

before I was laid low by a traitor's hand, during those troublous times when I tried to be true to what I believed to be the torch of God. It may be that I have been mistaken, yet in the light of those after events of which the world knows better than I, I am sure I should have taken the same course again.

I have never seen Ralph Greenvil since the day he tried to kill me, even after he had given his word of honour to yield as my prisoner. It is said by some that he is with Prince Rupert in his wild, buccaneering voyages across distant seas, but of that I have no certain knowledge.

Years have passed since he struck me those terrible blows as I lay unconscious on the King's cabinet, but even to this day I have not recovered from them. Not that I am an invalid, for I can do the work which devolves upon me, even as another man; but I cannot lift my right hand to my head, neither dare I during many days in the year go on horseback. In this, therefore, as in many other matters, the great Puritan general was right, for since the battle of Naseby I have never been able to strike a blow for the cause which I still believe to be righteous.

It was at the end of July in the year 1645 when we returned home, but it was not until the April of 1646 that Rosiland and I were wedded, and, because she would have it so, the wedding took place on the anniversary of the day when I left my home to take my place at the King's right hand. All my brothers were there to wish me joy, for although more than one of them had loved her, they had seen that she was only for me, and so they learnt to regard her only as brothers should regard a sister. And thus it came about that no cloud hung in the sky on our