MEDICAL REFERENCES IN THE *FAMILIAR LETTERS* OF JAMES HOWELL*

by

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THE *Familiar Letters* of James Howell (1593–1666) were first published in 1645. At this time the author was imprisoned in the Fleet Prison, where he had been committed by the Parliamentarians for his Royalist sympathies. His papers had been impounded for examination and, on their being returned, Howell spent his enforced leisure in editing them. One of the results was a volume of his letters, written to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances ranging from political figures such as the Duke of Buckingham, literary friends like Ben Jonson and his scientific friend Sir Kenelm Digby, down to his own father, a Welsh country parson.

Howell belonged to one of the old Welsh families, some of whose members had found congenial employment in England during the Tudor dynasty. Educated at Hereford and Oxford, he led an interesting and adventurous life as foreign agent, not only for commercial concerns but also for the Government, and a study of his activities, letters and memoranda makes it appear very likely that he was often employed as a secret agent or Royal Intelligencer.

Up to the time of his incarceration (1642–50) he had had various periods of unemployment but he was sufficiently in the Royal eye to be appointed one of the Clerks to the Privy Council at the King's own request. Before his death he had published altogether seventy works, which, apart from his political pamphlets, included travel books, translations and poems. After the Restoration in 1660, Charles II gave him a pension and appointed him Historiographer Royal but it is as the author of the informative and amusing *Familiar Letters* that Howell is remembered today.

It would be expected that such a varied and voluminous letter-writer should refer to medical topics and Howell does not disappoint us, though, when sorted into categories, there is a marked variation in the quantity and quality of them.

For instance, his references to public health are few and disappointing in one who had travelled so far and seen so much. He makes only a few passing mentions of the plague which broke out in 1625 and lasted from February to August. According to him the highest death rate in the outbreak was 5,200 which compares with John Evelyn's 'nere 10,000 poor creatures weekly' in 1665 during the Great Plague.

Casting a wide net into what we may call his physiological references we are more rewarded. He notes the pulse rate as 4,000 an hour, normally, rising to 30,000 in acute fevers, i.e. from 66 to 500 a minute, the latter rate uncountable and incompatible with life. He saw goitre in the Swiss Alps and ascribed it to

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the inhabitants using melted snow for drinking water. If this could account for an iodine deficiency he may not be far out.

To make man [he says] there are many acts must precede; first a meeting and copulation of the Sexes, then Conception which requires a well disposed Womb to retain the prolifical Seed by the constriction and occlusion of the orifice of the Matrix; which Seed being first, and afterwards Cream, is by a gentle ebullition coagulated and turned to a crudded lump, which the Womb, by virtue of its natural heat, prepares to be capable to receive form, and to be organized; whereupon Nature falls aworking to delineate all the Members, beginning with those that are most noble; as the Heart, the Brain, the Liver, whereof Galen would have the liver which is the shop and source of the blood, and Aristotle the Heart, to be the first framed, in regard it is *primum vivens et ultimum moriens.*

The cramp he considers to be a sudden convulsion of the nerves and he must be an early writer to mention coffee, which he does in a long treatise to Lord Clifford on national drinks—'The Turk hath also a drink called Cauphe which is made of a brown berry and it may be called their clubbing drink between meals which, though it may not be very gustful to the palate, yet it is very comfortable to the stomach and good for the sight'. This letter purports to be written in 1634 and coffee houses were established in London about 1650. Evelyn in his *Diary* records that the first man he saw to drink coffee was 'Nathanial Canopios out of Greece' in 1637. In a letter to Judge Rumsey, a fellow-countryman of his who had invented a 'provang', presumably as an emetic instrument, Howell says of coffee

that besides the exsiccant quality it hath to dry up the crudities of the stomach, as also to comfort the Brain, to fortifie the sight with its steem and prevent Dropsies, Gouts, the Scurvie together with the Spleen and Hypochondriacal winds (all of which it does without any violence or distemper at all) I say, besides all these qualities, 'tis found already that this coffee drink hath caused a greater sobriety among the nations; for whereas formerly Apprentices and Clerks with others used to take their mornings draught in Ale, Beer or Wine which by the dizziness they caused in the Brains make many unfit for business, they use now to play the Good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink;

so that we may see from this quotation that elevenses were very much to the fore even in those days and that the morning break for coffee had already entered civilization as an institution.

