THE DIARY OF

SAMUEL PEPYS, M.A., F.R.S.



Wallard & Boutall, Ph. Sc

Samuel Pepys.
from the Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller
in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

THE DIARY

OF

SAMUEL PEPYS M.A. F.R.S.

CLERK OF THE ACTS AND SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY

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WITH LORD BRAYBROOKE'S NOTES

EDITED WITH ADDITIONS BY

HENRY B. WHEATLEY F.S.A.

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THE

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

January 1st, 1663-64.

WENT to bed between 4 and 5 in the morning with my mind in good temper of satisfaction and slept till about 8, that many people came to speak with me. Among others one came with the best New Year's gift that ever I had, namely from Mr. Deering, with a bill of exchange drawn upon himself for the payment of £50 to Mr. Luellin. It being for my use with a letter of compliment. I am not resolved what or how to do in this business, but I conclude it is an extraordinary good new year's gift, though I do not take the whole, or if I do then give some of it to Luellin. By and by comes Captain Allen and his son Jowles[1] and his wife, who continues pretty still. They would have had me set my hand to a certificate for his loyalty, and I know not what his ability for any employment. But I did not think it fit, but did give them a pleasing denial, and after sitting with me an hour they went away. Several others came to me about business, and then being to dine at my uncle Wight's I went to the Coffee-house, sending my wife by Will, and there staid talking an hour with Coll. Middleton, and others, and among other things about a very rich widow, young and handsome, of one

[1] Rebecca Alleyn, spinster (about eighteen), daughter of John Alleyn, was married to Henry Jowles, of Chatham, Kent, bachelor (about twenty-four), in August, 1662 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, col. 779). In the note on p. 5 of vol. ii. the husband's name is, by mistake, printed as Jewkes.

Sir Nicholas Gold's,[1] a merchant, lately fallen, and of great courtiers that already look after her: her husband not dead a week yet. She is reckoned worth £80,000. Thence to my uncle Wight's, where Dr. of ——, among others, dined, and his wife, a seeming proud conceited woman, I know not what to make of her, but the Dr's. discourse did please me very well about the disease of the stone, above all things extolling Turpentine, which he told me how it may be taken in pills with great ease. There was brought to table a hot pie made of a swan I sent them yesterday, given me by Mr. Howe, but we did not eat any of it. But my wife and I rose from table, pretending business, and went to the Duke's house, the first play I have been at these six months, according to my last vowe, and here saw the so much cried-up play of "Henry the Eighth;" which, though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done. Thence mightily dissatisfied back at night to my uncle Wight's, and supped with them, but against my stomach out of the offence the sight of my aunt's hands gives me, and ending supper with a mighty laugh, the greatest I have had these many months, at my uncle's being out in his grace after meat, we rose and broke up, and my wife and I home and to bed, being sleepy since last night.

2nd. Up and to the office, and there sitting all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, in my going met with Luellin and told him how I had received a letter and bill for £50 from Mr. Deering, and delivered it to him, which he told me he would receive for me. To which I consented, though professed not to desire it if he do not consider himself sufficiently able by the service I have done, and that it is rather my desire to have nothing till he be further sensible of my service. From the 'Change I brought him home and dined

[1] Sir Nicholas Gold, or Gould, created a baronet in 1660, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Garrard, Bart., of Lamers, Herts. She remarried Thomas Neal. See June 20th, 1664.—B.

with us, and after dinner I took my wife out, for I do find that I am not able to conquer myself as to going to plays till I come to some new vowe concerning it, and that I am now come, that is to say, that I will not see above one in a month at any of the publique theatres till the sum of 50*s.* be spent, and then none before New Year's Day next, unless that I do become worth £1,000 sooner than then, and then am free to come to some other terms, and so leaving him in Lombard Street I took her to the King's house, and there met Mr. Nicholson, my old colleague, and saw "The Usurper," [1] which is no good play, though better than what I saw yesterday. However, we rose unsatisfied, and took coach and home, and I to the office late writing letters, and so to supper and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, and then rose and with a fire in my chamber staid within all day, looking over and settling my accounts in good order, by examining all my books, and the kitchen books, and I find that though the proper profit of my last year was but £305, yet I did by other gain make it up £444, which in every part of it was unforeseen of me, and therefore it was a strange oversight for lack of examining my expenses that I should spend £690 this year, but for the time to come I have so distinctly settled all my accounts in writing and the particulars of all my several layings out, that I do hope I shall hereafter make a better judgment of my spendings than ever. I dined with my wife in her chamber, she in bed, and then down again and till 11 at night, and broke up and to bed with great content, but could not make an end of writing over my vows as I purposed, but I am agreed in every thing how to order myself for the year to come, which I trust in God will be much for my good. So up to prayers and to bed. This evening Sir W. Pen came to invite me against next Wednes-

[1] A tragedy by the Hon. Edward Howard, now first acted, but not published until 1668. Oliver Cromwell was alluded to under the name of Damocles the Syracusan, and Hugh Peters is introduced as Hugo de Petra.

day, being Twelfth day, to his usual feast, his wedding day.

4th. Up betimes, and my wife being ready, and her mayd Besse and the girl, I carried them by coach and set them all down in Covent Garden and there left them, and I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but he not being up, I to the Duke's chamber, and there by and by to his closett, where since his lady was ill, a little red bed of velvet is brought for him to lie alone, which is a very pretty one. After doing business here, I to my Lord's again, and there spoke with him, and he seems now almost friends again as he used to be. Here meeting Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he told me among other Court newes, how the Queene is very well again, and the King lay with her on Saturday night last; and that she speaks now very pretty English, and makes her sense out now and then with pretty phrazes: as among others this is mightily cried up; that, meaning to say that she did not like such a horse so well as the rest, he being too prancing and full of tricks, she said he did make too much vanity. Thence to the Tennis Court, after I had spent a little time in Westminster Hall, thinking to have met with Mrs. Lane, but I could not and am glad of it, and there saw the King play at Tennis and others: but to see how the King's play was extolled without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is beastly. Afterwards to St. James's Parke, being unwilling to go to spend money at the ordinary, and there spent an hour or two, it being a pleasant day, seeing people play at Pell Mell; where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall.[1] Thence took coach at

[1] When Egerton was Bishop of Durham, he often played at bowls with his guests on the public days. On an occasion of this sort, a visitor happening to cross the lawn, one of the chaplains exclaimed, "You must not shake the green, for the bishop is going to bowl."—B.

White Hall and took up my wife, who is mighty sad to think of her father, who is going into Germany against the Turkes; but what will become of her brother I know not. He is so idle, and out of all capacity, I think, to earn his bread. Home and at my office till 12 at night making my solemn vowes for the next year, which I trust in the Lord I shall keep, but I fear I have a little too severely bound myself in some things and in too many, for I fear I may forget some. But however, I know the worst, and shall by the blessing of God observe to perform or pay my forfeits punctually. So home and to bed with my mind at rest.

5th. Up and to our office, where we sat all the morning, where my head being willing to take in all business whatever, I am afraid I shall over clogg myself with it. But however, it is my desire to do my duty and shall the willinger bear it. At noon home and to the 'Change, where I met with Luellin, who went off with me and parted to meet again at the Coffee-house, but missed. So home and found him there, and Mr. Barrow came to speak with me, so they both dined with me alone, my wife not being ready, and after dinner I up in my chamber with Barrow to discourse about matters of the yard with him, and his design of leaving the place, which I am sorry for, and will prevent if I can. He being gone then Luellin did give me the £50 from Mr. Deering, which he do give me for my pains in his business and what I may hereafter take for him, though there is not the least word or deed I have yet been guilty of in his behalf but what I am sure has been to the King's advantage and the profit of the service, nor ever will. And for this money I never did condition with him or expected a farthing at the time when I did do him the service, nor have given any receipt for it, it being brought me by Luellin, nor do purpose to give him any thanks for it, but will wherein I can faithfully endeavour to see him have the privilege of his Patent as the King's merchant. I did give Luellin two pieces in gold for a pair of gloves for his kindness herein. Then he being gone, I to my office, where busy till late at night, that through my room

being over confounded in business I could stay there no longer, but went home, and after a little supper to bed.

6th (Twelfth day). Up and to my office, where very busy all the morning, being indeed over loaded with it through my own desire of doing all I can. At noon to the 'Change, but did little, and so home to dinner with my poor wife, and after dinner read a lecture to her in Geography, which she takes very prettily and with great pleasure to her and me to teach her, and so to the office again, where as busy as ever in my life, one thing after another, and answering people's business, particularly drawing up things about Mr. Wood's masts, which I expect to have a quarrel about with Sir W. Batten before it be ended, but I care not. At night home to my wife, to supper, discourse, prayers, and to bed. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razer: which pleases me mightily.

7th. Up, putting on my best clothes and to the office, where all the morning we sat busy, among other things upon Mr. Wood's performance of his contract for masts, wherein I was mightily concerned, but I think was found all along in the right, and shall have my desire in it to the King's advantage. At noon, all of us to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where a very handsome dinner, Sir J. Lawson among others, and his lady and his daughter, a very pretty lady and of good deportment, with looking upon whom I was greatly pleased, the rest of the company of the women were all of our own house, of no satisfaction or pleasure at all. My wife was not there, being not well enough, nor had any great mind. But to see how Sir W. Pen imitates me in everything, even in his having his chimney piece in his dining room the same with that in my wife's closett, and in every thing else I perceive wherein he can. But to see again how he was out in one compliment: he lets alone drinking any of the ladies' healths that were there, my Lady Batten and Lawson, till he had begun with my Lady Carteret, who was absent, and that was well enough, and then Mr. Coventry's mistresse, at which he

was ashamed, and would not have had him have drunk it, at least before the ladies present, but his policy, as he thought, was such that he would do it. After dinner by coach with Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes by appointment to Auditor Beale's in Salisbury Court, and there we did with great content look over some old ledgers to see in what manner they were kept, and indeed it was in an extraordinary good method, and such as (at least out of design to keep them employed) I do persuade Sir J. Minnes to go upon, which will at least do as much good it may be to keep them for want of something to do from envying those that do something. Thence calling to see whether Mrs. Turner was returned, which she is, and I spoke one word only to her, and away again by coach home and to my office, where late, and then home to supper and bed.

8th. Up and all the morning at my office and with Sir J. Minnes, directing him and Mr. Turner about keeping of their books according to yesterday's work, wherein I shall make them work enough. At noon to the 'Change, and there long, and from thence by appointment took Luellin, Mount, and W. Symons, and Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, home to dinner with me and were merry. But, Lord! to hear how W. Symons do commend and look sadly and then talk bawdily and merrily, though his wife was dead but the other day, would make a dogg laugh. After dinner I did go in further part of kindness to Luellin for his kindness about Deering's £50 which he procured me the other day of him. We spent all the afternoon together and then they to cards with my wife, who this day put on her Indian blue gowne which is very pretty, where I left them for an hour, and to my office, and then to them again, and by and by they went away at night, and so I again to my office to perfect a letter to Mr. Coventry about Department Treasurers, wherein I please myself and hope to give him content and do the King service therein. So having done, I home and to teach my wife a new lesson in the globes, and to supper, and to bed. We had great pleasure this afternoon; among other things, to talk of our

old passages together in Cromwell's time; and how W. Symons did make me laugh and wonder to-day when he told me how he had made shift to keep in, in good esteem and employment, through eight governments in one year (the year 1659, which were indeed, and he did name them all), and then failed unhappy in the ninth, viz. that of the King's coming in. He made good to me the story which Luellin did tell me the other day, of his wife upon her death-bed; how she dreamt of her uncle Scobell, and did foretell, from some discourse she had with him, that she should die four days thence, and not sooner, and did all along say so, and did so. Upon the 'Change a great talke there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lyme-Streete, robbed last night (his man and mayde being gone out after he was a-bed), and gagged and robbed of £1,050 in money and about £4,000 in jewells, which he had in his house as security for money. It is believed by many circumstances that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till in his desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay.

9th. Up (my underlip being mightily swelled, I know not how but by overrubbing it, it itching) and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon I home to dinner, and by discourse with my wife thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which however I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expence. After dinner by coach I carried my wife and Jane to Westminster, leaving her at Mr. Hunt's, and I to Westminster Hall, and there visited Mrs. Lane, and by appointment went out and met her at the Trumpet, Mrs. Hare's, but the room being damp we went to the Bell tavern, and there I had her company, but could not do as I used to do (yet nothing but what was honest). . . . . So I to talk about her having Hawley, she told me flatly no, she could not love him. I took occasion to enquire of Howlett's daughter, with whom I have a mind to meet a little to see what mettle the young wench is made of, being very pretty,

but she tells me she is already betrothed to Mrs. Michell's son, and she in discourse tells me more, that Mrs. Michell herself had a daughter before marriage, which is now near thirty years old, a thing I could not have believed. Thence leading her to the Hall, I took coach and called my wife and her mayd, and so to the New Exchange, where we bought several things of our pretty Mrs. Dorothy Stacy, a pretty woman, and has the modestest look that ever I saw in my life and manner of speech. Thence called at Tom's and saw him pretty well again, but has not been currant. So homeward, and called at Ludgate, at Ashwell's uncle's, but she was not within, to have spoke to her to have come to dress my wife at the time my Lord dines here. So straight home, calling for Walsingham's Manual[1] at my bookseller's to read but not to buy, recommended for a pretty book by Sir W. Warren, whose warrant however I do not much take till I do read it. So home to supper and to bed, my wife not being very well since she came home, being troubled with a fainting fit, which she never yet had before since she was my wife.

10th (Lord's day). Lay in bed with my wife till 10 or 11 o'clock, having been very sleepy all night. So up, and my brother Tom being come to see me, we to dinner, he telling me how Mrs. Turner found herself discontented with her late bad journey, and not well taken by them in the country, they not desiring her coming down, nor the buriall of Mr. Edward Pepys's corps there.[2] After dinner I to the office, where all the afternoon, and at night my wife and I to my uncle Wight's, and there eat some of their swan pie, which was good, and I invited them to my house to eat a roasted swan on Tuesday next, which after I was come home did make a quarrell between my wife and I, because she had appointed a

[1] Said to be written or translated by Francis Walsingham, the Jesuit. "Arcana Aulica; or, Walsingham's Manual of Prudential Maxims for the Statesman and the Courtier," London, 1652, 1655.

[2] He was buried in the church of Tattersett (St. Andrew), Norfolk. —B.

wash to-morrow. But, however, we were friends again quickly. So to bed. All our discourse to-night was Mr. Tryan's late being robbed; and that Collonell Turner (a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me), one much indebted to this man for his very livelihood, was the man that either did or plotted it; and the money and things are found in his hand, and he and his wife now in Newgate for it; of which we are all glad, so very a known rogue he was.

11th. Waked this morning by 4 o'clock by my wife to call the mayds to their wash, and what through my sleeping so long last night and vexation for the lazy sluts lying so long again and their great wash, neither my wife nor I could sleep one winke after that time till day, and then I rose and by coach (taking Captain Grove with me and three bottles of Tent, which I sent to Mrs. Lane by my promise on Saturday night last) to White Hall, and there with the rest of our company to the Duke and did our business, and thence to the Tennis Court till noon, and there saw several great matches played, and so by invitation to St. James's; where, at Mr. Coventry's chamber, I dined with my Lord Barkeley, Sir G. Carteret, Sir Edward Turner,[1] Sir Ellis Layton,[2] and one Mr. Seymour, a fine gentleman; where admirable good discourse of all sorts, pleasant and

[1] Sir Edward Turnour, born in Threadneedle Street in 1617; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1661-71; Solicitor-General, 1670; and Lord Chief Baron, 1671. Died March 4th, 1675-76.

[2] The real name of the knight was Elisha Leighton, whose brother Robert, Bishop of Dumblane, became, soon afterwards, the excellent Archbishop of Glasgow, and as such is more generally known. Their father, Alexander Leighton, was a rank Puritan, author of "Zion's Plea against Prelacy," for writing which he had his ears cut off, and was exposed in the pillory in that state, with his nose also slit. *Elisha* was apparently euphonized into Ellis by the courtier son, who is described by Le Neve as one of the Duke of York's servants. Pepys speaks of him as Secretary of the Prize Office, and adds, that he had been a mad, freaking fellow. See January 25th, 1664-65.—B. Sir Ellis Leighton was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, December 9th, 1663, and admitted on December 16th.

serious. Thence after dinner to White Hall, where the Duke being busy at the Guinny business, the Duke of Albemarle, Sir W. Rider, Povy, Sir J. Lawson and I to the Duke of Albemarle's lodgings, and there did some business, and so to the Court again, and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, where the Guinny company are choosing their assistants for the next year by ballotting. Thence by coach with Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, he set me down at Cornhill, but, Lord! the simple discourse that all the way we had, he magnifying his great undertakings and cares that have been upon him for these last two years, and how he commanded the city to the content of all parties, when the loggerhead knows nothing almost that is sense. Thence to the Coffee-house, whither comes Sir W. Petty and Captain Grant, and we fell in talke (besides a young gentleman, I suppose a merchant, his name Mr. Hill, that has travelled and I perceive is a master in most sorts of musique and other things) of musique; the universal character; art of memory; Granger's counterfeiting of hands and other most excellent discourses to my great content, having not been in so good company a great while, and had I time I should covet the acquaintance of that Mr. Hill. This morning I stood by the King arguing with a pretty Quaker woman, that delivered to him a desire of hers in writing. The King showed her Sir J. Minnes, as a man the fittest for her quaking religion, saying that his beard was the stiffest thing about him, and again merrily said, looking upon the length of her paper, that if all she desired was of that length she might lose her desires; she modestly saying nothing till he begun seriously to discourse with her, arguing the truth of his spirit against hers; she replying still with these words, "O King!" and thou'd him all along. The general talke of the towne still is of Collonell Turner, about the robbery; who, it is thought, will be hanged. I heard the Duke of York tell to-night, how letters are come that fifteen are condemned for the late plot by the Judges at York; and, among others, Captain Oates, against whom it was proved that he drew his sword at his going out, and flinging away

the scabbard, said that he would either return victor or be hanged. So home, where I found the house full of the washing and my wife mighty angry about Will's being here to-day talking with her mayds, which she overheard, idling of their time, and he telling what a good mayd my old Jane was, and that she would never have her like again. At which I was angry, and after directing her to beat at least the little girl, I went to the office and there reproved Will, who told me that he went thither by my wife's order, she having commanded him to come thither on Monday morning. Now God forgive me! how apt I am to be jealous of her as to this fellow, and that she must needs take this time, when she knows I must be gone out to the Duke, though methinks had she that mind she would never think it discretion to tell me this story of him, to let me know that he was there, much less to make me offended with him, to forbid him coming again. But this cursed humour I cannot cool in myself by all the reason I have, which God forgive me for, and convince me of the folly of it, and the disquiet it brings me. So home, where, God be thanked, when I came to speak to my wife my trouble of mind soon vanished, and to bed. The house foul with the washing and quite out of order against to-morrow's dinner.

12th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change awhile, and so home, getting things against dinner ready, and anon comes my uncle Wight and my aunt, with their cozens Mary and Robert, and by chance my uncle Thomas Pepys. We had a good dinner, the chief dish a swan roasted, and that excellent meate. At dinner and all day very merry. After dinner to cards, where till evening, then to the office a little, and to cards again with them, and lost half-a-crowne. They being gone, my wife did tell me how my uncle did this day accost her alone, and spoke of his hoping she was with child, and kissing her earnestly told her he should be very glad of it, and from all circumstances methinks he do seem to have some intention of good to us, which I shall endeavour to continue more than ever I

did yet. So to my office till late, and then home to bed, after being at prayers, which is the first time after my late vowe to say prayers in my family twice in every week.

