle chiefly invited us, the thickness of whose towers from the river to the top, was admirable. We entered by the drawbridge, which has an invention to let one fall, if not premonished. It is full of halls and spacious chambers, and one staircase is large enough, and sufficiently commodious, to receive a coach, and land it on the very tower, as they told us had been done. There is some artillery in it; but that which is most observable is in the ancient chapel, viz, a stag's head, or branches, hung up by chains, consisting of twenty browantlers, the beam bigger than a man's middle, and of an incredible length. Indeed, it is monstrous, and yet I cannot conceive how it should be artificial they show also the ribs and vertebræ of the same beast; but these might be made of whalebone.

Leaving the castle, we passed Mont Louis, a village having no houses above ground but such only as are hewn out of the main rocks of excellent freestone. Here and there the funnel of a chimney appears on the surface among the vineyards which are over them, and in this manner they inhabit the caves, as it were sea-cliffs, on one side of the river for many miles.

### TOURS

We now came within sight of Tours, where we were designed for the rest of the time I had resolved to stay in France, the sojournment being so agreeable. Tours is situate on the east side of a hill on the river Loire, having a fair bridge of stone called St. Edme; the streets are very long, straight, spacious, well built, and exceeding clean; the suburbs large and pleasant, joined to the city by another bridge. Both the church and monastery of St. Martin are large, of Gothic building, having four square towers, fair organs, and a stately altar, where they show the bones and ashes of St. Martin, with other relics. The Mall without comparison is the noblest in Europe for length and shade, having seven rows of the tallest and goodliest elms I had ever beheld, the innermost of which do so embrace each other, and at such a height, that nothing can be more solemn and majestical. Here we played a party, or party or two, and then walked about the town walls, built of square stone, filled with earth, and having a moat. No city in France exceeds it in beauty, or delight.

6th May, 1644. We went to St. Gatian, reported to have been built by our countrymen; the dial and clockwork are much esteemed. The church has two handsome towers and spires of stone, and the whole fabric is very noble and venerable. To this joins the palace of the Archbishop, consisting both of old and new building, with many fair rooms, and a fair garden. Here I grew acquainted with one Monsieur Merey, a very good musician. The Archbishop treated me very courteously. We visited divers other churches, chapels, and monasteries for the most part neatly built, and full of pretty paintings, especially the Convent of the Capuchins, which has a prospect over the whole city, and many fair walks.

8th May, 1644. I went to see their manufactures in silk (for in this town they drive a very considerable trade with silk-worms), their pressing and watering the grograms and camlets, with weights of an extraordinary poise, put into a rolling engine. Here I took a master of the language, and studied the tongue very diligently, recreating myself sometimes at the Mall, and sometimes about the town. The house opposite my lodging had been formerly a King's palace; the outside was totally covered with fleur-de-lis, embossed out of the stone. Here Mary de Medicis held her Court, when she was compelled to retire from Paris by the persecution of the great Cardinal.

25th May, 1644. Was the Fête Dieu, and a goodly procession of all the religious orders, the whole streets hung with their best tapestries, and their most precious movables exposed; silks,

damasks, velvets, plate, and pictures in abundance; the streets strewed with flowers, and full of pageantry, banners, and bravery.

6th June, 1644. I went by water to visit that goodly and venerable Abbey of Marmoutiers, being one of the greatest in the kingdom; to it is a very ample church of stone, with a very high pyramid. Among other relics the Monks showed us is the Holy Ampoule, the same with that which sacres their Kings at Rheims, this being the one that anointed Henry IV. Ascending many steps, we went into the Abbot's Palace, where we were showed a vast tun (as big as that at Heidelberg), which they report St. Martin (as I remember) filled from one cluster of grapes growing there.

7th June, 1644. We walked about two miles from the city to an agreeable solitude, called Du Plessis, a house belonging to the King. It has many pretty gardens, full of nightingales; and, in the chapel, lies buried the famous poet, Ronsard.

Returning, we stepped into a Convent of Franciscans, called St. Cosmo, where the cloister is painted with the miracles of their St. Francis à Paula, whose ashes lie in their chapel, with this inscription: "*Corpus Sancti Fran. à Paula 1507, 13 Aprilis, concrematur verò ab Hæreticis anno 1562, cujus quidem ossa et cineres hìc jacent.*" The tomb has four small pyramids of marble at each corner.

