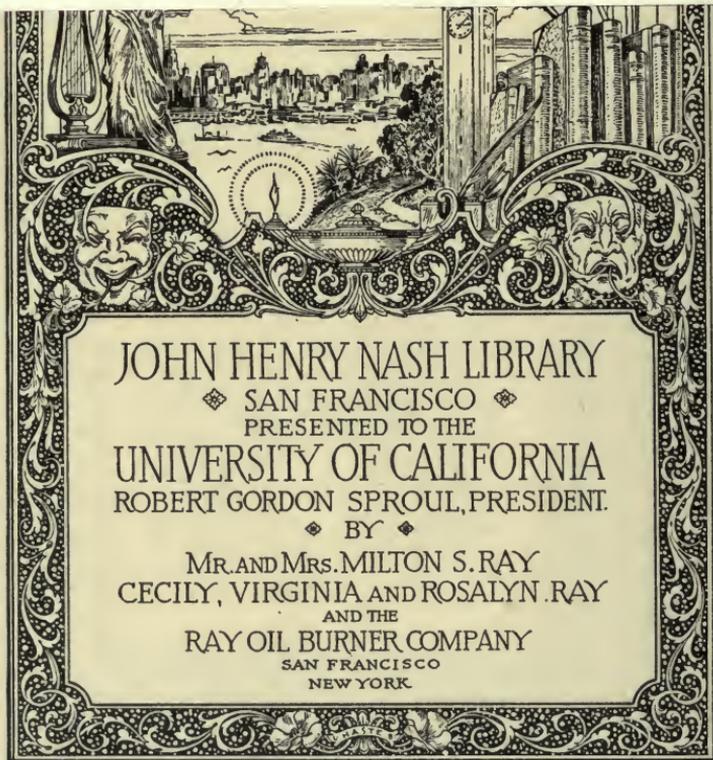
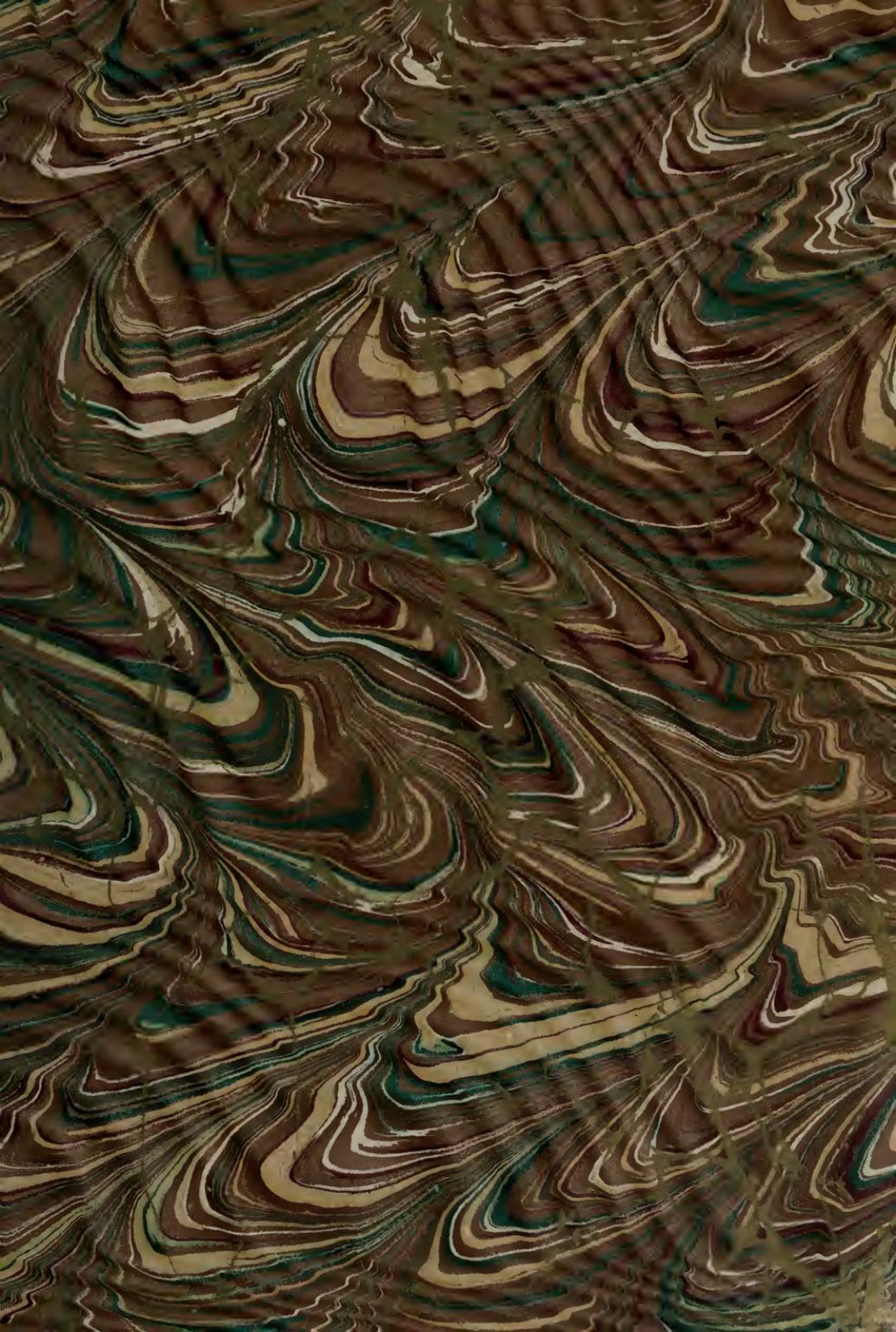


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So much of the *DIARY* of
LADY WILLOUGHBY
as relates to her *Domestic History*,
& to the Eventful Period of the
Reign of CHARLES
the First.

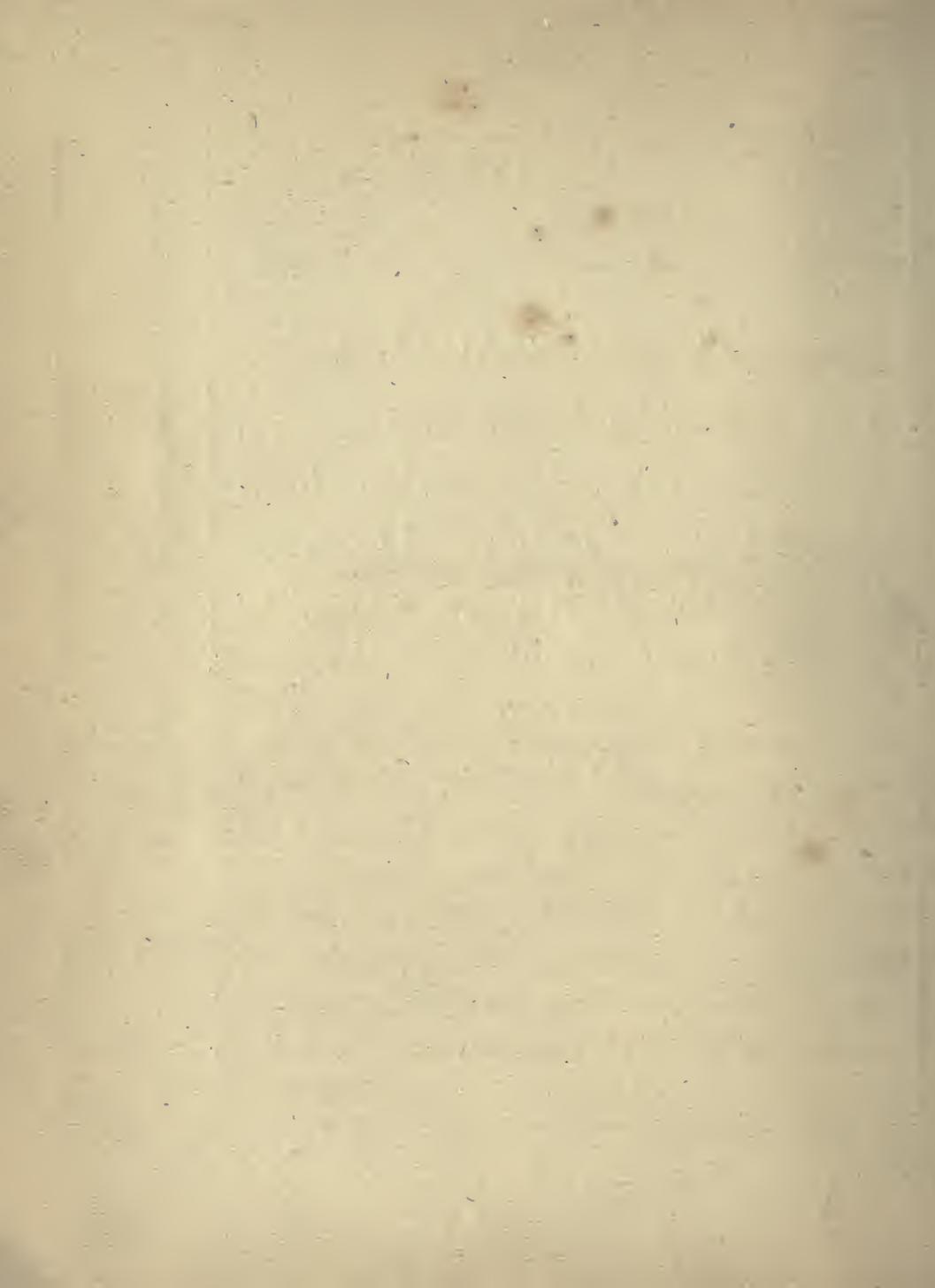
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TO THE READER.

THE style of Printing and general appearance of this Volume have been adopted, as will be inferred from the Date on the Title-page, merely to be in accordance with the Character of the Work.







Some Passages from the Diary
of Lady *Willoughby*.

1635.



Rose at my usual hour, six of the clock, for the first time since the Birth of my little *Sonne*; opened the Casement, and look'd forth upon the Park; a drove of Deer pass'd bye, leaving the traces of their Footsteps in the dewy Grass. The Birds sang, and the Air was sweet with the Scent of the Wood-binde and the fresh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible*; found the Mark at the 103d *Psalms*; read the same, and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me safely through my late Peril and
B Extremity,

1635.

May 12,
Tuesday.

From the Diary of

1635.

Extremity, and in his great Bountie had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right Performance of my new and sacred Duties: truly I am a young Mother, and need Help. Sent a Message to my *Lord*, that if it so pleased him, I would take Breakfast with him in the *Blue Parlour*. At Noon walked out on the *South Terrace*; the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me: divers household Affaires in the course of the Day; enough wearied when Night came.

May 19,
Tuesday.

Had a disturbed Night, and rose late, not down till after seven: Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The *Chaplain* detained us after Service to know our Pleasure concerning the Christening; my *Lord* doth wish nothing omitted that should seem proper to signify his Respect to that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and visible Church of *Christ*, and give Honour to his firste born *Sonne*. During Breakfast we gave the Subject much Consideration.

tion. My *Husband* doth not desire him to be named after himself, but rather after his *Father*; his Brother *William* therefore bearing his name will stand Godfather. All being at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the same in my smaller capacity: he for whom was all this care lying unconsciously in his Nurse's arms.

1635.

Messenger from *Wimbledon*. My deare and honoured *Mother* writes that she doth at present intend setting forth on Monday: gave orders for the *East Chamber* to be prepared. The day being fine walked down to the Dairy; told *Cicely* to make Cheese as often as will suit, the whey being much approved by my *Mother*. The brindled Cow calved yesterday: Calf to be reared, as *Cicely* tells me the mother is the best milker we have. Daisy grows and promises to be a fine Cow: praised *Cicely* for the cleane and orderly state of all under her care; she is a good
clever

From the Diary of

1635.

clever Lass. As I returned to the house mett my *Lord*, who had come to seeke me; two Strangers with him: thought as he drew near how comely was his countenance: he advanced a pace or two before the others, took my hand, and pressed it to his Lips as he turned and introduced me to Sir *Arthur Hazelrigge* and the Lord *Brooke*: methought the latter very pleasing, of gracefull carriage, and free from any courtly foppery and extravagance in his apparel. They presently renew'd their conversation respecting *New England*. Lord *Brooke* and Lord *Say and Sele* have sent over Mr. *George Fenwicke* to purchase land and commence building: there is talk of Mr. *John Hampden* joining them. Lord *Brooke* discoursed at length on the admirable qualities and excellent attainments of the late Lord, his cousin, who did come by a cruell death, being murdered by his servant through a jealousy he entertained that his past services were neglected. Some Members of my *Lords* Family knew him well, and did see
much

Lady Willoughby.

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much of him when Sir *Fulke Greville*: he was greatly esteemed by many, but known chiefly as the Friend and Lover of Sir *Philip Sydney*, whose early Death was mourned by all *England*; and whose like may not againe be look'd upon. He left directions their friendship should be recorded on his Tomb, as may be seene in *Warwick Church*: *Fulke GREVILLE* Servant to *Queen Elizabeth* Counsellor to *King James* and Friend to *Sir PHILIP SYDNEY*.

1635.

Most unhappy in mind this day; temper forely tried, and feelings of resentment at what did appeare unkind conduct in another, were too visibly expressed in manner and countenance, though I did refrain from words.

May 25,
Monday.

Slept last night in very Wearineffe of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopelesseffe; and ill at ease myselfe, methought every Thing around seemed melancholly; Truth and Affection doubted, Short-comings

May 26,
Tuesday.

1635.

comings hardly judged of; this is an unlook'd for triall. The Sun shon brightly through the open Window, but it seem'd not to shine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my usuall Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep: thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love arose, and the Trust on either side that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Composure must be attain'd unto, before I could go down to breakfast, washed my eyes, and let the fresh aire blow upon my face; felt I was a poore dissembler, having had heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal: mett my *Husband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh lost my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly pressure of my Hand as he led me down stairs. This Evening how different does all appeare; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceave that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seeme in my ignorance of humane Nature; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock

Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident.

1635.

My deare *Mother* arrived at Noon; she was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, first coming with me to the Nurfery to see her *Grandson*; he was awake, and smiling; she took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a sweet Child, my *Daughter*: may the *Lord* have you both in his safe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Blessing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commends my nursing him; and would not for my own sake I should lose so greate satisfaction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting: deare kind old *Mabel*, I was well pleased to see her, and kiss'd her as I was wont when a Girl; and so did spoile a most respectfull curtesie to my Ladyship. Deare *Mother* look'd round the Room pleased therewith; and with such small Comforts as I had been enabled to provide, which she

June 4,
Thursday.

From the Diary of

1635.

she hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happiness: Returned heart-felt Thanks to *God* for his loving Kindness and tender Mercy; read the 25th *Psalms*: my Cup doth indeed run over.

The House full of Company since the Christening; and I have felt too weary at Night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day many have left; and my *Husband* doth purpose to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more ease of Mind.

June 19,
Friday.

My deare *Lord* set forth at a little past six. with only one Serving-man, who had a led Horse and one to carry the baggage. After they had rode some way, they stopp'd, and my *Lord* dismounted, and taking a short cut thro' the Park, came up to the Window where I had remain'd to watch his Departure: he bade me call the *Steward*, gave him some directions; then

then telling me to keep up a good heart, took another tender Leave, and followed by *Armstrong*, returned to the spot where were the Horses; and he mounting the led Horse, they were soon out of sight. Old *Britton* seemed to understand he was not to follow his Master, and came and reared himself up to the Window, resting his Fore-paws on the stone: I patted his broad Head, and questioned not that he felt as I did, that his best Friend was gone: took a few turns with him on the *Terrace*; the Mist cleared off the distant Woods and Fields, and I plainly discern'd the Towers of *Framlingham Castle*, and could hear the pleasant sound of the Scythe cutting through the thick Grass in the fields nearest, and the Cuckoo, as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge.

Have been greatly fatigued the past Day or two: it is a serious Charge to be left head over so large a Household, but it availeth not to be over carefull. *John Armstrong* knoweth his

1635.

June 27,
Saturday.

From the Diary of

1635.

Lord's Pleasure in most things, and is honest and faithfull: and the *Chaplain* will keep some oversight; and his Counsel in Difficulties, should such arise, may be depended on, though he hath not *John's* Experience in the Family and its Requirements. My Room last night look'd lonely; and *Baby* sleeping somewhat uneasily, I sent for *Nurse*, who stay'd till we were comfortably asleep. I think to have a Truckle Bed made up for her; the Room is spacious. Read to-night in *St. John*, chapter 5, and the 93d *Psalms*.

July 5,
Sunday.

Feare at times that my Mind is too much busied with the cares of this World; find I shorten the time which I had appointed to Retirement and Self-examination, yet is this latter Exercise much needed: outwardly I may appear striving to perform my daily Duties well and circumspectly, but others know not the secret Faults of the Heart; the indolence, the imperfect Soul-less performances of Religious Duties:

Duties: the obtruding of Selfish motives into what may seeme acts of Kindnesse or Charity. Often doth the verse of the 51st *Psalm* come to my remembrance, *Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight.* And now that I am a Mother it behoveth me still more to maintaine the Worke of inward Self-discipline. Even at my little Child's tender age, he is sensibly affected by the Feelings apparent in the Faces of those around him: yesterday it happened as I nursed him, that being vexed by some trifling matters that were not done as I had desired, the disturbed Expression of my Countenance so distressed him that he uttered a complaining Cry; made happy by a smile and the more serene aspect that affection called forth, he nestled his little Face again in my Bosom, and did soon fall asleep. It doth seeme a trifling thing to note, but it teacheth the Necessity of Watchfullnesse; and if this Duty is especially called for in our Conduct towards the Young, or indeed towards all, is it not more so when we
consider

From the Diary of

1635.

consider there is One who seeth the Heart, and whose eye will not behold iniquity.

July 7,
Tuesday.

Quiet Day, fitting the greater part thereof at my Embroidery; my *Mother* beside me knitting. We had much pleafant Converse: she encouraged me to persevere in the diligent performance of daily Duties whatsoever they may be; a good Wife, she sayd, should make it her chief desire to keep a well-order'd Family. My want of Experience, she kindly added, makes some things irksome and perplexing, which will cease to be the case after a while, when less time will suffice for their performance, and more opportunity afforded for rest of Body and Mind. She bade me not be cast down, or be discouraged by some mischances; and so comforted me. In the evening we paced for some time up and down the *Terrace*. The Moon arose above the old Oak Tree: my *Mother* seemed greatly to enjoy the Scene. I repeated aloud the 19th and part of the 92d
Psalms;

Lady Willoughby.

