

NEWS FROM CAMBRIDGE

William Sancroft (1617–1693)

to Francis Sancroft (1580–1647), his father

27 November 1648

With my humble duty, this is to give you the account of my journey you were pleased to enjoin me. I came safe to Bury by four of the clock, and going to Mr. North with my letter, found there some forty strangers in a room, listening to good voices, well-managed, and a lute well-strung. I took my share in the sweets, and when all was done, delivered my message, but could not be licensed till supper was past.

Here, too, I found an acquaintance that meant Cambridge next day; so we two made a match, and got hither by Friday at five. Where I found all well, only that Mr. Tuckney¹ was Vice-Chancellor, as I divined, which will necessitate him this year to be my continuing inconvenience. Yet how candid and ingenuous I am like to find him, besides his former carriage, which you have heard, you may read in part in this enclosed from the noble doctor.

I was yesterday to have preached the afternoon lecture at the Protestant church, and had accordingly provided for it. And though I found not myself well the day before, hoped, with God's assistance, to have performed it. But just when the bell was ringing, and when I was now come to Mrs. Bainbrigg's house, just by the church door, I was there surprised (besides my former feverish distemper and a dizziness in my head) with such a fullness of stomach and vomiting that I was forced to lay down all thoughts of preaching, it being now grown impossible, and my cousin Barker, upon notice, stepped up at that short warning, and supplied the vacuity.

I came home sick, but have vomited and sweat and fasted, yet know not how to pronounce of my condition till tomorrow be past. Though I would fain hope the best, yet am I not out of all apprehension of an ague. God's will be done. All this disturbance came from so small an occasion (if I guess aright) as the eating somewhat too freely, on Friday night, of the fat of a rabbit, which being a delicate kind of fat is quickly corrupted in the stomach.

I have sent you here, sir, my Lord Primate's *Body of Divinity*;² and three new-stitched books, well worth your perusal. Though you lend them, I desire you would not finally part with them, because I would gladly read them myself when I come into the country, till when I defer it. You shall also receive two Spanish-leather caps, and two rings for my sisters with you, enclosed in a letter to them.

The news from above is worse than ever; the resolutions of the army high, and their acting like to be accordingly. The King has given his final answer to the commissioners, that he cannot quit the government by bishops, which is, in his judgment, apostolical; nor alienate their lands, which he counts sacrilege; and therefore, if the Parliament will not at all recede from the rigor and severity of their demands, he must trust God with his condition, for he can go no further.

And thus, sir, with my humble duty to my mother, and my love to all, craving your blessing and the prayers of my friends, I subscribe myself your obedient son.

Henry Cary, *Memorials of the Great Civil War in England* (London: Henry Colburn, 1842), II:63–66.

¹ Anthony Tuckney (1599–1670), staunch Puritan and Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge University (1645–1653) and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University (1648–1649)

² James Ussher (1581–1656), Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland (1625–1656), published *Body of Divinity* in 1645.