13th. Up and to my office a little, and then abroad to many several places about business, among others to the geometrical instrument makers, and through Bedlam (calling by the way at an old bookseller's and there fell into looking over Spanish books and pitched upon some, till I thought of my oathe when I was going to agree for them, and so with much ado got myself out of the shop glad at my heart and so away) to the African House to look upon their book of contracts for several commodities for my information in the prices we give in the Navy. So to the Coffee-[house] where extraordinary good discourse of Dr. Whistler's [1] upon my question concerning the keeping of masts, he arguing against keeping them dry, by showing the nature of corruption in bodies and the several ways thereof. So to the 'Change, and thence with Sir W. Rider to the Trinity House to dinner, and then home and to my office till night, and then with Mr. Bland to Sir T. Viner's about pieces of eight for Sir J. Lawson, and so back to my office, and there late upon business, and so home to supper and to bed.

14th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon all of us, viz., Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Batten at one end, and Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Minnes and I (in the middle at the other end, being taught how to sit there all three by my sitting so much the backwarder) at the other end, to Sir G. Carteret's, and there dined well. Here I saw Mr. Scott, the bastard that married his youngest daughter.[2] Much pleasant talk at table, and then up and to the office, where we sat long upon our design of dividing the Controller's work into some of the rest of our hands for the better doing of it, but he would not yield to it, though the simple man knows in his heart that he do not do one part of it. So he taking upon

[1] Daniel Whistler, M.D., was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, May 20th, 1663.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii., p. 230.

him to do it all we rose, I vexed at the heart to see the King's service run after this manner, but it cannot be helped. Thence to the Old James to the reference about Mr. Bland's business. Sir W. Rider being now added to us, and I believe we shall soon come to some determination in it. So home and to my office, did business, and then up to Sir W. Pen and did express my trouble about this day's business, he not being there, and plainly told him what I thought of it, and though I know him a false fellow yet I adventured, as I have done often, to tell him clearly my opinion of Sir W. Batten and his design in this business, which is very bad. Hence home, and after a lecture to my wife in her globes, to prayers and to bed.

15th. Up and to my office, where all the morning, and among other things Mr. Turner with me, and I did tell him my mind about the Controller his master and all the office, and my mind touching himself too, as he did carry himself either well or ill to me and my clerks, which I doubt not but it will operate well. Thence to the 'Change, and there met my uncle Wight, who was very kind to me, and would have had me home with him, and so kind that I begin to wonder and think something of it of good to me. Thence home to dinner, and after dinner with Mr. Hater by water, and walked thither and back again from Deptford, where I did do something checking the iron business, but my chief business was my discourse with Mr. Hater about what had passed last night and to-day about the office business, and my resolution to do him all the good I can therein. So home, and my wife tells me that my uncle Wight hath been with her, and played at cards with her, and is mighty inquisitive to know whether she is with child or no, which makes me wonder what his meaning is, and after all my thoughts, I cannot think, unless it be in order to the making his will, that he might know how to do by me, and I would to God my wife had told him that she was.

16th. Up, and having paid some money in the morning to my uncle Thomas on his yearly annuity, to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon I to the 'Change about some pieces of eight for Sir J. Lawson. There I hear that

Collonell Turner is found guilty of felony at the Sessions in Mr. Tryan's business, which will save his life. So home and met there J. Hasper come to see his kinswoman our Jane. I made much of him and made him dine with us, he talking after the old simple manner that he used to do. He being gone, I by water to Westminster Hall, and there did see Mrs. Lane. . . . . So by coach home and to my office, where Browne of the Minerys brought me an Instrument made of a Spyral line very pretty for all questions in Arithmetique almost, but it must be some use that must make me perfect in it. So home to supper and to bed, with my mind un peu troubled pour ce que fait to-day, but I hope it will be la dernier de toute ma vie.[1]

17th (Lord's day). Up, and I and my wife to church, where Pembleton appeared, which, God forgive me, did vex me, but I made nothing of it. So home to dinner, and betimes my wife and I to the French church and there heard a good sermon, the first time my wife and I were there ever together. We sat by three sisters, all pretty women. It was pleasant to hear the reader give notice to them, that the children to be catechized next Sunday were them of Hounsditch and Blanche Chapiton.[2] Thence home, and there found Ashwell come to see my wife (we having called at her lodging the other day to speak with her about dressing my wife when my Lord Sandwich dines here), and is as merry as ever, and speaks as disconcerned for any difference between us on her going away as ever. She

[1] Four lines in a different cipher.

[2] Blanch Apleton, in Aldgate Ward, is said by Stow to have been a manor belonging, in the reign of Richard II., to Sir Thomas Roos, of Hamelake, and that in 3 Edw. IV. all basket-makers, wire-drawers, and other foreigners were permitted to have shops in this manor and not elsewhere within the city or suburbs. It is enumerated (9 Hen. V.) in "The Partition of the inheritance of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex," under the head of "London-Blaunch-Appulton." Hall, in his "Chronicle" (ed. 1548), writes it Blanchechapelton. Stow says that in the 13th of Edward I. a lane behind Blanch Apleton was granted by the king to be enclosed and shut up. The name was continued in a corrupted form as Blind Chapel Court.

being gone, my wife and I to see Sir W. Pen and there supped with him much against my stomach, for the dishes were so deadly foule that I could not endure to look upon them. So after supper home to prayers and to bed.

18th. Up, being troubled to find my wife so ready to have me go out of doors. God forgive me for my jealousy! but I cannot forbear, though God knows I have no reason to do so, or to expect her being so true to me as I would have her. I abroad to White Hall, where the Court all in mourning for the Duchesse of Savoy. We did our business with the Duke, and so I to W. Howe at my Lord's lodgings, not seeing my Lord, he being abroad, and there I advised with W. Howe about my having my Lord to dinner at my house, who likes it well, though it troubles me that I should come to need the advice of such a boy, but for the present it is necessary. Here I found Mr. Mallard, and had from him a common tune set by my desire to the Lyra Vyall, which goes most admirably. Thence home by coach to the 'Change, after having been at the Coffee-house, where I hear Turner[1] is found guilty of felony and burglary; and strange stories of his confidence at the barr, but yet great indiscretion in his argueing. All desirous of his being hanged. So home and found that Will had been with my wife. But, Lord! why should I think any evil of that; and yet I cannot forbear it. But upon enquiry, though I found no reason of doubtfulness, yet I could not bring my nature to any quiet or content in my wife all day and night, nor though I went with her to divert myself at my uncle Wight's, and there we played at cards till 12 at night and went home in a great shower of rain, it having not rained a great while before. Here was one Mr. Benson, a Dutchman, played and supped with us, that pretends to sing well, and I expected great matters but found nothing to be pleased with at all. So home and to bed, yet troubled in my mind.

19th. Up, without any kindness to my wife, and so to the

[1] James Turnor, a solicitor, commonly called Colonel Turnor, was hanged on January 21st, 1663-64, at Lime Street end, for robbing Mr. Fr. Fryon (*sic*), merchant (Smyth's "Obituary," p. 59). See *ante*, pp. 8, 10, 11, 15.

office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon I to the 'Change, and thence to Mr. Cutler's with Sir W. Rider to dinner, and after dinner with him to the Old James upon our reference of Mr. Bland's, and, having sat there upon the business half an hour, broke up, and I home and there found Madame Turner and her sister Dike come to see us, and staid chatting till night, and so away, and I to my office till very late, and my eyes began to fail me, and be in pain which I never felt to now-a-days, which I impute to sitting up late writing and reading by candle-light. So home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up and by coach to my Lord Sandwich's, and after long staying till his coming down (he not sending for me up, but it may be he did not know I was there), he came down, and I walked with him to the Tennis Court, and there left him, seeing the King play. At his lodgings this morning there came to him Mr. W. Montague's fine lady, which occasioned my Lord's calling me to her about some business for a friend of hers preferred to be a midshipman at sea. My Lord recommended the whole matter to me. She is a fine confident lady, I think, but not so pretty as I once thought her. My Lord did also seal a lease for the house he is now taking in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which stands him in £250 per annum rent. Thence by water to my brother's, whom I find not well in bed, sicke, they think, of a consumption, and I fear he is not well, but do not complain, nor desire to take anything. From him I visited Mr. Honiwood, who is lame, and to thank him for his visit to me the other day, but we were both abroad. So to Mr. Commander's in Warwicke Lane, to speak to him about drawing up my will, which he will meet me about in a day or two. So to the 'Change and walked home, thence with Sir Richard Ford, who told me that Turner is to be hanged to-morrow, and with what impudence he hath carried out his trial; but that last night, when he brought him newes of his death, he began to be sober and shed some tears, and he hopes will die a penitent; he having already confessed all the thing, but says it was partly done for a joke, and partly to get an occasion of obliging the old man by his care in getting him

his things again, he having some hopes of being the better by him in his estate at his death. Home to dinner, and after dinner my wife and I by water, which we have not done together many a day, that is not since last summer, but the weather is now very warm, and left her at Axe Yard, and I to White Hall, and meeting Mr. Pierce walked with him an hour in the Matted Gallery; among other things he tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is not at all set by by the King, but that he do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only; and that to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queene; that he values not who sees him or stands by him while he dallies with her openly; and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentrys observe his going in and out; and that so commonly, that the Duke or any of the nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say, "Is the King above, or below?" meaning with Mrs. Stewart: that the King do not openly disown my Lady Castlemaine, but that she comes to Court; but that my Lord FitzHarding and the Hambletons,[1] and sometimes my Lord Sandwich, they say, have their snaps at her. But he says my Lord Sandwich will lead her from her lodgings in the darkest and obscurest manner, and leave her at the entrance into the Queene's lodgings, that he might be the least observed; that the Duke of Monmouth the King do still doat on beyond measure, insomuch that the King only, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, do now wear deep mourning, that is, long cloaks, for the Duchesse of Savoy; so that he mourns as a Prince of the Blood, while the Duke of York do no more, and all the nobles of the land not so much; which gives great offence, and he says the Duke of York do consider. But that the Duke of York do give himself up to business, and is like to prove a noble Prince; and so indeed I do from my heart think he will. He says that it is believed, as well as hoped, that care is taken to lay up a hidden treasure of money by the King against a bad day. I

[1] The three brothers, George Hamilton, James Hamilton, and the Count Antoine Hamilton, author of the "Mémoires de Grammont."

pray God it be so! but I should be more glad that the King himself would look after business, which it seems he do not in the least. By and by came by Mr. Coventry, and so we broke off, and he and I took a turn or two and so parted, and then my Lord Sandwich came upon me, to speak with whom my business of coming again to-night to this ende of the town chiefly was, in order to the seeing in what manner he received me, in order to my inviting him to dinner to my house, but as well in the morning as now, though I did wait upon him home and there offered occasion of talk with him, yet he treated me, though with respect, yet as a stranger, without any of the intimacy or friendship which he used to do, and which I fear he will never, through his consciousness of his faults, ever do again. Which I must confess do trouble me above anything in the world almost, though I neither do need at present nor fear to need to be so troubled, nay, and more, though I do not think that he would deny me any friendship now if I did need it, but only that he has not the face to be free with me, but do look upon me as a remembrancer of his former vanity, and an espy upon his present practices, for I perceive that Pickering to-day is great with him again, and that he has done a great courtesy for Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, to a good value, though both these and none but these did I mention by name to my Lord in the business which has caused all this difference between my Lord and me. However, I am resolved to forbear my laying out my money upon a dinner till I see him in a better posture, and by grave and humble, though high deportment, to make him think I do not want him, and that will make him the readier to admit me to his friendship again, I believe the soonest of anything but downright impudence, and thrusting myself, as others do, upon him, which yet I cannot do, not will not endeavour. So home, calling with my wife to see my brother again, who was up, and walks up and down the house pretty well, but I do think he is in a consumption. Home, troubled in mind for these passages with my Lord, but am resolved to better my case in my business to make my stand upon my owne legs the

better and to lay up as well as to get money, and among other ways I will have a good fleece out of Creed's coat ere it be long, or I will have a fall. So to my office and did some business, and then home to supper and to bed, after I had by candlelight shaved myself and cut off all my beard clear, which will make my worke a great deal the less in shaving.

21st. Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon going to the 'Change ; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. And so I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done ; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an houre before the execution was done ; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers one after another, in hopes of a reprieve ; but none came, and at last was flung off the ladder in his cloake. A comely-looked man he was, and kept his countenance to the end : I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12 or 14,000 people in the street. So I home all in a sweat, and dined by myself, and after dinner to the Old James, and there found Sir W. Rider and Mr. Cutler at dinner, and made a second dinner with them, and anon came Mr. Bland and Custos, and Clerke, and so we fell to the business of reference, and upon a letter from Mr. Povy to Sir W. Rider and I telling us that the King is concerned in it, we took occasion to fling off the business from off our shoulders and would have nothing to do with it, unless we had power from the King or Commissioners of Tangier, and I think it will be best for us to continue of that mind, and to have no hand, it being likely to go against the King. Thence to the Coffee-house, and heard the full of Turner's discourse on the cart,[1] which was chiefly to clear himself of all things laid to his charge but this fault, for which he now suffers, which he confesses. He deplored the condition of his family,

[1] Sir Richard Ford was one of the sheriffs. Turnor's speech at his execution has been printed. London, 8vo., 1663.

but his chief design was to lengthen time, believing still a reprieve would come, though the sheriff advised him to expect no such thing, for the King was resolved to grant none. After that I had good discourse with a pretty young merchant with mighty content. So to my office and did a little business, and then to my aunt Wight's to fetch my wife home, where Dr. Burnett did tell me how poorly the sheriffs did endeavour to get one jewell returned by Turner, after he was convicted, as a due to them, and not to give it to Mr. Tryan, the true owner, but ruled against them, to their great dishonour. Though they plead it might be another jewell for ought they know and not Tryan's. After supper home, and my wife tells me mighty stories of my uncle's fond and kind discourses to her to-day, which makes me confident that he has thoughts of kindness for us, he repeating his desire for her to be with child, for it cannot enter into my head that he should have any unworthy thoughts concerning her. After doing some business at my office, I home to supper, prayers, and to bed.

22nd. Up, and it being a brave morning, with a gally to Woolwich, and there both at the Ropeyarde and the other yarde did much business, and thence to Greenwich to see Mr. Pett and others value the carved work of the "Henrietta" (God knows in an ill manner for the King), and so to Deptford, and there viewed Sir W. Petty's vessel; which hath an odd appearance, but not such as people do make of it, for I am of the opinion that he would never have discoursed so much of it, if it were not better than other vessels, and so I believe that he was abused the other day, as he is now, by tongues that I am sure speak before they know anything good or bad of her. I am sorry to find his ingenuity discouraged so. So home, reading all the way a good book, and so home to dinner, and after dinner a lesson on the globes to my wife, and so to my office till 10 or 11 o'clock at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Hawly came to see us and dined with us, and after we had dined came Mr. Mallard,

and after he had eat something, I brought down my vyall, which he played on, the first maister that ever touched her yet, and she proves very well and will be, I think, an admirable instrument. He played some very fine things of his owne, but I was afeard to enter too far in their commendation for fear he should offer to copy them for me out, and so I be forced to give or lend him something. So to the office in the evening, whither Mr. Commander came to me, and we discoursed about my will, which I am resolved to perfect the next week by the grace of God. He being gone, I to write letters and other business late, and so home to supper and to bed.

24th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, and then up, and being desirous to perform my vowes that I lately made, among others, to be performed this month, I did go to my office, and there fell on entering, out of a bye-book, part of my second journall-book, which hath lain these two years and more unentered. Upon this work till dinner, and after dinner to it again till night, and then home to supper, and after supper to read a lecture to my wife upon the globes, and so to prayers and to bed. This evening also I drew up a rough draught of my last will to my mind.

25th. Up and by coach to Whitehall to my Lord's lodgings, and seeing that knowing that I was in the house, my Lord did not nevertheless send for me up, I did go to the Duke's lodgings, and there staid while he was making ready, in which time my Lord Sandwich came, and so all into his closet and did our common business, and so broke up, and I homeward by coach with Sir W. Batten, and staid at Warwicke Lane and there called upon Mr. Commander and did give him my last will and testament to write over in form, and so to the 'Change, where I did several businesses. So home to dinner, and after I had dined Luellin came and we set him something to eat, and I left him there with my wife, and to the office upon a particular meeting of the East India Company, where I think I did the King good service against the Company in the business of their sending our ships home empty from the

Indies contrary to their contract, and yet, God forgive me! I found that I could be willing to receive a bribe if it were offered me to conceal my arguments that I found against them, in consideration that none of my fellow officers, whose duty it is more than mine, had ever studied the case, or at this hour do understand it, and myself alone must do it. That being done Mr. Povy and Bland came to speak with me about their business of the reference, wherein I shall have some more trouble, but cannot help it, besides I hope to make some good use of Mr. Povy to my advantage. So home after business done at my office, to supper, and then to the globes with my wife, and so to bed. Troubled a little in mind that my Lord Sandwich should continue this strangeness to me that methinks he shows me now a days more than while the thing was fresh.

26th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, after being at the Coffee-house, where I sat by Tom Killigrew, who told us of a fire last night in my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, where she bid £40 for one to adventure the fetching of a cabinet out, which at last was got to be done; and the fire at last quenched without doing much wrong. To 'Change and there did much business, so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon. And so at night my aunt Wight and Mrs. Buggin came to sit with my wife, and I in to them all the evening, my uncle coming afterward, and after him Mr. Benson the Dutchman, a frank, merry man. We were very merry and played at cards till late, and so broke up and to bed in good hopes that this my friendship with my uncle and aunt will end well.

27th. Up and to the office, and at noon to the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue[1] and Sir William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions

[1] Sir George Ayscue or Askew, see note, vol. ii., p. 98. After his return from his imprisonment he declined to go to sea again, although he was twice afterwards formally appointed. He sat on the court-martial on the loss of the "Defiance" in 1668.

the most distinct and clear, and, among other things (saying, that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world—"Religio Medici," "Osborne's Advice to a Son,"[1] and "Hudibras"),—did say that in these—in the two first principally—the wit lies, and confirming some pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes, by some argument smartly and pleasantly urged, which takes with people who do not trouble themselves to examine the force of an argument, which pleases them in the delivery, upon a subject which they like; whereas, as by many particular instances of mine, and others, out of Osborne, he did really find fault and weaken the strength of many of Osborne's arguments, so as that in downright disputation they would not bear weight; at least, so far, but that they might be weakened, and better found in their rooms to confirm what is there said. He shewed finely whence it happens that good writers are not admired by the present age; because there are but few in any age that do mind anything that is abstruse and curious; and so longer before any body do put the true praise, and set it on foot in the world, the generality of mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world, as eating, drinking, dancing, hunting, fencing, which we see the meanest men do the best, those that profess it. A gentleman never dances so well as the dancing master, and an ordinary fiddler makes better musique for a shilling than a gentleman will do after spending forty, and so in all the delights of the world almost. Thence to the 'Change, and after doing much business, home, taking Commissioner Pett with me, and all alone dined together. He told me many stories of the yard, but I do know him so well, and had his character given me this morning by Hempson, as well as my own too of him before, that I shall know how to value any thing he says either of friendship or other business. He was mighty serious

[1] Francis Osborne, an English writer of considerable abilities and popularity, was the author of "Advice to a Son," in two parts, Oxford, 1656-8, 8vo. He died in 1659. He is the same person mentioned as "*My Father* Osborne," October 19th, 1661.—B.

with me in discourse about the consequence of Sir W. Petty's boat, as the most dangerous thing in the world, if it should be practised by endangering our losse of the command of the seas and our trade, while the Turkes and others shall get the use of them, which, without doubt, by bearing more sayle will go faster than any other ships, and, not being of burden, our merchants cannot have the use of them and so will be at the mercy of their enemies. So that I perceive he is afeard that the honour of his trade will down, though (which is a truth) he pretends this consideration to hinder the growth of this invention. He being gone my wife and I took coach and to Covent Garden, to buy a maske at the French House, Madame Charett's,[1] for my wife; in the way observing the streete full of coaches at the new play, "The Indian Queene;"[2] which for show, they say, exceeds "Henry the Eighth." Thence back to Mrs. Turner's and sat a while with them talking of plays and I know not what, and so called to see Tom, but not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and Mrs. Turner and Dike and they say he will not live two months to an end. So home and to the office, and then to supper and to bed.