On the physiological effects of tobacco he has a lot to say and in 1646, writing to a friend of his, Henry Hopkins, he sends him for a New Year's gift

a parcel of Indian perfume which the Spaniard calls the Holy Herb, in regard of the various Virtues it hath but we call it Tobacco. . . . If moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), it is good for many things; it helps Digestion if taken awhile after Meat, it makes one void Rheum, break wind and keeps the Body open; a Leaf or two being steeped overnight in a little White-wine is a Vomit that never fails in its Operation: It is a good companion to one that converses with dead Men; for if one hath been poring long upon a Book or is toiled with the Pen, and stupified with Study, it quickeneth him and dispels those clouds which usually o'erset the Brain. The Smoke of it is one of the wholesomest Scents that is against all contagious Airs for it masters all other Smells. . . . It cannot endure a Spider or a Flea or suchlike Vermin and if your Hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into its feathers, it frees him: It is good to fortify and preserve the Sight, the Smoke being let in round the Balls of the Eyes once a week and frees them from all Rheums, driving them back by way of Repercussion. Being

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taken backward 'tis excellent good against the Cholique, if taken into the Stomach 'twill heat and cleanse it for I can instance in a great lord (My Lord of Sunderland, President of York) who told me, that he taking it downwards into his Stomach, it made him cast up an Imposthume, Bag and all, which had been a long Time engend'ring out of a Bruise he had received at Football, and so preserved his Life for many Years.

He concludes this letter to Henry Hopkins with a typical remark in which he says, 'If you want Paper to light your Pipe this Letter may well serve the Turn'; and the previous letter which I mentioned, to Judge Rumsey, is worth quoting. The address is 'To his Highly Esteemed Friend and Compatriot, Judge Rumsey, upon his Provang or rare pectoral Instrument and his rare experiments of Cophie and Tobacco'. After congratulating him upon producing this fine emetic instrument he says:

For he who finds out anything conducing to human health is the best Cosmopolite, the best amongst the Citizens of the World; health being the most precious Jewel of Nature without which we cannot discharge our duties to God or Man; but indeed ther's no perfection of health in this life when we converse with the Elements; the best is but a valetudinary kinde of disposition; and this proceeds from the perpetual conflict of the humours within us for pre-domination; which, were they equally balanced, and in peace, Methusalah's yeers would be but a short life among us. Now this Combate and malignity in the Humours arises from the stomach, which like a boyling pot on the fire, is still boyling within us and hath much froth; whence, if the concoction be not very good, there are ill favoured fumes and fuliginous evaporations that ascend into the head; where, being distilled, they descend into Catarrhes and Defluxions, sometimes upon the Optiques and that may be called the Gout in the Eye; if they fall upon the Teeth, it may be called the Gout in the Mouth; if into the Hands, 'tis Chiragra; if in the Hip, Sciatica; if in the knees, Gonagra; if in the Feet, Podagra. Now, Sir, Your Instrument serves to take away the grounds of these Distempers by rummaging and scouring the Stomach and making it expectorate that Froth or phlegmy Stuff which lodges there and that in a manner more gentle than any Drugge. It is true that Rhubarb is good against Choler, Agarick against Phlegm and Hellebore against Melancholy but they use to stir the Humours so violently by their nauseousness that their operation is a sickness of itself all the while; Your Instrument causes no such thing nor leaves any lasting dreggs behind it as Drugges use to do.

He then mentions Judge Rumsey's provang or whalebone instrument again in very cordial terms and tells him that a similar instrument has been copied on the Continent but in gold. He continues, 'I have been told of another kind of new instrument that will conveniently reach from the mouth to let in the smoke of Tobacco at the Fundament and it hath done much good'. What kind of an instrument that was it is difficult to imagine and what kind of good an enema of tobacco smoke could do is even more open to question and imagination.