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Pfalmes; and we entered the house: she looked chill, and I hastened to warm her some spiced Wine, which I took with a manchet of Bread for her Supper. As I gave Baby his last Meal for the night, my Heart was lifted up in Gratitude for the Mercy extended to me: he looked beautifull, & put his soft Hand to my Face careffingly, his eyes full of Contentment and Affection looking into mine: May it ever be present with me, that this small delicate Frame is the earthly Tabernacle of a Soul to be trained for Immortality.

1635.

Buffy in the *Still-room* this forenoon: put the dried Rose-leaves in paper bags. *Alice* was picking the Rosemary, and I sat down to help her. She says the under House-maid complains of ill treatment, particulars not worth writing of; her pretty Face gains too much of the goodwill of the Men and the ill-will of the women: mentioned the Matter to the *Chaplain*, who saith he will add a few Words of fuitable exhortation

July 15,
Wednesday.

From the Diary of

1635.

hortation at the conclusion of *Evening Service*. Bade *Alice* take heed there should be a good store of Chamomile-flowers and Poppy-heads, and of Mint water; our poore Neighbours look to us for such: gave her my *Mother's* recipe for *Hungary Water* and the Conserve of Hips.

John took the Yarn to the Weaver's, and brought back Flax, Spices, and Sugar. The Stage Waggon had not arrived when he left *Ipswich*, and there was no package from *London*. My *Lord* was to send Hangings for the large *Drawing Room*; but it matters not.

July 18,
Saturday.

A Day of many small Vexations, no sooner one mended than another appeareth: wearied Body and Mind, and yet I would humbly trust my Spirit was more quiet under the same than sometimes hath beene the case: no Letter or Message from my *Husband*.

Tried to collect my thoughts for Reading and Devotion, once strongly tempted to omit both, under the plea of Wearinesse and Unfitnesse,

Lady Willoughby.

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ness, but resisted: read the 10th chapter of *St. Luke, Martha, Martha, &c.*: acknowledged and bewailed my Weakness. The sight of the young Face in the Cradle sent me to bed gratefull and happy.

1635.

The last day of my *Mother's* Sojourn: tomorrow she sets forth into *Rutlandshire*; and there will remaine some Weeks before she returns to *Wimbledon*. Lord *Noel* hath engaged to meet her at *Huntingdon*. May I be sensible of the greate Comfort and Happiness in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* so long with me: many sweet seasons of quiet Meditation, and affectionate Intercourse have been vouchsafed: Words expressive of her owne humble and stedfast Faith, of Thanksgiving and Praise, fell from her Lippes; and precious Counsell and kind Incouragement to me: tonight as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, she laid her Hand upon my Head, and stroking it fondly said: Deare Child, may that little

August 3,
Monday.

From the Diary of

1635.

little one be a Crown of rejoycing to thee as thou art to me; lead him early to *God*, my Daughter; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare *Mother!*

August 4,
Tuesday.

Early in the fore-noon my honoured and deare *Mother* took her Departure: Let me think more of meeting againe than of the present payne of Parting. Some lines of *Ben Jonson* I do remember are swetely written to this effecte, they were given me by a young Friend at parting, who I beleeve was les indifferent towards me, than I to him:

*That Love's a bitter sweet I ne'er conceive
Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it: But as Men drinke up
In hast the bottom of a medicin'd Cup,
And take some sirrurp after, soe do I
To put all relish from my Memorie
Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe; and make our Absence sweet.*

Beloved

Lady Willoughby.

17

Beloved *Mother*, the los of her prefence maketh my home lonely: but I have Work to doe, and ill should I show my Love for her, if it remaine neglected.

1635.

Rose before fix: fought the Blessing of the *Lord* upon my daily Path; read the 51 chap. *Isaiab*, and 2d. St. *Luke*. Baby well: *John Armstrong* requested to see me concerning the Harvest-supper. My *Lord* still absent putteth me to much Trouble: the Harvest is nearly got in, only the Home-field remaines to be carted: *Armstrong* will take care enough as to the Supper; but the People will be difappointed unless I can prevail on *William Willoughby* to take his Brother's Place; hee stands high in favour with our Neighbours, and the same with our owne People; and if he could bring with him his young Kinsfolk, wee should not faile of Merriment.

Aug. 17,
Monday.

Walked down to the Keeper's Lodge: Old *Bridget* suffers from the rhexmatickes; bid her

D

send

From the Diary of

1635.

send to the *Hall* for a Plaister and some Flannel: did my endeavours to perswade her that the same would bee of greater service than the Charm given her by Dame *Stitchley*; though as she would not consent to leave it off, doubtless it will gaine all the credit, should *Bridget's* aches and paynes seem to amend. As I returned saw Horsemen coming up the *Avenue*, made such haste as I could: Tydings of my deare *Lord*; but hee knows not when he can sett his face Home-wards; desireth mee to write by these Messengers: they did stay only to rest their Horses. He speaks much in his Letter of a Painter named *Vandyck*, who stands in great Favour at Court. The *King*, the *Princes*, and the Princess *Mary* have fat to him: The Ladies crowd to his Painting-room desirous to see themselves perpetuated by his gracefull Pencil.

Aug. 27,
Thursday.

The *Steward* from *Stixwood*-manor hath arrived: my *Lord* is much wanted to visit his
Estates

Estates in *Lincolnshire*; and Mr. *Legh* has business of various sorts to settle before *Michaelmas-day*: but by none is he so greatly desired as by his faithful and loving Wife. My Inexperience makes the present Charge burthensome, and I ever fear doing wrong, or omitting that which should be attended to.

Baby grows finely, and sheweth already a masterfull Spirit; he provides Work for my Needle, now the time is come that he should be short-coated.

Arose this Morning rejoicing in the hope that before the day closed my dearest *Lord* would be safely returned: the Day seemed long, but I had at last the Comfort of seeing him who is possessor of my Heart's truest Affection arrive in health. He thought little *Billy* much improved: how happy were we in our quiet Home: surely the *lines have fallen to me in pleasant Places.*

1635.

Aug. 29,
Saturday.

The

From the Diary of

1635.

Nov. 24,
Tuesday.

The heavy Raine of late hath made much sicknesse to abound. Through mercy our Family are preserved in Health; and *Baby* has cut a Tooth, discovered this morning by the spoon knocking against it.

One *Thomas Parr* is dead at a wonderfull greate age, being, it is said 150 yeares old. The Earle of *Arundell* had him brought to *Whiteball*, and the change did shortly affect his Health: no marvel, poore old Man, he would have beene better pleased, methinks, to have beene lett alone.

1636. The



1636.

THe *Hollanders* have sent an Embassy and a noble Present on the occasion of the *Queene* having a third Daughter: there are rare pieces of China and Paintings, one by *Tytian*.

There is talk of a By-poste from *Wickham*, to join the North Poste, which is expected to run night and day betweene *Edinburgh* and *London*, to go thither and come back againe in six days: Men and Horfes will scarce be found to doe this.

Young Mr. *Gage* is put into the *Bastille*.
The Earle of *Leycester* hath kindly written to his

1636.
January.

Feb. 23,
Tuesday.

From the Diary of

1636.

his Mother; he being Ambaffador at this time she did apply to him for help in this troublous Affaire.

June 6,
Monday.

Baby walked a few steppes alone, and did seem greatly pleased thereat, as were his Parents.

These Lines repeated by one at supper-time, who hath met with divers Mischances in his life:

*The Fortunate have whole Yeares,
And those they chose:
But the Unfortunate have onely Dayes,
And those they lose.*

Sept. 1,
Friday.

At Dinner near twenty People; some remain till next week; young *Harry Vane*, the Lord *Brooke*, and others. My *Husband* brought me a Muff, and a Fan of Ostrichfeathers, and Sir *Philip Sydneys Arcadia*; the latter most suited to my taste; it is said the *King* dothe hold this Worke in high esteeme.

In looking back upon the last few dayes, I have to confesse in deep Humiliation of Spirit, that I have beene led away by a foolish vanitie, to take too much Pleasure in the Admiration of others, unworthy the Dignity of a Wife or a Mother: truly it is sayd *the Heart is deceitfull above all things, and desperately wicked.* For such share of Comelineffe as the *Creator's* Hand hath bestowed upon me, I would not that I should find therein food for Pride, or Selfe-satisfaction, beyond that it had found Favour in my *Lord's* Eyes, he who hath taken me to his Heart's true and pure Affection. I am his in all true Loyalty of Affection, and he doubteth not my Heart's Purity; but methought a shade of Regret pass'd over his noble Countenance, as he beheld the Wife whom hee delighted to love and to honour, so carried away by trifling and vanitie. And lett me not, in this Self-examination and searching of my inmost Heart, seek to hide from myselfe that when he bade me *good night* at the Doore of my Closet, instead of lingering

1636.
Sept. 6,
Tuesday.

From the Diary of

1636.

gering at my side, as is his wont, a feeling of Repentment arose, and as I enter'd and closed the Doore, thoughts of Self-justification presented themselves: but Conscience prevailed, and placed my Conduct in its true light: Self-reproach is hard to beare; not long since, and I did think no Trial as regards others soe great as to meet with Injustice, but to be the cause of grieving another's Affection, and to feel lower'd in the Esteeme of one who hath bene ever readye to think more highly of me than I deserve; this is grievous to mee, and maketh me seeme hateful in my owne eyes. I humbled my selfe before the *Lord*, and pray'd that I might become more watchfull, and strive daily to follow the Example of *Him* who was meeke and lowly of Hearte.

Beloved *Husband*, thy generous Love will forgive thy poore humbled Wife, who does in truth love thee, and reverence thy goodnesse.

Sept. 8,
Thursday.

Let me not permit the Circumstances of the
last

Lady Willoughby.

25

laſt few days to paſs from my Remembrance untill the Fault committed, and the Sorrow ariſing therefrom, have duly impreſſ'd my Mind: Iſt, In the clearer inſight into this weake point of my Character, may I henceforth take more heed to my Ways: and 2ndly, with the Percep- tion of how ſlight are the beginnings of Evill, as my deare *Mother* ſaith, if the Deſire of Praise take poſſeſſion of the Heart, it becometh in- ſatiable, and doth eat away the root of all noble and generous Feeling; and even in leſſe degree gives a feveriſh reſtleſſneſſe, that leaves not the Mind and affections free to ſpring up in ſtrength and beauty, ſeeking onely the Happineſſe of others. My deare *Huſband's* Gentleneſſe hath greatly endeared him to mee: may it be my con- ſtant Endeavour, by all dutifull Affection, to ren- der myſelfe more worthy his Eſteeme and Love.

1636.

After having paſſ'd a week in *Lincolnſhire* wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* tooke me to the *Cathedral*, and ſhow'd

Sept. 17,
Saturday.

E

mee

1636.

mee the Tomb of his late Father, who died in that Citie in the yeare 1617. After him our little *Sonne* is named *William*: *Nurse* says *Baby* has not beene well for some days past, she thinks he is about his teeth.

Baby ill, restless and feverish, sent off a Messenger to *Ipswich* for the Phisitian there.

My poore Child worfe; he takes scarce any nourishment, and suffers greate paine; he looks up so piteously as if for help from those around him. The *Chaplain* mention'd him by name at Prayers: this startled me: seeing others beleave him so ill, my feares encrease.

Sept. 21,
Wednesday.

No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit needed to the utmost; for he likes no one so well to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when I come againe after a short absence. Oh *God*, spare him to me: give mee not this bitter cup.

Weeks

Weeks have pass'd and I am childless: yett doe I seeme as one not awaken'd from a frightfull dream. My Child, my Child.

1636.

The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and there is nothing now left me to looke forward to. O *Mother*, my Heart is well nigh broken; how is it that I live? shall I ever be able to say, It is the *Lord*, lett him doe what seemeth unto him good. I thought to write downe some particulars of the Patience and Sweetnesse, the Smile of Recognition when the parch'd Lipps could not speake, but I cannot: he is out of payne, and I thank *God* for that.

Oct. 23,
Sunday.

Sat this morning for long with the *Bible* before me, thoughts too distracted to read; at last turn'd to the History of the *Shunamite* woman; Alas! no Prophet was here to give me back my *Sonne*, and, alas! neither could I say unto the *Lord*, *It is well*, when he tooke from me his
precious

Oct. 25,
Tuesday.

From the Diary of

1636.

precious Gift. Beare with me, O mercifull *Father*: thou knowest the anguish of my Heart, and thou alone canst enable me to say *Thy will, not mine, be done.*

My deare *Mother* writes to comfort me, but a sorrow is now mine, in which even she cannot give Comfort: She urgeth me to take care of my health for the sake of others: but what is Life to me now? Yet will I try to beare in minde her Injunctions, though with a heavy Heart, and with more than indifference to the Prospect before me. I turn away from the thought of looking upon another Infant's face; all love for a Child is in the Grave: yet not in the Grave; it liveth in Heaven, my precious *Child*, with thy blessed Spirit: let me not speak in bitterneffe of a triall sent me by the Almighty Hand.

Oct. 26,
Wednesday.

Oft times I seeme to have no power of giving my Mind to Prayer or Meditation, but walke about the house, or sitt downe with a booke or Needlework

Needlework before me almost without consciousness and well-nigh without life. What do all past Trials & Vexations appear, now a burthen of Sorrow is layd upon me, I am unable to beare? I had known Grief and Disappointment, and already in my short experience of life had the knowledge beene learnt that this State of Existence is onely a Preparation for Happiness hereafter, not Happiness itselfe: But a precious *Gift* came from Heaven, my beautifull *Child* smil'd on me; I held it to my Heart, and did think it was my owne: What greate evill have I done in thy sight, O *God*, that thou hast thus stricken me?

1636.

At prayers my *Lord* was sensibly affected by hearing the words *Suffer little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdome of Heaven*: the beholding him thus overcome by strong emotion led me to consider my owne Conduct, and I do feare me, I have beene very selfish in the Indulgence of my own
Sorrow,

Oct. 27,
Thursday.

From the Diary of

1636.

Sorrow, too regardless of him who equally with me hath lost the deare *Sonne* of his Love, and who doth ever strive to strengthen and support me, and would fain lead me to take an Interest in our family Concerns, and in the Wellfare of our Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy on his Heart. I felt another Reproof in his Look of tenderesse and commiseration, as at our mid-day meal I sent away the plate the food untasted: I roused mysef to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye rested on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to & fro in sweet and solemn Silence: my Heart, which had been strangely shut up, melted within me, when he uttered a few gentle Words; and I felt there was yet something left to live for: Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections.

Oct. 29,
Saturday.

Arose this morning with mind more composed than for some time past. *Cicely's* Mother ill, and
I went

Lady Willoughby.

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I went down to see her: She is a bright Example of Patience, her Trialls and Sufferings have beene manifold, bodily pain the least, has lost three Children in infancy and one daughter grown up: and yet, can it be, has known still deeper sorrow.

1636.

Return'd through the *Park*: never saw the Chestnuts and Beeches more beautiful in their autumn tints, the fallen Leaves crushed pleasantly beneath my Feet, the Sun was setting before I was aware, and the Aire grew suddenly chill. Taking the nearest way, I entered the house by a side door, and there beneath the old Mulberry saw the little Cart and Whip as they had beene left by my poore Child the last day he was out, when he looked so tired, and I carried him in. I stooped and took up the Whip, and hiding it beneath my cloke, went straight up stairs: no Hand had touched it since his: the teares I wept over it did me good: it seemed my innocent right to weep over this Token of my *lost one*.

Health

1636.

Nov. 14,
Monday.

Health and strength mend: make a point of walking in the *Long Gallery* whensoever the weather admits not of my going out: while so employed repeat Psalms and other Portions of *Holy Writ*, therein finding profitable Subjects of Meditation and peaceful Thoughts: Often has been brought to my Mind the Text *I was brought low, and he helped me*: now is my deare *Mother's* Care repaid, in the Help I find it to have by me such recollection of the Lessons she taught.

Nov. 15,
Tuesday.

My early Habits in the morning have been sadly interrupted: frequent restless nights, often sleepless for hours together, and awakening languid and ill at ease; often in the long nights my Fancy is disquieted in looking forward to again becoming a Mother, and that ere long, least haply the Infant nourished beneath a heart so faddened by Grief, should, if permitted to enter on existence, be deprived of that Joyfullness of nature which is the Birth-right of the
the

the young Spirit; but whatever may be in the Ordering of my *Heavenly Father*, let me submit: too often have I rebelled against his just Appointments. In the words of the *Psalmist* let me pray, *Enter not into judgement with thy Servant, O Lord, my Spirit is overwhelmed within me, my Heart within me is desolate: hide not thy Face from me: in thee do I trust.*

1636.

1637. Once



1637.

1637.

January 12,
Thursday.

Nce more with a gratefull Heart, doe I record the Mercy of our *Heavenly Father*, in that he hath permitted his unworthy Servant to live to behold the face of another *Little One*. Yet now must I rejoyce with trembling over a Being so fraile: the fulnesse and brightnesse of joy of a young Mother can never againe be my Experience, since that joy has bene the Source of a Suffering and Agony never to be forgotten. Death follow'd into the Habitation wherein Life had just tooke up its abode. Not in short space of time can the Heart recover such Dispen-
sations, and in the Excellency of no after
joys

joys can it ever forget the stroke that first destroyed its sweetest Hopes: Death once seene at our hearth leaveth a Shaddow which abideth there for ever. During the long period of Sicknesse that has beene my portion, I have endeavour'd through the *Divine Grace*, profitably to employ the solitary Houres, and doe now see much Mercy in the return to Health being graduall. The needfull Quiett led me to seek a spirituall Communion, whereby I humbly hope I am the better fitted for the Performance of the severall Duties of Life, trusting not in my owne Strength, that truly would be a broken reed. *Lord! thy rod and thy staff they comfort me:* yea, even the rod, though it hath smitten me to the earth.

The *Christening* is to be next weeke: the name, after some difficulty in deciding thereon, fixed to be *Diana*. But few of our Relations are asked this time to be present; to both of us the ceremony will give rise to melancholly thought.

Overheard

1637.

January 13,
Friday.

1637.

Overheard *Nurse* telling one of the Women that at the former *Christening* the Infant cried not: there is a Country Saying, that a Child which crieth not when sprinkled in *Baptism* will not live.

May Day.

We walked down to the *Village* at an early houre, just in time to see the Proceſſion of the May-pole, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Lasses were at their merry Games, the Queene, in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of floures, looking happier than the Wearer of a real Crown, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens: but a number shortly appeared as *Robin Hood*, *Maid Marien*, &c. Methought some of the Elder Folks look'd grave, and at one side of the Green a stern looking Man, dress'd in a loose Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harsh tone.