28th. Up and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and at noon upon several things to the 'Change, and thence to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner of my own accord, and after dinner with Mr. Wayth down to Deptford doing several businesses, and by land back again, it being very cold, the boat meeting me after my staying a while for him at an alehouse by Redriffe stairs. So home, and took Will coming out of my doors, at which I was a little moved, and told my wife of her keeping him from the office (though God knows my base jealous head was the cause of it), which she seemed troubled

[1] Mrs. Mary Cherrett, called also Madame Cherrett, lived in the Piazza. (Rate Books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.) Mr. George Cherrett, milliner, and Susan, his wife, were living in the Piazza in 1689. (Ib.)—B.

[2] "The Indian Queen," a tragedy in heroic verse, by Sir Robert Howard and John Dryden. It was produced with great splendour, with music composed by Purcell.

at, and that it was only to discourse with her about finding a place for her brother. So I to my office late, Mr. Commander coming to read over my will in order to the engrossing it, and so he being gone I to other business, among others chiefly upon preparing matters against Creed for my profit, and so home to supper and bed, being mightily troubled with my left eye all this evening from some dirt that is got into it.

29th. Up, and after shaving myself (wherein twice now, one after another, I have cut myself much, but I think it is from the bluntness of the razor) there came Mr. Deane to me and staid with me a while talking about masts, wherein he prepared me in several things against Mr. Wood, and also about Sir W. Petty's boat, which he says must needs prove a folly, though I do not think so unless it be that the King will not have it encouraged. At noon, by appointment, comes Mr. Hartlibb and his wife, and a little before them Messrs. Langley and Bostocke (old acquaintances of mine at Westminster, clerks), and after shewing them my house and drinking they set out by water, my wife and I with them down to Wapping on board the "Crowne," a merchantman, Captain Floyd, a civil person. Here was Vice-Admiral Goodson, whom the more I know the more I value for a serious man and staunch. Here was Whistler the flagmaker, which vexed me, but it mattered not. Here was other sorry company and the discourse poor, so that we had no pleasure there at all, but only to see and bless God to find the difference that is now between our condition and that heretofore, when we were not only much below Hartlibb in all respects, but even these two fellows above named, of whom I am now quite ashamed that ever my education should lead me to such low company, but it is God's goodness only, for which let him be praised. After dinner I broke up and with my wife home, and thence to the Fleece[1] in Cornhill, by appointment, to meet my Lord Marlborough, a serious and worthy gentleman, who, after doing our business, about the company, he and they began to talk of the state of

[1] There is a token of this house extant: "Will Hinton at ye Golden fleece on Corne Hill 1666" ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 573).

the Dutch in India, which is like to be in a little time without any controll; for we are lost there, and the Portuguese as bad. Thence to the Coffee-house, where good discourse, specially of Lt.-Coll. Baron touching the manners of the Turkes' Government, among whom he lived long. So to my uncle Wight's, where late playing at cards, and so home.

30th. Up, and a sorry sermon of a young fellow I knew at Cambridge; but the day kept solemnly for the King's murder, and all day within doors making up my Brampton papers, and in the evening Mr. Commander came and we made perfect and signed and sealed my last will and testament, which is so to my mind, and I hope to the liking of God Almighty, that I take great joy in myself that it is done, and by that means my mind in a good condition of quiett. At night to supper and to bed. This evening, being in a humour of making all things even and clear in the world, I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which (under the title of "Love a Cheate") I begun ten years ago at Cambridge; and at this time reading it over to-night I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and in my chamber all day long (but a little at dinner) settling all my Brampton accounts to this day in very good order, I having obliged myself by oathe to do that and some other things within this month, and did also perfectly prepare a state of my estate and annexed it to my last will and testament, which now is perfect, and, lastly, I did make up my monthly accounts, and find that I have gained above £50 this month clear, and so am worth £858 clear, which is the greatest sum I ever yet was master of, and also read over my usual vowes, as I do every Lord's day, but with greater seriousness than ordinary, and I do hope that every day I shall see more and more the pleasure of looking after my business and laying up of money, and blessed be God for what I have already been enabled by his grace to do. So to supper and to bed with my mind in mighty great ease

and content, but my head very full of thoughts and business to dispatch this next month also, and among others to provide for answering to the Exchequer for my uncle's being Generall-Receiver in the year 1647, which I am at present wholly unable to do, but I must find time to look over all his papers.

February 1st. Up (my maids rising early this morning to washing), and being ready I found Mr. Strutt the purser below with 12 bottles of sacke, and tells me (which from Sir W. Batten I had heard before) how young Jack Davis has railed against Sir W. Batten for his endeavouring to turn him out of his place, at which for the fellow's sake, because it will likely prove his ruin, I am sorry, though I do believe he is a very arch rogue. I took Strutt by coach with me to White Hall, where I set him down, and I to my Lord's, but found him gone out betimes to the Wardrobe, which I am glad to see that he so attends his business, though it troubles me that my counsel to my prejudice must be the cause of it. They tell me that he goes into the country next week, and that the young ladies come up this week before the old lady. Here I hear how two men last night, justling for the wall about the New Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's Chappell, one Cave, and the other a retayner of my Lord Generall Middleton's.[1] Thence to White Hall; where, in the Duke's chamber, the King came and stayed an hour or two laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was there about his boat; and at Gresham College in general; at which poor Petty was, I perceive, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders with great discretion; and offered to take oddes against the King's best boates; but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College he mightily laughed at, for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing

[1] John Middleton, Earl of Middleton, general of the forces in Scotland.—B.

nothing else since they sat.[1] Thence to Westminster Hall, and there met with diverse people, it being terme time. Among others I spoke with Mrs. Lane, of whom I doubted to hear something of the effects of our last meeting about a fortnight or three weeks ago, but to my content did not. Here I met with Mr. Pierce, who tells me of several passages at Court, among others how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see "The Indian Queene" (which he commends for a very fine thing), my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper to the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York; which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as every body else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed. Thence with Alderman Maynell[2] by his coach to the 'Change, and there with several people busy, and so home to dinner, and took my wife out immediately to the King's Theatre, it being a new month, and once a month I may go, and there saw "The Indian Queene" acted; which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond my expectation; the play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall[3] did do her

[1] The king was greatly interested in the work of the Royal Society, but he liked to have his joke. An examination of Birch's "History of the Royal Society" will show how much was done, and how many important investigations were opened up in the early years of the society's history.

[2] Francis Menhil (Meynell or Maynell), goldsmith, was sheriff in 1661. (See note, vol. ii., p. 340.)

[3] Anne Marshall, a celebrated actress, and her younger sister Beck, are frequently mentioned by Pepys, who erroneously states that they were the daughters of a Presbyterian minister; Colonel Chester proved conclusively that this was not the case. Stephen Marshall, the eminent preacher, died November 19th, 1655, and at the date of his will five of his daughters were already married, three of them at least to clergymen; his remaining daughter, who proved the will and was unmarried, was named Susan ("Westminster Abbey Registers," 1876, p. 149). See note on Mrs. Davenport, vol. ii., p. 191.

part most excellently well as I ever heard woman in my life; but her voice not so sweet as Ianthe's;[1] but, however, we came home mightily contented. Here we met Mr. Pickering and his mistress, Mrs. Doll Wilde;[2] he tells me that the business runs high between the Chancellor and my Lord Bristoll against the Parliament; and that my Lord Lauderdale and Cooper[3] open high against the Chancellor; which I am sorry for. In my way home I 'light and to the Coffee-house, where I heard Lt.-Coll. Baron tell very good stories of his travels over the high hills in Asia above the clouds, how clear the heaven is above them, how thicke like a mist the way is through the cloud that wets like a sponge one's clothes, the ground above the clouds all dry and parched, nothing in the world growing, it being only a dry earth, yet not so hot above as below the clouds. The stars at night most delicate bright and a fine clear blue sky, but cannot see the earth at any time through the clouds, but the clouds look like a world below you. Thence home and to supper, being hungry, and so to the office, did business, specially about Creed, for whom I am now pretty well fitted, and so home to bed. This day in Westminster Hall W. Bowyer told me that his father is dead lately, and died by being drowned in the river, coming over in the night; but he says he had not been drinking. He was taken with his stick in his hand and cloake over his shoulder, as ruddy as before he died. His horse was taken overnight in the water, hampered in the bridle, but they were so silly as not to look for his master till the next morning, that he was found drowned.

2nd. Up and to the office, where, though Candlemas day, Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen and I all the morning, the

[1] Mrs. Betterton, see note, vol. ii., p. 214.

[2] Apparently from the following licence they were already married: "Edward Pickering (Pykering), of St. Andrew's, Holborn, bachelor, about 35, and Mrs. Dorothy Weld, of St. Giles in the Fields, spinster, about 30, and at own dispose—at St. Giles in the Fields, 28 Sept. 1663" (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," 1521-1869, ed. Foster, 1887, col. 1057).

[3] Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621-1683) had been created Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles in 1661, and therefore it was not correct to designate him Cooper at this date.

others being at a survey at Deptford. At noon by coach to the 'Change with Mr. Coventry, thence to the Coffee-house with Captain Cocke, who discoursed well of the good effects in some kind of a Dutch warr and conquest (which I did not consider before, but the contrary) that is, that the trade of the world is too little for us two, therefore one must down: 2ndly, that though our merchants will not be the better husbands by all this, yet our wool will bear a better price by vaunting of our cloths, and by that our tenants will be better able to pay rents, and our lands will be more worth, and all our owne manufactures, which now the Dutch outvie us in; that he thinks the Dutch are not in so good a condition as heretofore because of want of men always, and now from the warrs against the Turke more than ever. Then to the 'Change again, and thence off to the Sun Taverne with Sir W. Warren, and with him discoursed long, and had good advice, and hints from him, and among other things he did give me a payre of gloves for my wife wrapt up in paper, which I would not open, feeling it hard; but did tell him that my wife should thank him, and so went on in discourse. When I came home, Lord! in what pain I was to get my wife out of the room without bidding her go, that I might see what these gloves were; and, by and by, she being gone, it proves a payre of white gloves for her and forty pieces in good gold, which did so cheer my heart, that I could eat no victuals almost for dinner for joy to think how God do bless us every day more and more, and more yet I hope he will upon the increase of my duty and endeavours. I was at great losse what to do, whether tell my wife of it or no, which I could hardly forbear, but yet I did and will think of it first before I do, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money, than yet I am. After dinner to the office, where doing infinite of business till past 10 at night to the comfort of my mind, and so home with joy to supper and to bed. This evening Mr. Hempson came and told me how Sir W. Batten his master will not hear of continuing him in his employment as Clerk of the Survey at Chatham, from

whence of a sudden he has removed him without any new or extraordinary cause, and I believe (as he himself do in part write, and J. Norman do confess) for nothing but for that he was twice with me the other day and did not wait upon him. So much he fears me and all that have to do with me. Of this more in the Mem. Book of my office upon this day, there I shall find it.

3rd. Up, and after a long discourse with my cozen Thomas Pepys, the executor, I with my wife by coach to Holborn, where I 'light, and she to her father's, I to the Temple and several places, and so to the 'Change, where much business, and then home to dinner alone, and so to the Mitre Taverne by appointment (and there met by chance with W. Howe come to buy wine for my Lord against his going down to Hinchingbroke, and I private with him a great while discoursing of my Lord's strangeness to me; but he answers that I have no reason to think any such thing, but that my Lord is only in general a more reserved man than he was before) to meet Sir W. Rider and Mr. Clerke, and there after much ado made an end, giving Mr. Custos £202 against Mr. Bland, which I endeavoured to bring down but could not, and think it is well enough ended for Mr. Bland for all that. Thence by coach to fetch my wife from her brother's, and found her gone home. Called at Sir Robert Bernard's about surrendering my estate in reversion to the use of my life, which will be done, and at Roger Pepys, who was gone to bed in pain of a boyle that he could not sit or stand. So home, where my wife is full of sad stories of her good-natured father and roguish brother, who is going for Holland and his wife, to be a soldier. And so after a little at the office to bed. This night late coming in my coach, coming up Ludgate Hill, I saw two gallants and their footmen taking a pretty wench, which I have much eyed, lately set up shop upon the hill, a seller of riband and gloves. They seek to drag her by some force, but the wench went, and I believe had her turn served, but, God forgive me! what thoughts and wishes I had of being in their place. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I

stopped at the great Coffee-house[1] there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

4th. Up and to the office, where after a while sitting, I left the board upon pretence of serious business, and by coach to Paul's School, where I heard some good speeches of the boys that were to be elected this year. Thence by and by with Mr. Pullen and Barnes (a great Non-Conformist) with several others of my old acquaintance to the Nag's Head Taverne, and there did give them a bottle of sacke, and away again and I to the School, and up to hear the upper form examined; and there was kept by very many of the Mercers, Clutterbucke,[2] Barker, Harrington, and others; and with great respect used by them all, and had a noble dinner. Here they tell me, that in Dr. Colett's[3] will he says that he would have a Master found for the School that hath good skill in Latin, and (if it could be) one that had some knowledge of the Greeke; so little was Greeke known here at that time. Dr. Wilkins[4] and

[1] This was the Rose, afterwards known as Will's Coffee-House, after William Urwin, the landlord, where Dryden had a chair reserved for him near the fireplace in winter, which was carried into the balcony for him in summer. It was on the west side of Bow Street, and at the corner of Russell Street. In earlier passages of the Diary Pepys speaks of going to Will's, but as he here says that he went to this coffee-house for the first time, that must have been some other place.

[2] Probably Alderman Clutterbuck, one of the proposed knights of the Royal Oak for Middlesex. There was a Sir Thomas Clutterbuck of London, *circiter* 1670.—B.

[3] John Colet, dean of St. Paul's and founder of the school; born 1466, died 1519.

[4] John Wilkins, born 1614, joined the Solemn League and Covenant, 1648. He married Robinia Cromwell, sister of the Protector, in 1659. Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, 1648-59; Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1659; consecrated Bishop of Chester, 1668; died November 19th, 1672. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society.

one Mr. Smallwood, Posers. After great pleasure there, and specially to Mr. Crumlum, so often to tell of my being a benefactor to the School, I to my bookseller's and there spent an hour looking over Theatrum Urbium and Flandria illustrata, with excellent cuts, with great content. So homeward, and called at my little milliner's, where I chatted with her, her husband out of the way, and a mad merry slut she is. So home to the office, and by and by comes my wife home from the burial of Captain Grove's wife at Wapping (she telling me a story how her mayd Jane going into the boat did fall down and show her arse in the boat), and alone comes my uncle Wight and Mr. Maes with the state of their case, which he told me very discreetly, and I believe is a very hard one, and so after drinking a bottle of ale or two they gone, and I a little more to the office, and so home to prayers and to bed. This evening I made an end of my letter to Creed about his pieces of eight, and sent it away to him. I pray God give good end to it to bring me some money, and that duly as from him.

5th. Up, and down by water, a brave morning, to Woolwich, and there spent an houre or two to good purpose, and so walked to Greenwich and thence to Deptford, where I found (with Sir W. Batten upon a survey) Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Pen, and my Lady Batten come down and going to dinner. I dined with them, and so after dinner by water home, all the way going and coming reading "Faber Fortunæ,"[1] which I can never read too often. At home a while with my wife, and so to my office, where till 8 o'clock, and then home to look over some Brampton papers, and my uncle's accounts as Generall-Receiver of the County for 1647 of our monthly assessment, which, contrary to my expectation, I found in such good order and so thoroughly that I did not expect, nor could have thought, and that being done, having seen discharges for every farthing of money he received, I went to bed late with great quiett.

6th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning,

[1] See note, vol. iii., p. 213.

and so at noon to the 'Change, where I met Mr. Coventry, the first time I ever saw him there, and after a little talke with him and other merchants, I up and down about several businesses, and so home, whither came one Father Fogourdy, an Irish priest, of my wife's and her mother's acquaintance in France, a sober, discreet person, but one that I would not have converse with my wife for fear of meddling with her religion, but I like the man well. Thence with my wife abroad, and left her at Tom's, while I abroad about several businesses and so back to her, myself being vexed to find at my first coming Tom abroad, and all his books, papers, and bills loose upon the open table in the parlour, and he abroad, which I ranted at him for when he came in. Then by coach home, calling at my cozen Scott's, who (she) lies dying, they say, upon a miscarriage. My wife could not be admitted to see her, nor any body. At home to the office late writing letters, and then home to supper and to bed. Father Fogourdy confirms to me the newes that for certain there is peace between the Pope and King of France.

7th (Lord's day). Up and to church, and thence home, my wife being ill . . kept her bed all day, and I up and dined by her bedside, and then all the afternoon till late at night writing some letters of business to my father stating of matters to him in general of great import, and other letters to ease my mind in the week days that I have not time to think of, and so up to my wife, and with great mirth read Sir W. Davenant's two speeches in dispraise of London and Paris, by way of reproach one to another,[1] and so to prayers and to bed.

8th. Up, and by coach called upon Mr. Phillips, and after a little talk with him away to my Lord Sandwich's, but he being

[1] These two speeches are in the "Entertainment at Rutland House," with which Sir William Davenant tried in 1656 to revive dramatic performances. We read, "The curtains are suddenly opened, and in the Rostras appear sitting a Parisian and a Londoner in the livery robes of both cities, who declaim concerning the pre-eminence of Paris and London." After the Parisian has declaimed, and "after a concert of Music, imitating the Waits of London, the Londoner rises and answers."

gone abroad, I staid a little and talked with Mr. Howe, and so to Westminster in term time, and there met Mr. Pierce, who told me largely how the King still do doat upon his women, even beyond all shame; and that the good Queen will of herself stop before she goes sometimes into her dressing-room, till she knows whether the King be there, for fear he should be, as she hath sometimes taken him, with Mrs. Stewart; and that some of the best parts of the Queen's joynture are, contrary to faith, and against the opinion of my Lord Treasurer and his Council, bestowed or rented, I know not how, to my Lord FitzHarding and Mrs. Stewart, and others of that crew: that the King do doat infinitely upon the Duke of Monmouth, apparently as one that he intends to have succeed him. God knows what will be the end of it! After he was gone I went and talked with Mrs. Lane about persuading her to Hawly, and think she will come on, which I wish were done, and so to Mr. Howlett and his wife, and talked about the same, and they are mightily for it, and I bid them promote it, for I think it will be for both their goods and my content. But I was much pleased to look upon their pretty daughter, which is grown a pretty mayd, and will make a fine modest woman. Thence to the 'Change by coach, and after some business done, home to dinner, and thence to Guildhall, thinking to have heard some pleading, but there were no Courts, and so to Cade's, the stationer, and there did look upon some pictures which he promised to give me the buying of, but I found he would have played the Jacke with me, but at last he did proffer me what I expected, and I have laid aside £10 or £12 worth, and will think of it, but I am loth to lay out so much money upon them. So home a little vexed in my mind to think how to-day I was forced to compliment W. Howe and admit myself to an equality with Mr. Moore, which is come to challenge in his discourse with me, but I will admit it no more, but let me stand or fall, I will show myself as strange to them as my Lord do himself to me. After at the office till 9 o'clock, I home in fear of some pain by taking cold, and so to supper and to bed.