Howell relates the usual tales and marvels which are commonly found in the literature of this period, and indeed later, but not so many as might have been expected for he was not unduly credulous for his times. These tales include that of the countess who had 365 children at one birth; when told by a peasant woman that her two children were twins, the countess refused to believe it and so had a curse laid on her by the peasant.

In a letter to Sir Kenelm Digby he writes:

How one, John Pennant, a young man of 21, being dissected after his death there was a kind of Serpent with divers tails found in the left Ventricle of his heart, which, you know, is the most

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defended part, being thrice thicker than the right and is the Cell which holds the purest and most illustrious liquor, the arterial Blood and vital Spirits. The Serpent was, it seems, three years ingend'ring, for so long time he found himself indisposed in the breast; and it was observed that his eye in the interim grew more sharp and fiery like the eye of a cock which is next to a Serpent's in redness; so that the Symptom of his Inward Disease might have been told by certain exterior rays and signatures.*

The only monster he mentions is one that occurred in Scotland in James IV's reign:

with two heads, one opposite to the other, and having but one bulk of Body throughout, these two heads would often fall into Altercations, pro and con, one with the other and seldom were they of one opinion, but they would knock one against the other in eager disputes; which shows that the judgment is seated in the animal parts not in the Vital which are lodged in the heart.

Finally, though I think that this tale is quite true because the same kind of cure is noted not infrequently in medical literature, referring to the then reigning Pope, he says:

The Pope, they write, hath been of late dangerously sick but hath been cured in a strange way by a young Padua Doctor who having killed a lusty young mule, clapped the Patient's Body naked in the Paunch thereof; by which gentle fomentation he recovered him of the Tumours which he had in his knees and elsewhere.

From Madrid in 1643 he regales his friend Walsingham Gresley with three tales with a medical flavour:

How Sir Ferdinando Cary, a huge corpulent Knight, was shot through his Body; the Bullet entering at the Navel, and coming out at his Back, killed his man behind him. Yet he lives still and is like to recover. With this miraculous Accident he told me also of a merry one, how a Captain with a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon ball: his soldiers crying 'A surgeon, a Surgeon for the Captain'; 'No, no' said he, 'a carpenter, a carpenter will serve the turn'. To this pleasant tale I'll add another that happened lately in Alcala hard by, of a Dominican Fryar who in a solemn Procession which was held there upon Ascension Day last, had his stones dangling under his habit cut off instead of his pocket by a Cut-purse.

In 1646 he refers to the microscope. Jocularly reproving a friend for flattery, he says:

You look upon me through the wrong end of the Perspective or rather through a multiplying glass which makes the object appear bigger than it is in real dimension, such glasses as anatomists use in the dissection of bodies; which can make a Flea look like a Cow or a Fly as big as a Vulture.

As to his references to the health of his friends and acquaintances, Howell records that, during his visit to Spain over an impounded merchant ship, a Mr. Washington, page to the Prince of Wales, who was in the country over the Spanish Match, died of a calenture and another member of the Suite suffered from the same thing but recovered. It is not very clear what a calenture was. The name is derived from the Spanish, meaning heat, and it appears to have been given to a non-specific fever, occurring commonly in tropical seas, which

* A report of this case by Dr. Edward May is published in London in 1639. See also R. A. Hunter and Ida Macalpine. Dr. May's monster. A chapter in the history of the circulation of the blood. *St. Barts. Hosp. J.*, 1957, **61**, 184–93.

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sent sufferers mad and caused them to leap overboard. Howell was at Theobalds, James I's favourite house in England, when the King died there and he writes 'He died of a fever which began with an Ague and some Scotch Doctors mutter at a plaister which the Countess of Buckingham applied at the outside of his stomach'. This is probably a reference to the suspicion of poisoning by the Buckinghams which was canvassed at that time. He makes a detailed reference to Lord Scrope's imposthume in his breast and says, writing to his father,

But I fear there is an imposthume growing in him, for he told me a passage, how many years ago My Lord Willoughby, and he, with so many of their servants played a match at Football against such a number of Countrymen, where My Lord of Sunderland being busy about the ball, got a bruise in the breast; which put him in a swoon for the present, but did not trouble him until three months after, when, being at Bever Castle (his brother-in-law's house) a qualm took him on a sudden and made him retire to his Bedchamber. My Lord of Rutland following him put a Pipe full of Tobacco in his mouth; He, not being accustomed to Tobacco, taking the smoke downwards, fell a casting and vomiting up divers little imposthumated bladders of congealed blood; which saved his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of Tobacco ever after: and I fear there is some of that clodded blood still in his body.