My

My *Husband* left me, and went towards them: after listning a few minutes to the Discourse, he made as though he would speak; but mett with discourteous reception, and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks, and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitternesse to set forth the diabolical Wickednesse of the Dance and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I fate mee down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poore *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seeming to flag, my *Lord* offer'd to head a party at *Prison-bars*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of Sir *Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was sett on with great spiritt. Ale and Victuals came down from the *Hall* and other Quarters, and I left the *Greene*. There was no Want of Merriment the
rest

1637.

1637.

rest of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usuall Proceedings.

June 1,
Thursday.

The deare Child thrives apace: againe and againe I looke at her in the Cradle & say, *Lord, spare this one unto me.* I have thought myfelfe resigned to my Losf; howbeit, a Weight is on my Spiritt that no Effort or Time has yet shaken off: will it be ever thus? Young as I am, is Hope so blighted that it will never more unfold its faire Blossom? Let me not indulge these Meditations: but be willing to take up my *Crosse* dayly, and follow after *Christ*. He hath promised to make the Burthen light to such as come to him.

June 27,
Tuesday.

Hope that I have latterly made some Progreffe in the subduing Selfe, so far as attaining unto a greater Desire to give up my own will to that of others, and conform to their pleasure; more especially his who hath rightfull Claim

to

to my dutifull Obedience and Companionship in those matters that interest him: herein onely can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life: may I every day more and more seeke to find Satisfaction and Pleasure in those Things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing: the poor Sheep struggle at the first against their fate, but how quietly do they submit in the end: the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating; it is a marvell how they find out their owne Mothers, who come back to them so changed. One large Ram butted with such force against one of the younger Lads that he push'd him into the Water: much laughter thereat, and many a passing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curley-headed Children presented us with Posies of Gilliflowers and Cowslip tufts, of which they had their aprons full: bade them go up to the *Hall* with them: we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with some perplexity, but curtsied & thank'd

From the Diary of

1637.

us' with trustfull Countenances: the youngest one, strong made and active, look'd not much older than our sweet Child might have now bene, had he lived.

July 19,
Wednesday.

Late in the day Mr. *Gage* rode up: he tells us Mr. *John Hampden* hath refused the late Demand for Ship-money: Discontent encreasing every where. The proceedings of the *Starre Chamber* against *Prynne* and others have roused the whole country, even many who before tooke not part with the Malcontents doe now expresse their Abhorrence of this Tyranny. My *Husband* will go to *London* straightway.

July 24,
Monday.

With a heavy heart saw my deare *Lord* depart this forenoon: *Armstrong* accompanying him as farr as *Ipswich*: Struggled against desponding Thoughts, and pass'd some time in the *Nursery*, to give my selfe Occupation of Mind as well as Hands. After a Walk on the *Terrace*, went to *Alice's* Room: she hath long bene ailing:

Lady Willoughby.

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ailing: fate some while with her, to cheer her, as I knew she would take to hearte this voyage to *London*, which Place, in her eyes, doth abound with all manner of Wickednesse and Danger.

1637.

To-night *John Armstrong* returned, bearing me a kind Farewell from his Master. He sayth *Hampden's* Refusal is greatly talked about: likewise it is rumour'd the Lord *Say* hath refused the Demand for Ship-money with equal pertinaciousnesse. *Armstrong* stopp'd as he pass'd through *Wickham* at the Blacksmith's, the Head-quarters of News and Country Gossip: he there met with a Pack-man, who says there be terrible Tumults in the North: at *Edenburgh* the *Bishop* well nigh killed, Stones and other Missiles thrown at him in the Pulpit, so soon as he commenced reading the *Prayer Booke*, as ordered in *Council*: on leaving the Church he was cast down and nearly trod to death. Some say the King is like to go to *Eden-*

July 25,
Tuesday.

From the Diary of

1637.

burgh to settle these matters in person with the *Presbytery*.

Aug. 3,
Thursday.

Tidings of my *Lord*: he keeps well in health: he saith Judgement in *Hampden's* cause is deferred till next Term: two of the Judges are on his side.

Baby well: have some Thoughts of weaning her, my own strength failing: but put it off day after day, it is hard to dismisse her from the food and warmth which have been hers by right so long, and break this first Bond of Companionship and mutual Dependence.

1639. Since



1639.

SInce Judgement hath beene given against *Hampden*, my deare *Husband* hath had divers Conferences with the Lords *Say* and *Brooke*, respecting their leaving the Country. One Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* they speak of, as much stirr'd by the unhappy state of Affaires, and they have found him to be a man of shrewd Judgement, and possessing greate Energy and Determination.

The *King* at *Yorke*: and has required the Nobility and Officers to take an Oath that they do abhor all Rebellions, and especially such as do arise out of Religion. The Lords *Say* and
and

1639.

Date wanting.

From the Diary of

1639.

and *Brooke* refusing to take the same, have been dismiss'd to their homes. The *King* proceedeth to *Berwick*, there to meet the *Scotch* Deputies.

Much Discontent that the *King* calleth no *Parliament*.

1640. My



1640.

MY first thoughts are due to thee,
O *Heavenly Father*, who hast
mercifully permitted the past
Yeare to close and the present to
open upon us, a thankfull and happy Family:
Graciously accept my imperfect Thanksgiving,
and the Adoration of a Heart which I with
unfeigned humility anew dedicate to thee.
By the Aide of thy *Holy Spirit* lead me every
day I live to love thee more worthily and serve
thee more acceptably. May I truly repent of
my manifold Transgressions, my pride, my re-
bellious Spirit which hath too often struggled
against the just Appointments of thy Provi-
dence:

1640.

January 1,
Wednesday.

1640.

dence : do thou, O *God*, renew a right Spiritt within me. Lord, thou hast made mee to be a Mother, O yet spare the sweet *Children* thou hast given unto me: and may I never lose sight of the Duty which is entrusted to me; but so train them that they may be all gathered into thy Fold, at the greate Day of Account. May thy Blessing rest upon them, upon my *Husband*, and on all deare unto us. And to thy fatherly Care, thy Wisdom, and thy Love may we trust all that concerns us, in unshaken Faith, and in the blessed Hope of eternal Life, through *Jesus Christ* our *Lord* and *Saviour*.

Went to the *Nurserie*: little *Fanny* yet asleep. Took *Di* by the hand, and went down to Prayers: she was very quiet and well-behaved, and as she knelt down betweene her Father and me, my Mind was brought into a state of much Sweetnesse and Repose as the gracious Invitation of the blessed *Saviour* to bring our little Children unto him, was brought to my remembrance.

Methought

Methought the *Chaplain's* Discourse favour'd somewhat of pharisaical gloom and austeritiy, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armstrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfast, to say the Domesticks petition'd for a Dance and *Christmasse* Games to-night according to old Usage. We gave our consent. The *Chaplain* expressed his Diffatisfaction, nevertheless the Evening past merrily: a goodly Assembly were gather'd together of our Neighbours, and to show our Good-will we look'd on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firste Dance with the Bailiff's Daughter: the young Men of our Party followed his Example, and chose out the prettiest looking Damsels, my favourite *Cicely* being one of them; and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleased therewith. Old blind *John* and his Son play'd the viol and pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and *Alice* had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reach'd us long after we left them.

Newes

1640.

May 7,
Thursday.

Newes hath reached us that the *King* has dissolved the *Parliament* though so lately mett, he being offended by the *Commons* passing a Resolution that the Discussion and Redresse of Grievances should precede the Vote of Supply. They complained that the interference of the *Lords* was a Violation of their Priviledges. An eloquent Speech by *Waller*: such a House suited not the *King*.

May 9,
Saturday.

My *Husband* writes me word that Mr. *Bellasis* and Sir *John Hotbam* are sent to the *Tower*, onely Offence alleged, their Speeches. The House of the Lord *Brooke* searched for Papers, his Study and Cabinets broken open. A Convocation of Clergy hath bene held, the Canons issued by them, such as to throw the whole Nation into a ferment. Writs of Ship-money in greater number than ever, and Bullion seized, the property of Merchants, and kept by them in the *Tower* for Safety.

No

No News for some days. The Chapter of the Morning greatly impress'd my Mind with the Goodnesse of *God* towards his feeble and ignorant Children: the *Holy Scriptures* do abound with Words of Consolation and Encouragement to the poore and lowly, *the hewers of wood and drawers of water: the meek will be guide in judgement.* Learning and great Ability, blessed be *God*, are not needed to the right Understanding of the Good Tydings of the *Gospel.*

The poore blind Widow pondering in her Heart the Words of *Jesus*, her Memory stored with the Readings of her younger days; her Spirit rich in Love and Faith, findeth the true Bread of Life, and is perhaps more capable of receiving the Enlightening of the *Holy Spirit* in the Study of Divine Truth, than the Learned who trust in their own reason and scholastick attainements. Also in looking for what is *God's* Will concerning them, I oft think the poore
H simple

1640.

May 25,
Monday.

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simple minded People have a wise Judgement given to them in the Buſineſſe of Life. A Viſit to old *Betty's* Cottage ſeldom faileth to give me ſuch Senſe of her truly virtuous and pious Life, as to make me look upon this paterne of Goodneſſe with ſincere deſire to follow the ſame. She hath loſt Huſband and Children, ſave one Son onely who left her years agoe: ſhe knoweth not if he be yet living: and ſhe hath been totally blind more than fifteen yeares. Truly hath Patience here her perfect work.

May 27,
Wednesday.

The *Mayor* and *Sheriffe* of *London* have beene brought before the *Starre Chamber* for Slackneſſe in Levying the Ship-mony.

June 17,
Wednesday.

Both Children ill the paſt week: through Mercy recovering. Little *Fanny* but juſt ſaved: my onely Experience in a child's illneſſe having beene ſo unhappy, I found it hard to keep my feares in ſubjection; yet was it very needfull. What ſhall I render unto the *Lord* for all his benefits?

Have

Have much comfort in the serious and feeling way in which little *Di* says her Prayers: she is too young to understand much, but the Habit is important, and wee know not at how earlye an age the *Holy Spirit* communeth with the tender Heart of the young. And a Child's Mind stops not at Difficulties as ours does: when told that *God* heareth Prayer from his Throne in Heaven, the belief is entire, and she questioneth not. I verily believe the Doctrine, that we should walk by Faith and not by Sight, is easier to a young Child than to us, whose Affections have become engrafted on earthly Objects, and the first Simplicity of Faith obscured. And surely we should consider it a sacred Trust given to us, to direct this inborn Trust and ready Belief of the little Child to *Him* who implanted it.

Nursery prospers: *Di* vastly stronger, and hungry as *Nurse* can desire. *Fanny's* Cheeks too are somewhat more plump and rosy.

1640.

June 27,
Saturday.

The

1640.
Sept. 1,
Tuesday.

The Birth of this my third Baby now living, occasion of renewed Thanksgiving and Praise: though I doubt if duly thankful, yet my deare *Husband* had hoped another Sonne would have beene given him; and this proving otherwise, hath brought some Disappointment. He would have counted it a greate Happineffe to have seene an Heir to his Title and Estates: but he sayeth not much on the subject, and methought kissed his new-borne *Daughter* with a gladsome Smile upon his Countenance. I had the wish she should be named *Theodosia*, after my deare and honour'd *Mother*: but my *Lord* did so greatly desire that she should be called *Elizabeth*, after mee, I consented thereto, wishing to consult his Pleasure in this, as in all things else in which it can be consulted by any giving up on my parte: though I the more regret that it must be so, seeing that my Uncle *Noel* has not given the Name of *Theodosia* to either of his Daughters.

Find

Lady Willoughby.

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Find myfelfe unable to attend much to houfehold Affaires, and leave them to *Alice's* faithfull oversight.

Lord *Say* writes that a Petition has beene presented to the *King* by twelve *Peers*, praying him to call a *Parliament*; fo likewise have the Citizens of *London*.

Meffenger arrived from the Mayor of *Ipswich*: Writts are iffued for the 3rd of *November*. It is hoped Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* will be return'd for *Cambridge*. My deare *Husband* hath again departed: he doth hope to return for a few Days at *Chriftmasse*.

The *King* hath opened *Parliament* in perfon: they fay he look'd pale and dejected. The *Commons* did make Choice in hafte of *Lentball* a Barrifter for *Speaker*, inftead of one *Gardiner*, he being the *King's* Choice. They have paff'd a Refolution that *Prynne*, *Burton*, and Dr. *Bastwick* fhould be fent for forthwith by Warrant
of

1640.

Sept. 26,
Saturday.

Oct. 20,
Tuesday.

Nov. 9,
Monday.

1640.

of the House. The Table is loaded with Petitions, presented by hundreds crying out *No Bishops: No Starre Chamber.*

Dec. 2,
Wednesday.

On the 28th the three *Puritans*, as they are called, liberated from their distant Dungeons, came up to *London*, and were mett by 5000 Persons.

Dec. 15,
Tuesday.

Heard to-day that the Earle of *Strafford* was committed to the *Tower*. It is sayd he urgently declined appearing in the *House*, but the *King* insisted, making him solemn Assurances of Safety: but he no sooner enter'd the *House* than he was put under Arrest.

Dec. 24,
Thursday.

The determined Measures of the *Commons* fill all People with Amazement. The *Arch-bishop* of *Canterbury* is accused of High Treason, and committed to the *Tower*: and a Resolution has been pass'd, that for *Bishops* or other *Clergymen* to be in the Commission of the Peace, or

to

to have any Judicial Powers in the *Starre Chamber*, or in any Civil Courts, is a hindrance to their Spiritual Functions, &c. This seemeth true enough: greate need have all Parties to pray to be preserved from Excesse, or being carried away by the heate of Party Spirit and personal Repentment. The Cruelty and Severity exercis'd by Archbishop *Laud* in *Scotland*, and the Earl's Tyranny and Wickednesse in *Ireland* have raised them enemies, who wish nothing so much as their Death.

1640.



1641.

1641.



After Prayers this morning my *Lord* beckoned to the Servants to remain: He commended them for the faithfull performance of their Duties, and expressed his Confidence in their steady Attachment and Services, especially in his absence, which was like to be protracted: They bowed and curtsied; and *Armstrong*, as Spokesman for the rest, sayd, You may depend upon us all, my *Lord*: our Hearts and our Hands are my Lady's, *God* bless her.

I knew not till to-day that my *Husband's* Return would be more uncertaine than hath often
often

often beene the case: it dependeth much upon the Termination of Lord *Strafford's* Tryal: most are of the minde he will be found guilty; & that nothing can then save him, unlesse the *King* prove that he can be true to his promise, when the Life of one whom he hath ever profess'd to hold in great Esteeme and Affection, is at stake: but no man trusts the *King*. The better ground of hope for *Strafford*, is the lenient Temper of the good Earl of *Bedford*, and his Influence with the *House*.

In the forenoon accompanied my *Husband* at the Settlement of Accounts with *Armstrong*: and assisted in Copying the different Items into the Booke wherein my *Lord* hath entered for some yeares past the Items of Personal and Family Charges; keeping another for the Accounts of Income, Rents, &c. chiefly from his *Lincolnshire* Property: this Manor bringing in but little.

This was new Worke to mee; but I did my best, it seeming desirable I should, so farre as

1641.

my poore Ability serveth, render myselfe competent to settle Accompts with *Armstrong* every weeke, as is the Practice of my *Lord* when he is at Home: and likewise he wisheth mee to be acquainted with our Resources. He had wonderfull Patience with my Ignorance, and did kindly commend my unskillfull Performance, not suffering me to be discouraged, though I proved more Hindrance than Help. I had had so many Feares both of doing wrong and incurring his Displeasure, that in my Satisfaction I kissed the deare Hand that did with so much ease correct my Errors, gratefull to the kind Heart by which it was guided.

January 11,
Monday,

Sir *John Hotbam* arrived from *Hull* on his way to *London*: and purposing to proceed tomorrow; my deare *Lord* will accompany him. Sir *John* seemeth well disposed. Thought my *Husband* gave much Heed to his Conversation, as he remarked that with twelve Men, Arms, and Provision, he could hold out this House
against

against a considerable Force, and went into the Detail of the Arrangements he would make, if it so chanced it was attacked by an Enemy.

These are fearefull times, let mee be encreasingly vigilant; and whatsoever happeneth, be faithfull to the Duties of my present Station, Wife and Mother; and a large Household, the Charge whereof is much left to mee: sufficient Care for one of but little Experience, and with Health not so good as might be wished.

Read in *Isaiab* chapter 26, these Words of Comfort: *Thou keepest him in perfect Peace whose Mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee:* May I attaine unto this trust, need have I of better Strength than my own at this Time when my dearest *Life* may be in circumstances of Danger; at a Time like this, who is safe? the *King* ever playing false with the *Commons*, and disregarding their Privileges, & the *House* now sitting in Judgement on his favoured Servant: yet whatsoever Danger may threaten, I would
not

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January 12,
Tuesday.

1641.

not that my *Husband* should desert his Poste; rather let mee rejoyce that he standeth up in his place to defend the People's Rights. My two Coufins from *Rutlandshire* will beare me company during some Portion of his Absence. What Mercy that our little Ones are well, and that I am not left in a childlesse Home.

March 1,
Monday.

Turning back the leaves of this *Diary*, I see many Interruptions, in some Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any sort. The Period of my deare *Mother's* last Sicknesse is unrecorded: but so deeply engraven on my Memory are the Events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of Error therein, commit to Paper some few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter, that these should not be trusted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last
time

time it was ever my Happineſſe to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautifull, and the Sunne low in the Weſt cauſed the Shadows to fall at length acroſſe the Graſſe, the Honeyſuckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luſcious Flowers, which hung down untill ſome of the trailing Branches loſt themſelves in the old Sweet-brier Buſh, and the White Roſe, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Bloſſoms. As we ſtood looking at theſe, ſhe did preſently arrive. Methought ſhe ſtepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her ſuch aid as I could, ſhe ſayd with a mournfull yet ſweet ſmile, I need a ſtronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter*: one equally kind, I do fully believe, ſhe added as ſhe leaned on my *Huſband's*. Saddeſt Thoughts took hold of me, yet did I uſe my beſt endeavour to conceal the Feare that ſtruck ſuddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She looked better when ſeated in her accuſtomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had

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had a delicate colour, which gave me a Hope that her Weakneffe was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty in Walking might be from her having sat so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffneffe. Before retiring to her Chamber, she had conversed with much of her usuall Chearfulneffe: we accompanied her up the staires one on each side of her: when taking leave for the night, she said to my *Husband*, I feare me I shall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long: but I meant not your kind Heart would so consider me. I thank you; thank you both: may God bleffe you.