9th. Up and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon by coach with Mr. Coventry to the 'Change, where busy with several people. Great talke of the Dutch proclaiming themselves in India, Lords of the Southern Seas, and deny traffick there to all ships but their owne, upon pain of confiscation; which makes our merchants mad. Great doubt of two ships of ours, the "Greyhound" and another, very rich, coming from the Streights, for fear of the Turkes. Matters are made up between the Pope and the King of France; so that now all the doubt is, what the French will do with their armies. Thence home, and there found Captain Grove in mourning for his wife, and Hawly, and they dined with me. After dinner, and Grove gone, Hawly and I talked of his mistress, Mrs. Lane, and I seriously advising him and inquiring his condition, and do believe that I shall bring them together. By and by comes Mr. Moore, with whom much good discourse of my Lord, and among other things told me that my Lord is mightily altered, that is, grown very high and stately, and do not admit of any to come into his chamber to him, as heretofore, and that I must not think much of his strangeness to me, for it was the same he do to every body, and that he would not have me be solicitous in the matter, but keep off and give him now and then a visit and no more, for he says he himself do not go to him now a days but when he sends for him, nor then do not stay for him if he be not there at the hour appointed, for, says he, I do find that I can stand upon my own legs and I will not by any over submission make myself cheap to any body and contemptible, which was the doctrine of the world that I lacked most, and shall follow it. I discoursed with him about my money that my Lord hath, and the £1,000 that I stand bound with him in, to my cozen Thomas Pepys, in both which I will get myself at liberty as soon as I can; for I do not like his being angry and in debt both together to me; and besides, I do not perceive he looks after paying his debts, but runs farther and farther in. He being gone, my wife and I did walk an houre or two above in our chamber, seriously

talking of businesses. I told her my Lord owed me £700, and shewed her the bond, and how I intended to carry myself to my Lord. She and I did cast about how to get Captain Grove for my sister, in which we are mighty earnest at present, and I think it would be a good match, and will indeavour it. So to my office a while, then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and by coach to my Lord Sandwich, to his new house, a fine house, but deadly dear, in Lincoln's Inne Fields, where I found and spoke a little to him. He is high and strange still, but did ask me how my wife did, and at parting remembered him to his cozen, which I thought was pretty well, being willing to flatter myself that in time he will be well again. Thence home straight and busy all the forenoon, and at noon with Mr. Bland to Mr. Povy's, but he being at dinner and full of company we retreated and went into Fleet Street to a friend of his, and after a long stay, he telling me the long and most perplexed story of Coronell and Bushell's business of sugars, wherein Parke and Green and Mr. Bland and 40 more have been so concerned about the King of Portugal's duties, wherein every party has laboured to cheat another, a most pleasant and profitable story to hear, and in the close made me understand Mr. Maes' business better than I did before. By and by dinner came, and after dinner and good discourse that and such as I was willing for improvement sake to hear, I went away too to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where I took occasion to demand of Creed whether he had received my letter, and he told me yes, and that he would answer it, which makes me much wonder what he means to do with me, but I will be even with him before I have done, let him make as light of it as he will. Thence to the Temple, where my cozen Roger Pepys did show me a letter my Father wrote to him last Terme to shew me, proposing such things about Sturtlow and a portion for Pall, and I know not what, that vexes me to see him plotting how to put me to trouble and charge, and not thinking to pay our debts and legacys, but I will write him a letter will persuade

him to be wiser. So home, and finding my wife abroad (after her coming home from being with my aunt Wight to-day to buy Lent provisions) gone with Will to my brother's, I followed them by coach, but found them not, for they were newly gone home from thence, which troubled me. I to Sir Robert Bernard's chamber, and there did surrender my reversion in Brampton lands to the use of my will, which I was glad to have done, my will being now good in all parts. Thence homewards, calling a little at the Coffee-house, where a little merry discourse, and so home, where I found my wife, who says she went to her father's to be satisfied about her brother, who I found at my house with her. He is going this next tide with his wife into Holland to seek his fortune. He had taken his leave of us this morning. I did give my wife 10*s.* to give him, and a coat that I had by me, a close-bodied light-coloured cloth coat, with a gold edgeing in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best pettycoat that she had when I married her. I staid not there, but to my office, where Stanes the glazier was with me till 10 at night making up his contract, and, poor man, I made him almost mad through a mistake of mine, but did afterwards reconcile all, for I would not have the man that labours to serve the King so cheap above others suffer too much. He gone I did a little business more, and so home to supper and to bed, being now pretty well again, the weather being warm. My pain do leave me without coming to any great excesse, but my cold that I had got I suppose was not very great, it being only the leaving of my wastecoat unbuttoned one morning.

11th. Up, after much pleasant discourse with my wife, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and did much business, and some much to my content by prevailing against Sir W. Batten for the King's profit. At noon home to dinner, my wife and I hand to fist to a very fine pig. This noon Mr. Falconer came and visited my wife, and brought her a present, a silver state-cup and cover, value about £3 or £4, for the courtesy I did him the other day. He did not stay dinner with me. I am almost sorry for this present, because

I would have reserved him for a place to go in summer a-visiting at Woolwich with my wife.

12th. Up, and ready, did find below Mr. Creed's boy with a letter from his master for me. So I fell to reading it, and it is by way of stating the case between S. Pepys and J. Creed most excellently writ, both showing his stoutness and yet willingness to peace, reproaching me yet flattering me again, and in a word in as good a manner as I think the world could have wrote, and indeed put me to a greater stand than ever I thought I could have been in this matter. All the morning thinking how to behave myself in the business, and at noon to the Coffee-house; thence by his appointment met him upon the 'Change, and with him back to the Coffee-house, where with great seriousness and strangeness on both sides he said his part and I mine, he sometimes owning my favour and assistance, yet endeavouring to lessen it, as that the success of his business was not wholly or very much to be imputed to that assistance: I to alledge the contrary, and plainly to tell him that from the beginning I never had it in my mind to do him all that kindnesse for nothing, but he gaining 5 or £600, I did expect a share of it, at least a real and not a complimentary acknowledgment of it. In fine I said nothing all the while that I need fear he can do me more hurt with them than before I spoke them. The most I told him was after we were come to a peace, which he asked me whether he should answer the Board's letter or no. I told him he might forbear it a while and no more. Then he asked how the letter could be signed by them without their much enquiry. I told him it was as I worded it and nothing at all else of any moment, whether my words be ever hereafter spoken of again or no. So that I have the same neither better nor worse force over him that I had before, if he should not do his part. And the peace between us was this: Says he after all, well, says he, I know you will expect, since there must be some condescension, that it do become me to begin it, and therefore, says he, I do propose (just like the interstice between the death of the old and the coming in of the present king, all

the time is swallowed up as if it had never been) so our breach of friendship may be as if it had never been, that I should lay aside all misapprehensions of him or his first letter, and that he would reckon himself obliged to show the same ingenuous acknowledgment of my love and service to him as at the beginning he ought to have done, before by my first letter I did (as he well observed) put him out of a capacity of doing it, without seeming to do it servilely, and so it rests, and I shall expect how he will deal with me. After that I began to be free, and both of us to discourse of other things, and he went home with me and dined with me and my wife and very pleasant, having a good dinner and the opening of my lampry (cutting a notch on one side), which proved very good. After dinner he and I to Deptford, walking all the way, where we met Sir W. Petty and I took him back, and I got him to go with me to his vessel and discourse it over to me, which he did very well, and then walked back together to the waterside at Redriffe, with good discourse all the way. So Creed and I by boat to my house, and thence to coach with my wife and called at Alderman Backewell's and there changed Mr. Falconer's state-cup, that he did give us the other day, for a fair tankard. The cup weighed with the fashion £5 16*s.*, and another little cup that Joyce Norton did give us 17*s*, both £6 13*s.*; for which we had the tankard, which came to £6 10*s.*, at 5*s.* 7*d.* per oz., and 3*s.* in money, and with great content away thence to my brother's, Creed going away there, and my brother bringing me the old silk standard that I lodged there long ago, and then back again home, and thence, hearing that my uncle Wight had been at my house, I went to him to the Miter, and there with him and Maes, Norbury, and Mr. Rawlinson till late eating some pot venison (where the Crowne earthen pot pleased me mightily), and then homewards and met Mr. Barrow, so back with him to the Miter and sat talking about his business of his discontent in the yard, wherein sometimes he was very foolish and pettish, till 12 at night, and so went away, and I home and up to my

wife a-bed, with my mind ill at ease whether I should think that I had by this made myself a bad end by missing the certainty of £100 which I proposed to myself so much, or a good one by easing myself of the uncertain good effect but the certain trouble and reflection which must have fallen on me if we had proceeded to a public dispute, ended besides embarking myself against my Lord, who (which I had forgot) had given him his hand for the value of the pieces of eight at his rates which were all false, which by the way I shall take heed to the giving of my Lord notice of it hereafter whenever he goes out again.

13th. Up, and after I had told my wife in the morning in bed the passages yesterday with Creed my head and heart was mightily lighter than they were before, and so up and to the office, and thence, after sitting, at 11 o'clock with Mr. Coventry to the African House, and there with Sir W. Ryder by agreement we looked over part of my Lord Peterborough's accounts, these being by Creed and Vernaty. Anon down to dinner to a table which Mr. Coventry keeps here, out of his £300 per annum as one of the Assistants to the Royall Company, a very pretty dinner, and good company, and excellent discourse, and so up again to our work for an hour till the Company came to having a meeting of their own, and so we broke up and Creed and I took coach and to Reeves, the perspective glass maker, and there did indeed see very excellent microscopes, which did discover a louse or mite or sand most perfectly and largely. Being sated with that we went away (yet with a good will were it not for my obligation to have bought one) and walked to the New Exchange, and after a turn or two and talked I took coach and home, and so to my office, after I had been with my wife and saw her day's work in ripping the silke standard, which we brought home last night, and it will serve to line a bed, or for twenty uses, to our great content. And there wrote fair my angry letter to my father upon that that he wrote to my cozen Roger Pepys, which I hope will make him the more carefull to trust to my advice for the time to come without so many needless

complaints and jealousys, which are troublesome to me because without reason.

14th (Lord's day). Up and to church alone, where a lazy sermon of Mr. Mills, upon a text to introduce catechizing in his parish, which I perceive he intends to begin. So home and very pleasant with my wife at dinner. All the afternoon at my office alone doing business, and then in the evening after a walk with my wife in the garden, she and I to my uncle Wight's to supper, where Mr. Norbury, but my uncle out of tune, and after supper he seemed displeased mightily at my aunt's desiring [to] put off a copper kettle, which it seems with great study he had provided to boil meat in, and now she is put in the head that it is not wholesome, which vexed him, but we were very merry about it, and by and by home, and after prayers to bed.

15th. Up, and carrying my wife to my Lord's lodgings left her, and I to White Hall, to the Duke; where he first put on a periwigg to-day;[1] but methought his hair cut short in order thereto did look very prettily of itself, before he put on his periwigg. Thence to his closet and there did our business, and thence Mr. Coventry and I down to his chamber and spent a little time, and so parted, and I took my wife homeward, I stopping at the Coffee-house, and thence a while to the 'Change, where great newes of the arrivall of two rich ships, the Greyhound and another, which they were mightily afeard of, and great insurance given, and so home to dinner, and after an houre with my wife at her globes, I to the office, where very busy till 11 at night, and so home to supper and to bed. This afternoon Sir Thomas Chamberlin[2] came to the office to me, and showed me several letters from the East Indys, showing the height that the Dutch are come to there, showing scorn to all the English, even in our only Factory there of Surat, beating several men, and hanging the English

[1] Charles II. followed his brother in the use of the periwig in the following April.

[2] Eldest son of Sir Thomas Chamberlayne, Chief Justice of Chester. He was created a baronet in 1642.

Standard St. George under the Dutch flagg in scorn ;[1] saying, that whatever their masters do or say at home, they will do what they list, and will be masters of all the world there ; and have so proclaimed themselves Soveraigne of all the South Seas ; which certainly our King cannot endure, if the Parliament will give him money. But I doubt and yet do hope they will not yet, till we are more ready for it.

16th. Up and to the office, where very busy all the morning, and most with Mr. Wood, I vexing him about his masts. At noon to the 'Change a little and thence brought Mr. Barrow to dinner with me, where I had a haunch of venison roasted, given me yesterday, and so had a pretty dinner, full of discourse of his business, wherein the poor man is mightily troubled, and I pity him in it, but hope to get him some ease. He being gone I to the office, where very busy till night, that my uncle Wight and Mr. Maes came to me, and after discourse about Maes' business to supper very merry, but my mind upon my business, and so they being gone I to my Vyall a little, which I have not done some months, I think, before, and then a little to my office, at 11 at night, and so home and to bed.

17th. Up, and with my wife, setting her down by her father's in Long Acre, in so ill looked a place, among all the whore houses, that I was troubled at it, to see her go thither. Thence I to White Hall and there walked up and down talking with Mr. Pierce, who tells me of the King's giving of my Lord FitzHarding two leases which belong indeed to the Queene, worth £20,000 to him ; and how people do talk of it, and other things of that nature which I am sorry to hear. He and I walked round the Park with great pleasure, and back again, and finding no time to speak with my Lord of Albemarle, I walked to the 'Change and there met my wife at our pretty Doll's, and so took her home, and Creed also whom I met there, and sent her home, while Creed and I staid on the

[1] Sir George Oxenden (died 1669) was then the chief factor of the East India Company. The chief seat of government was removed from Surat to Bombay in 1686.

'Change, and by and by home and dined, where I found an excellent mastiffe, his name Towser, sent me by a chyrurgeon. After dinner I took my wife again by coach (leaving Creed by the way going to Gresham College, of which he is now become one of the virtuosos[1]) and to White Hall, where I delivered a paper about Tangier to my Lord Duke of Albemarle in the council chamber, and so to Mrs. Hunt's to call my wife, and so by coach straight home, and at my office till 3 o'clock in the morning, having spent much time this evening in discourse with Mr. Cutler, who tells me how the Dutch deal with us abroad and do not value us any where, and how he and Sir W. Rider have found reason to lay aside Captain Cocke in their company, he having played some indiscreet and unfair tricks with them, and has lost himself every where by his imposing upon all the world with the conceit he has of his own wit, and so has, he tells me, Sir R. Ford also, both of whom are very witty men. He being gone Sir W. Rider came and staid with me till about 12 at night, having found ourselves work till that time, about understanding the measuring of Mr. Wood's masts, which though I did so well before as to be thought to deal very hardly against Wood, yet I am ashamed I understand it no better, and do hope yet, whatever be thought of me, to save the King some more money, and out of an impatience to breake up with my head full of confused confounded notions, but nothing brought to a clear comprehension, I was resolved to sit up and did till now it is ready to strike 4 o'clock, all alone, cold, and my candle not enough left to light me to my owne house, and so, with my business however brought to some good understanding, and set it down pretty clear, I went home to bed with my mind at good quiet, and the girl sitting up for me (the rest all a-bed). I eat and drank a little, and to bed, weary, sleepy, cold, and my head akeing.

18th. Called up to the office and much against my will I rose, my head aching mightily, and to the office, where I did

[1] John Creed was elected and admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, December 16th, 1663.

argue to good purpose for the King, which I have been fitting myself for the last night against Mr. Wood about his masts, but brought it to no issue. Very full of business till noon, and then with Mr. Coventry to the African House, and there fell to my Lord Peterborough's accounts, and by and by to dinner, where excellent discourse, Sir G. Carteret and others of the African Company with us, and then up to the accounts again, which were by and by done, and then I straight home, my head in great pain, and drowsy, so after doing a little business at the office I wrote to my father about sending him the mastiff was given me yesterday. I home and by daylight to bed about 6 o'clock and fell to sleep, wakened about 12 when my wife came to bed, and then to sleep again and so till morning, and then :

19th. Up in good order in my head again and shaved myself, and then to the office, whither Mr. Cutler came, and walked and talked with me a great while ; and then to the 'Change together ; and it being early, did tell me several excellent examples of men raised upon the 'Change by their great diligence and saving ; as also his owne fortune, and how credit grew upon him ; that when he was not really worth £1,100, he had credit for £100,000 : of Sir W. Rider how he rose ; and others. By and by joyned with us Sir John Bankes ;[1] who told us several passages of the East India Company ; and how in his very case, when there was due to him and Alderman Mico £64,000 from the Dutch for injury done to them in the East Indys, Oliver presently after the peace, they delaying to pay them the money, sent them word, that if they did not pay them by such a day, he would grant letters of mark to those merchants against them ; by which they were so fearful of him, they did presently pay the money every farthing. By and by, the 'Change filling, I did many businesses, and about 2 o'clock went off with my uncle Wight to his house, thence by appointment we took our wives (they

[1] An opulent East India merchant, residing in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Evelyn dined with him there August 25th, 1676 (see his Diary). He says Sir John "was a merchant of small beginning, but had amassed £100,000."

by coach with Mr. Mawes) and we on foot to Mr. Jaggard, a salter, in Thames Street, for whom I did a courtesy among the poor victuallers, his wife, whom long ago I had seen, being daughter to old Day, my uncle Wight's master, is a very plain woman, but pretty children they have. They live methought at first in but a plain way, but afterward I saw their dinner, all fish, brought in very neatly, but the company being but bad I had no great pleasure in it. After dinner I to the office, where we should have met upon business extraordinary, but business not coming we broke up, and I thither again and took my wife; and taking a coach, went to visit my Ladys Jemimah and Paulina Montagu, and Mrs. Elizabeth Pickering, whom we find at their father's new house [1] in Lincolne's Inn Fields; but the house all in dirt. They received us well enough; but I did not endeavour to carry myself over familiarly with them; and so after a little stay, there coming in presently after us my Lady Aberguenny [2] and other ladies, we back again by coach, and visited, my wife did, my she cozen Scott, who is very ill still, and thence to Jaggard's again, where a very good supper and great store of plate, and above all after supper Mrs. Jaggard did at my entreaty play on the Vyall, but so well as I did not think any woman in England could and but few Maisters, I must confess it did mightily surprise me, though I knew heretofore that she could play, but little thought so well. After her I set Maes to singing, but he did it so like a coxcomb that I was sick of him. About 11 at night I carried my aunt home by coach, and then home myself, having set my wife down at home by the way. My aunt tells me they are counted very rich people, worth at least 10 or £12,000, and their country house all the yeare long and all things liveable, which mightily surprises me to think for how poore a man I took him when I

[1] The Earl of Sandwich had just moved to a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Elizabeth Pickering, who afterwards married John Creed, was niece to Lord Sandwich.

[2] Mary, daughter of Henry Giffard, M.D., wife to George Nevill, ninth Earl of Abergavenny.

did him the courtesy at our office. So after prayers to bed, pleased at nothing all the day but Mrs. Jaggard playing on the Vyall, and that was enough to make me bear with all the rest that did not content me.

20th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change with Mr. Coventry and thence home to dinner, after dinner by a gally down to Woolwich, where with Mr. Falconer, and then at the other yard doing some business to my content, and so walked to Greenwich, it being a very fine evening and brought right home with me by water, and so to my office, where late doing business, and then home to supper and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and having many businesses at the office to-day I spent all the morning there drawing up a letter to Mr. Coventry about preserving of masts, being collections of my own, and at noon home to dinner, whither my brother Tom comes, and after dinner I took him up and read my letter lately of discontent to my father, and he is seemingly pleased at it, and cries out of my sister's ill nature and lazy life there. He being gone I to my office again, and there made an end of my morning's work, and then, after reading my vows of course, home and back again with Mr. Maes and walked with him talking of his business in the garden, and he being gone my wife and I walked a turn or two also, and then my uncle Wight fetching of us, she and I to his house to supper, and by the way calling on Sir G. Carteret to desire his consent to my bringing Maes to him, which he agreed to. So I to my uncle's, but staid a great while vexed both of us for Maes not coming in, and soon he came, and I with him from supper to Sir G. Carteret, and there did largely discourse of the business, and I believe he may expect as much favour as he can do him, though I fear that will not be much. So back, and after sitting there a good while, we home, and going my wife told me how my uncle when he had her alone did tell her that he did love her as well as ever he did, though he did not find it convenient to show it publicly for reasons on both sides, seeming to mean as well to prevent my

jealousy as his wife's, but I am apt to think that he do mean us well, and to give us something if he should die without children. So home to prayers and to bed. My wife called up the people to washing by four o'clock in the morning; and our little girl Susan is a most admirable Slut and pleases us mightily, doing more service than both the others and deserves wages better.