9th June, 1644. I was invited to a vineyard, which was so artificially planted and supported with arched poles, that stooping down one might see from end to end, a very great length, under the vines, the bunches hanging down in abundance.

20th June, 1644. We took horse to see certain natural caves, called Gouttière, near Colombière, where there is a spring within the bowels of the earth, very deep and so excessive cold, that the drops meeting with some lapidescent matter, it converts them into a hard stone, which hangs about it like icicles, having many others in the form of comfitures and sugar plums, as we call them.

Near this, we went under the ground almost two furlongs, lighted with candles, to see the source and spring which serves the whole city, by a passage cut through the main rock of freestone.

28th June, 1644. I went to see the palace and gardens of Chevereux, a sweet place.

30th June, 1644. I walked through the vineyards as far as Roche Corbé, to the ruins of an old and very strong castle, said to have been built by the English, of great height, on the precipice of a dreadful cliff, from whence the country and river yield a most incomparable prospect.

27th July, 1644. I heard excellent music at the Jesuits, who have here a school and convent, but a mean chapel. We have now store of those admirable melons, so much celebrated in France for the best in the kingdom.

1st August, 1644. My valet, one Garro, a Spaniard, born in Bisciao, having misbehaved, I was forced to discharge him; he demanded of me (besides his wages) no less than 100 crowns to carry him to his country; refusing to pay it, as no part of our agreement, he had the impudence to arrest me; the next day I was to appear in Court, where both our avocats pleaded before the Lieutenant Civil; but it was so unreasonable a pretense, that the Judge had not patience to hear it out. The Judge immediately acquitted me, after he had reproached the avocat who took part with my servant, he rose from the Bench, and making a courteous excuse to me, that being a stranger I should be so used, he conducted me through the court to the street-door. This varlet afterward threatened to pistol me. The next day, I waited on the Lieutenant, to thank him for his great civility.

18th August, 1644. The Queen of England came to Tours, having newly arrived in France, and going for Paris. She was very nobly received by the people and clergy, who went to meet her with the trained bands. After the harangue, the Archbishop entertained her at his Palace, where I paid my duty to her. The 20th she set forward to Paris.

8th September, 1644. Two of my kinsmen came from Paris to this place, where I settled them in their pension and exercises.

14th September, 1644. We took post for Richelieu, passing by l'Isle Bouchard, a village in the way. The next day, we arrived, and went to see the Cardinal's Palace, near it. The town is built in a low, marshy ground, having a narrow river cut by hand, very even and straight, capable of bringing up a

small vessel. It consists of only one considerable street, the houses on both sides (as indeed throughout the town) built exactly uniform, after a modern handsome design. It has a large goodly market house and place, opposite to which is the church built of freestone, having two pyramids of stone, which stand hollow from the towers. The church is well built, and of a well-ordered architecture, within handsomely paved and adorned. To this place belongs an Academy, where, besides the exercise of the horse, arms, dancing, etc., all the sciences are taught in the vulgar French by professors stipendiated by the great Cardinal, who by this, the cheap living there, and divers privileges, not only designed the improvement of the vulgar language, but to draw people and strangers to the town; but since the Cardinal's death, it is thinly inhabited; standing so much out of the way, and in a place not well situated for health, or pleasure. He was allured to build by the name of the place, and an old house there belonging to his ancestors. This pretty town is handsomely walled about and moated, with a kind of slight fortification, two fair gates and drawbridges. Before the gate, toward the palace, is a spacious circle, where the fair is annually kept. About a flight-shot from the town is the Cardinal's house, a princely pile, though on an old design, not altogether Gothic, but mixed, and environed by a clear moat. The rooms are stately, most richly furnished with tissue, damask, arras, and velvet, pictures, statues, vases, and all sorts of antiquities, especially the Cæsars, in oriental alabaster. The long gallery is painted with the famous acts of the Founder; the roof with the life of Julius Cæsar; at the end of it is a cupola, or singing theatre, supported by very stately pillars of black marble. The chapel anciently belonged to the family of the Founder. The court is very ample. The gardens without are very large, and the parterres of excellent embroidery, set with many statues of brass and marble; the groves, meadows, and walks are a real Paradise.

16th September, 1644. We returned to Tours, from whence, after nineteen weeks' sojourn, we traveled toward the more southern part of France, minding now to shape my course so, as I might winter in Italy. With my friend, Mr. Thicknesse, and our guide, we went the first day seven leagues to a castle called Chenonceau, built by Catherine de Medicis, and now belonging to the Duke de Vendôme, standing on a bridge. In the gallery, among divers other excellent statues, is that of Scipio Africanus, of oriental alabaster.

