

**THE MAIDEN & MARRIED
LIFE OF MARY
POWELL, AFTERWARDS
MISTRESS MILTON**

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The maiden & married life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton by Anne Manning

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ANNE MANNING

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JOHN MILTON.

THE
Maiden & Married Life
OF
MARY POWELL,
Afterwards Mistress Milton.



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JOURNALL.

Forest Hill, Oxon, May 1st, 1643.

* * * * *

A Gypsie Woman at the Gate would
faine have tolde my Fortune; but
Mother chased her away, saying she
had doubtlesse harboured in some of the
low houses in *Oxford*, and mighte bring
us the Plague. Coulede have cried for
Vexation; she had promised to tell me
the Colour of my Husband's Eyes; but
Mother

1643.

May 1st.

1643.

Mother says she believes I shall never have one, I am soe sillie. *Father* gave me a gold Piece. Dear *Mother* is chafed, methinks, touching this Debt of five hundred Pounds, which *Father* says he knows not how to pay. Indeed, he sayd, overnichte, his whole personal Estate amounts to but five hundred Pounds, his Timber and Wood to four hundred more, or thereabouts; and the Tithes and Messuages of *Whateley* are no great Matter, being mortgaged for about as much more, and he hath lent Sights of Money to them that won't pay, so 'tis hard to be thus prest. Poor *Father*! 'twas good of him to give me this gold Piece.

May 2nd.

Cousin *Rose* married to Master *Roger Agnew*. Present, *Father*, *Mother*, and *Brother* of *Rose*; *Father*, *Mother*, *Dick*, *Bob*, *Harry*, and I; Squire *Paice* and his Daughter *Audrey*; an olde Aunt of Master *Roger's*, and one of his Cousins,

a

a stiffe-backed Man with large Eares, and such a long Nose! Cousin *Rose* looked bewtifulle—pitie so faire a Girl should marry so olde a Man—'tis thoughte he wants not manie Years of fifty.

1643.

New Misfortunes in the Poultrie Yarde. Poor *Mother's* Loyalty cannot stand the Demands for her best Chickens, Ducklings, &c., for the Use of his Majesty's Officers since the King hath beene in *Oxford*. She accuseth my *Father* of having beene wonne over by a few faire Speeches to be more of a Royalist than his natural Temper inclineth him to; which, of course, he will not admit.

May 7th.

Whole Day taken up in a Visit to *Rose*, now a Week married, and growne quite matronlie already. We reached *Sheepscote* about an Hour before Noone. A long, broade, strait Walke of green Turf,

May 9th.

1643.

Turf, planted with Hollyoaks, Sunflowers, &c., and some earlier Flowers alreadie in Bloom, led up to the rustically Porch of a truly farm-like House, with low gable Roofs, a long lattice Window on either Side the Doore, and three Casements above. Such, and no more, is *Rose's* House! But she is happy, for she came running forthe, soe soone as she hearde *Clover's* Feet, and helped me from my Saddle all smiling, tho' she had not expected to see us. We had Curds and Creame; and she wished it were the Time of Strawberries, for she sayd they had large Beds; and then my *Father* and the Boys went forthe to looke for Master *Agnew*. Then *Rose* took me up to her Chamber, singing as she went; and the long, low Room was sweet with Flowers. Sayd I, "*Rose*, to be Mistress of this pretty Cottage, 'twere hardlie amisse to marry a Man as olde as Master *Roger*." "Olde!" quoth she, "deare *Moll*, you must not
"deeme