

# Transcript

## Editorial comments:

SP 12/103/24 f. 53r - v. Lord Burghley to William Herle. Burghley finishes his letter perpendicular in the left hand margin. This margin has been trimmed around the seal, losing the last sentence.

## Address leaf:

[fol. 53v]

[Superscription:] To my loving frend master William Herle at London

[Endorsement by Herle:] from mi L Thresuror the 3. of aprill [1 word expunged] 1576

## Letter text:

[fol. 53r] William Herle, I have herwith wrytten with myn own hand to Master smyth, accordyng your request, wheruppon lett me know what succedeth. I wish yow not to fede your humor with vayne esperances.

I am glad that pawle buiss and his Colledages ar departed with lyklood of spedy arryvall. of his good opinion of me towards ther Comen causes, he shall not be deceived. In dede ther have happened hynderors, but he and yow have not known the whole truth therin. the Coming of wordlyags is greatest in hydyng ther passadgs with Contrary overt speches. but the best tryall of all men, is the towchston of ther honest lyves for it is impossible to gather figgs from thornes. take yow hede that yow do not in any conference of wrytyng or speche enter into censure of any of us all namely to note any hynderors of good causes. for we can better suffer our dedes to take effects, than to be censured. /

Your brother laurence Jhonson hath of longtyme sollicited me for his releff. but he ought first to tell how I am hable to do it and then suerly in thyngs mete for hym I will redely do hym good He pretendeth more knolledg in mynt matters, than any man that I can heare will affirm to me. And truly in some thyngs of his wrytyngs wherin he seketh to inform me, if I be not allredy in an error, he wold bryng me into a gret on. and I thynk my self not ignorant, in the Contemplation, of the gretest misteryes of his faculty. wherin suerly his Master. Master Stanley professed for gayne a gross error.

yow will fynd pawle buiss was deceived with opinio paris [comelusar] in Gallijs I wold have [ ... ] wanton forbear me a few [dayes] [not] better [secret]. my coming hyther. 3. April. 1578 [Lord Burghley].