For the space of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did so alternate day by day, the one day seeming to regain the Strength lost the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, save that her Breathing was somewhat hurried by any exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening, Portions of the *Scriptures*,

tures, her favourite Passages often repeated: of such I might make particular Mention, of the *Psalms* and the *Gospels*. She did frequently remark thereon with much earnestness and sweetness. She was able most days to walk out a little: and sometimes, she, being unwilling to disappoint my Desires, would consent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much Kindness of manner, and expressing her concern at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevail with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the Firre Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an hour or two very pleasantly: she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthensome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet Contem-
plation

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plation of the Workes of *God* affords a fimple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a fingle Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primrofes and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sun-fhine, how pleafant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the fame Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in fo large a meafure to her Enjoyment.

The fweet Seafon of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Yeare: yet in all did fhe recognize the bountifull Hand of the *Creator*: and moft aptly drew from all his Workes thofe Divine Teachings made manifelt to the pious and lowly Minde unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night fheweth Knowledge*. In the Quietneffe of Contemplation, the ftill fmall Voice of *God* findeth a Place

a Place in the Heart: she had listened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age she reapeth her Reward: the Yeares draw not nigh unto her when she will say *I have no pleasure in them.* Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her commend the delicate Beauty of a Flower she held in her Hand, remarking that she look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our sacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being sanctified by our *Lord* teaching from them Lessons of Faithfulnesse in the Wisdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father.* She asked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalmes*, which I did for the most part; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is their Strength Labour and Sorrow.* Three score and ten Yeares I have not seene: and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath layd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light

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and easy to be borne: Sight and Hearing remaine, and the Use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close: and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightnesse. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and sayd, This Bud will never open; but some there are which will unfold in Heaven. She look'd earnestly in my Face: I perceived her meaning, My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refrain from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daughter*: I shall soone meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is: let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. Oh that I may one day meet there all my deare Children: many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We arose, and she was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the House, untill the Servants mett us. Henceforth my *Mother* left
the

the House but seldom, and soone showed herself incapable of this much exertion: her strength diminished daily, and she became scarce able to quit her chamber.

She desired one day to speak with my *Husband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a short Time to live, and requested him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbledon*, talking of setting forth the next Day: but it was too late, she was too weake to bear moving: she tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, save when wanted in the *Nurserie*.

One Night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happineffe in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed my *Husband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindneffe and Gentleneffe he had alwayes

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wayes shewn to her beloved *Daughter*: she pressed our two Hands together, ray'd herselfe up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly utter'd as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

Allmighty Father, *behold these my Children: blesse them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their spirit faint not, neither be afraid: but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Amen.*

She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourse with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes mostly closed as in Sleep: the Silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: she lay throughout the remainder of the day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice she ask'd for Water

to

to drink, and smil'd affectionately upon all around.

Late in the evening she sayd, Is *Mabel* here: her faithfull Servant approach'd near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of such of our Domesticks as she knew personally, and now gave Messages of Remembrance to those at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Woemen to whom she had beene a good Friend in their old age of Poverty. Againe she became much exhausted, and we thought the faint Breathing must soon cease: but she so remained some houres. About five of the clock in the morning she opened her eyes: the early Sunne shon in at the Casement, which was at the farthest side from the Bed: she appeared conscious of the Day-light, and we could partly distinguish the Words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the light thereof*. She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought she sayd, *Deare Children*. I stoop'd to kisse her: with a last Effort she returned my Embrace; and

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and as I gently layd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion.

In the Stillness of this awful Moment, my Mind was impress'd with the Belief that her passing Spirit look'd on her weeping Family with a Love set free from all earthly Feare in the perfect Fruition of Faith, which was become her blessed Experience, knowing that our Sorrow would be but for a Moment compared to the *eternal Weight of Glory*. Dearest *Mother*, may thy precious Example be ever present with me. I felt it a fore Triall, the House being at this time full of Company, yet believe it might be good for me that there were so many to be cared for. My Sister *Dorothy* was truly kind: *Albinia* was prevented coming: My Lord *Noel* was a true Mourner, a more than common Affection united him in Bonds of Intimacy with his late Sister, and he sought every Opportunity of Converse with me, and pass'd much Time of every Day alone in her favourite Walks: his Daughter *Eleanor* had accompanied him out of
Leicestershire:

Leicestershire: before he left us, my deare Uncle had gained the Love and Esteeme of all.

I may here write an Inscription to the Memory of the late Mistresse *Hampden*, which my *Lord* did copy from her Tomb in the Church at *Great Hampden*, when he was last at that Place, the same appearing to me particularly suited to the Subject of the last pages of this *Diary*, wherein my Pen would faile, were I to attempt to describe her Excellence, or my own great Losse.

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To the eternal Memory of the truly Vertuous and Pius *Elizabeth Hampden*, Wife of *John Hampden*, the tender Mother of an happy Offspring in 9 hopefull Children: In her Pilgrimage the Staie and Comfort of her Neighbours, the Love and Glory of a well-ordered Family, the Delight and Happineffe of tender Parents, but a Crowne of Blessings to a Husband: In a Wife, to all an eternal Paterne of Goodnesse, and Cause of Joye
whilst

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whilst she was: In her dissolution a Losse unvaluable to each, yet herselfe blest, and they recompensed, in her Translation from a Tabernacle of Claye and fellowship with Mortalls to a celestiall Mansion and Communion with *Deity*, The 20th Day of *August* 1634. *John Hampden*, her sorrowfull Husband, in perpetuall Testimony of his conjugal Love, hath dedicated this Monument.

My *Mother* in a special manner did walke by Faith. In all Trouble she could say, It is good for me to be afflicted, it is the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth to him good: and in time of Prosperity and Gladnesse she forgot not the Giver of all Mercies, the Song of Thanksgiving and Prayse was in her Heart and on her Lippes: Scrupulous in the exact Performance of all her Duties, she regarded none as too insignificant to be done well: to the Poore she was a kind and bountifull Friend; and as *Hampden* sayth of his Wife, she was a Patern of Goodnesse, and

Lady Willoughby.

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and Cause of Joy to all who knew her: and the *Lord* permitted his aged Servant to depart in Peace. Blessed be his Name!

1641.

This Morning arose somewhat earlier than usuall, and felt the Benefit of so doing throughout the day: Mind composd and strengthened. At five of the clock my Cousins *Anne* and *Margaret* arrived: seem warm-hearted young Women, *Anne* grown into more Comelineffe than she appeared likely to do, two yeares since; *Margaret* lovely as a bright Morning in May, the calme Truthfulnesse of her Countenance brings to mind *Spenser's* Verses to the Memorie of his beloved Friend,

March 4,
Thursday.

*A sweet attractive kind of Grace,
A full Assurance given by Lookes,
Continuall Comfort in a Face
The Lineaments of Gospell Bookes:*

the two last Lines escape my Memory. We fate
L round

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round the Fire for the most part of the Evening: family News and country Gossip: and *Anne* eager to relate fundry Tales of *Robin Hood*, and marvellous Stories of Witch-craft and Fairielore, drawing down upon herselfe the grave Rebuke of the *Chaplain*, to which she gave little heed. When retired to my Closet, could not forbear contrasting my present State with that of these light-hearted Maidens: I have not seene many more Yeares than these have, and yet such Gaiety of Spirit is mine no more, the Hand of Care presseth heavily on the young Heart, which enters upon the troubled and carefull Path of domestic Life, and upon the Duties which appertaine unto the Mistresse of a Household, before it hath had time to enure itselfe to Hardships and Disappointments, or hath had Experience of its owne Weaknesse or its owne Power: yet I would not repine; a deeper Well-spring of Joy hath beene open'd to me, though its Waters are mingled with Drops of Bitternesse. Some one sayth, our best Blessings are
bought

bought with Paine, as our highest Virtue through Sin and Sorrow: this may seeme a Mystery; but *my Thoughts are not your Thoughts, nor my Ways your Ways, saith the Lord.* Raife up and strengthen within me, O mercifull *Father* that Faith in thy perfect Wisdome and Love as shall enable me to trust in thee to direct my Ways and lead me to obey thy Will as a little child: bleffe and protect my *deare Husband*, and keep him in the Way of Truth and Liberty: keep in Health and Safety, O *Lord*, my precious little Ones, and uphold me in the Fulfillment of the several Duties committed to my Charge.

1641.

The *Nurserie* a Scene of much Merriment this Morning. *Anne* at high Play with *Di* and *Fanny*, and *Margaret* with the *Baby*, who clapp'd her Hands and screamed with Delight. My Cousins are both good-tempered, lively Creatures, and I am vastly fond of them already, and they no lesse so of me and the Children. I tooke them over the House, and left them in the

March 24,
Wednesday.

Long

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Long Gallery. They followed me after a while, bringing their Needlework, and I tooke my Embroidery, which has got on but slowly of late: their lively Talk made the Day passe pleasantly. After Dinner we walked down to the *Village*, calling at blind *Betty's* as we return'd.

March 25,
Thursday.

Lady Day. In the *Steward's* Room two or three Houres, paying out Wages and so forth, and looking over *Armstrong's* Bookes. The last yeare's Wool was sold, the greater part thereof, to the Baize-maker at *Colchester*, at 24 Shillings the Tod, a better Price than hath been payd of late.

The *Great Hall* with its blazing Fire and the Women busy at their Spinning, ever and anon finging to the hum of the Wheels, was a Sight pleasant to look upon. *Nancy* did desire she might have a Wheel taken to the *Parlour*, much preferring making of Thread to using the same. *Margaret* is a notable Needlewoman: her Sifter brought a bright Blush to her

her Cheeke by some Query respecting a particular Piece of Needle-work in hand; and added, on perceiving the Effect she had produced, she had heard *Sr. Erasmus de la Fountain* much commend the delicate Paterns: whereat poore *Margaret* attempted to look up unconcern'd, but was obliged to smile at her Sister's Pleasantry. I was discreet, and led the Conversation back to the Spinning.

1641.

The Days passe smoothly, yet Time seemeth very long since my deare *Lord* departed on his Journey. We heare no News. *Armstrong* will perchance gain some Tydings at *Colchester*: and I must await his Return with such Patience I can.

Since my little *Fanny's* long Sicknesse I have continued the Habit of remaining by her at night, sometime after she is in Bed: these are Seasons peculiarly sweet and soothing; there seemeth something holy in the Aire of the dimly lighted *Chamber*, wherein is no Sound
heard

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heard but the soft breathing of the sleeping Infant. I feel at such time as if brought nearer to the *Divine Presence*, and with every Care and and busy Thought gathered into Silence, almost seeme as though admitted to the Company of the Angels who keepe their appointed Watch around the little Child: one desire only filling my Soul that my Children may grow up to walk in the Way of the Righteous: at such Moments too how clearly is perceiv'd and acknowledg'd the Claim of the *Creator* over the young Creature he hath formed: He hath breathed into it the Breath of Life, and made it a living Soule, and hath given it to a Mother's Keeping: she boweth herselfe before him, and receiveth from his hand this *Pearle of great price*, when the Lord *maketh up his Jewels* to be required of her againe. Sanctifie, O *Lord*, I beseech thee, these Houres of Stillnesse and Meditation to my Soule's eternal Good, and to the Fulfillment of thy holy Purpose towards us.

Sitting

Sitting with my two little Maidens in the *Nurserie* to-day, *Baby* asleep in the Cradle, and the Time drawing nigh for them to go to Bed, the way opened of saying a few Words to them on the subject of Prayer, and methought it strengthened my owne Faith as I brought to their Remembrance that *Jesus Christ* himselfe pray'd, and had told us to do so, and had taught us in what manner we should pray, also giving us Assurance that *God* would alwayes heare our Supplications, if offered in Humility and Faith: Herein should we find abiding Comfort and occasion of Thankfullnesse: *Diana* I thought, from the Expression of her Countenance, understood what was sayd. *Fanny* look'd and smiled and made some childish Remark, but possibly tooke in some notion of what was meant. It is a teaching Lesson, the loving Sorte of Trust with which our Children listen: how carefull should we be that Nothing destroy this Confidence.

When I came downe staires, met *John* in
the

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March 30,
Tuesday.

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Hall: he brought me a Letter, and had heard divers Reports. He had the good hap to fall in with Messengers on their road to the North, and accompanied them a mile or two on their Way to gaine what Intelligence he could. When the Earle of *Strafford* was brought from the *Tower*, he was guarded by 200 of the Train-band on his way to *Westminster Hall*. Every day of the past weeke he was brought thus to and fro to the Triall. The *King* and *Queene* and the *Prince* proceeded to *Westminster* about 9 of the clock: they sat in their private Closet, one being enclosed on each side of the Throne with Boards and hung with Arras, in order that the *King* might be present without taking Parte, untill such time as he should chose: neverthelesse he shortly brake downe with his own Hand the Trellis, and so fate in the eyes of all. When the *Earle* enter'd, the Axe was not carried before him, the *King* having so commanded. The Reading of the Impeachment with *Strafford's* Reply occupied the first Day. There was much Eating and
and

and Drinking during the Day, unfeemely Con-
duct in the *King's* presence, and ill becoming
the Solemnity of the Occasion: the Sittings did
oft last till 2 or 3 of the clock at night. Mr.
Pym made a long Speech on the 2nd day.
What seemeth strange, in the *Galleries* were all
the chief Ladies of the Court, with Pen and Ink
and Papers, taking note of what pass'd. It is
sayd, though he was proved guilty of great
Wickednesse and Tyrannie, yet no one Deed
taken singly did come within the verge of Trea-
son. The *Earle* did himselfe say aloud, there
was nothing that could be Treason, and if one
thousand Misdemeanours make not a Felony,
how should 28 make it a Treason. So soone as
the Triall is concluded, we shall surely hear
thereof.

No Letter or Messenger yet arrived. It is
well for me that nurserie Cares and Employ-
ments cannot be neglected, and I am thus com-
pelled to exertion, though painefull Thoughts

M

occupy

1641.

April 19,
Monday.

1641.

occupy my Mind. It is an awfull thing for Man to take the Life of Man, and difficult to reconcile to the Precepts of Mercy and Forgiveness, given by our *Saviour*, more especially doth it grieve me to see the Spirit of Persecution so strong in the Minister of Religion. The *Chaplain* and I agree not in these Matters, and he hath ever readie in his Mouth Texts from *Holy Scriptures* to justify Bloodshed: the Law of old time was an Eye for an Eye, but not such is the Law of *Christ*. I do oft wish for my *Husband's* Prefence in his owne Family: the discontented and fanatic Tone of Exhortation adopted of late worketh no Good: for my poore Part I see no doing of *God's* Service in neglecting their Duty, which some both Men and Women in the Household scruple not. This wresting of the old *Bible* expressions to suit different Opinions, methinks, is like to be dangerous, and maketh a Snare to the Weake.

April 24,
Saturday.

The Bill hath pass'd the *Commons' House*, by
a very

a very great Majority, and is sent up to the *Lords*. Mobs of violent Men were gathered round the Parliament, crying for *Strafford's* Blood. The *Lords* made *Complaint* they were threatened: and Dr. *Burgefs*, a popular Preacher, was put forth to addresse the Crowd, who thereupon dispersed themselves. The *King* is accused of endeavouring to influence the *House of Lords*, and trusts much in the Earle of *Bedford*, who it is sayd hath secretly undertooke that the Earle of *Strafford's* Life should not be forfeited.

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A Report hath arisen that the *King* hath projected the Earle's escape from the *Tower*.

May 7,
Friday.

So great is the Excitement that the Noise of a Board breaking in the *House* did so greatly terrifie the Members that some ran out: others thought it was another Gun-powder Plot.

No further News from *London*. Thoughts so distracted that to set downe some Particulars

May 8,
Saturday.

1641.

lars of public Events as they reach us is all that I am well able. Children at this time well in Health, a great Mercy: let me not be unmindfull of this and other manifold Blessings; but, as the *Apostle* sayth, *by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, be my Requests made known unto God.*

May 13,
Thursday.

The Bill has pass'd: the Majority 21 to 19: my *Husband* sayth many left the *House*. The Earle of *Bedford*, having sicken'd of the Small-pox last weeke, died on the 9th: he is a great Loffe to all Parties, being a just and good Man; he hath alwayes opposed the persecuting Laws against the Non-conformist Ministers, and beene the Enemy of all arbitrary Power, and had occupied himselfe till his Death in the endeavour to reconcile his Party to something less than capital Punishment in the *Earle's* case: and'tis thought the *King* had confidently trusted in his Influence obtaining this End. The Royal Assent has beene given by Commission. When
the

the Earle of *Strafford* was inform'd thereof, he layd his Hand on his Breast, and sayd, *Put not your Trust in Princes*: poore Man, he hath good Reason to say so. The Prince of *Wales* came to the *House* with a Letter from the *King*, a poore Effort to save the *Earle*, and to satisfie his Conscience.

1641.

The Execution tooke place on *Wednesday* the 12th: the crowds of People present were orderly, and gave way to no expression of Triumph; but at night it is reported they testified their Satisfaction by lighting Bonfires, &c. My deare Life doth hope to get away in a few Days: how great will be the Joy to see him enter his own Doore againe. He sayth the *Queene Mother* hath petition'd the *House of Commons* for a Guard: she being fearfull of Crowds and Tumults: 'twas referred to Committee. The *House* moved that the *Lords* should join in a Petition to His Majesty that she depart this Kingdome.

May 15,
Saturday.