### BOURGES

21st September, 1644. We passed by Villefranche, where we dined, and so by Muneton, lying at Viaron-au-mouton, which was twenty leagues. The next day by Murg to Bourges, four leagues, where we spent the day. This is the capital of Berry, an University much frequented by the Dutch, situated on the river Eure. It stands high, is strong, and well placed for defense; is environed with meadows and vines, and the living here is very cheap. In the suburbs of St. Privé, there is a fountain of sharp water which they report wholesome against the stone. They showed us a vast tree which they say stands in the center of France. The French tongue is spoken with great purity in this place. St. Stephen's church is the cathedral, well built *à la Gothique*, full of sepulchres without-side, with the representation of the final Judgment over one of the ports. Here they show the chapel of Claude de la Chastre, a famous soldier who had served six kings of France in their wars. St. Chapelle is built much like that at Paris, full of relics, and containing the bones of one Briat, a giant of fifteen cubits high. It was erected by John, Duke of Berry, and there is showed the coronet of the dukedom. The great tower is a Pharos for defense of the town, very strong, in thickness eighteen feet, fortified with graffs and works; there is a garrison in it, and a strange engine for throwing great stones, and the iron cage where Louis, Duke of Orleans, was kept by Charles VIII. Near the Town-house stands the College of Jesuits, where was heretofore an Amphitheater. I was courteously entertained by a Jesuit, who had us into the garden, where we fell into disputation. The house of Jaques Cœur is worth seeing. Bourges is an Archbishopric and Primacy of Aquitaine. I took my leave of Mr. Nicholas, and some other English there; and, on the 23d, proceeded on my journey by Pont du Charge; and lay that evening at Coulaiure, thirteen leagues.

24th September, 1644. By Franchesse, St. Menoux, thence to Moulins, where we dined. This is the chief town of the Bourbonnois, on the river Allier, very navigable. The streets are fair; the castle has a noble prospect, and has been the seat of the Dukes. Here is a pretty park and garden. After dinner, came many who offered knives and scissors to sell; it being a town famous for these trifles. This Duchy of Bourbon is ordinarily assigned for the dowry of the Queens of France.

Hence, we took horse for Varennes, an obscure village, where we lay that night. The next day, we went somewhat out of the way to see the town of Bourbon l'Archambaut, from whose ancient and rugged castle is derived the name of the present Royal Family of France. The castle stands on a flinty rock, overlooking the town. In the midst of the streets are some baths of medicinal waters, some of them excessive hot, but nothing so neatly walled and adorned as ours in Somersetshire; and indeed they are chiefly used to drink of, our Queen being then lodged there for that purpose. After dinner, I went to see the St. Chapelle, a prime place of devotion, where is kept one of the thorns of our Savior's crown, and a piece of the real cross; excellent paintings on glass, and some few statues of stone and wood, which they show for curiosities. Hence, we went forward to La Palise, a village that lodged us that night.

26th September, 1644. We arrived at Roane, where we quitted our guide, and took post for Lyons. Roane seemed to me one of the pleasantest and most agreeable places imaginable, for a retired person: for, besides the situation on the Loire, there are excellent provisions cheap and abundant. It being late when we left this town, we rode no further than Tarare that night (passing St. Saforin), a little desolate village in a valley near a pleasant stream, encompassed with fresh meadows and vineyards. The hills which we rode over before we descended, and afterward, on the Lyons side of this place, are high and mountainous; fir and pines growing frequently on them. The air methought was much altered as well as the manner of the houses, which are built flatter, more after the eastern manner. Before I went to bed, I took a landscape of this pleasant terrace. There followed a most violent tempest of thunder and lightning.