22nd. Up and shaved myself, and then my wife and I by coach out, and I set her down by her father's, being vexed in my mind and angry with her for the ill-favoured place, among or near the whore houses, that she is forced to come to him. So left her there, and I to Sir Th. Warwick's but did not speak with him. Thence to take a turn in St. James's Park, and meeting with Anth. Joyce walked with him a turn in the Pell Mell and so parted, he St. James's ward and I out to Whitehall ward, and so to a picture-sellers by the Half Moone in the street over against the Exchange, and there looked over the maps of several cities and did buy two books of cities stitched together cost me 9*s.* 6*d.*, and when I came home thought of my vowe, and paid 5*s.* into my poor box for it, hoping in God that I shall forfeit no more in that kind. Thence, meeting Mr. Moore, and to the Exchange and there found my wife at pretty Doll's, and thence by coach set her at my uncle Wight's, to go with my aunt to market once more against Lent, and I to the Coffee-house, and thence to the 'Change, my chief business being to enquire about the manner of other countries keeping of their masts wet or dry, and got good advice about it, and so home, and alone ate a bad, cold dinner, my people being at their washing all day, and so to the office and all the afternoon upon my letter to Mr. Coventry about keeping of masts, and ended it very well at night and wrote it fair over. This evening came Mr. Alsopp the King's brewer, with whom I spent an houre talking and bewailing the posture of things at present; the King led away by half-a-dozen men, that none of his serious servants and friends can come at him. These are Lauderdale, Buckingham, Hamilton, FitzHarding (to whom he hath, it seems, given £12,000 per

annum in the best part of the King's estate); and that that the old Duke of Buckingham could never get of the King. Progers is another, and Sir H. Bennett. He loves not the Queen at all, but is rather sullen to her; and she, by all reports, incapable of children. He is so fond of the Duke of Monmouth, that every body admires it; and he says the Duke hath said, that he would be the death of any man that says the King was not married to his mother: though Alsopp says, it is well known that she was a common whore before the King lay with her. But it seems, he says, that the King is mighty kind to these his bastard children; and at this day will go at midnight to my Lady Castlemaine's nurses, and take the child and dance it in his arms: that he is not likely to have his tables up again in his house,[1] for the crew that are about him will not have him come to common view again, but keep him obscurely among themselves. He hath this night, it seems, ordered that the Hall (which there is a ball to be in to-night before the King) be guarded, as the Queen-Mother's is, by his Horse Guards; whereas heretofore they were by the Lord Chamberlain or Steward, and their people. But it is feared they will reduce all to the soldiery, and all other places taken away; and what is worst of all, that he will alter the present militia, and bring all to a flying army. That my Lord Lauderdale, being Middleton's[2] enemy, and one that scorns the Chancellor even to open affronts before the King, hath got the whole power of Scotland into his hand; whereas the other day he was in a fair way to have had his whole estate, and honour, and life, voted away from him. That the King hath done himself all imaginable wrong in the business of my Lord Antrim,[3] in Ireland; who, though he was the head of rebels, yet he by his letter owns to have acted by his father's and mother's, and his commissions; but it seems the truth is, he hath obliged himself, upon the clearing of his

[1] The tables at which the king dined in public.—B.

[2] See *ante*, February 1st, 1663-64 (p. 28).

[3] Randall Macdonnel, second Earl and first Marquis of Antrim. Died 1673.—B.

estate, to settle it upon a daughter of the Queene-Mother's (by my Lord Germin,[1] I suppose,) in marriage, be it to whom the Queene pleases; which is a sad story. It seems a daughter of the Duke of Lenox's was, by force, going to be married the other day at Somerset House, to Harry Germin; but she got away and run to the King, and he says he will protect her. She is, it seems, very near akin to the King. Such mad doings there are every day among them! The rape upon a woman at Turnstile the other day, her husband being bound in his shirt, they both being in bed together, it being night, by two Frenchmen, who did not only lye with her but abused her with a linke, is hushed up for £300, being the Queen-Mother's servants. There was a French book in verse, the other day, translated and presented to the Duke of Monmouth in such a high stile, that the Duke of York, he tells me, was mightily offended at it.[2] The Duke of Monmouth's mother's brother hath a place at Court; and being a Welchman[3] (I think he told me) will talk very broad of the King's being married to his sister. The King did the other day, at the Council, commit my Lord Digby's[4] chaplin, and steward, and another servant, who went upon the process begun there

[1] The Earl of St. Alban's.

[2] It was reported that the "Handsome" Sidney was the father of the Duke of Monmouth, an opinion which was confirmed by the fact that each had a mole on the upper lip.

[3] Lord Braybrooke notes that this was Mr. Justice Waters, said to be "of the Temple" by Thurloe, but Mr. Steinman in his account of Lucy Waters ("Althorp Memoirs") says that no brother of Lucy was alive in February, 1663-64. In the Prerogative Court entry, dated December, 1658, Anna Busfield, wife of John Busfield and aunt of Lucy Waters, is given as her next-of-kin. William Walter, who in 1663 was in the list of Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, is not known to have been any connection, and he certainly was not brother to Lucy Waters.

[4] George, Lord Digby, second Earl of Bristol, who had been Secretary of State 1643-49; but by changing his religion while abroad, at the instigation of Don John of Austria, incapacitated himself from being restored to that office; and in consequence of the disappointment, which he imputed to the interference of the Lord Chancellor, conspired and effected his ruin. Charles II. gave him the K.G. in 1653, the year in

against their lord, to swear that they saw him at church, and receive the Sacrament as a Protestant, (which, the Judges said, was sufficient to prove him such in the eye of the law);[1] the King, I say, did commit them all to the Gate-house, notwithstanding their pleading their dependance upon him, and the faith they owed him as their lord, whose bread they eat. And that the King should say, that he would soon see whether he was King, or Digby. That the Queene-Mother hath outrun herself in her expences, and is now come to pay very ill, or run in debt; the money being spent that she received for leases. He believes there is not any money laid up in bank, as I told him some did hope; but he says, from the best informers he can assure me there is no such thing, nor any body that should look after such a thing; and that there is not now above £80,000 of the Dunkirke money left in stock. That Oliver in the year when he spent £1,400,000 in the Navy, did spend in the whole expence of the kingdom £2,600,000. That all the Court are mad for a Dutch war; but both he and I did concur, that it was a thing rather to be dreaded than hoped for; unless by the French King's falling upon Flanders, they and the Dutch should be divided. That our Embassador[2] had, it is true, an audience; but in the most dishonourable way that could be; for the Princes of the Blood (though invited by our Embassador, which was the greatest absurdity that ever Embassador committed these 400 years) were not there; and so were not said to give place to our King's Embassador. And that our King did openly say, the other day in the Privy Chamber, that he would not be hectored out of his right and preeminencys by the King of France, as great as he was. That the Pope is glad to yield to a peace with the French (as the newes-book says), upon the basest

which Lord Digby succeeded his father as Earl of Bristol. He died March 20th, 1678. The feuds between Lords Bristol and Clarendon are frequently mentioned in the Diary.

[1] See the letter of the Comte de Comminges to Louis XIV. dated January 25th, 1663-64, printed in the Appendix to this edition (vol. viii.).

[2] Denzil, Lord Holles; see vol. i., p. 159, and vol. iii., p. 378.

terms that ever was. That the talke which these people about our King, that I named before, have, is to tell him how neither privilege of Parliament nor City is any thing; but his will is all, and ought to be so: and their discourse, it seems, when they are alone, is so base and sordid, that it makes the eares of the very gentlemen of the back-stairs (I think he called them) to tingle to hear it spoke in the King's hearing; and that must be very bad indeed. That my Lord Digby did send to Lisbon a couple of priests, to search out what they could against the Chancellor concerning the match, as to the point of his knowing before-hand that the Queene was not capable of bearing children; and that something was given her to make her so. But as private as they were, when they came thither they were clapped up prisoners. That my Lord Digby endeavours what he can to bring the business into the House of Commons, hoping there to master the Chancellor, there being many enemies of his there; but I hope the contrary. That whereas the late King did mortgage Clarendon[1] to somebody for £20,000, and this to have given it to the Duke of Albemarle, and he sold it to my Lord Chancellor, whose title of Earldome is fetched from thence; the King hath this day sent his order to the Privy Seale for the payment of this £20,000 to my Lord Chancellor, to clear the mortgage.[2] Ireland in a very distracted condition about the hard usage which the Protestants meet with, and the too good which the Catholiques. And from altogether, God knows my heart, I expect nothing but ruine can follow, unless things are better ordered in a little time. He being gone my wife came and told me how kind my uncle Wight had been to her to-day, and that though she says that all his kindness comes from respect to her she discovers nothing but great civility from him, yet but what she says he otherwise will tell me, but to-day he told her plainly that had she a child it should be his heir, and that should I or she want he would be

[1] Clarendon Park, near Salisbury. See August 19th, 1661, vol. ii., p. 84.

[2] See note, July 14th, 1664.

a good friend to us, and did give my wife instructions to consent to all his wife says at any time, she being a pettish woman, which argues a design I think he has of keeping us in with his wife in order to our good sure, and he declaring her jealous of him that so he dares not come to see my wife as otherwise he would do and will endeavour to do. It looks strange putting all together, but yet I am in hopes he means well. My aunt also is mighty open to my wife and tells her mighty plain how her husband did intend to double her portion to her at his death as a jointure. That he will give presently £100 to her niece Mary and a good legacy at his death, and it seems did as much to the other sister, which vexed [me] to think that he should bestow so much upon his wife's friends daily as he do, but it cannot be helped for the time past, and I will endeavour to remedy it for the time to come. After all this discourse with my wife at my office alone, she home to see how the wash goes on and I to make an end of my work, and so home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, it being Shrove Tuesday, and at the office sat all the morning, at noon to the 'Change and there met with Sir W. Rider, and of a sudden knowing what I had at home, brought him and Mr. Cutler and Mr. Cooke, clerk to Mr. Secretary Morrice, a sober and pleasant man, and one that I knew heretofore, when he was my Lord ——'s secretary at Dunkirke. I made much of them and had a pretty dinner for a sudden. We talked very pleasantly, and they many good discourses of their travels abroad. After dinner they gone, I to my office, where doing many businesses very late, but to my good content to see how I grow in estimation every day more and more, and have things given more oftener than I used to have formerly, as to have a case of very pretty knives with agate shafts by Mrs. Russell. So home and to bed. This day, by the blessing of God, I have lived thirty-one years in the world; and, by the grace of God, I find myself not only in good health in every thing, and particularly as to the stone, but only pain upon taking cold, and also in a fair way of coming to a better esteem and estate in the world, than ever

I expected. But I pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it!

24th (Ash-Wednesday). Up and by water, it being a very fine morning, to White Hall, and there to speak with Sir Ph. Warwicke, but he was gone out to chappell, so I spent much of the morning walking in the Park, and going to the Queene's chappell, where I staid and saw their masse, till a man came and bid me go out or kneel down: so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House; and there into the chappell, where Monsieur d'Espagne [1] used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crouded than the Queene's chappell at St. James's; which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden of Somerset House, and up and down the new building, which in every respect will be mighty magnificent and costly. I staid a great while talking with a man in the garden that was sawing of a piece of marble, and did give him *6d.* to drink. He told me much of the nature and labour of the worke, how he could not saw above 4 inches of the stone in a day, and of a greater not above one or two, and after it is sawed, then it is rubbed with coarse and then with finer and finer sand till they come to putty, and so polish it as smooth as glass. Their saws have no teeth, but it is the sand only which the saw rubs up and down that do the thing. Thence by water to the Coffee-house, and there sat with Alderman Barker talking of hempe and the trade, and thence to the 'Change a little, and so home and dined with my wife, and then to the office till the evening, and then walked a while merrily with my wife in the garden, and so she gone, I to work again till late, and so home to supper and to bed.

25th. Up and to the office, where we sat, and thence with Mr. Coventry by coach to the glasshouse and there dined, and both before and after did my Lord Peterborough's accounts. Thence home to the office, and there did business till called by Creed, and with him by coach (setting my wife

[1] There is a small volume in the Pepysian Library called "Shibboleth, ou, Reformation de quelques Passages de la Bible, par Jean d'Espagne; Ministre du St. Evangile," printed 1653, and dedicated to Cromwell.—B.

at my brother's) to my Lord's, and saw the young ladies, and talked a little with them, and thence to White Hall, a while talking but doing no business, but resolved of going to meet my Lord to-morrow, having got a horse of Mr. Coventry to-day. So home, taking up my wife, and after doing something at my office home, God forgive me, disturbed in my mind out of my jealousy of my wife to-morrow when I am out of town, which is a hell to my mind, and yet without all reason. God forgive me for it, and mend me. So home, and getting my things ready for me, weary to bed.

26th. Up, and after dressing myself handsomely for riding, I out, and by water to Westminster, to Mr. Creed's chamber, and after drinking some chocolate, and playing on the vyall, Mr. Mallard being there, upon Creed's new vyall, which proves, methinks, much worse than mine, and, looking upon his new contrivance of a desk and shelves for books, we set out from an inne hard by, whither Mr. Coventry's horse was carried, and round about the bush through bad ways to Highgate. Good discourse in the way had between us, and it being all day a most admirable pleasant day, we, upon consultation, had stopped at the Cocke, a mile on this side Barnett, being unwilling to put ourselves to the charge or doubtful acceptance of any provision against my Lord's coming by, and there got something and dined, setting a boy to look towards Barnett Hill, against their coming ; and after two or three false alarms, they come, and we met the coach very gracefully, and I had a kind receipt from both Lord and Lady as I could wish, and some kind discourse, and then rode by the coach a good way, and so fell to discoursing with several of the people, there being a dozen attending the coach, and another for the mayds and parson. Among others talking with W. Howe, he told me how my Lord in his hearing the other day did largely tell my Lord Peterborough and Povy (who went with them down to Hinchinbrooke) how and when he discarded Creed, and took me to him, and that since the Duke of York has several times thanked him for me, which did not a little please me, and anon I desiring Mr. Howe to tell me upon [what] occasion

this discourse happened, he desired me to say nothing of it now, for he would not have my Lord to take notice of our being together, but he would tell me another time, which put me into some trouble to think what he meant by it. But when we came to my Lord's house, I went in; and whether it was my Lord's neglect, or general indifference, I know not, but he made me no kind of compliment there; and, methinks, the young ladies look somewhat highly upon me. So I went away without bidding adieu to anybody, being desirous not to be thought too servile. But I do hope and believe that my Lord do yet value me as high as ever, though he dare not admit me to the freedom he once did, and that my Lady is still the same woman. So rode home and there found my uncle Wight. 'Tis an odd thing as my wife tells me his caressing her and coming on purpose to give her visits, but I do not trouble myself for him at all, but hope the best and very good effects of it. He being gone I eat something and my wife. I told all this day's passages, and she to give me very good and rational advice how to behave myself to my Lord and his family, by slighting every body but my Lord and Lady, and not to seem to have the least society or fellowship with them, which I am resolved to do, knowing that it is my high carriage that must do me good there, and to appear in good clothes and garbe. To the office, and being weary, early home to bed.

27th. Up, but weary, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. Before I went to the office there came Bagwell's wife to me to speak for her husband. I liked the woman very well and stroked her under the chin, but could not find in my heart to offer anything uncivil to her, she being, I believe, a very modest woman. At noon with Mr. Coventry to the African house, and to my Lord Peterborough's business again, and then to dinner, where, before dinner, we had the best oysters I have seen this year, and I think as good in all respects as ever I eat in my life. I eat a great many. Great, good company at dinner, among others Sir Martin Noell, who told us the dispute between him, as

farmer of the Additional Duty, and the East India Company, whether callicos be linnen or no; which he says it is, having been ever esteemed so: they say it is made of cotton woole, and grows upon trees, not like flax or hempe. But it was carried against the Company, though they stand out against the verdict. Thence home and to the office, where late, and so home to supper and to bed, and had a very pleasing and condescending answer from my poor father to-day in answer to my angry discontentful letter to him the other day, which pleases me mightily.

28th (Lord's day). Up and walked to Paul's; and by chance it was an extraordinary day for the Readers of the Inns of Court and all the Students to come to church, it being an old ceremony not used these twenty-five years, upon the first Sunday in Lent. Abundance there was of Students, more than there was room to seat but upon forms, and the Church mighty full. One Hawkins preached, an Oxford man. A good sermon upon these words: "But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable." Both before and after sermon I was most impatiently troubled at the Quire, the worst that ever I heard. But what was extraordinary, the Bishop of London,[1] who sat there in a pew, made a' purpose for him by the pulpitt, do give the last blessing to the congregation; which was, he being a comely old man, a very decent thing, methought. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. Robinson, would needs have me by coach home with him, and sending word home to my house I did go and dine with him, his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high-carriaged but comely big woman;[2] I was mightily pleased with her. His officers of his regiment dined with him. No discourse at table to any purpose, only after dinner my Lady would needs see a boy which was represented to her to be an

[1] Humfrey Henchman, Bishop of Salisbury, succeeded Dr. Sheldon as Bishop of London, September, 1663. He died October 7th, 1675, aged eighty-three years.

[2] Lady Robinson was Anne, daughter of Alderman Sir George Whitmore, of Barnes, Surrey, Lord Mayor 1631.

innocent country boy brought up to towne a day or two ago, and left here to the wide world, and he losing his way fell into the Tower, which my Lady believes, and takes pity on him, and will keep him ; but though a little boy and but young, yet he tells his tale so readily and answers all questions so wittily, that for certain he is an arch rogue, and bred in this towne ; but my Lady will not believe it, but ordered victuals to be given him, and I think will keep him as a footboy for their eldest son. After dinner to chappell in the Tower with the Lieutenant, with the keyes carried before us, and the Warders and Gentleman-porter going before us. And I sat with the Lieutenant in his pew, in great state, but slept all the sermon. None, it seems, of the prisoners in the Tower that are there now, though they may, will come to prayers there. Church being done, I back to Sir John's house and there left him and home, and by and by to Sir W. Pen, and staid a while talking with him about Sir J. Minnes his folly in his office, of which I am sicke and weary to speak of it, and how the King is abused in it, though Pen, I know, offers the discourse only like a rogue to get it out of me, but I am very free to tell my mind to him, in that case being not unwilling he should tell him again if he will or any body else. Thence home, and walked in the garden by brave moonshine with my wife above two hours, till past 8 o'clock, then to supper, and after prayers to bed.