Have

From the Diary of

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Have retired to my *Closet* at an early Houre, that I may passe some time in the Exercise of Self-examination, especially suited to the Day, the same being that on which I was born. First, let me return Thanks to *Almighty God* that I was blessed with a Pious and Tender *Mother*: 2ndly, That I have been favoured with goode Health: and thirdly, that in Wedded Life my Partner is one worthy of my dearest Affection & high Esteeme, and who hath ever treated with Gentlenesse and Condescention my Faults and many Deficiencies. Like unto the loving them who love us is the Thankfulnesse of the Heart for those Mercies and Orderings of *Providence* pleasant to our natural Feelings: how have I borne the Trialls and Disappointments which have beene given mee to beare? When the *Lord* tooke from me my precious First-born, it was as it were the Dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit, and of the Joints and Marrow: and I would not be comforted. Yet I doubt not that through this Tribulation I have in some measure

sure beene brought to a more humbling Sense of my thoughtlesse and sinful State, and to the Conviction that only through Divine Grace could my disobedient and rebellious Spirit be brought into entire Submission and the patient taking up the *Crosse* felt to be a daily Duty. Great and oft have beene my Backslidings; yet blessed be *God*, I hope that Faith faileth not, but doth strengthen and become more and more an abiding Principle of Action. Much of Indolence and Selfishnesse I have daily to struggle with: yet sometimes the comforting Hope is granted, that in these respects there is Improvement. Though no longer have I a deare *Mother*, yet is her Memory so connected with my *Children* that in my own capacity as a Mother I seeme with her in many Scenes of her past Life. Perhaps she doth now behold mee stepping along through this Vale of Teares, oft stumbling, but an unseene Arm supporting mee from utterly falling, and peacefull Resting-places and refreshing waters vouchsafed: and
when

1641.

when I draw nigh unto the End of my Pilgrimage, where lieth the Shadow of Death, may I still feare no Evill, but know that the *Lord* is with mee. Have read the 51st & 103^d *Pfalmes*, and the 5th, 6th and 7th Chapters of *St. Mathew*, and with renewed Thanksgiving after looking on the sleeping Little Ones, I will now retire to my solitary Chamber.

June 2,
Wednesday.

There hath of late beene public Events of such strong Interest, that small domestic Affaires have seemed of too little Import, compared therewith, to set ought downe, and my Pen too is idly disposed. My time is mostly thus ordered: after that I have looked into ordinary household Bufinesse, I teach *Diana* her Reading and Spelling; she is an apt Scholar, and is becoming a notable little Sempstresse: her Temper is quick, and her Behaviour sometimes overbearing to her *Sister*; but she hath warme Affections, and soon repents of Unkindnesse or Anger: *Fanny* is more gentle and docile, but with this too readily
in

in Teares: they are both vastly fond of *Baby*, and *Fanny* gives it oftentimes such a Hug with her chubby Arm as makes it cry, and then she cries too. *Fan* learns some little. In the Afternoone walke out, calling on some of my poore Neighbours, and administering to the Ailing such Remedies as I can bestow.

1641.

It is like to be a good Hay-harvest: the Women all called forth to give Helpe therein. I tooke Charge of the *Nurserie*: *Di* and *Fan* in the Field most part of the Day. Old *Bridget* died last Night; and *Smythe* now keepes to his Bed.

June 24,
Thursday.

The Report hath reached us that the *Queene Mother* hath embarked: a good Riddance to the Countrey. It is sayd the *Queene* wished to accompany her; and under plea of Ill-health made Request to this effect to the *House of Commons*, which was refused: at the same time the *House* expressed a Willingness to further her

July 17,
Saturday.

From the Diary of

1641.

her Satisfaction in all things so farre as may stand with the Public Good. Methinks the *King* must be discomposed by this Opposition to the *Queenes* Wishe, which bodeth further Trouble and Vexation to him.

Aug. 12,
Thursday.

Parliament fate on *Sunday*. In the *Commons* there was much Preaching and Praying. The *Lords* sat in expectation of some important Business, but none being brought before them, arose somewhat ruffled that they should be desired by the *Lower House* to meet on this day, no sufficient reason appearing, and herein they did feel themselves treated with but small respect.

Sept. 15,
Wednesday.

The *King* is still in *Scotland*, but is likely to go to *Ireland*: Rebellion and dreadful Massacres in that unhappy Countrey.

Dec. 14,
Tuesday.

The Bishops accused of High Treason.

1642. The



1642.

1642.

THe *Commons* have petitioned for a Guard. Newes that Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Hollis*, Sir *Arthur Hazelrigge*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *John Hampden*, and another, have been accused of High Treason by the *Attorney General*. Whilst the *Lords* were deliberating, Word was brought that Officers were sealing up the Doores, Trunks, &c. of the accused Members. The *Commons* ordered their *Sergeant at Armes* to breake them open: of a sudden there came a Message from the *King* to the *Speaker* requiring him to deliver up the 5 Members. The *House* replied they would take the Matter into Consideration.

The

January 8,
Saturday.

1642.

The next day after Dinner, and when they had scarcely taken their Seats, Newes was brought them that the *King* was coming with Hundreds of arm'd Men and Officers; they fearing Violence and Strife in the House, order'd the accused Members to leave the House: which they did just in time. My *Lord* sayth the *King* knock'd hastily on the Doore, and came in with the *Prince Palatine*, leaving the arm'd Men at the Doore. The whole *House* stood up uncovered: the *King* walked straightway to the *Speaker's* Chaire, & seated himselfe therein. Then he cast searching lookes around, and not seeing those he sought, spoke in a severe Tone, asking were any of those Persons there, ending with these Words, or some similar, *I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my owne Course to find them*, and arose and went out, amidst Murmuring and cries of Privilege. This open Defiance of *King* and *Parliament* has created a vast stir: and many marvel at the bold bearing
of

Lady Willoughby.

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of the *House*. The next Day the *King* went into the City of *London*, when the *Common Councill* were assembled at the *Guildhall*; but made not much Impression: neverthelesse he got a good Dinner at the House of one of the *Sheriffes*.

1642.

For some days no Tidings have reached us: all that we have heard of late is of the *Militia Bill*, which is calling forth strong Feelings on both Sides. The *Queene* and *Princesse* are at length gone into *Holland*: it is sayd she hath taken, beside her Plate, the Crown Jewells. The *King* returned not to *Whitehall*, but is at *Theobalds*, the Prince of *Wales* with him.

Feb. 28,
Monday.

This Forenoon my little Daughter *Fanny* showed so wilfull and froward a Spirit, refusing to do that she was told, that I was forced to correct her with some severity: she hath of late fallen away from the ready Obedience where-with she did formerly attend to my Bidding, and I do much reproach myselfe in that I have
been

March 17,
Thursday.

1642.

been neglectfull of my Duty towards her, and the others; thus occasioning Trouble to them, and Grief and Disappointment to my selfe. Sorely tryed by divers Anxieties I have too much look'd to my deare Little Ones for present Joy and Comfort: and haply in my forlorne State, with an encreased Tenderneffe have beene led to overlooke the Beginnings of unruly and disobedient Conduct, which ought to have met with Correction.

As I stood and look'd on the little Face so lately disturbed by angry Feelings now quietly asleepe, I deeply bewailed the Effects of my Selfishneffe. *Lord*, I have beene an unfaithfull Steward, and neglected the Talents committed to me: call me not to account, Oh Righteous *Father*: take not away from mee this precious Trust: but whilest I acknowledge and deplore my Unworthineffe, strengthen, I beseech thee, my weake Minde, and helpe mee to traine them up in Obedience, which shall prepare them for a yet higher. Thou knowest the Burthen of
these

these fearefull and troublous Times is heavy to be borne: yet would I strive and pray for a more patient and faithfull Spirit.

1642.

Attended to family Businesse and Duties with renewed Diligence: and I trust humbled, by the past Experience of Slacknesse in performing the same. I weary for my deare *Husband's* presence and Support.

March 18,
Friday.

Intelligence that the *Lieutenants of Counties* are forthwith to organize *Militias*: the Farmers and Labouring Men will be put to great Inconvenience and Losse.

March 21,
Monday.

Late in the Afternoone my *Lord* arrived, travaile-foiled, having ridden so farre out of his way to the North: he with some others are appointed to present to the *King*; now at *Yorke*, a Declaration from *Parliament*. He had but a few Houres to stay: so much to be sayd in short Time, we scarce knew where to begin: he inclined to dismisse for a while all Public Affaires.

I caused

1642.

I caus'd a good fire to be made in our favourite Parlour. *Armstrong* relieved his *Master* of parts of his Riding-dresse, & tooke Orders respecting fresh Horses, baggage, &c. the while I hasten'd up to the *Nurserie* & brought downe the three *Girls*. *Fan* tooke her old Place on her Father's Knee, *Di* on a Stool at his Feet, & I nursed and coaxed *Baby* into not being alarmed at a Stranger, so little has she feene of him, that at first she did refuse to leave my Arms for his: very great was our Satisfaction and Delight: he look'd wearied, and well he might, but sayd the sight of so many deare Faces was the onely Happinesse he had had since he last saw us, and did more to rest him than could aught else: the Dogs too shared his Notice: and the *Children* prattled so that we could hardly get in a word to each other. One by one they were sent off to Bed, and we had a short space of Quiet to ourselves. Before we are like to meete againe, he doth expect, as doe all Men, that Blood will have beene shed: both Parties are now scambling for Armes: and
nothing

nothing can save this unhappy Kingdome from a Warre. Wee are much out of the way: but in disturbed Times, worthleffe and evil-disposed Persons are readie for any Violence, and under Pretext of being engaged for one Side or the other, likely to plunder the undefended: and *Armstrong* has orders to see that before dark, the House be shut, and all the Men within; who are to be armed: the new *Militia Act* will make this needfull. My *Lord* will have with him alwayes one or more trust-worthy Serving-men, whom he can send with Letters or Messages, and heare from us in returne: and herein wee must both take such Comfort as wee can. He is now under the Orders of *Parliament*, and for some time is pretty certaine to be in the *North*, the *King* having established a sort of Court at *Yorke*. The Take-leave time came at last, *And now, deare Heart*, he sayd to his trembling *Wife*, with much adoe I kept a tolerable Composure, *have no Misgivings of thyselfe: I have ever found thee of quick Wit in Difficulties,*
○ *and*

1642.

and manifesting a quiet Courage and Endurance, at which I have marvelled: and if need should be, I will find Meanes for your better Protection.

Well was it now that the Horses were readie, and he look'd not around, after his parting Embrace, to see mee drown'd in Teares. He set forth well armed. Two Men the same, and another with a led Horse and Baggage.

Went to my lonely Roome at Night: the Casement shook with the Winde, and presently the Raine came downe heavily: for a time I was overpowr'd with the Grief of losing him, and thinking of him riding all night in Weather so tempestuous, the while I sat by a brightly burning Fire, in a comfortable warm Roome. Yet would I gladly share his Hardshippes, and be at his Side through all. Roused myself at last, and prepared for Rest, praying for Strength that my selfish Love may never bee a Hindrance to my beloved *Husband* in the way of his Duty, but rather that I may give all the Aide that a poore weake Creature may, to one so farre
above

above her in all true Nobleneffe. As I beheld the little Face sleeping beside mee, thought what should betide if wee were driven from our Home: how should wee find Shelter for this tender Flower, and the other deare ones.

1642.

The *Chaplain*, when we met this Morning, with much Respect did offer his Services: he fideth with the *Parliament*, and I fancy could play the part of Soldier well, other ways than in spirituall Warfare.

March 22,
Tuesday.

Had the great Comfort of a Letter dated *Nottingham*: my *Husband* reach'd that Place soone after Sir *Anthony Ereby* & the Lord *Dungarvon*, whom he was to meete there: and they presently departed for *Yorke*. My *Husband* telleth me that Mr. *John Hutchinson* boldly opposed the Taking-away the Pouder from the *Castle* by the Sheriffe for the *Kings* Use: the which was well nigh accomplished. It did so happen that Mr. *Hutchinson* chancing to call on the

March 31,
Thursday.

From the Diary of

1642.

the *Mayor*, was there told that Lord *Newark* & the Sheriffe were up stairs seeing the Pouder weighed out. A good number of People were gathered together, and told Mr. *Hutchinson*, if he would stand by them, they would not let it be taken away: and some were minded to go up and tosse the Sheriffe out of the Windows. Thereupon Mr. *Hutchinson* went up, and made manfull Remonstrance with the sayd Sheriffe, and they did presently put up their Papers, and left the Townes-hall. My *Lord* had some knowledge of Mr. *Hutchinson*, and is right glad to find him a stedfast Friend, on the side of Liberty and Justice.

April 5,
Tuesday.

It is no easie Matter to follow my usuall Employments, and I make some excuse continually to myselfe for looking towards the Gate, though no *Newes* is like to arrive yet awhile. The afternoone was fine, and I walked with the *Children* to *Framlingham*, and went over great part of the *Castle*, met there Doctor
Sampson,

Lady Willoughby.

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Sampson, who gave me at considerable length the History thereof. He was in much Concerne for his Friend Mr. *Lovekin*, the Rector of *Ufford*, who hath beene plundered of every thing save one Silver-spoone which he did hide in his Sleeve. The Oak-trees hereabout are of great size. The *Children* were mightily pleased with the *Castle*: and were it not that their Hunger made the thought of Supper well pleasing to them, I should not easily have got them away.

1642.

This morning was mild and bright: the Woods clothed in the soft Greene of early Spring: & the whole Scene so quiet and beautiful, 'twas sad to reflect how many happy country Places were defaced by the Trampling of Soldiers, & Women and Children sitting in Terror of Warre at their very Doores. I walk'd down to blind *Betty's* Cottage: the Doore stood partly open: and as I entered she was seated by the small Fire, her Dresse cleane though homely
and

April 19,
Tuesday.

From the Diary of

1642.

and worne, and her poore fightleffe Face wearing its accustomed Looke of Contentment: her Lips moved, and she raised up her withered Hand at times, as if in Supplication. She knew my Step, & arose to meet mee with her wonted Salutation of Respect and Wellcome: her first Enquiry was to know if I had heard Tydings of the Lord *Willoughby*: & then of the *Children*, every particular of their Health. And now shall I reade to you *Betty*? I asked: with many Thankes she express'd the Pleasure it would give. The *Chaplain* had not call'd to see her these three Daies: and a Chapter, as she sayd, would be more to her than Meate or Drinke. I read a portion of *Isaiab*, and afterward the 15th Chapter of *Corinthians*: her Remarks thereon, though simple, reminded mee in their Piety and Zeale of my deare *Mother*. She then begged for the last of *Revelations*, wherein she doth alway find peculiar Edification and Delight. This poore lone Widow is a living Sermon to mee in her Faith under all her Troubles, which

Lady Willoughby.

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which have beene manifold: but they have led her to the true Source of Peace and Consolation.

1642.

Before I left my Chamber this morning, was told a Messenger had arrived from *Aldborough*, having come there by Sea from *Hull* desiring Speech of mee, saying he was from *Yorke*: I did lose no time in seeing him. He sayd Lord *Willoughby* had not Time or Meanes to write, but sent mee his Ring as a Token that he who bare it was to be trusted in his Relation of Affaires as they then were. On the 22nd the *King* sent the Duke of *Yorke* and the Prince *Palatine* with the Earle of *Newport* to *Hull*, without any armed Force, my *Lord* with them, as if to see the Town: the Day following they were to dine with the *Mayor*: but a little before noone Sir *John Hotham* was informed the *King* intended to dine with him that day, and was within 3 or 4 miles of *Hull*, with 300 Horse and more. He hastened to consult the Aldermen and some others on the
Parliament

April 30,
Saturday.

From the Diary of

1642

Parliament side: and they sent a Messenger beseeching his *Majesty* not to come, as the Governor could not admit him. But the *King* advanced: the Bridge was drawn up, and the Gates shut, and the Soldiers stood to their Arms. The *King* rode up to the Gate, and commanded Sir *John* to open the Gates: he answered that he was entrusted with the Securing the Towne, and would do his Duty: but if the *King* pleased, he might enter with 12 Men: this the *King* refused. At one of the clock the Duke of *Yorke* and others with him were allowed to go out. The *King* stayd there till afternoone, when he gave Sir *John Hotbam* an Houre to consider what he would doe, and retired: then he came backe to the Gate & received the same Answer as before. Thereat he caused the Herald to proclaime Sir *John Hotbam* a Traitour: and in great Anger and Dissapointment the *King* went away, and lodged at *Beverley*. My *Husband* will remaine at *Hull*, being appointed with 3 other Commissioners

to

to act with Sir *John Hotbam*. The *Parliament* have voted Thanks to the Governour, and sent an Order for the Ordnance and moſte of the Armes to be ſent to *London*. For a ſhort time my deare *Huſband* is employed on a Service of ſeeming little Danger, but this cannot be for long. The Meſſenger ſtayed only for needfull Refreshment, proceeding to *London*: deſired *John Armſtrong* to reward him with liberal hand, and alſo requeſt him to ſend us the *Perfeſt Diurnall*, or ſuch Paper as he can procure, when he reaches *London*.

1642.

The *King*, having got Poſſeſſion of the Great Seale, hath iſſued Proclamations commanding the People in no way to aide the *Parliament*: the *Parliament* doing the ſame to forbid their aiding the *King*: what can the poore People do?

June 28,
Tuesday.

There is Rumour that the *King* hath collected a conſiderable Force, and is gone to beſiege *Hull*.

From the Diary of

1642.

July 15,
Friday.

The *Parliament* have issued an Order for the bringing in Money, Plate, Horses, &c. and have named the Earle of *Essex* Commander of the Army: many Gentlemen of the *House of Commons* have entered the Service, Lord *Grey*, *Hollis*, Sir *William Waller*, and our good friend the excellent Mr. *Hampden*.

July 16,
Saturday.

The Paper says the Lord *Willoughby* is made *Lord-Lieutenant* of *Lincolnshire*; and Mr. *Oliver Cromwell*, the Member for *Cambridge*, is a Colonel: and will raise Forces and Money in that County and *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*.

Some part of *Suffolk* has shown itselfe in Favour of the *King*. Would that my *Lord* were at Home: yet his Estates lying chiefly in *Lincolnshire*, his Presence there is doubtlesse important.

Not only have the Wealthier Sort brought in their Money, Silver Goblets, and such like, but poore Women of their small meanes, even to their Silver Bodkins and Thimbles.

The

Lady Willoughby.

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The Royal Standard set up in *Nottingham*: we heare that the *King* himfelfe rode up to the Top of the Hill with the Standard Bearer: the evening was stormy, and the next morning the Standard was found blown downe; & some fay it fo happened a fecond time, and many of the Royalift Party much caft downe by an Event fo ominous. Poore *King*, my Heart pitieth him, as who can help? happy they who are not fet in the high Places.

1642.
Aug. 29,
Monday.

The *King* hath marched towards *London*: the *Parliament*, having notice thereof, ordered the Train-bands to be in readineffe, and that the *City* fhould be fortified with Posts and Chaines: and they fay vaft numbers of People, even Women and Children, came to the Worke, digging and carrying the Earth to make the new Fortifications.

September.

Whilst that my *Lord* was raifing and putting into order the *Lincolnshire* Militia, the *King* being informed thereof wrote to him defiring him
to

1642.

to desist: whereupon he returned Answer, that it was not in his power to do that which his *Majesty* required of him, without Breach of that Trust which he had undertaken to the *Parliament*, and to which he was encouraged by the Opinion of his *Majesty's* great Officers eminent in the Knowledge of the Lawes, wherein he was not learned.