### LYONS

27th September, 1644. We rode by Pont Charu to Lyons, which being but six leagues we soon accomplished, having made eighty-five leagues from Tours in seven days. Here at the Golden Lion, rue de Flandre, I met divers of my acquaintance, who, coming from Paris, were designed for Italy. We lost no time in seeing the city, because of being ready to accompany these gentlemen in their journey. Lyons is excellently situated on the confluence of the rivers Soane and Rhone, which wash the walls of the city in a very rapid stream; each of these has its bridge; that over the Rhone consists of twenty-eight arches. The two high cliffs, called St. Just and St. Sebastian, are very stately; on one of them stands a strong fort, garrisoned. We visited the cathedral, St. Jean, where was one of the fairest clocks for art and busy invention I had ever seen. The fabric of the church is gothic, as are likewise those of St. Etienne and St. Croix. From the top of one of the towers of St. Jean (for it has four) we beheld the whole city and country, with a prospect reaching to the Alps, many leagues distant. The Archbishop's palace is fairly built. The church of St. Nisier is the greatest; that of the Jacobins is well built. Here are divers other fine churches and very noble buildings we had not time to visit, only that of the Charité, or great hospital for poor, infirm people, entertaining about 1,500 souls, with a school, granary, gardens, and all conveniences, maintained at a wonderful expense, worthy seeing. The place of the *Belle Cour* is very spacious, observable for the view it affords, so various and agreeable, of hills, rocks, vineyards, gardens, precipices, and other extravagant and incomparable advantages presenting themselves together. The Pall Mall is set with fair trees. In fine, this stately, clean, and noble city, built all of stone, abounds in persons of quality and rich merchants: those of Florence obtaining great privileges above the rest. In the Town-house, they show two tables of brass, on which is engraven Claudius's speech, pronounced to the Senate, concerning the franchising of the town, with the Roman privileges. There are also other antiquities.

30th September, 1644. We bargained with a waterman to carry us to Avignon on the river, and got the first night to Vienne, in Dauphiné. This is an Archbishopric, and the province gives title to the heir-apparent of France. Here we supped and lay, having among other dainties, a dish of truffles, which is a certain earth-nut, found out by a hog trained to it, and for which those animals are sold at a great price. It is in truth an incomparable meat. We were shown the ruins of an amphitheatre, pretty entire; and many handsome palaces, especially that of Pontius Pilate, not far from the town, at the foot of a solitary mountain, near the river, having four pinnacles. Here it is reported he passed his exile, and precipitated himself into the lake not far from it. The house is modern, and seems to be the seat of some gentleman; being in a very pleasant, though melancholy place. The cathedral of Vienne is St. Maurice; and there are many other pretty buildings, but nothing more so, than the mills where they hammer and polish the sword blades.

Hence, the next morning we swam (for the river here is so rapid that the boat was only steered) to a small village called Thein, where we dined. Over against this is another town, named Tournon, where is a very strong castle under a high precipice. To the castle joins the Jesuits' College, who have a fair library. The prospect was so tempting, that I could not forbear designing it with my crayon.

We then came to Valence, a capital city carrying the title of a Duchy; but the Bishop is now sole Lord temporal of it, and the country about it. The town having a University famous for the study of the civil law, is much frequented; but the churches are none of the fairest, having been greatly defaced in the time of the wars. The streets are full of pretty fountains. The citadel is strong and garrisoned. Here we passed the night, and the next morning by Pont St. Esprit, which consists of twenty-two arches; in the piers of the arches are windows, as it were, to receive the water when it is high and full. Here we went on shore, it being very dangerous to pass the bridge in a boat.

#### AVIGNON

Hence, leaving our barge, we took horse, seeing at a distance the town and principality of Orange; and, lodging one night on the way, we arrived at noon at Avignon. This town has belonged to the Popes ever since the time of Clement V.; being, in 1352, alienated by Jane, Queen of Naples and Sicily. Entering the gates, the soldiers at the guard took our pistols and carbines, and examined us very strictly; after that, having obtained the Governor's and the Vice-Legate's leave to tarry three days, we were civilly conducted to our lodging. The city is on the Rhone, and divided from the newer part, or town, which is on the other side of the river, by a very fair stone bridge (which has been broken); at one end is a very high rock, on which is a strong castle well furnished with artillery. The walls of the city are of large, square freestone, the most neat and best in repair I ever saw. It is full of well-built palaces; those of the Vice-Legate and Archbishop being the most magnificent. There are many sumptuous churches, especially that of St. Magdalene and St. Martial, wherein the tomb of the Cardinal d'Amboise is the most observable. Clement VI. lies buried in that of the Celestines, the altar whereof is exceedingly rich: but for nothing I more admired it than the tomb of Madonna Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch. We saw the Arsenal, the Pope's palace, and the Synagogue of the Jews, who here are distinguished by their red hats. Vaucluse, so much renowned for the solitude of Petrarch, we beheld from the castle; but could not go to visit it for want of time, being now taking mules and a guide for Marseilles.