29th. Up and by coach with Sir W. Pen to Charing Cross, and there I 'light, and to Sir Phillip Warwick to visit him and discourse with him about navy business, which I did at large and he most largely with me, not only about the navy but about the general Revenue of England, above two hours, I think, many staying all the while without, but he seemed to take pains to let me either understand the affairs of the Revenue or else to be a witness of his pains and care in stating it. He showed me indeed many excellent collections of the State of the Revenue in former Kings and the late times, and the present. He showed me how the very Assessments between 1643 and 1659, which were taxes (besides Excise, Customes, Sequestrations, Decimations, King and

Queene's and Church Lands, or any thing else but just the Assessments), come to above fifteen millions. He showed me a discourse of his concerning the Revenues of this and foreign States. How that of Spayne was great, but divided with his kingdoms, and so came to little. How that of France did, and do much exceed ours before for quantity; and that it is at the will of the Prince to tax what he will upon his people; which is not here. That the Hollanders have the best manner of tax, which is only upon the expence of provisions, by an excise; and do conclude that no other tax is proper for England but a pound-rate, or excise upon the expence of provisions. He showed me every particular sort of payment away of money, since the King's coming in, to this day; and told me, from one to one, how little he hath received of profit from most of them; and I believe him truly. That the £1,200,000 which the Parliament with so much ado did first vote to give the King, and since hath been re-examined by several committees of the present Parliament, is yet above £300,000 short of making up really to the King the £1,200,000, as by particulars he showed me.[1] And in my Lord Treasurer's excellent letter to the King upon this subject, he tells the King how it was the spending more than the revenue that did give the first occasion of his father's ruine, and did since to the rebels; who, he says, just like Henry the Eighth, had great and sudden increase of wealth, but yet, by overspending, both died poor; and further tells the King how much of this £1,200,000 depends upon the life of the Prince,

[1] A committee was appointed in September, 1660, to consider the subject of the King's revenue, and they "reported to the Commons that the average revenue of Charles I., from 1637 to 1641 inclusive, had been £895,819, and the average expenditure about £1,110,000. At that time prices were lower and the country less burthened with navy and garrisons, among which latter Dunkirk alone now cost more than £100,000 a year. It appeared, therefore, that the least sum to which the King could be expected to 'conform his expense' was £1,200,000." Burnet writes, "It was believed that if two millions had been asked he could have carried it. But he (Clarendon) had no mind to put the King out of the necessity of having recourse to his Parliament."—Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, vol. ii., pp. 22, 23.

and so must be renewed by Parliament again to his successor; which is seldom done without parting with some of the prerogatives of the Crowne; or if denied and he persists to take it of the people, it gives occasion to a civill war, which may, as it did in the late business of tonnage and poundage, prove fatal to the Crowne. He showed me how many ways the Lord Treasurer did take before he moved the King to farme the Customes in the manner he do, and the reasons that moved him to do it. He showed me a very excellent argument to prove, that our importing lesse than we export, do not impoverish the kingdom, according to the received opinion: which, though it be a paradox, and that I do not remember the argument, yet methought there was a great deale in what he said. And upon the whole I find him a most exact and methodicall man, and of great industry: and very glad that he thought fit to show me all this; though I cannot easily guess the reason why he should do it to me, unless from the plainness that he sees I use to him in telling him how much the King may suffer for our want of understanding the case of our Treasury. Thence to White Hall (where my Lord Sandwich was, and gave me a good countenance, I thought), and before the Duke did our usual business, and so I about several businesses in the house, and then out to the Mewes with Sir W. Pen. But in my way first did meet with W. Howe, who did of himself advise me to appear more free with my Lord and to come to him, for my own strangeness he tells me he thinks do make my Lord the worse. At the Mewes Sir W. Pen and Mr. Baxter did shew me several good horses, but Pen, which Sir W. Pen did give the Duke of York, was given away by the Duke the other day to a Frenchman, which Baxter is cruelly vexed at, saying that he was the best horse that he expects a great while to have to do with. Thence I to the 'Change, and thence to a Coffee-house with Sir W. Warren, and did talk much about his and Wood's business, and thence homewards, and in my way did stay to look upon a fire in an Inneyard in Lumbard Streete. But, Lord! how the mercers and merchants who

had warehouses there did carry away their cloths and silks. But at last it was quenched, and I home to dinner, and after dinner carried my wife and set her and her two mayds in Fleete Streete to buy things, and I to White Hall to little purpose, and so to Westminster Hall, and there talked with Mrs. Lane and Howlett, but the match with Hawly I perceive will not take, and so I am resolved wholly to avoid occasion of further ill with her. Thence by water to Salsbury Court, and found my wife, by agreement, at Mrs. Turner's, and after a little stay and chat set her and young Armiger down in Cheapside, and so my wife and I home. Got home before our mayds, who by and by came with a great cry and fright that they had like to have been killed by a coach; but, Lord! to see how Jane did tell the story like a foole and a dissembling fanatique, like her grandmother, but so like a changeling, would make a man laugh to death almost, and yet be vexed to hear her. By and by to the office to make up my monthly accounts, which I make up to-night, and to my great content find myself worth eight hundred and ninety and odd pounds, the greatest sum I ever yet knew, and so with a heart at great ease to bed.

March 1st. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, and after much business and meeting my uncle Wight, who told me how Mr. Maes had like to have been trapanned yesterday, but was forced to run for it; so with Creed and Mr. Hunt home to dinner, and after a good and pleasant dinner, Mr. Hunt parted, and I took Mr. Creed and my wife and down to Deptford, it being most pleasant weather, and there till night discoursing with the officers there about several things, and so walked home by moonshine, it being mighty pleasant, and so home, and I to my office, where late about getting myself a thorough understanding in the business of masts, and so home to bed, my left eye being mightily troubled with rheum.

2nd. Up, my eye mightily out of order with the rheum that is fallen down into it, however, I by coach endeavoured to have waited on my Lord Sandwich, but meeting him in

Chancery Lane going towards the City I stopped and so fairly walked home again, calling at St. Paul's Churchyarde, and there looked upon a pretty burlesque poem, called "Scarronides, or Virgile Travesty;"[1] extraordinary good. At home to the office till dinner, and after dinner my wife cut my hair short, which is growne pretty long again, and then to the office, and there till 9 at night doing business. This afternoon we had a good present of tongues and bacon from Mr. Shales, of Portsmouth. So at night home to supper, and, being troubled with my eye, to bed. This morning Mr. Burgby, one of the writing clerks belonging to the Council, was with me about business, a knowing man, he complains how most of the Lords of the Council do look after themselves and their own ends, and none the publique, unless Sir Edward Nicholas. Sir G. Carteret is diligent, but all for his own ends and profit. My Lord Privy Seale, a destroyer of every body's business, and do no good at all to the publique. The Archbishop of Canterbury[2] speaks very little, nor do much, being now come to the highest pitch that he can expect. He tells me, he believes that things will go very high against the Chancellor by Digby, and that bad things will be proved. Talks much of his neglecting the King; and making the King to trot every day to him, when he is well enough to go to visit his cozen Chief-Justice Hide, but not to the Council or King. He commends my Lord of Ormond mightily in Ireland; but cries out cruelly of Sir G. Lane for his corruption;[3] and that he hath done my Lord great dishonour by selling of places here, which are now all taken away, and the poor wretches ready to starve. That nobody almost understands or judges of business better than the King, if he would not be guilty of his father's fault to be doubtfull of himself, and easily be removed from his own opinion. That my Lord Lauderdale is never from the King's eare nor council, and that he is a most cunning fellow. Upon

[1] By Charles Cotton, a voluminous author, but known now chiefly as the continuator of Walton's "Complete Angler." His "Scarronides" was first published in 1664.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon. [3] See *ante*, October 12th, 1663 (vol. iii., p. 300).

the whole, that he finds things go very bad every where; and even in the Council nobody minds the publique.

3rd. Up pretty early and so to the office, where we sat all the morning making a very great contract with Sir W. Warren for provisions for the yeare coming, and so home to dinner, and there was W. Howe come to dine with me, and before dinner he and I walked in the garden, and we did discourse together, he assuring me of what he told me the other day of my Lord's speaking so highly in my commendation to my Lord Peterborough and Povy, which speaks my Lord having yet a good opinion of me, and also how well my Lord and Lady both are pleased with their children's being at my father's, and when the bigger ladies were there a little while ago, at which I am very glad. After dinner he went away, I having discoursed with him about his own proceedings in his studies, and I observe him to be very considerate and to mind his book in order to preferring himself by my Lord's favour to something, and I hope to the outing of Creed in his Secretary-ship. For he tells me that he is confident my Lord do not love him nor will trust him in any secret matter, he is so cunning and crafty in all he do. So my wife and I out of doors thinking to have gone to have seen a play, but when we came to take coach, they tell us there are none this week, being the first of Lent. But, Lord! to see how impatient I found myself within to see a play, I being at liberty once a month to see one, and I think it is the best method I could have taken. But to my office, did very much business with several people till night, and so home, being unwilling to stay late because of my eye which is not yet well of the rheum that is fallen down into it, but to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, my eye being pretty well, and then by coach to my Lord Sandwich, with whom I spoke, walking a good while with him in his garden, which and the house is very fine, talking of my Lord Peterborough's accounts, wherein he is concerned both for the foolery as also inconvenience which may happen upon my Lord Peterborough's ill-stating of his matters, so as to have his gaine discovered unnecessarily. We

did talk long and freely that I hope the worst is past and all will be well. There were several people by trying a new-fashion gun[1] brought my Lord this morning, to shoot off often, one after another, without trouble or danger, very pretty. Thence to the Temple, and there taking White's boat down to Woolwich, taking Mr. Shish at Deptford in my way, with whom I had some good discourse of the Navy business. At Woolwich discoursed with him and Mr. Pett about iron worke and other businesses, and then walked home, and at Greenwich did observe the foundation laying of a very great house for the King, which will cost a great deale of money.[2] So home to dinner, and my uncle Wight coming in he along with my wife and I by coach, and setting him down by the way going to Mr. Maes we two to my Lord Sandwich's to visit my Lady, with whom I left my wife discoursing, and I to White Hall, and there being met by the Duke of Yorke, he called me to him and discoursed a pretty while with me about the new ship's dispatch building at Woolwich, and talking of the charge did say that he finds always the best the most cheape, instancing in French guns, which in France you may buy for 4 pistoles,

[1] Many attempts to produce a satisfactory revolver were made in former centuries, but it was not till the present one that Colt's revolver was invented. On February 18th, 1661, Edward, Marquis of Worcester, obtained Letters Patent for "an invencõn to make certeyne guns or pistolls which in the tenth parte of one minute of an houre may, with a flaske contrived to that purpose, be re-charged the fourth part of one turne of the barrell which remaines still fixt, fastening it as forceably and effectually as a dozen thrids of any scrue, which in the ordinary and usual way require as many turnes." On March 3rd, 1664, Abraham Hill obtained Letters Patent for a "gun or pistoll for small shott, carrying seaven or eight charges of the same in the stocke of the gun."

[2] Building by John Webb; now a part of Greenwich Hospital. Evelyn wrote in his Diary, October 19th, 1661: "I went to London to visite my Lord of Bristoll, having been with Sir John Denham (his Maties surveyor) to consult with him about the placing of his palace at Greenwich, which I would have had built between the river and the Queene's house, so as a large cutt should have let in ye Thames like a bay; but Sir John was for setting it in piles at the very brink of the water, which I did not assent to and so came away, knowing Sir John to be a better poet than architect, tho' he had Mr. Webb (Inigo Jones's man) to assist him."

as good to look to as others of 16, but not the service. I never had so much discourse with the Duke before, and till now did ever fear to meet him. He found me and Mr. Prin together talking of the Chest money,[1] which we are to blame not to look after. Thence to my Lord's, and took up my wife, whom my Lady hath received with her old good nature and kindnesse, and so homewards, and she home, I 'lighting by the way, and upon the 'Change met my uncle Wight and told him my discourse this afternoon with Sir G. Carteret in Maes' business, but much to his discomfort, and after a dish of coffee home, and at my office a good while with Sir W. Warren talking with great pleasure of many businesses, and then home to supper, my wife and I had a good fowle to supper, and then I to the office again and so home, my mind in great ease to think of our coming to so good a respect with my Lord again, and my Lady, and that my Lady do so much cry up my father's usage of her children, and the goodness of the ayre there, found in the young ladies' faces at their return thence, as she says, as also my being put into the commission of the Fishery,[2] for which I must give my Lord thanks, and so home to bed, having a great cold in my head and throat to-night from my late cutting my hair so close to my head, but I hope it will be soon gone again.

5th. Up and to the office, where, though I had a great cold, I was forced to speak much upon a publique meeting of the East India Company, at our office ; where our own company

[1] See note, vol. ii., p. 275. On November 13th, 1662, Pepys mentions the names of the members of the Commission (vol. ii., p. 393).

[2] There had been recently established, under the Great Seal of England, a Corporation for the Royal Fishing, of which the Duke of York was Governor, Lord Craven Deputy-Governor, and the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain of London, for the time being, Treasurers, in which body was vested the sole power of licensing lotteries ("The Newes," October 6th, 1664). The original charter (dated April 8th, 1664), incorporating James, Duke of York, and thirty-six assistants as Governor and Company of the Royal Fishing of Great Britain and Ireland, is among the State Papers. The duke was to be Governor till February 26th, 1665 (see "Calendar," 1663-64, p. 549).

was full, and there was also my Lord George Barkeley,[1] in behalfe of the company of merchants (I suppose he is on that company), who, hearing my name, took notice of me, and condoled my cozen Edward Pepys's death, not knowing whose son I was, nor did demand it of me. We broke up without coming to any conclusion, for want of my Lord Marlborough. We broke up and I to the 'Change, where with several people and my uncle Wight to drink a dish of coffee, and so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon, my eye and my throat being very bad, and my cold increasing so as I could not speak almost at all at night. So at night home to supper, that is a posset, and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up, and my cold continuing in great extremity I could not go out to church, but sat all day (a little time at dinner excepted) in my closet at the office till night drawing up a second letter to Mr. Coventry about the measure of masts to my great satisfaction, and so in the evening home, and my uncle and aunt Wight came to us and supped with us, where pretty merry, but that my cold put me out of humour. At night with my cold, and my eye also sore still, to bed.

7th. Up betimes, and the Duke being gone abroad to-day, as we heard by a messenger, I spent the morning at my office writing fair my yesterday's work till almost 2 o'clock (only Sir G. Carteret coming I went down a little way by water towards Deptford, but having more mind to have my business done I pretended business at the 'Change, and so went into another boat), and then, eating a bit, my wife and I by coach to the Duke's house, where we saw "The Unfortunate Lovers;"[2] but I know not whether I am grown more curious than I was or no, but I was not much pleased with it, though I know not where to lay the fault, unless it was that the house was very empty, by reason of a new play at the other house. Yet here

[1] George, nineteenth Lord Berkeley of Berkeley, afterwards Earl of Berkeley.

[2] A tragedy by Sir William Davenant, first acted at the Blackfriars Theatre, licensed 1635, printed 1643.

was my Lady Castlemayne in a box, and it was pleasant to hear an ordinary lady hard by us, that it seems did not know her before, say, being told who she was, that "she was well enough." Thence home, and I ended and sent away my letter to Mr. Coventry (having first read it and had the opinion of Sir W. Warren in the case), and so home to supper and to bed, my cold being pretty well gone, but my eye remaining still soare and rhumey, which I wonder at, my right eye ayling nothing.

8th. Up with some little discontent with my wife upon her saying that she had got and used some puppy-dog water, being put upon it by a desire of my aunt Wight to get some for her, who hath a mind, unknown to her husband, to get some for her ugly face. I to the office, where we sat all the morning, doing not much business through the multitude of counsellors, one hindering another. It was Mr. Coventry's own saying to me in his coach going to the 'Change, but I wonder that he did give me no thanks for my letter last night, but I believe he did only forget it. Thence home, whither Luellin came and dined with me, but we made no long stay at dinner; for "Heraclius"[1] being acted, which my wife and I have a mighty mind to see, we do resolve, though not exactly agreeing with the letter of my vowe, yet altogether with the sense, to see another this month, by going hither instead of that at Court, there having been none conveniently since I made my vowe for us to see there, nor like to be this Lent, and besides we did walk home on purpose to make this going as cheap as that would have been, to have seen one at Court, and my conscience knows that it is only the saving of money and the time also that I intend by my oaths, and this has cost no more of either, so that my conscience before God do after good consultation and resolution of paying my forfeit, did my

[1] "Heraclius; or, the Emperor of the East," translated from the French of Corneille, by Ludovic Carlell. Pepys saw it again, February 4th, 1666-67, at the Duke's Theatre. Carlell's translation (4to, 1664) was, it is said, never acted. The play which Pepys saw was probably never printed. He saw it at the Duke's Theatre.—B.

conscience accuse me of breaking my vowe, I do not find myself in the least apprehensive that I have done any violence to my oaths. The play hath one very good passage well managed in it, about two persons pretending, and yet denying themselves, to be son to the tyrant Phocas, and yet heire of Mauricius to the crowne. The garments like Romans very well. The little girle[1] is come to act very prettily, and spoke the epilogue most admirably. But at the beginning, at the drawing up of the curtaine, there was the finest scene of the Emperor and his people about him, standing in their fixed and different postures in their Roman habitts, above all that ever I yet saw at any of the theatres. Walked home, calling to see my brother Tom, who is in bed, and I doubt very ill of a consumption. To the office a while, and so home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up pretty betimes to my office, where all day long, but a little at home at dinner, at my office finishing all things about Mr. Wood's contract for masts, wherein I am sure I shall save the King £400 before I have done. At night home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up and to the office, where all the morning doing business, and at noon to the 'Change and there very busy, and so home to dinner with my wife, to a good hog's harslet,[2] a piece of meat I love, but have not eat of I think these seven years, and after dinner abroad by coach set her at Mrs. Hunt's and I to White Hall, and at the Privy Seale I enquired, and found the Bill come for the Corporation of the Royall Fishery; whereof the Duke of Yorke is made present Governor, and several other very great persons, to the number of thirty-two, made his assistants for their lives: whereof, by my Lord Sandwich's favour, I am one; and take it not only as a matter of honour, but that, that may come to be of profit to me, and so with great content went and called my wife, and so home

[1] Her dancing in "The Slighted Maid" is mentioned February 23rd, 1662-63 (vol. iii., p. 51).

[2] Harslet or haslet, the entrails of an animal, especially of a hog, as the heart, liver, &c.

and to the office, where busy late, and so home to supper and to bed.

11th. Up and by coach to my Lord Sandwich's, who not being up I staid talking with Mr. Moore till my Lord was ready and come down, and went directly out without calling for me or seeing any body. I know not whether he knew I was there, but I am apt to think not, because if he would have given me that slighting yet he would not have done it to others that were there. So I went back again doing nothing but discoursing with Mr. Moore, who I find by discourse to be grown rich, and indeed not to use me at all with the respect he used to do, but as his equal. He made me known to their Chaplin, who is a worthy, able man. Thence home, and by and by to the Coffee-house, and thence to the 'Change, and so home to dinner, and after a little chat with my wife to the office, where all the afternoon till very late at the office busy, and so home to supper and to bed, hoping in God that my diligence, as it is really very useful for the King, so it will end in profit to myself. In the meantime I have good content in mind to see myself improve every day in knowledge and being known.

12th. Lay long pleasantly entertaining myself with my wife, and then up and to the office, where busy till noon, vexed to see how Sir J. Minnes deserves rather to be pitied for his dotage and folly than employed at a great salary to ruin the King's business. At noon to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, and then down to Deptford, where busy a while, and then walking home it fell hard a raining. So at Half-way house put in, and there meeting Mr. Stacy[1] with some company of pretty women, I took him aside to a room by ourselves, and there talked with him about the several sorts of tarrs, and so by and by parted, and I walked home and there late at the office, and so home to supper and to bed.

13th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed talking with my wife, and then up in great doubt whether I should not go see Mr.

[1] Mr. Stacy, the tar merchant (see July 16th, 1663, vol. iii., p. 211).

Coventry or no, who hath not been well these two or three days, but it being foul weather I staid within, and so to my office, and there all the morning reading some Common Law, to which I will allot a little time now and then, for I much want it. At noon home to dinner, and then after some discourse with my wife, to the office again, and by and by Sir W. Pen came to me after sermon and walked with me in the garden, and then one comes to tell me that Anthony and Will Joyce were come to see me, so I in to them and made mighty much of them, and very pleasant we were, and most of their business I find to be to advise about getting some woman to attend my brother Tom, whom they say is very ill and seems much to want one. To which I agreed, and desired them to get their wives to enquire out one. By and by they bid me good night, but immediately as they were gone out of doors comes Mrs. Turner's boy with a note to me to tell me that my brother Tom was so ill as they feared he would not long live, and that it would be fit I should come and see him. So I sent for them back, and they came, and Will Joyce desiring to speak with me alone I took him up, and there he did plainly tell me to my great astonishment that my brother is deadly ill, and that their chief business of coming was to tell me so, and what is worst that his disease is the pox, which he hath heretofore got, and hath not been cured, but is come to this, and that this is certain, though a secret told his father Fenner by the Doctor which he helped my brother to. This troubled me mightily, but however I thought fit to go see him for speech of people's sake, and so walked along with them, and in our way called on my uncle Fenner (where I have not been these 12 months and more) and advised with him, and then to my brother, who lies in bed talking idle. He could only say that he knew me, and then fell to other discourse, and his face like a dying man, which Mrs. Turner, who was here, and others conclude he is. The company being gone, I took the mayde, which seems a very grave and serious woman, and in W. Joyce's company did inquire how things are with her master. She told me

many things very discreetly, and said she had all his papers and books, and key of his cutting house, and showed me a bag which I and Wm. Joyce told, coming to £5 14*s.* 0*d.*, which we left with her again, after giving her good counsel, and the boys, and seeing a nurse there of Mrs. Holden's choosing, I left them, and so walked home greatly troubled to think of my brother's condition, and the trouble that would arise to me by his death or continuing sick. So at home, my mind troubled, to bed.