The Lord *Brooke* is actively at worke in *Warwickshire*.

Oct. 28,
Friday.

Tidings of an Encounter betweene the two Armies: the first Report that our Side were defeated: then came others that the *King's* Forces were beaten with great Losse. Certaine it was that a Battle had beene fought: and late in the evening I saw from my Bedroom Window a Man riding up, his Horse stumbling from Fatigue, and presently was told it was *Shephard*. As onely from great Necessitie would my *Husband* fend from him this trusty Man, I feared some ill Newes: and when *Shephard* said his
Lord

Lord was well, I could scarcely stand, so great was the Reliefe from that which I was afraid of hearing. A Battle had beene fought at a Village called *Keynton*: *Lord Essex* with his Army in the Village, the *King's* halted at *Edgehill*. *Essex* advanced into the Plaine, and he ordered the Artillery to fire on that Part where the *King* was reported to be: & a terrible Fight began. The Royal Standard was taken: Prince *Rupert* entered *Keynton*, pillaging and committing great Cruelty: men sayd it would have gone hard with *Essex* if he had not thus lost time. My *Lord* joined them with his Regiment, *Hampden's*, and another, next morning, and found they had laine on the Field all night, without Covering or Provisions. He told *Shephard* to tell mee he could not be in better Company, Colonel *Hampden* and he being much together. Some wished to pursue the *King*, who is gone towards *Banbury*: others advised Rest for the Soldiers. I asked *Shephard* how my *Lord* looked, and he sayth passing well, not
fo

1642.

1642.

so wearie, to his thinking, as when in *London*: he is to remaine one or two Dayes; and take back Linen, &c. After the first hurry of Feeling had somewhat subsided, I endeavoured to compose my Minde to a due Sense of Thankfulness that I am yet spared Tidings of his being wounded or even worse: how many Wives and Mothers at this time are weeping over the Dead, or watching the Wounded and Dying: and we know not whose Turne will be next.

Nov. 10,
Friday.

Dr. *Sampson* walked over from *Framlingham*, and stayd Dinner: he hath heard that a sudden Attack had beene made by the *King* on *Brentford*. Lord *Essex* was in the *House*, which had just received a gracious Answer from the *King*, and asking if Hostilities were to be suspended: Whilst he spoke, he heard the Sound of Cannon: he hastily left the House, and galloped acrossse the Park in the direction of the Sound; and he found that Prince *Rupert*, who was followed by
the

Lady Willoughby.

III

the *King* and the whole Army, had taken advantage of a thick Fog, and had attacked *Brentford*, where was Col. *Hollis's* Regiment, who fought so well, the Regiments of *Hampden* and Lord *Brooke* had Time to come up: and when *Effex* came up with a considerable Force, he found the *Royalists* had retired, and were stationed quietly on the western side of *Brentford*. The *Parliament* is in great Indignation, and have voted they will never treat with the *King* againe.

1642.

Effex at the head of more than 20,000 Men, it is sayd, was urged by *Hampden*, *Hollis*, and others to pursue the *King*, who had retreated: but for what reason was not known, he remained still. Cart-loads of Provisions, Wine, and Ale, &c. were sent out of *London* to the Army.

Some say *Fairfax* has been defeated by the Earle of *Newcastle*.

1643. Newes



1643.

1643.
March 20,
Monday.

NEwes from *London*: the *Parliament* have enter'd into a Negotiation with the *King*, to forme a Treaty of Peace, in order whereunto Commissioners have beene appointed, and are now at *Oxford*, where it is sayd the *King* treats them with Civility. He refuses to have the Lord *Say* and *Sele* one of the Commissioners, because he had proclaim'd him a Traitour: and another was chosen in his place. Abroad there seemeth only Gloom & Apprehension: let mee hope that within our Home there is a brighter Prospect: Children well, and mending of their little Faults; and when I looke backe on the
Yeare

Lady Willoughby.

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Yeare juſt paſt, I ſee Cauſe for Encouragement reſpecting them. And herein is any effort at Self-diſcipline well rewarded: the more circumſpectly I endeavour to walke in the ſtrait & narrow Way, bearing cheerfully the Croſſes, and performing with diligence the Duties appointed mee, not onely is my owne Progreſſe in the *Chriſtian* Path made evident in the Peace which at times I am favoured to experience: but in the encreaſed Care and Watchfulneſſe over the Tempers and Conduſt of theſe deare *Children*, I am Witneſſe of their Growth in Virtue and Happineſſe. Before this Yeare cometh to a cloſe, haply *Peace may be in our borders, and the People ſhall dwell in a peaceable Habitation, and in quiet reſting-places.*

1643.

People ſay there was a Riſing for the *King* at *Loweſtoffe*, and that Colonel *Cromwell*, with 1000 Horſe, came upon them unawares, and gained the Towne with ſmall difficulty: many Priſoners taken. Hitherto this ſide of the

Q

Country,

Thursday.

From the Diary of

1643.

Country, being mostly for the *Parliament*, has beene quiet: but now, I feare mee, we shall share in the general Disturbance.

It is confidently sayd Colonel *Cromwell* hath gone to *Norwich*: Thankfull to heare the same, I had trembled to think of him within so few miles of us.

March,
Monday.

All hope of present Peace is at an end. The Commissioners are recalled from *Oxford*, without coming to any Settlement of these unhappy Differences. There is Newes that Lord *Brooke* hath beene shot: I would faine hope this may not be the fact. The Lord *Say's* House at *Broughton* has beene taken by Prince *Rupert*: and the *King* has march'd forward to *London* with a great Army, he has burnt down the fine House of Sir *Baptist Noel* at *Campden* to prevent the *Parliament* making it a Garrison.

Armstrong heard at *Woodbridge*, when he went to the Faire on Wednesday, that Colonel
Cromwell

Lady Willoughby.

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Cromwell and my *Lord* have joined the Army at *Loughborough*, and are expected to make an Attack on *Newark*. They say *Cromwell's* Soldiers are the best ordered of any, save *Hampden's* Green-coates. The *Lord Brooke's* Death is much lamented. A party of Soldiers had taken possession of the Cathedral at *Litchfield*, and fired at the House where he then was, and the bullet struck his Head, and he died instantly. He hath left 5 Children; poore young Man, he hath soone fallen: it is a satisfaction to believe *Lady Catherine* and her Family will meet with Helpe and Protection from the Earle of *Bedford*, as he is on the same side.

1643.

Thanks be unto *God*, I have to-day a few Lines written by my dearest *Life* in much haste. A slight hurt of his left Arme being all the injury he hath sustained in the late Fight near *Grantbam*. *Burleigh* House hath beene taken by *Cromwell*. Heard with feelings of sorrow of the Decease of my honoured *Uncle*, the Lord
Noel,

May 20,
Saturday.

1643.

Noel, at a great age. We have not met of late, but I have never ceased to love and respect him, and have at times received Tokens of his Remembrance, valuable to mee for my deare *Mother's* sake, who did entertaine for him a particular Affection.

Wednesday.

The *Diurnall* sayth Sir *John Meldrun* was well nigh beaten at the Siege of *Newark*, the Garrison falling forth forced him to retreat, but the Lord *Willoughby* came gallantly up with his Regiment, and beate them backe into the Towne, taking divers Prisoners and a piece of Ordnance. Deare *Husband*, how conflicting are my Feelings, one moment rejoicing in his Successse and proud of his Ability and Bravery; and then trembling for his Safety, and stricken in Conscience that I could heare of Strife and Death, with aught but Horrour and Compassion.

Thursday.

Further Particulars of the Siege of *Gainsborough*

rough have reach'd us: Colonel *Cromwell* had retired to *Lincoln* to recruit his Forces, and my *Lord* was in *Gainsborough*, where he made a brave Defence, and repulsed fundry Assaults. The Earle's Force consisted of 6000 Men: upon their proceeding to set fire to the Towne, my *Lord*, to save so terrible a Distresse and Ruine, founded a Parley, and surrend'rd upon quarter after eight days: but the Enemy broke the Articles and disarm'd his Soldiers, and others that had beene sent from *Nottingham*. He hath now gone to *Lincoln*. He is considered to have done good Service, though the Towne is lost, having made some hundred Prisoners at first Taking of the Place, some of them Men of Rank, among them the Earle of *Kingston*, who with others being sent in a close boat to *Hull*: a party of *Cavaliers* seeing them passe by, called to them to stop the Boat, which they refusing to do, they fired, and so the Earle and his Man were slaine by their owne Friends. When I shall have private Intelligence I know not, or
how

1643.

1643.

how I beare up under this terrible uncertainty, I know not: sorely am I perplex'd when I pray unto the *God* of Peace and Love to give Successe to our Armies: can his Blessing rest upon the Field of Strife and Death? Merciful *Father*, looke with Pity on thy poore misguided Creatures, and over-rule all this Evill and Suffering to a wise and rightful issue; and if it be possible, restore the Husband and Father to his helpelesse Family: and helpe mee, oh *God*, to support whatever tryall thou mayst think fit to send mee: and in my owne Distresse may I the more seeke to aide and comfort those who are yet more afflicted than has yet beene my lot in this time of Peril.

In the Paper mention is made of a Conspiracy. In which Mr. *Waller* is concern'd: he is fined, and hath gain'd Permission to go abroad. Two Men have beene hang'd.

July 1,
Saturday.

To-day my Pen must record the saddest
event

event that next to private losse could have happen'd: *Hampden*, to whom all Men did looke up as a Patterne of Virtue and a most true Patriot, has fallen: he was severely wounded in an encounter with Prince *Rupert's* Troops, who made a sudden Attack by night. *Hampden's* active and courageous Temper could not wait the slow steps of *Essex*, and he rode up to support his Friends. It had been confidently sayd by many that *Essex* would be removed from the Command, and *Hampden* succeed him, and his Friends strove to keepe him back from this Skirmish. He was wounded in the shoulder by two balls, and rode off the Field in the direction of his Father-in-lawes Habitation at *Pyrton*, but could not go that way, by reason of the Enemy's Cavalry, and was taken into the House of one *Browne*: here he linger'd some days in severe Torments, notwithstanding which he writ divers Letters, and died on the 24th of June, a few houres after taking the *Sacrament*, offering up fervent Prayers for his Country. We are tempted

1643.

From the Diary of

1643.

tempted to exclaim, Why might not one so excellent *be delivered from the terrour by night, and the arrow that flieth by day?* Allmost it seemeth as a judgement from Heaven upon our Cause. We heare of some serious Disasters to our Army: *Bristol* is deliver'd up to Prince *Rupert*, & elsewhere the *King's* Troops have beene succesfull. Sir *Harry Vane* is in the North.

July 5,
Wednesday.

Heard at *Framlingham* that *Hampden* was interred in the Parish Church of *Hampden*, his Regiment followed him to the Grave singing the 90th *Psalme*: after seeing their Friend layd in the Grave, they returned singing the 43d, to expresse their Trust in *God*, and looking to Him to deliver them and their Country from Injustice and Oppression. Thus do they truly honour the Memory of their beloved Leader in banding together to go on with his Worke: never was there such Consternation and Sorrow at one Man's Death, as when the Tidings thereof did reach *London*, in the *Parliament*,
and

Lady Willoughby.

I 2 I

and the People throughout the Land, as if their whole Army had been defeated: his private Loffe is unspeakable.

1643.

As day succeedeth day I can only strive to wait with some degree of Composure for the next Reports: one of our Neighbours came up to the *Hall* to tell mee he had met with some wounded Soldiers a few Miles beyond *Wickham*, who told him Sir *Thomas Fairfax* & Mr. *Cromwell* and my *Lord* have join'd Forces, and are designed for the *North*. *Hull* is besieged by the Earle of *Newcastle*: it is sayd he had secret Correspondence with the *Hotbams*, which was timely discover'd; and Sir *John Hotbam* & his Sonne are sent to the *Tower*, and the Charge of the Towne given to Sir *Matthew Bointon*, the Brother-in-law of Sir *John*.

Sept. 21,
Thursday.

The Towne of *Nottingham* has beene sett on fire, but not more than two or three Houses destroy'd; and the same attempted againe at

Sept. 25,
Monday.

From the Diary of

1643.

divers times, fire having beene discovered layd to barnes and other buildings; it is sayd that Women did go in companies at night, to prevent the burning, which doth seeme strange. Mistrresse *Lucy Hutchinson* hath not only dressed the Wounds of many of their owne Soldiers, but also of Prisoners brought into the Castle Dungeon. I have afore-time heard her much commended as a kind Lady of great Capacity and Learning; and Colonel *Hutchinson*, who ever since he was made Governour has had to contend with personal Jealousies and Opposition, my *Lord* saith is one of the bravest and most honourable Men on our Side.

Sept. 26.
Tuesday.

Tidings of a Battle at *Newberry*. The Lord *Faulkland* killed: he hath soone followed his once beloved Friend *Hampden* to the Grave, & doubtlesse to a world where all Differences will cease. He was a Gentleman of great parts, and did love to entertaine at his House, near *Oxford*, Men of learning and ability: he was courteous
and

and juſt to all, and did endeavour all he could to promote Peace betweene the *King* and his People. Alſo in this Battle the young Earle of *Sunderland* hath loſt his Life.

1643.

For a few dayes my deare *Lord* hath ſtay'd with us: and I have ſome hope, now that the ſevere Seafon hath ſet in, that he may perchance get time to ſee his Family, and ſettle his Affaires: he hath now departed for *London*. He ſaith the Lord *Faulkland* had of late bene a changed Man: his gentle Spiritt and quick Feelings ſo diſtreſſed, that he could not ſleepe, and would oft ſit long in ſilence, at times uttering with deep Sighs the words *Peace, Peace*, and would ſay to his Friends, *the very Agony of the Warre, and the Sight of the Calamities and Deſolation the Kingdome did and muſt endure, would ſhortly breake his Heart.* He was conſider'd to have fought his Death, having no call to enter into the Fight, he being *Secretary of State*: he replied to one who did urge this
on

Dec. 15,
Friday.

From the Diary of

1643.

on him, that he was wearie of the Times, and foresaw much Misery to his Countrey, and did beleve he should be out of it ere night: and did call for a cleane Shirt, that his Friends might find his Body cleanly arrayed. If in more of Men's Minds was this Abhorrence of Warre and Strife, how happy would it be for mankind: but others say, yes: men must first act justly, then would they meete with Mercy. This the *King* hath never done by his People, and now he must suffer: what is a Crowne if the head that wears it is dishonoured?

My deare *Husband* well in Body, but ill at ease in Mind.

Poore Mr. *Pym* is deceased after a life of Toyle and Suffering.



1644.



The Season of *Christmasse* hath
pass'd gloomily. At a time when
Families are divided by civill
Differences and many gathered
round a darkened and desolate Hearth, there is
not much disposition to Mirthfulnesse. The
newe Yeaere hath arisen upon a distressed Land:
the Dayes and the Weekes thereof are yet in the
Hand of the *Almightie*: and who shall live or
who shall die we know not. Apart from the
publick Distractions and Unhappinesse, pre-
cious Blessings and abundant Mercies fill our
Houfe with rejoicing and thanksgiving: not
onely Life but Limbs spared to him who had
to

1644.

January 1,
Monday.

From the Diary of

1643.

to go forth into Battle and danger, and Nurserie prospering. Methought as yesterday I fate by a bright Fire-side, my three little *Daughters* playing round mee, & the deare *Father*, though absent, in health and present safetie, few were so blest, suddenly their Play ceased, & *Di* and *Fanny* were no where to be seene, *Bess* on my Knee: when hidden in the deep Bay Window, they fung to my eare very sweetly the Carols they had learned from the Neighbours Children: they staid up to Supper, and kept up a fine Prattle.

January 27,
Saturday.

Walked downe to *Wingfields*: the poore Mother is in a pitiable state, her Son's lingering Death has worne her away, & she doth long to lay her head beside him in the Grave. Strove to comfort her, but beleeeve she took more in seeing mee share her Sorrow than in any Words I could say. Went on to see the Soldier who had his arme broken, beside other injuries; he was greatly better, and able to walke a little: he
fate

fate cleaning his Carbine and Sword, and the Teares ran downe his Wife's pale Cheeke as he talked of againe joining the Army, so soone as he could beare the Fatigue: poore Creatures. The *King* hath summoned a Parliament at *Oxford*: it is reported many have left the one sitting at *Westminster*.

1644.

The *King* has beene forced to leave *Oxford*, and is gone to *Worcester*. The Earle of *Manchester* and his General *Cromwell* are in the North. This *Oliver Cromwell* riseth more and more into note.

May 31,
Friday.

As we sate downe to dine to-day some Horfemen were seene to approach, and Sir *Harry Vane* came into the Hall: he was on his way to *Fairlawn*: and in much kindnesse rode so farre out of his way to bring mee good Tidings of him nearest to my Heart, and of the growing Successe of the People's Friends: He is hurrying on to rejoyne the Army at *Yorke*, where are the
Earle

From the Diary of

1644.

Earle, General *Fairfax*, & Colonel *Cromwell*; a large body of *Scotch* Troopes under their old Commander *Leslie* have joined them. So soone as he was gone, retired to my Clofet disturbed in Minde and Conscience: in Conscience, that I had beene ledde away by Sir *Harry's* vehement and powerfull Minde to catch something of the same Spirit whilst listening to particulars of this terrible Warfare, wherein seemeth to mee now a want of womanly Tenderneffe and Pity, and forely distracted is my poore Minde by conflicting feelings of Wife and Mother: our Duties separate us in these fearefull Times: hitherto I have remained calmly at my post, but how can I longer abide so farre from one exposed to suffering and death, who is dearer than my owne Life: yet have I beene supported through times of like Anxiety in a good degree of Quietneffe & Patience: let mee pray for renewed Strength and Faith.

The

Lady Willoughby.

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The *Queene* hath given birth to a Daughter at *Exeter*, on the 16th.

1644.

June 18,
Tuesday.

The *Chaplain* returned Thankes at morning Prayers for the Victory gained by our Army: he hath received Intelligence, it seemeth, by a sure hand, that a great Battle hath beene fought at a place called *Marston Moor*, a few miles from *Yorke*.

July 6,
Saturday.

Some further Particulars have reached us: Prince *Rupert* has bene wholly defeated, a vaste number of Prisoners taken, as also Armes of divers sorts, Poudre-barrels, the Colours and Standards, and more than 20 Pieces of Ordnance. The losse on our part small: alas, alas, all are *Englishmen*, and Children of one common *Father*.