Lord Scrope also had worms as Howell records in the same letter and he had already reported to Lady Scrope from London as follows:

My Lord continues still in a course of physic at Dr Napier's; I writ to him lately, that his Lordship would please to come to his own house here at Martin's Lane, where there is a greater Accommodation for the recovery of his health, Dr Mayern being on the one side and the King's Apothecary on the other; But I fear there be some Mountebanks that carry him away and I hear he intends to remove to Wickham to one Atkinson, a mere Quack Salver, that was once Dr Lopez his man.

Of the four doctors mentioned here, Dr. Napier was a Fellow of Wadham and later of All Souls and was to become Sir Richard Napier and an eminent physician. Dr. Theodore Mayern (1573–1635) was a Swiss who settled here. He was also knighted and his case-books, with the medical histories of the most distinguished persons of the time, are in the British Museum. Atkinson was a well-known doctor and Lopez was the Spanish Crypto-Jew, Elizabeth's physician, who was executed for attempting to murder her. He is supposed to be the original of Shylock. What Scrope finally died of one does not know unless he had some kind of pulmonary abscess or a bronchiectasis or even a tubercular abscess of the sternum or rib. It is anybody's guess.

Another of his friends, Master Attorney General Noy, who, incidentally was responsible for the writ of Ship Money which caused so much trouble in Charles I's reign, he says,

Is lately dead nor could Tonbridge Waters do him any good. Though he had good matter in his Brain he had it seems bad materials in his Body, for his Heart was shrivelled like a leather penny purse when he was dissected, nor were his lungs found.

As to his own health, he must have been a pretty tough customer for he lived until he was seventy-three, without much illness as far as one can judge, a good age for those days.

Before treating of this aspect of his letters, there may be mentioned a curious

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account by Sir Kenelm Digby of the first use of the latter's 'Powder of Sympathy', which was supposed to heal wounds at a distance according to the theory of the time. In a paper published in 1658 Digby writes:

Mr James Howell (well known in France for his public works and particularly his Dendrologia translated into French by Mons. Baudoin) coming by chance as two of his best friends were fighting a duel, he did his endeavour to part them, and putting himself between them, seized with his left hand upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants while with his right hand he laid hold of the blade of the other, they being transported with fury, one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hindrance their friend made that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howell's hand; and then the other disengaging his hilts, gave a cross blow on his adversary's head which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his forehand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand, as he had been before within. . . . They bound up his hands with one of his garters to close the veins which were cut and bled abundantly. They brought him home and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at Court, the King sent one of his own surgeons, for His Majesty much affected the said Mr. Howell.

It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after as I was making myself ready he came to my House and prayed me to view his wounds, for 'I understand' said he 'that you have extraordinary remedies upon such occasions and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off, . . . I told him that I would willingly serve him but if haply he knew the manner how I could cure him without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it peradventure either ineffectual or superstitious; He replied that 'the wonderfull things that many have related unto me of your way of curing makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy'.

I asked him for anything that had the blood upon it, so he presently sent for his Garter werewith his hand was first bound; and having called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of Powder of Vitriol which I had in my study and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought to me, I put it in the Bason, observing in the interim what Mr. Howell did, who stayed talking with a Gentleman in a corner of my Chamber not regarding at all what I was doing; But he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself; I asked him what he ailed? 'I know not what ails me, but I find that I feel no more pain, methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as of a cold wet Napkin did spread over my hand which hath taken away the inflammation which tormented me before.' I replyed 'Since you feel already so good an effect of my medicament I advise you to cast away all your plaisters, only keep the wound clean and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little while after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the business, which was that after dinner I took the Garter out of the water and put it to dry before a great fire; It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howell's servant came running that his master felt as much burning as if his hand was tween coals of fire: I answered . . . 'I know the reason of this new accident.' . . . Thereupon he went, and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water: thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed.

