

## IN WHICH THE SHIPS OF WAR GO BY 311

Botolph Clceve, the testator, was legally deceased, and Idonia Avenon, the beneficiary, incontestably alive. And upon our counting over the sum (we both being notable accountants, as is already sufficiently known), we found it more by nigh a thousand pounds than my father had formerly lost by this man whose death now allowed of the restitution of all. For Idonia would hear of nothing done until my father should be first paid, and of her own motion made proposal that we should immediately journey down into Somerset to pay him, in the which course I concurred with great contentment, for it was already near upon two years since I had set eyes upon him, and upon our old home of Combe.

The snow lay somewhat less thickly upon the downs, as we rode over them past Marlborough and Devizes, than it had done when I set out in the company of that very warlike scholar, Mr. Jordan, whose campaign I had seen to be diverted against the books and featherbeds of Baynards Castle, with so singular a valour and so remote a prospect to be ever determined.

Idonia was delighted with these great fields, all white and shining, that we passed over, they being like nothing she had ever seen, she said, except once, when she had gone with her guardian into Kent, where he lay one whole winter in hiding, though she did not know wherefore.

By nights it was my custom to request a lodging for Idonia of the clergyman of the town we rested at, while I myself would lie at the inn; and by this means I was enabled to renew my pleasant acquaintance with the