July 8,
Monday.

I have no Letter, but a Message by word of mouth, that sets my Heart at rest: Thanks be unto *God*.

From the Diary of

1644.
July 9,
Tuesday.

The Earle of *Newcastle* hath left the Kingdome, and so it is reported hath Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* and others. Our Army has taken possession of *Yorke*.

Nov. 18,
Monday.

The Archbishop of *Canterbury* hath againe beene brought before the barre of the *House*.

Nov. 19,
Tuesday.

Great Feare and Amazement in the Countrey round at the sight of three Sunnes in the firmament, and a Rainebow with the Bend towards the Earth: and this happening on the *King's* Birth-day, many did thinke it portended Evill to him, and it was remembered that a remarkable Starre was seene to shine at noone-day, the Day whereon the Prince of *Wales* was borne: some wept and trembled, and divers both men and women did kneele downe in the roads & fields. That which did most affect my Minde was beholding the Bow, that had beene fet in the Clowde as a Token of the everlasting Covenant, now appearing as it were overthrown. I had

had withdrawne to my Clofet, when *Alice* did fend to speake with mee in the Still-room: She had beene out to looke at the wondrous Sight, and was greatly perturbed: I did remaine with her till she was somewhat comforted.

1644.

Letter from *London*: Mr. *Cromwell* hath made a strong Speech in the *House*, and a Mr. *Zouch Tate* hath moved the bringing in of an Ordinance to exclude all Members of *Parliament*, whether of the House of *Lords* or *Commons*, from Commanders & Officers in the Army; he was seconded by Sir *Harry Vane*, & the Motion carried. A Petition from the Citizens of *London* hath beene presented, thanking the *House* for their Care over the Commonwealth. Opposition by *Whitelock* and others, who spoke against the Motion as a perilous and uncalled for novelty.

The Bill which they call the Self-denying Ordinance has past: In my Ignorance I know
not

1644.

not what is like to be the Effect of this new Act: they say the Removal of *Essex* is chiefly aimed at.

Dec. 11,
Wednesday.

Diffensions arise in our owne Party: fresh Discussion on the Self-denying Ordinance Bill, which has at length passed the *Commons*; but when sent up to the *Lords* was rejected. The *Commons* have named Sir *Thomas Fairfax* as General in chief in place of the Earle, and other Alterations in the Army have beene made, and partly agreed to by the *Lords*.



1645.



Letter from my deare *Lord*: he writes with melancholy Heart, no Effort could save his former Friend, poore Sir *John Hotbam* has beene put to death: his Son was executed the day before. Sir *John* had few Friends, he had a cold harsh manner: the *Lords* had past a Vote for his Reprieve, which being known, he did fully expect one to the last moment: but the *Commons* would not give way, the Execution proceeded.

The *Chaplain* is returned: another of these dreadfull Executions: *Laud* was beheaded on the

1645.

January 6,
Monday.

January 14.
Tuesday.

1645.

the 10th, poore old Man, he hath suffered even in this world a large measure of retribution for his past Cruelties: at the end of his Speech, when upon the Scaffold, he said he forgave all the World, all and every of his bitter Enemies; that no man could be more willing to send him out of the World than he was to go out. Some over-zealous *Presbyterian* did presse him with Questions: he replied the Knowledge of *Jesus Christ* was alone the meanes of Salvation. To the Headfman he gave some Money, and said, *Do thine office in Mercy*. As he knelt downe, he turned pale, thereby proving it false what some were whispering about, that he had painted his face, that he might not looke afraid. It is thought that he was brought to Death chiefly by meanes of the *Scots* Party, in their vehement and unchristian Revenge for the Part he had taken to force upon them the *Liturgy*, and to remove him out of their way.

The *Scots* Commissioners have obtained the setting aside of the abhorred *Liturgy*: but *Parliament*

liament refuses to give them any legislative or judiciall Authority: so the *Chaplain* doth informe mee.

1645.

Sir *Harry Vane* is appointed one of the Parliament's Commissioners to meete those of the *King* at a town called *Uxbridge*. What Mercy would it be, if a peacefull Settlement could now be entered into, of the *Countrey's* Grievances & the *King's* Claims: and this would seeme not unpossible, if the *King's* Word could be depended upon. It is thought he might be brought to yeeld some Points but for the Influence of the *Queene*, which is never for good. She it was who added the Postscript to the *King's* Letter on *Strafford's* businesse, *That if he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday.*

January 30,
Wednesday.

This being my *Diana's* Birth-day, I did my endeavour to contrive for her some Amusement more than ordinary: tooke her first to my Closet, and after halfe an houre spent there in, I hope, a profitable manner, we joined the other Children.

1645.

dren. She is now eight yeares of age, mends of her little Faults, and hath gained a greater degree of command over her Temper: she is Truthfull, and sheweth a tender Conscience, active and industrious, and withall can enjoy a Game of Play right well. She bids fair to be comely in Countenance and of gracefull Carriage: a Satisfaction to mee, as doubtlesse it will be to herselfe. I professe not to be indifferent on this Point for my Daughters, as some are or pretend to be: neither do I think beauty any peculiar Snare to the possessor of it, but rather contrariwise, unlesse the Minde be neglected, or is by nature vaine and selfish beyond the ordinary degree in which these Defects are shared by most: and even then such Passions are no worse than in the ill-favoured, though mayhap more conspicuous by the contrast. The three *Girls* and some young Companions made very merry.

Feb. 26,
Tuesday.

My deare *Lord* arrived most unexpectedly:
he

Lady Willoughby.

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he faith there is no hope of Peace. After three weekes Negotiations the *Parliament*, have recalled their Commiffioners. He looketh worne, and would faine leave all thefe Diftractions, & doth fometimes talke of going out to *Barbadoes*: Jealoufies and Bickerings increafe; and he with fome others, fickened with Warre and Intrigue, are readie to make almoft any Terms with the *King*. Would that our good and excellent Friend *Hampden* had beene fpared: trusted by all, and wife as brave, we fhould have had a head to our Party, fit to gouerne, and one whom all would follow. Sir *Harry Vane* in clofe Intimacy with *Cromwell*: he and *Fairfax* keep up the Energy and determined Spirit of the Parliamentary Partie. How fmall a matter it feemeth would fet all right.

During the time my deare *Husband* could remaine, found not time for writing.

A long time hath elapfed fince I held the penne: the illneffe of my three Girls hath occupied

1645.

April 9,
Wednesday.

1645.

cupied mee night and day. *Fanny* began with the Measles, and had a dangerous time of it, through the Fever which ranne high, and Symptomes of Inflammation of the Lunges: and for many nights I did never undresse: *Di* followed, but thro' Mercy had the Complaint lightly: and deare *Bess*, tho' sadly troubled by the Irritation, had but little Cough. This Season of Care and bodily Fatigue, and at one time of Alarm, hath not beene without its Use and Comfort: Troubles that arise in the naturall Course of *Providence*, and are adapted to our Nature and Situation, bring with them somewhat of Peace, and oft of Thankfulnesse. We receive Paine and Sicknesse as from the Hand of *God*, and looke to him to helpe us under them: and my Minde having thus beene called off from the Contemplation of the distressefull State of this poore unhappy Countrey, is renewed in Strength. Many sweet little Sayings of the Children at different times of their Sicknesse have given mee great Encouragement
respecting

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respecting them: can there be ought so precious to a Mother as a pure Hope that the Spirit of her Child hath tasted of the Fountaine of living Waters? May the *Lord* helpe mee to cherish these faire Blossoms of Piety and Goodnesse: and grant that they may bring forth, some thirty, some sixty fold. And, oh *God*, thou who hast made mee, unworthy as I am, to be the Instrument of thy good Providence towards these little ones, make mee daily more sensible of my owne Sinfullnesse, my owne Weakenesse and assist mee in the Worke thou hast given mee to do. *According unto the Multitude of thy tender Mercies blot out my Transgressions: wash mee thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanse mee from my sinne. Create in mee a cleane Heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within mee. Thou hast crowned mee with Loving-kindnesse and tender mercies: blest be the Lord, O my Soul.*

1645.

The day so milde the Children went out, & did greatly enjoy the fresh aire, and rambling about

June 21,
Saturday.

1645.

about the Fields: seated on the Bank by the Pond, they wove Caps and Baskets of Rushes. *Fanny's* dainty Hands and slim Fingers looking barely strong enough for the worke: whilst we were all at worke, we saw Dr. *Sampson* coming across the Field: whereupon I left them, to hear what newes he might bring. At their tender age, I like not their hearing of Fighting and Crueltie more than can be helped. I have heard little of publick Affaires since the Battle at *Naseby*, whereat our Army was victorious, & Colonel *Cromwell's* part much noised abroad. Dr. *Sampson* says the *King's* Cause hath suffered more by the Letters found in his Cabinet, the same being now made publick, than by his Defeate: many of his Friends greatly grieved thereby: his Double-dealing and Arrogance herein proved, during his Treaty with the *Parliament* at *Uxbridge*, as likewise in the *Irish* Affaire. He has now left *Ragland Castle*, it is supposed making towards the North. Prince *Rupert* delivering up the City of *Bristol* in foure Dayes,
after

Lady Willoughby.

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after that he had boasted he could keepe it foure Months, hath greatly incensed the *King* against him. Whilst at *Ragland* the *King* did give into Hunting and other Sports, and this the while his people were suffering, and many giving up their Property and Time in his Cause, his very Crowne too in peril.

1645.

Reading in the *Arcadia* the Prayer of *Pamela*: so well pleased therewith that I know not that I can spend my Time more profitably this morning than in copying the same, that I may have it nigh at hand.

June 25,
Wednesday.

O all-seeing Light, and eternal Life of all things: to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned: looke upon my Misery with thine Eye of Mercy, and let thine infinite Power vouchsafe to limit out some portion of Deliverance unto mee, as to thee shall seeme most convenient. Let not Injury, O *Lord*, triumph over mee, and let my Faults by thy
Hand

1645.

Hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust Enemy the Minister of thy Justice. But yet, my *God*, if in thy Wisdom this be the aptest Chastisement for my inexcusable Folly, if this low Bondage be fittest for my over-high Desires, if the Pride of my not enough humble Heart be thus to be broken, O *Lord*, I yield unto thy will and joyfully embrace what Sorrow thou wilt have mee suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O *Lord*, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee), let mee crave even by the noblest Title, which in my greatest Affliction I may give myselfe, that I am thy Creature, and by thy Goodnesse (which is thyselfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my Minde that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let Calamitie be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my Virtue: let this Power prevail, but prevail not to their destruction: let my Greatnesse be their Prey: let my pain be the

Lady Willoughby.

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the Sweetneffe of their Revenge: let them, if so it seemeth good unto thee, vex me with more and more Punishment. But, O *Lord*, let never their Wickedneffe have such a Hand, but that I may carry a pure Minde in a pure Body.

1645.

My *Lord* telleth mee he met with Colonel *Hammond*, who was at the taking of *Basinghouse*, and made Prifoner there: he and another Officer were taken, before the House was attacked, by a Party stealing out therefrom on a foggy night. Lieutenant General *Cromwell* wrote a Letter acquainting the Governour that if any violence were offered these Men, the best in the House should not expect Quarter. The Countesse of *Winchester's* Gentlewoman and Waiting-woman were killed by a cannon shot. Sir *Marmaduke Rawdon* declared to the Marquesse who propos'd to furrender, he would not, so long as a dog, or a cat or rat did remaine: yet it would seeme there was not much
Danger

Oct. 20,
Monday.

1645.

Danger of such Extremity, there being found in the Castle vast store of Wheat, and 300 Fitches of Bacon, and forty thousand pounds weight of Cheese, besides Beef. They took off the Lead from the Turrets, to use for Bullets: and the Marchionesse with her Ladies did helpe to cast them. There were within the Castle 600 common Soldiers, most whereof Papists, and fought desperately. *Inigo Jones*, the great Builder, is one of the Prisoners. Colonel *Hammond* sayth, the Marquesse, on some Quarrel with Sir *Marmaduke*, he being of the *English* Church, and the Marquesse a Roman Catholick, became suspicious of him being the Governour, and had him removed: and shortly thereafter the House was taken, the Storme not lasting more than an houre. The Silver plate, Cabinets, Jewells, and other Treasure did afford rich Plunder: the House is burned down to the Ground.

Greatly surpris'd to read in the *Perfect Diurnall*,

urnall, that the *House* has moved that the Lord *Willoughby* be made an Earle, and the fame of other Lords, and that the Earles of *Effex*, *Pembroke*, &c. be made Dukes: in all likelihood the matter will end here. They whose Titles are of long Descent, methinks, would not consider newe ranke, given under the circumstances, as any addition to their Dignitie. We heare an *English* Barony is to bee conferr'd on Lieutenant General *Cromwell*, with an Estate of 2500 Pound yearly.

1645.

A Neighbour of the blind Widow came up at Noone to say the poore infirme Creature did appeare neare her last Houre: went straight-way to her Cottage, she was still sensible, & did expresse great Satisfaction at my coming: fate some time by her Bed-side, she spoke of her Sonne, whom she yet believes living, and strong were her Supplications that Divine Mercy might be extended to him, that he might turne from the Evill of his Wayes, even at the Eleventh

1645.

Hour: My poore prodigal Sonne, thus she spake, hath he in that distant Land, away from his poore old Mother, call'd to Minde her Words, her Prayers, and return'd to his Heavenly Father, saying, *I have sinned in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy Sonne.* If the *Lord* in his Mercy would give mee this hope, then would his unworthy Servant depart in peace. She seem'd comforted: and repeated at intervals, *With God all things are possible.* I left her, in her awful Passage from Life unto Death, a passage to her deprived of Terror, for her Faith forsooke her not, but rather burned brighter and brighter, even to the End: she did not live through the night. Her Gaine is my Losse: though poore and meane, I have failed not to find in her Company Edification and ofttimes Comfort.

The *King* hath fled by night from *Newark*. to *Oxford*: the two *Houses* have againe resolved to submit to him certaine Propositions.

My

Lady Willoughby.

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My *Lord* hath heard that the young Earle of *Carlisle* hath establish'd his Claime to the *Barbadoes* Property, and is inclin'd to enter into Negotiation concerning the same. Present Perill in fighting|or strife, or Perill of the deepe waters and pestilence, whichsoever way I turne Trouble on every side.

1645.

The *House* have sent Propositions to the *King*, who is at *Newcastle* under a fort of Guardship of the *Scots*.

May 21,
Wednesday.

An Order hath pass'd that the Summe of 3300 pounds be paid to the Lord *Willoughby*, which I am sure the sayd Lord much needeth.

Latham House in *Lancashire* is taken: the Lady *Derby* having defended it two yeares: the Earle in the *Isle of Man* by the *King's* command. For 9 Months together the besieged Party held Communication with their Friends by meanes of a Dog, in this way: they tied a Letter round
his

Dec. 9,
Tuesday.

1645.

his Throat, and he went to where he did use to live, 3 miles off: here he was kept, and when any Papers were to be sent, his Mistresse tyed them in like manner, and having kept him awhile a hunger'd, open'd the door and beat him out, when he set off and returned to his Master, who was in *Latham House*. He was at last shot by a Souldier, but got to the Mote-side near the Gate, and there died. The House is burnt: the rich filk Hangings of the Beds were torn to pieces, and made into Sashes. This history of the Dog was related to mee by one there present.

Dec. 18,
Thursday.

Great Disagreement in the *House*: the *Scotts* take the Side of the Presbyterians. There seemeth no Master-minde to give a steady Direction to the Power they have gained. General *Cromwell* & *Fairfax* are away from *London*, deeming it most prudent, as they hold out, to bring the rest of the Kingdome into subjection to the *Parliament*, before they besiege the *King* at *Oxford*.

People

Lady Willoughby.

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People remark that other Generals shut themselves up in Winter-quarters, but this *Cromwell* sets at Defiance the Cold of Winter, Stormes & Darknesse.

1645.

1646.

Last weeke *Fairfax* and *Cromwell* reached *Newberry* a place within a short distance from *Oxford*, and where the Lord *Faulkland* was killed, whereupon the *King* fled from that City in disguise: some say he hath submitted to have his Beard cut: surely brought to this extremity he would yeeld to his *Parliament*, and keepe to his Engagements. He hath made a Treaty with the *Scots*, through his Agent *Montreuil*. I do heartily wish they may convey him in safety to *Scotland*, and thence beyond Seas, there to abide for a time, till the heate of Men's Spirits against him passe away, and haply then Affaires might be settled for his returne to his Kingdome.

1646.

April.

The

1646.

The Prince of *Wales* is sayd to have escaped. My deare *Husband* is wearie of the Confusion, and apprehendeth an Army may in the ende be more tyrannical and a worfe Enemie to contend with than a King.

July.

It is sayd the poore defeated *King* *flits like a hunted Partridge* from one Garrison to another; the last Report was of his being at *Newark*. The Princes *Rupert* and *Maurice* have demanded Passeports of *Parliament* to go beyond seas. The *Commons* readily complied, with Thankfulness to get rid of one who hath shed so much *English* Blood. Prince *Rupert* hath latterly shewne great Disrespect & contemptuous Manner to the *King*.

August.

Newes hath arrived that *Fairfax* has taken *Ragland Castle* in *Wales*. The old Marquesse held out bravely more than ten dayes, but at length surrend'rd: as many as eight hundred People and Souldiers march'd forth the Castle, which

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which I have heard say is a noble Building. The Marquesse was accompanied by his Sonne Lord *Charles*, the Countesse of *Glamorgan*, & Lady *Jones*. How great a change for this venerable Nobleman, who but a short time since did entertaine with princely Magnificence and Loyaltie his Sovereign: and now both *King* & Subject are Wanderers. Beside losing his Castle, he is like enough to lose large summes of Money which he hath lent the *King*: high and low, Misery is over all the Land.

1646.

The Earle of *Essex* died on the 14th.

Sept. 16.

1647. The



1647.

1647.
Feb. 8,
Monday.



The *Scots* having received the Summe of 200,000 pound, have march'd out of *Newcastle*, leaving the *King* to the Commissioners of *Parliament*, the Earles of *Pembroke & Denbigh*, and the Lord *Montague*, and the Commissioners of the House of Commons. It tooke 36 Carts to carry the bags of Money to *Yorke*, and some say it did take nine or ten dayes to count the same.

Feb. 19,
Friday.

