

great inconvenience and vexation, I being but new come among a strange people, and scarce knowing where to look for assistance in my household cares, and the up-bringing of my seven years' son. For she had been a wife virtuous above the average; though at times a bit shrewish with her tongue, and likely to make me trouble among my people, the which, however, I was fain to pardon, she being but a female. Always too, did I have it in mind to break her of these unruly habits, but before I could accomplish it she died. Nevertheless did I mourn her loss by the wearing of doleful apparel, and with no small sighing I laid her to rest in our family burying place at Stratton Audley, beside my honoured father and Mistress Treadwell, my dear and honoured mother, being Dorothy, third daughter of Sir John Ringwood, Baronet, of Ringwood, a worthy man, who loss all in the cause of our late sainted King.

Standing by this good woman's open grave, I held the hand of my little son, who wept both loud and sore, making at this time his first acquaintance with death. All my care at the moment was to soothe and comfort him, for he was to me like the very sun in heaven for brightness. Even now, with his face all bestreamed with crying and not a little dirty, he was beautiful beyond compare. His form was slight, tall for his years, but nobly proportioned, taking after me. He had likewise that round, frank, fearless face with which our family hath been always blessed; and the large blue eyes, and handsome head of brown close-lying curls, for which I in my youth had always been admired. He had in him nothing of his mother, but a slight irregularity of curve in both his eye-brows, the which, as I truly think, was his only blemish.

Having filled in the grave and said our final prayer, we set out for London, the boy Charles (for I had named him after the best of kings, our pious martyr) ceasing to weep at sight of the many curious objects along the highway. At London we lay that night; and the next day did I take my son, to distract him from his grief, to view the wonders of that great city. We walked in the Mulberry Gardens, where we saw assembled persons of the highest quality, both wits and ladies, all arrayed in the newest