From his own references to his health, he had, I imagine, chronic laryngitis, for in a letter to his father on his return from his first trip abroad in 1621 he says:

Although I am come safely, I am come sickly, for when I landed in Venice after so long a Sea-voyage from Spain, I was afraid the same Defluxion of salt Rheum which fell from my Temples into my Throat in Oxford, and distilling upon the Uvula impeached my Utterance a little to this day, had found the same channel again; Which caused me to have an Issue made in my Left Arm for the Diversion of the humour. I was well ever after till I came to

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Rouen and there I fell sick of a Pain in the Head which, with the Issue, I have carried with me to England. Dr. Harvey, who is my Physician, tells me it may turn to a Consumption, therefore he hath stopped the Issue, telling me that there is no danger at all in it in regard I have not worn it a full twelve month.

This Dr. Harvey was the famous William Harvey. It sounds as though Howell had a bad cold accompanied by some sinusitis and laryngitis, although I suppose it might have been tonsillitis, which he seems to have had again in 1622. Writing once more to his father, this time from Paris where he was with his friend Richard Altham, he says:

I was afraid I would never have had Ability to write to you again. I had lately such a dangerous Fit of Sickness but I have now passed the Brunt of it. God hath been pleased to reprieve me and reserve me for more days, which I hope to have Grace to number better. Mr. Altham and I having retired to a small Town from Paris, for more privacy, and sole conversation with the nation, I tied myself to the task for the reading of so many books in such a compass of tyme; and thereupon to make good my word to myself, I used to watch many nights together though it was in the depth of Winter. But returning to this Town I took cold in the head so that that mass of rheum which had gathered by my former watching, returned to an imposthume in my head, whereof I was sick above forty days: At the end they cauterised and made an issue in my cheek, to make vent for the imposthume and that saved my life. At first they let me blood and I parted with above fifty ounces in less than a fortnight for Phlebotomy is so much practised here that if one's little finger ache, they presently open a vein; and to balance the blood on both sides, they usually let blood in both arms. . . . I was eighteen days and nights I had no sleep, but short imperfect slumbers, and those too procur'd by potions: The tumour at last came so about the throat, that I had scarce vent left for respiration; and my body was brought so low by all sorts of physic, that I appeared like a mere skeleton.

I suppose that that was probably a quinzy, associated perhaps with another attack of sinusitis. After he had, as he says, 'indifferently well recovered' he gave a party for the doctors and surgeons who attended him and they started discussing the best kind of alcoholic drink. Strangely enough they all decided that English ale was the most wholesome. In 1637 he was on his way to Ireland seeking an appointment from Strafford who was the Lord Deputy in Ireland at the time and he went via Bath, 'For a pain I have in my arm proceeding from a defluxion of rheum'. From Bath, writing to his scientific friend, Sir Kenelm Digby, he says:

Being here for a distillation of Rheum that pains me in one of my Arms and having had about three thousand strokes of the pump upon me in the Queen's bath and having been here now divers days, and viewed the several qualities of these waters I fell to contemplate a little what should be the reason of such extraordinary actual heat, and medicinal Virtue in them.

The medicinal virtue did not do him very much good because he was not cured until he reached Ireland and there he wrote to Sir Edward Savage:

I came safely to Dublin over an angry boisterous sea; Whether 'twas my voyage on salt water or change of air, being now under another clime, which was the cause of it, I know not, but I am suddenly freed of the pain in my arm, when neither Bath, nor plaisters, and other remedies could do me good.

As regards these 3,000 strokes of the pump at Bath, I have heard from the Secretary of the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases at Bath and

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he tells me that the earliest reference he has in the Hospital archives is from a booklet published in 1826 which says:

> Adjoining to this bath are two rooms, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen, in which are pumps for forcibly ejecting the water upon any part of the body affected. This method which is quaintly termed 'dry pumping' has in many cases proved more salutary than immersing the whole body in the common bath.