The poore *King*, a Prifoner in his owne Kingdome, is now established at *Holmby House*, and hath expreffed his Satisfaction with his
Treatment

Treatment there & Accommodation, with one Exception, that he hath no Chaplaine, the which he petitioneth for, but it is not thought safe or expedient, and they who have taken the ordering of this Businesse have sent him Chaplaines of their owne Persuasion, but the *King* will not listen to them, neither will he permitt them to say Grace at his Table : Men say he beareth his Misfortunes, which truly are many, with Dignity and Chearfullnesse.

1647.

My deare Husband hath much Turmoile in the House. The Earle of *Warwick* doth aime to get the three Earles, *Bedford*, *Hollande*, and *Clare* admitted: the which others would if possible prevent, and they talke of getting the *Commons* to bring in an impeachment of the Lord of *Hollande*, on some Affaire which my *Husband* calleth the Forrest-businesse, of which I know not: beside this he went over to the other Party, notwithstanding that he had taken the Oath.

March 10,
Friday.

1647.

May 12,
Wednesday.

The Lord *Lisle* hath beene removed from the Government of *Ireland*: and likewise his Brother *Algernon Sydney* from *Dublin*, the latter on the Motion of old Sir *Henry Vane*. This sudden removal of his Sonnes will no doubt be displeasing to the Earle of *Leicester*, though he keepeth himselfe in much privacy at *Penshurst*, and meddleth not in publick Businesse:

June 10,
Thursday.

On Saturday the 5th the *Commons* sate long, and because of the greatnesse of their Businesse they resolved to sit even the next day (Sunday). They did desire the *Peers* to do so likewise, which they, expecting some great Matter, agreed to do. Mr. *Algernon Sidney* did tell my *Husband* that when the *Commons* met, Mr. *Marshall* their famous Minister did pray for & with them, and that when he ended his Prayer, the *Commons* desired him to make a repetition of his Sermon which he had preach'd that day at *Westminster*. The same being over, the *Commons*
rose

rose without doing any thing, & without sending so much as a word to the *Lords*.

1647.

Much Discontent rising up: the *Presbyterian* Party have proclaim'd the establishment of their Form of Worship to the exclusion of every other. My *Lord* becometh more and more dissatisfied with the Spirit of Bigotry which has of late gathered such Strength, and the Self-exaltation, as exclusive as that of Popery, which they do condemn in others. This is most contrary to my deare *Husband's* naturall disposition and former Principles. It is propos'd to reduce the Army, and some Troops have been disbanded.

June 24,
Thursday.

The Army is greatly incens'd, and hath broke up its Quarters at *Nottingham*, and march'd, People say, upon *London*. Alas, must more blood be shed? What will become of this unhappy Countrey: no King, no Rulers, and a large victorious Army set in opposition to the now feeble power of a misguided and fanatic
House

June 25,
Friday.

1647.

House of *Commons*. And woe is me, the Husband whom I love and honour, so mixed up with them that he must abide by their acts, and share in them.

The Earle of *Northumberland* hath had permission to take the *King's* Children to see their Father: coming to *Caversham*, a great number of People flocked thither to see them, and strewed the Way with greene branches and herbes. Poore Children, their pitifull Condition moveth many hearts: & no marvell, many will in secret rejoyce that this drop of comfort is permitted to the unhappy *King*.

June 28,
Monday.

The monthly Fast: met with the Remark following, which seemeth much to the purpose: *Let thy religious Fast be a voluntary Abstinence, not so much from Flesh as fleshly Thoughts. He fasts truly that abstains sadly, grieves really, gives cheerefully, and forgives charitably.*

Alice becometh daily more infirme, and is but little able to take any oversight: think to
place

place my own Waiting-woman more in charge, after she hath given some Instructions to *Patience*, who is clever at her needle, and will suit me well-enough.

1647.

As I came up from the Dairie met the Children full of Sorrow that a poore Partridge had beene killed by a Scythe, whilst sitting on her Nest: the Egges are put under a Hen, and the Men think they will be hatch'd in a few dayes.

Voted in the *House* that the Army should not come within 40 Miles of *London*.

August 3,
Tuesday.

The Army, they say, hath made *St. Alban's* their Head-quarters, and have sent up to accuse *Hollis, Stapleton, Maynard*, and others.

Great Tumults in *London*. The Speakers of both *Houses* and great part of the Members have put themselves under the Protection of the Army. Sorely perplex'd, and know not what is the meaning of these disturbances, or what may befall my *Husband*: the Children, too young for care, so busied with their young Partridges, are as happy as May-queenes. One

1647.

Aug. 12,
Thursday.

One Day cometh, and then another, and yet no Tidings: this is hard to endure, ignorant what may betide us in these evill Times.

Aug. 14,
Saturday.

Late to-night my dearest Life rode hastily up: he was safe for the present moment, & my first Feeling was of unmix'd Thankfullnesse to Him who permitted us to meete once more. After he had rested awhile, he entered into some Relation of the late Events in the *House*. He and many others have believed that the Power of the Army endangered the libertie of the Countrey, and the Common Council of *London*, united with them, and met, and sent a Letter to the Generall declaring their wish for Peace, and entreating that the Army might not advance, nor intermeddle with the Rights and Privileges of the *City*. The Train-bands were ordered out. Some Members met in either *House*, but the Speakers came not: and to my *Lord's* Amazement he was chosen Speaker,

pro

pro tempore, and Mr. *Pelham* of the *Commons*. They proceeded to appoint a Committee of Safety: and the *City* issued a Proclamation to the effect that they desired a happy and speedy Peace, by the Settlement of true Religion, and the re-establishing his *Majesty* in his just Rights and Authority. But the Proceedings of the *House* were marked by uncertainty and trepidation, and the day following, *Fairfax* came up to *Westminster* attended by *Cromwell* and regiments of Horse and Foot. The Generall on horse-back with his Life-guard, then the Speakers and Members of the *Lords* and *Commons* in coaches, and another regiment of Horse brought up the rear. The Officers and Gentlemen, and every Soldier had a branch of lawrel in his hat. The Generall received the Thankes of both *Houses*, and was made Lieutenant of the Tower: and thus the Army asserted its Supremacy.

For a time the consideration of our private Affaires was set aside, in the momentous concerns of this distracted Kingdome. Who will arise
with

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with a strong minde and pure Heart, to bring these struggles for Freedome, and these conflicting Opinions to a happy issue? There is one my *Husband* sayes who lackes not the will to become Leader, or peradventure the power: but none have penetrated his heart, or know if he may be trusted. I did once behold this *Cromwell*, who maketh so many quail before him, but methought his Looke was hard and subtile, and I liked him not. And the *King*, deare *Husband*, I asked, is he safe, will he depart the Countrey? No Man knoweth, he reply'd: he will not be permitted to leave the Countrey, if Guards and strong Castles can prevent. He is safe, so far as concerns his Life: he may be deprived of Power or even of his Crowne, but on no Plea can they take his Life: and yet who shall say where they will stop? I would lay downe my Life to know him to be safe: we have fought and striven, and have set a Stone rolling that haply will crush all that come in its way, *Laws*, *Parliament*, or even the *King* himselfe. My *Husband* leant downe his
Head

Head on the table, & hid his Face on his arme, and so remained overwhelmed by the prospect of Misery before us. I ventured not to speake: it is an awfull thing to behold the Spirit of a strong Man shaken, and to hear Sobbes burst forth from his overburthened Heart. At length such violent Shivering seized him that I summoned *Armstrong*. We endeavoured to persuade him to drinke a little Wine, he tooke some, but begged for Water, his Mouth was so parch'd: after some time he went to bed, and desired that *Armstrong* might sit up by him during the first part of the night: his owne Man, having had poore rest of late, he feared to affright mee by his uneasie sleepe. I layd mee downe in the Nurserie, rising oft to see if he slept: toward 3 of the clock he was more quiet: and at 4 I sent *Armstrong* to bed, and tooke his place by my poore *Husband*. I look'd on his altered Countenance, sunk and pale, the faire Brow wrinkled, and his long black Haire now gray and disorder'd: a slight quivering of his Lippes and un-

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equall Breathing betoken'd still uneasy rest: my Eyes grew blinded with Teares, and I bent downe and hid my Face on the Pillow beside his. And here to my surprise found I had dropt asleepe: he seeming likely to remaine quiet, I arose softly and stepp'd into my Closet, & there, alone, endeavoured to compose my Thoughts: had he not been preserv'd in many Battles and dangers, and should I now give up Faith in the good Providence of *God*, beleiving heartily that we are safer in his Hands than if we could take the ordering of our Fate into our owne? I would faine have my deare Life depart hence with speed, but untill he knoweth what Course the *Parliament* will hold towards him, and those with whom he hath acted, he is unwilling to leave the Kingdome: he hath Enemyes in the House of *Commons*, but likewise good Friends, and he doubteth not receiving timely Notice of any measure to his Hurt. It would ill beseem his Wife to counsel flight, nor would I, how great soever my Feares, if he could doe ought for
his

his *King* or COUNTRY by remaining: but this Subjugation of the *Parliament* by the Armie, will bring the COUNTRY under the fierce and uncertaine Rule of the Souldiers & their Commanders, and there is no Party to withstand them. I strive to put from mee the dreadfull Vision of the Scaffold and the Block, which hath often visited mee in the night-watches when such danger existed not, but now may well fill my Soule with Terrour. I will beseech him to passe over to *Holland*, he sayeth the worst will be Imprisonment in the Tower: but how many are led therefrom onely to their Death.

1647.

Word brought by a sure Hand that it is order'd by the House of *Peeres*, that the Lords impeach'd by the *Commons* be brought up to answer to the Impeachment. Friends of my *Husband* advise him to keepe out of the way untill the present Heate and storme be a little past over: this Counsell but ill receiv'd by him, and he is bent upon appearing.

Sept. 11,
Saturday.

The

1647.

Nov. 13,
Saturday.

The *King* hath escaped from *Hampton Court*: the Report is, that he having retired to be private, as hath been his custome a short space before evening Prayers, and staying somewhat longer than usuall, it was taken notice of, and not yet coming forth, suddenly there were Feares of the cause hereof, which were encreas'd by the crying of a Dog within, he had latterly kept constantly with him a favourite Greyhound, often saying he did prefer them to Spaniels, upon Search being made, it was found the *King* had departed by a back Doore which ledde to the Garden. I do heartily hope he may get away: methinks he will then stand in a more honourable position to make Termes with his *Parliament* than when shut up as a Prisoner: and the People finding themselves without a King, perchance may wish for him back. It is currently believ'd that some Officers of the Armie did secretly communicate with the *King*, and had Instructions from Generall *Cromwell* himselfe

himselfe and others, that if he would assent to their Proposals, which were lower than those of the *Parliament*, the Armie would settle him againe on the Throne: and it is thought he was hereupon inclined in his owne Judgement to enter into a Treaty with them, but was diswaded by the Bishops. Some are as hotly against *Cromwell* as against the *King*: nay some goe so farre as to say he was in danger of being sent to the Tower, had he not left *London* before they were prepared.

1647.

This being 'a day whereon the *Parliament* fate not, the Lord *Gray* and *Henry Willoughby*, a young Kinsman of my Husband's, tooke mee to see some Tapestry Hangings in the House of *Peeres*. A Portrait of Sir *Ambrose Willoughby* is work'd therein, who was Uncle to the late Lord, and Grandfather to *Henry*. They did persuade mee to be carried in a Sedan-chaire: I was well pleased to get out againe, being much discomfitted by the jolting. After some examination

Nov. 24,
Wednesday.

1647.

nation we discovered the Portraite, on the border under the Armes of the Lord High Admiral: it is of oval shape, a Gorget of plate armour over his Doublet, and a picked Beard and Mustachoe, like to those now worne. He was in Command of a Ship against the *Armada*. I was faine to aske whereabout my deare *Husband* had heretofore fate, but when the Thought arose, that the next time he would enter that House it would be as a prisoner to be tried by Men, many of whom were his bitter Enemies, I could scarce raise my Voice: the Lord *Gray* suspecting wherefore I look'd around so wistfully, did kindly point out the Place.

Nov. 30,
Tuesday.

To-day my *Husband* occupied himselfe for my satisfaction in drawing up a Letter to the House of *Lords*, something to this effect: begging their Lordships would be pleased to order his Enlargement, seeing that he had beene committed without any particular Charge against him: that he had received counsell of his Friends
that

that he is not fit for publick Employment, and was therefore resolv'd on Privacy: that he had allwayes beene faithfull to the *Parliament*: and desired their Lordships to make an honourable Construction of his Wish for Retirement. After all our Toyle, I much feare he will not at present send his Remonstrance; whensoever sett free he would without delay imbarke for *Holland*. He can no longer act with the *Parliament*, since they will make no Termes whatsoever with the *King*, and he is jealous that the Monarchy is in danger of being wholly lost, and all Rank destroyed.

Wente downe in a coach to the Parliament-houfe, and sate therein the while *Henry Willoughby* did try to learne some Newes. After waiting more than an houre, the Lord *Say* came out and inform'd mee a Message had beene sent to them by the *Commons* that morning praying for further Time to be allowed for bringing up the Impeachment of the seven Lords, which was
granted

1647.

Dec. 2,
Thursday.

1647.

granted. Hereupon I went backe to the *Tower* to tell my *Husband* of this further Delay: and it was agreed betweene us that it were well I should returne to *Parham* forthwith: and as *Mistresse Gage* did purpose to sett forth early in the forenoone to morrow, and would goe by *Hengrave*, and had offered to carry mee with her in her coach, it seemed too favourable an opportunitie to be miss'd, although it would make my Departure sudden. Left the *Tower* before 8, the Snow lying thick upon the Street, and with sorrowfull Heart made Preparation for setting forth home-wards. My deare *Husband* maketh light of his situation, and strives to cheere mee, and perswade mee to take Hope in the Exertions now making by a few faithfull Friends of Influence in the *House*, who promise they will doe him what Service they can to pacifie his Adversaries, who are the more sharply bent against him. The chearfull and composed Demeanour he did maintaine served for a time to lighten my Forebodings, and the moment of
Parting

Parting came on a sudden, and I followed the Guard downe the Staires and under the Archway as in a Dreame: the Doore closed after mee: had I in truth left him, my dearest Life, in that dark Prifon-houfe there alone to await his Sentence? I knowe not how I reach'd my Lodging, some kind Friend put mee into a coach and supported mee to my chamber.

Nature would have her way for a time, but the *Lord* suffered mee not to be wholly cast downe, and in spreading my Sorrows before Him, and committing my beloved *Husband* to His Keeping, who hath the power to save even to the uttermost, I was strengthened, and did endeavour to submit with patience to the present Triall, though it is indeed heavy and grievous to be borne. The night was cold, and my condition forlorne and comfortlesse, but I laid me downe on the bed in as much quietnesse of spirit as I well could, feeling that rest was needed to encounter the morrow's Journey from this weary Citie to returne to my poore Children.

1647.

Reflection on the Encouragement given by divers kind and powerfull Friends was very helpfull, and I slept. The time of our Departure the next day was appoynted at an early houre.



1648.

NO Tydings from *London*. Newes of great Disorder and Tumult in *Canterbury*. The Mayor endeavouring the execution of the Ordinance for abolishing Holy-days, he was much abused by the People on *Christmässe-day*, they beat him on the head, and dragg'd him up and downe. The like Violence hath beene practised at other Places, but none hereabout. Some fewe People came into the Parke, and collected around the old Thorn, which hath many times put forth a fewe Blossoms on *Christmässe-eve*, and whiche they looke upon as a Miracle, but no person did molest them.

The

1648.

Jan. 3,
Monday.

From the Diary of

1648.

The Children were abroad so soone as the Sunne rose, and brought in Ivy and branches of Holly, which they put about the *Hall* & their *Nurserie*, as their pleasure is. They set up a great Shout when there was seene a fine piece of Miffeltoe at the top of a Hamper containing Apples, timely sent by their Uncle from *Gloucestershire*. I could not beare to sadden their Pleasure by the trouble of my owne Heart, and they did spend a right merrie *Christmasse*. Their Uncle *William* and his Family staying with us.

Jan. 11,
Tuesday.

It is well for mee the Children give mee full Occupation: they take well to their learning, & the *Chaplaine* faith *Fanny* maketh goode progresse in the Latine; but I find her somewhat averse to Needleworke, wherein her Sister *Diana* is more expert, as also in some other Matters which in my judgement are like to be of more Service than a knowledge of Latine: though where Nature hath given a Capacitie for such studies, methinks we should err in not providing
Meanes

Lady Willoughby.

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Meanes of improving the fame: and I doe already see in *Fanny* an encrease of Steadinesse at her taskes, and exactnesse in the Performance of them. No letter yet from *London*, keepeth mee in much uneasinesse.

1648.

Letter from Sir *Harry Vane*: the charge against my *Husband* pass'd the *House* on the 27th, and was ordered to be sent up to the Lords.

Jan. 29,
Saturday.

Armstrong returned yesternight from *Aldborough*: no Vessell, it is sayd, will sail to *Holland* from that Place or *Yarmouth* for some time.

Feb. 20,
Monday.

My deare Life, Thanks be unto *God*, is safe in *Holland*: he hath seene the Prince of *Wales*.

March 30,
Thursday.

Deare Heart,

After a toylsome Passage we landed at *Dunkirk*: methought the Voyage did too
nearly

A portion of the letter apparently alluded to by Lady Willoughby.

Editor.

Diary of Lady Willoughby.

1648.

nearly picture my troubled and uncertaine Life. I am well in Health: the Packet came safe to hand, and I was right glad of the Pastie and Wheaten-loaf, after having spent the night on deck, the Victuals on board being ill to eat. The Doublet worked by my sweete Wife did greatly add to my Comfort, as did divers other Matters lovingly remembered by her for my use. Heretofore, though often separated, yet was I in the same Countrie that did containe my little Ones and her who is my Soule's Joy and Consolation, the truest Friend and Counsellor that ever Man had: now each wave carry'd me onward to a strange Land, and never did Absence appear so unsupportable. Kisse our deare Children for me. Bid *Armstrong* be carefull to omit nought that I left in his Charge; he would doe well to see *Wingfield* concerning the gray Horse, which should be cared for: my Brother can ride *Berwick*.



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Whittingham used the old-face great primer for this book. He wished to use hand-made paper, but the publishers did not consent to this although they did permit his daughter Charlotte to change the author's spelling and phrasing from the modern to the old style. In these circumstances the book made a success, and within the last fifty years it has been several times reprinted. The book had the effect of setting the fashion for old style types.

Adapted from "The Charles Whittinghams" by Arthur Warren. Pp 150-152.

The type is what is generally known as "revived oldstyle".

The previously printed ^{ed. of} the book was not successful.

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