14th. Up, and walked to my brother's, where I find he hath continued talking idly all night, and now knows me not, which troubles me mightily. So I walked down and discoursed a great while alone with the mayde, who tells me many passages of her master's practices, and how she concludes that he has run behind hand a great while and owes money, and has been dunned by several people, among others by one Cave,[1] both husband and wife, but whether it was for money or something worse she knows not, but there is one Cranburne, I think she called him, in Fleete Lane with whom he hath many times been mighty private, but what their dealings have been she knows not, but believes these were naught, and then his sitting up two Saturday nights one after another when all were a-bed doing something to himself, which she now suspects what it was, but did not before, but tells me that he hath been a very bad husband as to spending his time, and hath often told him of it, so that upon the whole I do find he is, whether he lives or dies, a ruined man, and what trouble will befall me by it I know not. Thence to White Hall; and in the Duke's chamber, while he was dressing, two persons of quality that were there did tell his Royal Highness how the other night, in Holborne, about midnight, being at cards, a link-boy come by and run into the house, and told the people the house was a-falling. Upon this the whole family was frighted, concluding that the boy had said that the house was a-fire: so they left their cards above, and one would have got out of the balcone, but it was not open; the other went up to fetch down

[1] See April 6th (p. 101).

his children, that were in bed; so all got clear out of the house. And no sooner so, but the house fell down indeed, from top to bottom.[1] It seems my Lord Southampton's canaille[2] did come too near their foundation, and so weakened the house, and down it came; which, in every respect, is a most extraordinary passage. By and by into his closet and did our business with him. But I did not speed as I expected in a business about the manner of buying hemp for this year, which troubled me, but it proceeds only from my pride, that I must needs expect every thing to be ordered just as I apprehend, though it was not I think from my errour, but their not being willing to hear and consider all that I had to propose. Being broke up I followed my Lord Sandwich and thanked him for his putting me into the Fishery, which I perceive he expected, and cried "Oh!" says he, "in the Fishery you mean. I told you I would remember you in it," but offered no other discourse. But demanding whether he had any commands for me, methought he cried "No!" as if he had no more mind to discourse with me, which still troubles me and hath done all the day, though I think I am a fool for it, in not pursuing my resolution of going handsome in clothes and looking high, for that must do it when all is done with my Lord. Thence by coach with Sir W. Batten to the city, and his son Castle, who talks mighty highly against Captain Tayler, calling him knave, and I find that the old doating father is led and talks just as the son do, or the son as the father would have him. 'Light and to Mr. Moxon's, and there saw our office globes in doing, which will be very handsome but cost money. So to the Coffee-house, and there very fine discourse with Mr. Hill the merchant, a pretty, gentile, young, and sober man. So to the 'Change, and thence home, where

[1] "The Intelligencer" of March 12th, 1663-64, notices the fall of the house here mentioned.—B.

[2] Probably the sewer from old Southampton House, which was situated on the south side of Holborn, a little above Holborn Bars. The house was pulled down about 1652, and its site is marked by Southampton Buildings.

my wife and I fell out about my not being willing to have her have her gowne laced, but would lay out the same money and more on a plain new one. At this she flounced away in a manner I never saw her, nor which I could ever endure. So I away to the office, though she had dressed herself to go see my Lady Sandwich. She by and by in a rage follows me, and coming to me tells me in spitefull manner like a vixen and with a look full of rancour that she would go buy a new one and lace it and make me pay for it, and then let me burn it if I would after she had done it, and so went away in a fury. This vexed me cruelly, but being very busy I had not hand to give myself up to consult what to do in it, but anon, I suppose after she saw that I did not follow her, she came again to the office, where I made her stay, being busy with another, half an houre, and her stomach[1] coming down we were presently friends, and so after my business being over at the office we out and by coach to my Lady Sandwich's, with whom I left my wife, and I to White Hall, where I met Mr. Delsety, and after an hour's discourse with him met with nobody to do other business with, but back again to my Lady, and after half an hour's discourse with her to my brother's, who I find in the same or worse condition. The doctors give him over and so do all that see him. He talks no sense two words together now; and I confess it made me weepe to see that he should not be able, when I asked him, to say who I was. I went to Mrs. Turner's, and by her discourse with my brother's Doctor, Mr. Powell, I find that she is full now of the disease which my brother is troubled with, and talks of it mightily, which I am sorry for, there being other company, but methinks it should be for her honour to forbear talking of it, the shame of this very thing I confess troubles me as much as anything. Back to my brother's and took

[1] Pride, haughtiness, only used now as a quotation.

> "He was a man
> Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
> Himself with princes."
>
> Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 2.

my wife, and carried her to my uncle Fenner's and there had much private discourse with him. He tells me of the Doctor's thoughts of my brother's little hopes of recovery, and from that to tell me his thoughts long of my brother's bad husbandry, and from that to say that he believes he owes a great deal of money, as to my cozen Scott I know not how much, and Dr. Thos. Pepys £30, but that the Doctor confesses that he is paid £20 of it, and what with that and what he owes my father and me I doubt he is in a very sad condition, that if he lives he will not be able to show his head, which will be a very great shame to me. After this I went in to my aunt and my wife and Anthony Joyce and his wife, who were by chance there, and drank and so home, my mind and head troubled, but I hope it will [be] over in a little time one way or other. After doing a little at my office of business I home to supper and to bed. From notice that my uncle Fenner did give my father the last week of my brother's condition, my mother is coming up to towne, which also do trouble me. The business between my Lords Chancellor and Bristoll, they say, is hushed up; and the latter gone or going, by the King's licence, to France.

15th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon comes Madam Turner and her daughter The., her chief errand to tell me that she had got Dr. Wiverly, her Doctor, to search my brother's mouth, where Mr. Powell says there is an ulcer, from thence he concludes that he hath had the pox. But the Doctor swears that there is not, nor ever was any, and my brother being very sensible, which I was glad to hear, he did talk with him about it, and he did wholly disclaim that ever he had the disease, or that ever he said to Powell that he had it. All which did put me into great comfort as to the reproach which was spread against him. So I sent for a barrel of oysters, and they dined, and we were very merry, I being willing to be so upon this news. After dinner we took coach and to my brother's, where contrary to my expectation he continues as bad or worse, talking idle, and now not at all knowing any of us as before. Here we staid a great while,

I going up and down the house looking after things. In the evening Dr. Wiverley came again, and I sent for Mr. Powell (the Doctor and I having first by ourselves searched my brother again at his privities, where he was as clear as ever he was born, and in the Doctor's opinion had been ever so), and we three alone discoursed the business, where the coxcomb did give us his simple reasons for what he had said, which the Doctor fully confuted, and left the fellow only saying that he should cease to report any such thing, and that what he had said was the best of his judgment from my brother's words and ulcer, as he supposed, in his mouth. I threatened him that I would have satisfaction if I heard any more such discourse, and so good night to them two, giving the Doctor a piece for his fee, but the other nothing. I to my brother again, where Madam Turner and her company, and Mrs. Croxton, my wife, and Mrs. Holding. About 8 o'clock my brother began to fetch his spittle with more pain, and to speak as much but not so distinctly, till at last the phlegm getting the mastery of him, and he beginning as we thought to rattle, I had no mind to see him die, as we thought he presently would, and so withdrew and led Mrs. Turner home, but before I came back, which was in half a quarter of an hour, my brother was dead. I went up and found the nurse holding his eyes shut, and he poor wretch lying with his chops fallen, a most sad sight, and that which put me into a present very great transport of grief and cries, and indeed it was a most sad sight to see the poor wretch lie now still and dead, and pale like a stone. I staid till he was almost cold, while Mrs. Croxton, Holden, and the rest did strip and lay him out, they observing his corpse, as they told me afterwards, to be as clear as any they ever saw, and so this was the end of my poor brother, continuing talking idle and his lips working even to his last that his phlegm hindered his breathing, and at last his breath broke out bringing a flood of phlegm and stuff out with it, and so he died. This evening he talked among other talk a great deal of French very plain and good, as, among others : *quand un homme boit quand il n'a poynt d'inclination*

a boire il ne luy fait jamais de bien. I once begun to tell him something of his condition, and asked him whither he thought he should go. He in distracted manner answered me —"Why, whither should I go? there are but two ways: If I go to the bad way I must give God thanks for it, and if I go the other way I must give God the more thanks for it; and I hope I have not been so undutifull and unthankfull in my life but I hope I shall go that way." This was all the sense, good or bad, that I could get of him this day. I left my wife to see him laid out, and I by coach home carrying my brother's papers, all I could find, with me, and having wrote a letter to my father telling him what hath been said I returned by coach, it being very late, and dark, to my brother's, but all being gone, the corpse laid out, and my wife at Mrs. Turner's, I thither, and there after an hour's talk, we up to bed, my wife and I in the little blue chamber, and I lay close to my wife, being full of disorder and grief for my brother that I could not sleep nor wake with satisfaction, at last I slept till 5 or 6 o'clock.

16th. And then I rose and up, leaving my wife in bed, and to my brother's, where I set them on cleaning the house, and my wife coming anon to look after things, I up and down to my cozen Stradwicke's and uncle Fenner's about discoursing for the funeral, which I am resolved to put off till Friday next. Thence home and trimmed myself, and then to the 'Change, and told my uncle Wight of my brother's death, and so by coach to my cozen Turner's and there dined very well, but my wife . . . . in great pain we were forced to rise in some disorder, and in Mrs. Turner's coach carried her home and put her to bed. Then back again with my cozen Norton [1] to Mrs. Turner's, and there staid a while talking with Dr. Pepys, the puppy, whom I had no patience to hear. So I left them and to my brother's to look after things, and saw the coffin brought; and by and by Mrs. Holden came and saw him nailed up. Then came W. Joyce to me half drunk, and much

[1] Joyce Norton (see note, vol. i., p. 11).

ado I had to tell him the story of my brother's being found clear of what was said, but he would interrupt me by some idle discourse or other, of his crying what a good man, and a good speaker my brother was, and God knows what. At last weary of him I got him away, and I to Mrs. Turner's, and there, though my heart is still heavy to think of my poor brother, yet I could give way to my fancy to hear Mrs. The. play upon the Harpsicon, though the musique did not please me neither. Thence to my brother's and found them with my mayd Elizabeth taking an inventory of the goods of the house, which I was well pleased at, and am much beholden to Mr. Honeywood's man in doing of it. His name is Herbert, one that says he knew me when he lived with Sir Samuel Morland, but I have forgot him. So I left them at it, and by coach home and to my office, there to do a little business, but God knows my heart and head is so full of my brother's death, and the consequences of it, that I can do very little or understand it. So home to supper, and after looking over some business in my chamber I to bed to my wife, who continues in bed in some pain still. This day I have a great barrel of oysters given me by Mr. Barrow, as big as 16 of others, and I took it in the coach with me to Mrs. Turner's, and give them to her. This day the Parliament met again, after a long prorogation, but what they have done I have not been in the way to hear.

17th. Up and to my brother's, where all the morning doing business against to-morrow, and so to my cozen Stradwicke's about the same business, and to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, where my wife in bed sick still, but not so bad as yesterday. I dined by her, and so to the office, where we sat this afternoon, having changed this day our sittings from morning to afternoons, because of the Parliament which returned yesterday; but was adjourned till Monday next,[1] upon pretence that many of the members were said to be upon the road; and also the King had other affairs, and so

[1] Parliament met on March 16th, and was at once adjourned until the 21st.

desired them to adjourn till then. But the truth is, the King is offended at my Lord of Bristoll, as they say, whom he hath found to have been all this while (pretending a desire of leave to go into France, and to have all the difference between him and the Chancellor made up,) endeavouring to make factions in both Houses to the Chancellor. So the King did this to keep the Houses from meeting ; and in the meanwhile sent a guard and a herald last night to have taken him at Wimbleton,[1] where he was in the morning, but could not find him : at which the King was and is still mightily concerned, and runs up and down to and from the Chancellor's like a boy : and it seems would make Digby's articles against the Chancellor to be treasonable reflections against his Majesty. So that the King is very high, as they say ; and God knows what will follow upon it! After office I to my brother's again, and thence to Madam Turner's, in both places preparing things against to-morrow; aud this night I have altered my resolution of burying him in the churchyarde among my young brothers and sisters, and bury him in the church, in the middle isle, as near as I can to my mother's pew. This costs me 20*s.* more. This being all, home by coach, bringing my brother's silver tankard for safety along with me, and so to supper, after writing to my father, and so to bed.

18th. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a

[1] The manor-house of Wimbledon was purchased of Sir Christopher Hatton by Sir Thomas Cecil (afterwards Earl of Exeter), who rebuilt it in 1588. He bequeathed it to his third son, Sir Edward Cecil (afterwards Viscount Wimbledon), at whose death in 1638 it was sold to Queen Henrietta Maria. The estate was seized during the Civil Wars, and a survey was taken by order of Parliament in 1649 (printed in "Archæologia," vol. x.). At the Restoration it again came into the possession of the Queen Dowager, who in 1661 sold it to George Digby, Earl of Bristol. On his death in 1676 it was sold by his widow to Lord Treasurer Danby (afterwards Duke of Leeds). Wimbledon House, designed by John Thorpe, was a very remarkable building, thought by some (according to Fuller) to be equal, if not to exceed Nonsuch. There is a view of the front in Lysons' "Environs of London."

great while putting things in order against anon; then to Madam Turner's and eat a breakfast there, and so to Wotton, my shoemaker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon for me; so to my brother's and to church, and with the grave-maker chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, (as his owne words were,) "I will justle them together but I will make room for him;" speaking of the fulness of the middle isle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother that is dead all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. At noon my wife, though in pain, comes, but I being forced to go home, she went back with me, where I dressed myself, and so did Besse; and so to my brother's again: whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they came not till four or five. But at last one after another they come, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cosen Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and every thing else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine, and their great content, I think; the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church,[1] walking out into the streete to the Conduit, and so across the streete, and had a

[1] St. Bride's, of which Richard Pierson, D.D., the vicar, officiated at the funeral. "March 18, 1663-4, Mr. Thomas Pepys" ("Burial Register of St. Bride's, Fleet Street").—B.

very good company along with the corps. And being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall : and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave ; and so all broke up ; and I and my wife and Madam Turner and her family to my brother's, and by and by fell to a barrell of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord ! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an houre after he is dead ! And, indeed, I must blame myself ; for though at the sight of him dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him. By and by, it beginning to be late, I put things in some order in the house, and so took my wife and Besse (who hath done me very good service in cleaning and getting ready every thing and serving the wine and things to-day, and is indeed a most excellent good-natured and faithful wench, and I love her mightily), by coach home, and so after being at the office to set down the day's work home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon my wife and I alone, having a good hen, with eggs, to dinner, with great content. Then by coach to my brother's, where I spent the afternoon in paying some of the charges of the buriall, and in looking over his papers, among which I find several letters of my brother John's to him speaking very foule words of me and my deportment to him here, and very crafty designs about Sturtlow land and God knows what, which I am very glad to know, and shall make him repent them. Anon my father and my brother John came to towne by coach. I sat till night with him, giving him an account of things. He, poor man, very sad and sickly. I in great pain by a simple compressing of my cods to-day by putting one leg over another as I have formerly done, which made me hasten home, and after a little at the office in great disorder home to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Kept my bed all the morning, having laid a poultice to my cods last night to take down the tumour

there which I got yesterday, which it did do, being applied pretty warm, and soon after the beginning of the swelling, and the pain was gone also. We lay talking all the while, among other things of religion, wherein I am sorry so often to hear my wife talk of her being and resolving to die a Catholique,[1] and indeed a small matter, I believe, would absolutely turn her, which I am sorry for. Up at noon to dinner, and then to my chamber with a fire till late at night looking over my brother Thomas's papers, sorting of them, among which I find many base letters of my brother John's to him against me, and carrying on plots against me to promote Tom's having of his Banbury[2] Mistress, in base slighting terms, and in worse of my sister Pall, such as I shall take a convenient time to make my father know, and him also to his sorrow. So after supper to bed, our people rising to wash to-morrow.

21st. Up, and it snowing this morning a little, which from the mildness of the winter and the weather beginning to be hot and the summer to come on apace, is a little strange to us. I did not go abroad for fear of my tumour, for fear it shall rise again, but staid within, and by and by my father came, poor man, to me, and my brother John. After much talke and taking them up to my chamber, I did there after some discourse bring in my business of anger with John, and did before my father read all his roguish letters, which troubled my father mightily, especially to hear me say what I did, against my allowing any thing for the time to come to him out of my owne purse, and other words very severe, while he, like a simple rogue, made very silly and churlish answers to me, not like a man of any goodness or witt, at which I was as much disturbed as the other, and will be as good as my word in making him to his cost know that I will remember his carriage to me in this particular the longest day I live. It troubled me to see my poor

[1] Mrs. Pepys's leaning towards Roman Catholicism was a constant trouble to her husband; but, in spite of his fears, she died a Protestant (see Dr. Milles's certificate, printed in vol. i., p. xli).

[2] The young lady whom Thomas Pepys courted lived at Banbury (see September 30th 1662, vol. ii. p. 350).

father so troubled, whose good nature did make him, poor wretch, to yield, I believe, to comply with my brother Tom and him in part of their designs, but without any ill intent to me, or doubt of me or my good intentions to him or them, though it do trouble me a little that he should in any manner do it. They dined with me, and after dinner abroad with my wife to buy some things for her, and I to the office, where we sat till night, and then, after doing some business at my closet, I home and to supper and to bed. This day the Houses of Parliament met; and the King met them, with the Queene with him. And he made a speech to them:[1] among other things, discoursing largely of the plots abroad against him and the peace of the kingdom; and, among other things, that the dissatisfied party had great hopes upon the effect of the Act for a Triennial Parliament granted by his father, which he desired them to peruse, and, I think, repeal. So the Houses did retire to their own House, and did order the Act to be read to-morrow before them; and I suppose it will be repealed, though I believe much against the will of a good many that sit there.

22nd. Up, and spent the whole morning and afternoon at my office, only in the evening, my wife being at my aunt Wight's, I went thither, calling at my own house, going out found the parlour curtains drawn, and inquiring the reason of it, they told me that their mistress had got Mrs. Buggin's fine little dog and our little bitch, which is proud at this time, and I am apt to think that she was helping him to line her, for going afterwards to my uncle Wight's, and supping there with her, where very merry with Mr. Woolly's drollery, and

[1] March 16th, 1663-64. This day both Houses met, and on the 21st the king opened the session with a speech from the throne, in which occurs this passage: "I pray, Mr. Speaker, and you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, give that Triennial Bill once a reading in your house, and then, in God's name, do what you think fit for me and yourselves and the whole kingdom. I need not tell you how much I love parliaments. Never king was so much beholden to parliaments as I have been, nor do I think the crown can ever be happy without frequent parliaments" (Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., cc. 290, 291).

going home I found the little dog so little that of himself he could not reach our bitch, which I am sorry for, for it is the finest dog that ever I saw in my life, as if he were painted the colours are so finely mixed and shaded. God forgive me, it went against me to have my wife and servants look upon them while they endeavoured to do something. . . .