Wet pumping presumably took place actually in the common bath. You got into the bath and then you had hot water directed upon some part of your anatomy. Whereas dry pumping was done in a private room and you did not get into the common bath. The cost of this treatment in 1826 was: Pumping in the bath 3*d.* for 100 strokes and at the dry pump 6*d.* for 100 strokes. Anyhow, Howell's efforts at hydrotherapy proved ineffectual.

We hear nothing more for the next few years about his health until 1642 when he was arrested and locked up in the Fleet Prison. There is one interesting remark which he makes in connexion with this event. He is writing to the Earl of Bristol, telling him how he had been apprehended and locked up and, after giving a dramatic account of his arrest, he says 'I had taken a little Physic that morning and with very much ado they suffered me to stay in my Chamber with two Guards upon me until the evening', which argues that there appears to have been a little more humanity in the treatment of political prisoners in those days than one frequently meets today. The next year he was rather depressed because he was still in prison though he little knew that he had another seven years in front of him. It was to his old friend Savage of his Long Melford days that he writes from Fleet Prison:

> Were there a Physician that could cure the Maladies of the mind, as well as those of the body, he needed not to wish the Lord Mayor or the Pope for his Uncle for he should have Patients without number. It is true, that there be distempers of the mind that proceed from those of the body, and so are curable by Drugs and Diets; but there are others that are quite abstracted from all corporeal impressions, and are merely mental; These kind of Agonies are the more violent of the two; for as the one uses to drive us into Fevers, the other precipitates us oft times into Frenzies; and this is the ground I believe which made the Philosopher think that the rational Soul was infused into man, partly for his punishment, and the Understanding for his executioner, unless Wisdom sit at the Helm and steer the motions of his Will.

However, a year or two later when he was fifty-one years of age he could write and say:

> For although nine long lustres of years have now passed o'er my head and some Winters more (for all my life, considering the few Sunshines I have had, may be called nothing but Winters) yet, I thank God for't, I find no symptom of decay, either in body, sense or intellectuals.

It seems probable that he had jail fever for in the second year of his imprisonment, again writing to Savage, who incidentally by this time was also in prison, he tells him:

> I had a shrewd disease hung lately upon me, proceeding as the physicians told me, from this long reclused life and close restraint, which had much wasted my spirits and brought me low; When the crisis was past I began to grow doubtful that I had but a short time to breathe in this elementary world; My fever still increasing, and finding my soul weary of this muddy

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mansion, and, methought, more weary of this prison of flesh, than this flesh was of this Prison of the Fleet. Therefore after some gentle slumbers and unusual dreams, about the dawnings of the day, I had a lucid interval, and I fell thinking how to put my little house in order, and to make my last will.

The following month his depression was not improved by the news that a very old friend of his had died. Writing to the widow he says:

The news hereof struck such a damp into me that, for some space, methought, the very pulse of my blood and the motions of my heart were at a stand; for I was surprized with such a consternation, that I felt no pulsations in the one, or palpitations in the other.

However, better things were in store for him as we know and although, after his release from prison in 1650, he had to find sureties for good behaviour for seven years, after the Restoration in 1660 his latter end was honourable and his last published letter is a fitting one to conclude with. He is writing to a very old friend of his, Tom Harris, whom he had known abroad. He writes at the beginning of the new year and says:

The Times continue still untoward and troublesome; Therefore, now that you and I carry above a hundred Years upon our Backs, and that these few grains of Sand which remain in the brittle Glasses of our Lives are still running out, it is Time, my dear Tom, for us to think on that which of all future Things is the most certain, I mean our last removal, and Emigration hence to another world: 'Tis Time to think on that little Hole of earth which shall hold us at last. The time was, that you and I had all the fair Continent of Europe to range in; We have since been confined to an Island and now Lincoln holds you and London me: We must expect the day that sickness will confine us to our Chambers, then to our Beds, and so to our Graves, the dark silent Grave, which will put a period to our pilgrimage in this World. And observable it is what method Nature doth use in contracting our Liberty thus by degrees. . . .

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

And finally, as a worthy end to these extracts from the works of an interesting and, I think, courageous man, may be given the motto he preferred to use with his coat of arms:

Senesco non Segnesco.
I grow old but not rusty.

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