We lay at Loumas; the next morning, came to Aix, having passed that extremely rapid and dangerous river of Durance. In this tract, all the heaths, or commons, are covered with rosemary, lavender, lentiscus, and the like sweet shrubs, for many miles together; which to me was very pleasant. Aix is the chief city of Provence, being a Parliament and Presidential town, with other royal Courts and Metropolitan jurisdiction. It is well built, the houses very high, and the streets ample. The Cathedral, St. Savior's, is a noble pile adorned with innumerable figures; especially that of St. Michael; the Baptisterie, the Palace, the Court, built in a most spacious piazza, are very fair. The Duke of



Guise's house is worth seeing, being furnished with many antiquities in and about it. The Jesuits have here a royal College, and the City is a University.

7th October, 1644. We had a most delicious journey to Marseilles, through a country sweetly declining to the south and Mediterranean coasts, full of vineyards and olive-yards, orange trees, myrtles, pomegranates, and the like sweet plantations, to which belong pleasantly-situated villas to the number of above 1,500, built all of freestone, and in prospect showing as if they were so many heaps of snow dropped out of the clouds among those perennial greens. It was almost at the shutting of the gates that we arrived. Marseilles is on the sea-coast, on a pleasant rising ground, well walled, with an excellent port for ships and galleys, secured by a huge chain of iron drawn across the harbor at pleasure; and there is a well-fortified tower with three other forts, especially that built on a rock; but the castle commanding the city is that of Notre Dame de la Garde. In the chapel hung up are divers crocodiles' skins.

We went then to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number; the Capitaine of the Galley Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod, and his whistle making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk among the rest he much favored, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg, but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the capitaine sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together; yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising-forward and falling-back at their oar, is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet, on the least disorder, and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

After dinner, we saw the church of St. Victoire, where is that saint's head in a shrine of silver, which weighs 600 pounds. Thence to Notre Dame, exceedingly well built, which is the cathedral. Thence to the Duke of Guise's Palace, the Palace of Justice, and the Maison du Roi; but nothing is more strange than the great number of slaves working in the streets, and carrying burdens, with their confused noises, and jingling of their huge chains. The chief trade of the town is in silks and drugs out of Africa, Syria, and Egypt, and Barbary horses, which are brought hither in great numbers. The town is governed by four captains, has three consuls, and one assessor, three judges royal; the merchants have a judge for ordinary causes. Here we bought umbrellas against the heats, and consulted of our journey to Cannes by land, for fear of the Picaroon Turks, who make prize of any small vessels about these parts; we not finding a galley bound for Genoa, whither we were designed.

#### PERIGUEUX

9th October, 1644. We took mules, passing the first night very late in sight of St. Baume, and the solitary grot where they affirmed Mary Magdalen did her penance. The next day, we lay at Perigueux, a city built on an old foundation; witness the ruins of a most stately amphitheatre, which I went out to design, being about a flight-shot from the town; they call it now the Rolsies. There is also a strong tower near the town, called the Visone, but the town and city are at some distance from each other. It is a bishopric; has a cathedral with divers noblemen's houses in sight of the sea. The place was formerly called Forum Julij, well known by antiquaries.

10th October, 1644. We proceeded by the ruins of a stately aqueduct. The soil about the country is rocky, full of pines and rare simples.

11th October, 1644. We lay at Cannes, which is a small port on the Mediterranean; here we agreed with a seaman to carry us to Genoa, and, having procured a bill of health (without which there is no admission at any town in Italy), we embarked on the 12th. We touched at the islands of St. Margaret and St. Honore, lately retaken from the Spaniards with great bravery by Prince Harcourt. Here, having paid some small duty, we bought some trifles offered us by the soldiers, but without going on shore. Hence, we coasted within two leagues of Antibes, which is the utmost town in France. Thence by Nice, a city in Savoy, built all of brick, which gives it a very pleasant appearance toward the sea, having a very high castle which commands it. We sailed by Morgus, now called Monaco, having passed Villa Franca, heretofore Portus Herculis, when, arriving after the gates were shut, we were forced to abide all night in the barge, which was put into the haven, the wind coming contrary. In the morning, we were hastened away, having no time permitted us by our avaricious master to go up and see this strong and considerable place, which now belongs to a prince of the family of Grimaldi, of Genoa, who has put both it and himself under the protection of the French. The situation is on a promontory of solid stone and rock. The town walls very fair. We were told that within it was an ample court, and a palace, furnished with the most rich and princely movables, and a collection of statues, pictures, and massy plate to an immense amount.

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