
SUMMARY: In this letter written from London to Dudley Carleton on 15 July 1608, John Chamberlain mentions a visit by Sir Robert Cecil to Oxford's daughters Elizabeth, Lady Derby, and Bridget, Lady Norris, in Lancashire. The transcript below is taken from McClure, Norman Egbert, *The Letters of John Chamberlain*, Vol. I, (Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society, 1939) pp. 260-2.

Sir, though I sent you all we had the last week, yet I come now with a revie only to bid you farewell, being booted and ready to ride, so that this is but a bridling cast, and I must not be long about it. Yet for all the haste, I must not forget the stray sheep at Idlicote that longs to hear of you and from you, as you may see by this enclosed. I have done my part already. The rest must be supplied by yourself, where I pray you fail her not, lest she take it unkindly. Your sister Williams gives your lady great thanks for sending to your niece Hebourn, from whom she hath received all she wrote for. I hope to be with Sir William Borlase about the sixth of August, and so to Ascott, at either of which places if I might meet you I should like my journey much the better. I have not seen master since the last week. He went with the Lord Treasurer on Saturday to Theobalds, whence they returned on Sunday in the afternoon, and went back on Tuesday, and came again yesternight, and all this day the Council are to sit hard at Whitehall. They go this progress as far as Holdenby, and then the Lord Treasurer means to make a step toward Lancashire to visit his nieces Derby and Norris. The Lord Privy Seal was nothing pleased that the Lord Carew's patent for the ordinance passed the Great Seal without his privity. The Earl of Dunbar hath two thousand pound land given him (if my author mistake not the sum) in lieu of his patent for logwood.

The friar is not yet returned out of Spain, but they say comes along with the Don Pedro de Toledo, who by reason of his huge train comes *a petites journées*, and is to negotiate these points: first, to renew the treaty of Vervins, that all misunderstandings since that time may be forgiven and forgotten on all sides, to make the cross-marriages, and lastly to induce the French King to further the treaty in the Low Countries. That poor King hath lately had not only *podagram* but *chiragram*, and though he be scant recovered, yet is he gone to Fontainebleau to entertain this great man, and doth purpose to defray him so soon as he sets his foot in France. He hath lately made up the match for his son Vendome with the daughter of Duke Mercoeur, though with much difficulty by reason that both mother and daughter were very averse, and inclined more to the Prince of Condé, but he employed Père Coton, the Queen, and set all his engines a-work, and was so passionate in the matter that there was no holding out any longer.

Here is one Copley, lieutenant to Captain Dale, sent prisoner out of the Low Countries for being lately perverted by a chaplain of Spinola's, and for some dangerous and desperate speeches, as for magnifying and admiring him that slew the Duke of Orange, for commending Fawkes' enterprise and how honourably he died, and for giving out that if he got into England he would in short time be the most famous man in the world. The desperate planet hangs over us still, for on Sunday one Captain Ludlow was stabbed in

the White Hind, a tavern without Cripplegate. Our bill is shrewdly risen this week to 162, whereof 26 of the plague. On Monday a gentleman won a great wager for riding five measured miles (between Brentford and Kensington) twenty times over in less than five hours. The wicked talk that our Dean of Paul's wife was running away with Sir John Selby, and had trussed up her trinkets and her husband's plate and what else she could come by, which being discovered by the neighbours, was stayed, and so she is returned from Ware, being gone so far on her way. We hear that Dr Blincow and his associates are passed to the Spa, but Sir Richard Lee lies by it at Brussels, sick of the gout. And thus have I wire-drawn this letter out at length, and lack nothing to do but to remember my best service to your best lady, and so I commend you both to the protection of the Almighty. From London this 15th of July, 1608.

Yours most assuredly,

John Chamberlain

To my assured good friend Master Dudley Carleton, give these at Eton.