

834
Baker
June 15
1887

Post
Main Heter, with Heter
Donstam and Huygens
Ridder Heter was
Zuyderboven etc.
in den
Haghe.

My Lord

June 15 1687

you overhonour me and ordain your servant with the
mention of your intended visits. I wish I were in
that state that I might present undisturbed condole-
sion by my first attending you. But I have been these
4 years Gods prisoner confined to my house by a
weakness in my legs contracted by this moist, sluggish,
foggy and of Amsterdam, which use to compare to a
hand some woman with a stinking breath. I dare not
like your visits to a Bethesda angels moving the waters,
but surely, Sir, such a sight under my roof would
quicken, and enliven me. In the mean while I shall
graciously feed on comfortable expectation while I shall
better, which is pregnant with as many civilities, as
words. your modesty, stated in a heart of nobility, as
and enthroned in such inimitable abilities, of
others may well halt after, but never overtake,
cannot, by your doubting your self, that
prayers, decline them, but that they will sur-
rejoice bigour return bravely upon you.
The excess which of you kindly accuse me, if it
were any, is pardonable, put in scale to weigh
against my infinite defects, beside those which
rising expressions about your sinning, and
pride complicate today. That so fully answered
Horace his modesty, of Dedert, that it
with his song so high a pitch, as like a falcon, to
sooner itself to invisibility, or smothered to evaporate
to nothing, as many times do, that oppress the
under, and lead out of the duty brain of our
dabblers in Holicon, who ought to be the
mourning grounds to deplore every mugger in
disaster. Nor creep it on the ruling lions
who seemed to have turned off of Parliament, or
valloble view to hand the ground, like the
maintains a single solid base, but shed
all his beauties, and will that may bid
nor flag shed, or have the proportioned
imaging with the feathers of wing, or
appliance, I leave her to my light, a young
shining with her native lustre,
It is enough, that nature herself,
is sheer, and yours.

But how happy is hee, whose winning banquets exceed
our festinall, and dainties, our serious studies. your
late time I have not yet spent; nor is it fit
that I should have tasted so many delicacies
together, but if you be pleas'd to favour mee with
a sight of them, I shall bidde them non tangam
transfuga, sed tangam ~~et~~ explorator. Theophila
court your acceptance, and I beseech, will find it.
the unadvised prayers you are pleas'd to find it.
will not cleave, finding so little stuff in my meanes
to comply with them. Honor doe in my meanes
comfort is, that I may say with S. Iustin, Deo gratias,
quod ignorantiam meam habeo. But gratias
non habeo, the best of us, we are like Ignoro. But gratias
image, we are our heads of gold, like Nebuchad, what our
are feet and of clay. My inward, and outward
infirmities, and frailties. My inward, and outward
graven by Dr. Donne, (whose footing you have dar'd
with your translation) with his diamond on a window
at Queer Richmond having a prospect on
the chancel, where I chanced to spy them, when
England was in her wits, and religion there
Royal,
who through a glasse see the water man
Doth see himselfe, and through himselfe,
they are one, not three,
they are all but hee.

I feel my selfe as footing as that water; as bricker
as that glasse. But, would I ex me lion Ruto,
I should bee ambitious to remaine

your Lst humblest servant
in the L. house
William Price.

Amsterdam,
March 27. 1629.

Vna Parca sic Allatona

By post in Oct. 1.
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