23rd. Up, and going out saw Mrs. Buggin's dog, which proves as I thought last night so pretty that I took him and the bitch into my closet below, and by holding down the bitch helped him to line her, which he did very stoutly, so as I hope it will take, for it is the prettiest dog that ever I saw. So to the office, where very busy all the morning, and so to the 'Change, and off hence with Sir W. Rider to the Trinity House, and there dined very well: and good discourse among the old men of Islands now and then rising and falling again in the Sea, and that there is many dangers of grounds and rocks that come just up to the edge almost of the sea, that is never discovered and ships perish without the world's knowing the reason of it. Among other things, they observed, that there are but two seamen in the Parliament house, viz., Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, and not above twenty or thirty merchants; which is a strange thing in an island, and no wonder that things of trade go no better nor are better understood. Thence home, and all the afternoon at the office, only for an hour in the evening my Lady Jemimah, Paulina, and Madam Pickering come to see us, but my wife would not be seen, being unready.[1] Very merry with them; they mightily talking of their thrifty living for a fortnight before their mother came to town, and other such simple talk, and of their merry life at Brampton, at my father's, this winter. So they being gone, to the office again till late, and so home and to supper and to bed.

24th. Called up by my father, poor man, coming to advise with me about Tom's house and other matters, and he being gone I down by water to Greenwich, it being very foggy, and

[1] Undressed. See note, vol. ii., p. 359.

I walked very finely to Woolwich, and there did very much business at both yards, and thence walked back, Captain Grove with me talking, and so to Deptford and did the like there, and then walked to Redriffe (calling and eating a bit of collops and eggs at Half-way house), and so home to the office, where we sat late, and home weary to supper and to bed.

25th (Lady-day). Up and by water to White Hall, and there to chappell; where it was most infinite full to hear Dr. Critton.[1] Being not knowne, some great persons in the pew I pretended to, and went in, did question my coming in. I told them my pretence; so they turned to the orders of the chappell, which hung behind upon the wall, and read it, and were satisfied; but they did not demand whether I was in waiting or no; and so I was in some fear lest he that was in waiting might come and betray me. The Doctor preached upon the thirty-first of Jeremy, and the twenty-first and twenty-second verses, about a woman compassing a man; meaning the Virgin conceiving and bearing our Saviour. It was the worst sermon I ever heard him make, I must confess; and yet it was good, and in two places very bitter, advising the King to do as the Emperor Severus did, to hang up a Presbyter John (a short coat and a long gowne interchangeably) in all the Courts of England. But the story of Severus was pretty, that he hanged up forty senators before the Senate-house, and then made a speech presently to the Senate in praise of his owne lenity; and then decreed that never any senator after that time should suffer in the same manner without consent of the Senate: which he compared to the proceeding of the Long Parliament against my Lord Strafford. He said the greatest part of the lay magistrates in England were Puritans, and would not do justice; and the Bishopps, their powers were so taken away and lessened, that they could not exercise the power they ought. He told the King and the ladies plainly, speaking of death and of the skulls and bones of dead men and women,[2] how there is no

[1] Dr. Robert Creighton. See March 7th, 1661-62 (vol. ii., p. 200).

[2] The preacher appears to have had the grave scene in "Hamlet" in his mind, as he gives the same illustration of Alexander as Hamlet does.

difference ; that nobody could tell that of the great Marius or Alexander from a pyoneer ; nor, for all the pains the ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnell-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, or fair Rosamond's, or Jane Shoare's. Thence by water home. After dinner to the office, thence with my wife to see my father and discourse how he finds Tom's matters, which he do very ill, and that he finds him to have been so negligent, that he used to trust his servants with cutting out of clothes, never hardly cutting out any thing himself ; and, by the abstract of his accounts, we find him to owe above £290, and to be coming to him under £200. Thence home with my wife, it being very dirty on foot, and bought some fowl in Gracious Street[1] and some oysters against our feast to-morrow. So home, and after at the office a while, home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up very betimes and to my office, and there read over some papers against a meeting by and by at this office of Mr. Povy, Sir W. Rider, Creed, and Vernaty,[2] and Mr. Gauden about my Lord Peterborough's accounts for Tangier, wherein we proceeded a good way ; but, Lord ! to see how ridiculous Mr. Povy is in all he says or do ; like a man not more fit for to be in such employments as he is, and particularly that of Treasurer (paying many and very great sums without the least written order) as he is to be King of England, and seems but this day, after much discourse of mine, to be sensible of that part of his folly, besides a great deal more in other things. This morning in discourse Sir W. Rider [said] that he hath kept a journall of his life for almost these forty years, even to this day and still do, which pleases me mightily. That being done Sir J. Minnes and I sat all the morning, and then I to the 'Change, and there got away by

[1] Gracechurch Street.

[2] There are some letters of M. Vernatti or Vernatty (dated 1654, 1656, 1657) among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library. This man appears to have turned out a cheat, and fled the country in 1666 (see *post*, October 27th, 1667).

pretence of business with my uncle Wight to put off Creed, whom I had invited to dinner, and so home, and there found Madam Turner, her daughter The., Joyce Norton, my father and Mr. Honywood, and by and by come my uncle Wight and aunt. This being my solemn feast for my cutting of the stone,[1] it being now, blessed be God! this day six years since the time; and I bless God I do in all respects find myself free from that disease or any signs of it, more than that upon the least cold I continue to have pain in making water, by gathering of wind and growing costive, till which be removed I am at no ease, but without that I am very well. One evil more I have, which is that upon the least squeeze almost my cods begin to swell and come to great pain, which is very strange and troublesome to me, though upon the speedy applying of a poultice it goes down again, and in two days I am well again. Dinner not being presently ready I spent some time myself and shewed them a map of Tangier[2] left this morning at my house by Creed, cut by our order, the Commissioners, and drawn by Jonas Moore, which is very pleasant, and I purpose to have it finely set out and hung up. Mrs. Hunt coming to see my wife by chance dined here with us. After dinner Sir W. Batten sent to speak with me, and told me that he had proffered our bill to-day in the House, and that it was read without any dissenters, and he fears not but will pass very well, which I shall be glad of. He told me also how Sir [Richard] Temple hath spoke very discontentfull words in the House about the Tryennial Bill;[3] but it hath been read the second time to-day,

[1] The successful operation for the stone took place on March 26th, 1658.

[2] In Pepys's General Collection of Prints in the Pepysian Library are some coloured engravings of Tangier and the Mole, before they were demolished, and in their ruins, by Thomas Phillips; but Jonas Moore's map does not appear to be there.

[3] On March 23rd, 1663-64, a Bill for the repeal of the Act entituled "An Act for the preventing the inconveniences happening by the long intermission of Parliaments, and for the provision for the calling and holding of Parliaments once in three years at least," was read the first time. The question being put that the Bill be read on Tuesday was

and committed; and, he believes, will go on without more ado, though there are many in the House are displeased at it, though they dare not say much. But above all expectation, Mr. Prin is the man against it, comparing it to the idoll whose head was of gold, and his body and legs and feet of different metal. So this Bill had several degrees of calling of Parliaments, in case the King, and then the Council, and then the Lord Chancellor, and then the Sheriffes, should fail to do it. He tells me also, how, upon occasion of some 'prentices being put in the pillory to-day for beating of their masters,[1] or some such like thing, in Cheapside, a company of 'prentices came and rescued them, and pulled down the pillory; and they being set up again, did the like again. So that the Lord Mayor and Major Generall Browne was fain to come and stay there, to keep the peace; and drums, all up and down the city, was beat to raise the trained bands, for to quiett the towne, and by and by, going out with my uncle and aunt Wight by coach with my wife through Cheapside (the rest of the company after much content and mirth being broke up), we saw a trained band stand in Cheapside upon their guard. We went, much against my uncle's will, as far almost as Hyde Park, he and my aunt falling out all the way about it, which vexed me, but by this I understand my uncle more than ever I did, for he was mighty soon angry, and wished a pox take her, which I was sorry to hear. The weather I confess turning on a sudden to rain did make it very unpleasant, but yet there was no occasion in the world for his being so angry, but she bore herself very discreetly, and I must confess she proves to me much another woman than I thought her, but all was peace again presently, and so it raining very fast, we met many brave coaches coming from the Parke and

passed in the negative (yeas 42, noes 129), and it was resolved that the Bill be read the second time on the following morning. Sir Richard Temple was one of the tellers for the yeas ("Journal of the House of Commons," vol. viii., p. 526).

[1] Two servants of one Ireland, a cooper upon Bread Street Hill ("The Intelligencer," March 28th, 1664).—B.

so we turned and set them down at home, and so we home ourselves, and ended the day with great content to think how it hath pleased the Lord in six years time to raise me from a condition of constant and dangerous and most painfull sicknesse and low condition and poverty to a state of constant health almost, great honour and plenty, for which the Lord God of heaven make me truly thankfull. My wife found her gowne come home laced, which is indeed very handsome, but will cost me a great deal of money, more than ever I intended, but it is but for once. So to the office and did business, and then home and to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed wrangling with my wife about the charge she puts me to at this time for clothes more than I intended, and very angry we were, but quickly friends again. And so rising and ready I to my office, and there fell upon business, and then to dinner, and then to my office again to my business, and by and by in the afternoon walked forth towards my father's, but it being church time, walked to St. James's,[1] to try if I could see the belle Butler, but could not; only saw her sister, who indeed is pretty, with a fine Roman nose. Thence walked through the ducking-pond fields; but they are so altered since my father used to carry us to Islington,[2] to the old man's, at the King's Head, to eat cakes and ale (his name was Pitts) that I did not know

[1] The church of St. James's, Clerkenwell, which Pepys visited, was built in 1625 on the site of an older church. The present church was erected 1788-92. The Diarist went to church to see the fair Butlers on August 11th, 1661 (vol. ii., p. 79).

[2] In Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," there is an allusion to the "Citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds" (act i., sc. 1). The piece of ground, long since built upon, was called "Ducking-pond Field," from the pool in which the unfortunate ducks were hunted by dogs, to amuse the Cockneys, who went to Islington to breathe fresh air and drink cream. "On the north side of White Conduit House, now Albert Street, and at the south end of Claremont Place, there existed a deep and dangerous pool called Wheal Pond, which until a late period was famous for this inhuman sport" (Pinks's "History of Clerkenwell," p. 543). The King's Head Tavern stood opposite the church.

which was the ducking-pond nor where I was. So through F[l]ee[t] lane to my father's, and there met Mr. Moore, and discoursed with him and my father about who should administer for my brother Tom, and I find we shall have trouble in it, but I will clear my hands of it, and what vexed me, my father seemed troubled that I should seem to rely so wholly upon the advice of Mr. Moore, and take nobody else, but I satisfied him, and so home ; and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But, Lord ! to see how the train-bands are raised upon this : the drums beating every where as if an enemy were upon them ; so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one little one, that I demanded the business. He told me that that had never been done in the city since it was a city, two prentices put in the pillory, and that it ought not to be so. So I walked home, and then it being fine moonshine with my wife an houre in the garden, talking of her clothes against Easter and about her mayds, Jane being to be gone, and the great dispute whether Besse, whom we both love, should be raised to be chamber-mayde or no. We have both a mind to it, but know not whether we should venture the making her proud and so make a bad chamber-mayde of a very good-natured and sufficient cook-mayde. So to my office a little, and then to supper, prayers and to bed.

28th. This is the first morning that I have begun, and I hope shall continue to rise betimes in the morning, and so up and to my office, and thence about 7 o'clock to T. Trice, and advised with him about our administering to my brother Tom, and I went to my father and told him what to do; which was to administer and to let my cozen Scott have a letter of Atturny to follow the business here in his absence for him, who by that means will have the power of paying himself (which we cannot however hinder) and do us a kindness we think too. But, Lord ! what a shame, methinks, to

me, that, in this condition, and at this age, I should know no better the laws of my owne country! Thence to Westminster Hall, and spent till noon, it being Parliament time, and at noon walked with Creed into St. James's Parke, talking of many things, particularly of the poor parts and great unfitness for business of Mr. Povy, and yet what a show he makes in the world. Mr. Coventry not being come to his chamber, I walked through the house with him for an hour in St. James's fields[1] talking of the same subject, and then parted, and back and with great impatience, sometimes reading, sometimes walking, sometimes thinking that Mr. Coventry, though he invited us to dinner with him, was gone with the rest of the office without a dinner. At last, at past 4 o'clock I heard that the Parliament was not up yet, and so walked to Westminster Hall, and there found it so, and meeting with Sir J. Minnes, and being very hungry, went over with him to the Leg, and before we had cut a bit, the House rises, however we eat a bit and away to St. James's and there eat a second part of our dinner with Mr. Coventry and his brother Harry,[2] Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen. The great matter to-day in the House hath been, that Mr. Vaughan,[3] the great speaker, is this day come to towne, and hath declared himself in a speech of an houre and a half, with great reason and eloquence, against the repealing of the Bill for Triennial Parliaments;

[1] St. James's Fields consisted of an open space west of the Haymarket, and north of Pall Mall, now occupied by St. James's Square and the adjacent streets. The square was planned about this time by the Earl of St. Albans.

[2] Henry, third son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry; after the Restoration made a Groom of the Bedchamber, and elected M.P. for Droitwich. In 1664 he was sent Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden, where he remained two years, and was again employed on an embassy to the same court in 1671. He also succeeded in negotiating the peace at Breda in 1667, and in 1672 became Secretary of State, which office he resigned in 1679, on account of ill health. He died unmarried, December 7th, 1686.—B.

[3] John Vaughan, appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and knighted, 1668. He died December 10th, 1674.

but with no successe: but the House have carried it that there shall be such Parliaments, but without any coercive power upon the King, if he will bring this Act. But, Lord! to see how the best things are not done without some design; for I perceive all these gentlemen that I was with to-day were against it (though there was reason enough on their side); yet purely, I could perceive, because it was the King's mind to have it; and should he demand any thing else, I believe they would give it him. But this the discontented Presbyters, and the faction of the House will be highly displeased with; but it was carried clearly against them in the House. We had excellent good table-talke, some of which I have entered in my book of stories. So with them by coach home, and there find [by] my wife, that Father Fogourdy hath been with her to-day, and she is mightily for our going to hear a famous Reulé preach at the French Embassador's house: I pray God he do not tempt her in any matters of religion, which troubles me; and also, she had messages from her mother to-day, who sent for her old morning-gown, which was almost past wearing; and I used to call it her kingdom,[1] from the ease and content she used to have in the wearing of it. I am glad I do not hear of her begging any thing of more value, but I do not like that these messages should now come all upon Monday morning, when my wife expects of course I should be abroad at the Duke's. To the office, where Mr. Norman[2] came and showed me a design of his for the store-keeper's books, for the keeping of them regular in order to a balance, which I am mightily satisfied to see, and shall love the fellow the better, as he is in all things sober, so particu-

[1] Apparently an allusion to the charming poem attributed to Sir Edward Dyer, the friend of Spenser and Sidney:

"My minde to me a kingdome is,
Such perfect joy therein I finde."

It was set to music by the celebrated William Byrd, and published in his "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie," 1588. A black-letter edition of this poem is found in the Pepys Collection of Ballads.

[2] James Norman, clerk to Sir William Batten.

larly for his endeavour to do something in this thing so much wanted. So late home to supper and to bed, weary with walking so long to no purpose in the Park to-day.

29th. Was called up this morning by a messenger from Sir G. Carteret to come to him to Sir W. Batten's, and so I rose and thither to him, and with him and Sir J. Minnes to Sir G. Carteret's to examine his accounts, and there we sat at it all the morning. About noon Sir W. Batten came from the House of Parliament and told us our Bill for our office was read the second time to-day, with great applause, and is committed. By and by to dinner, where good cheere, and Sir G. Carteret in his humour a very good man, and the most kind father and pleased father in his children that ever I saw. Here is now hung up a picture of my Lady Carteret, drawn by Lilly, a very fine picture, but yet not so good as I have seen of his doing. After dinner to the business again without any intermission till almost night, and then home, and took coach to my father to see and discourse with him, and so home again and to my office, where late, and then home to bed.

30th. Up very betimes to my office, and thence at 7 o'clock to Sir G. Carteret, and there with Sir J. Minnes made an end of his accounts, but staid not dinner, my Lady having made us drink our morning draft there of several wines, but I drank nothing but some of her coffee, which was poorly made, with a little sugar in it. Thence to the 'Change a great while, and had good discourse with Captain Cocke at the Coffee-house about a Dutch warr, and it seems the King's design is by getting underhand the merchants to bring in their complaints to the Parliament, to make them in honour begin a warr, which he cannot in honour declare first, for fear they should not second him with money. Thence homewards, staying a pretty while with my little she milliner at the end of Birchin Lane, talking and buying gloves of her, and then home to dinner, and in the afternoon had a meeting upon the Chest business, but I fear unless I have time to look after it nothing will be done, and that I fear I shall not. In the evening

comes Sir W. Batten, who tells us that the Committee have approved of our bill with very few amendments in words, not in matter. So to my office, where late with Sir W. Warren, and so home to supper and to bed.

31st. Up betimes, and to my office, where by and by comes Povy, Sir W. Rider, Mr. Bland, Creed, and Vernatty, about my Lord Peterborough's accounts, which we now went through, but with great difficulty, and many high words between Mr. Povy and I; for I could not endure to see so many things extraordinary put in, against truthe and reason. He was very angry, but I endeavoured all I could to profess my satisfaction in my Lord's part of the accounts, but not in those foolish idle things, they say I said, that others had put in. Anon we rose and parted, both of us angry, but I contented, because I knew all of them must know I was in the right. Then with Creed to Deptford, where I did a great deal of business enquiring into the business of canvas and other things with great content, and so walked back again, good discourse between Creed and I by the way, but most upon the folly of Povy, and at home found Luellin, and so we to dinner, and thence I to the office, where we sat all the afternoon late, and being up and my head mightily crowded with business, I took my wife by coach to see my father. I left her at his house and went to him to an alehouse hard by, where my cozen Scott was, and my father's new tenant, Langford, a tailor, to whom I have promised my custom, and he seems a very modest, carefull young man. Thence my wife coming with the coach to the alley end I home, and after supper to the making up my monthly accounts, and to my great content find myself worth above £900, the greatest sum I ever yet had. Having done my accounts, late to bed. My head of late mighty full of business, and with good content to myself in it, though sometimes it troubles me that nobody else but I should bend themselves to serve the King with that diligence, whereby much of my pains proves ineffectual.

April 1st. Up and to my office, where busy till noon, and then to the 'Change, where I found all the merchants con-

cerned with the presenting their complaints to the Committee of Parliament appointed to receive them this afternoon against the Dutch. So home to dinner, and thence by coach, setting my wife down at the New Exchange, I to White Hall; and coming too soon for the Tangier Committee walked to Mr. Blagrave for a song. I left long ago there, and here I spoke with his kinswoman, he not being within, but did not hear her sing, being not enough acquainted with her, but would be glad to have her, to come and be at my house a week now and then. Back to White Hall, and in the Gallery met the Duke of Yorke (I also saw the Queene going to the Parke, and her Mayds of Honour: she herself looks ill, and methinks Mrs. Stewart is grown fatter, and not so fair as she was); and he called me to him, and discoursed a good while with me; and after he was gone, twice or thrice staid and called me again to him, the whole length of the house: and at last talked of the Dutch; and I perceive do much wish that the Parliament will find reason to fall out with them. He gone, I by and by found that the Committee of Tangier met at the Duke of Albemarle's, and so I have lost my labour. So with Creed to the 'Change, and there took up my wife and left him, and we two home, and I to walk in the garden with W. Howe, whom we took up, he having been to see us, he tells me how Creed has been questioned before the Council about a letter that has been met with, wherein he is mentioned by some fanatiques as a serviceable friend to them, but he says he acquitted himself well in it, but, however, something sticks against him, he says, with my Lord, at which I am not very sorry, for I believe he is a false fellow. I walked with him to Paul's, he telling me how my Lord is little at home, minds his carding and little else, takes little notice of any body; but that he do not think he is displeased, as I fear, with me, but is strange to all, which makes me the less troubled. So walked back home, and late at the office. So home and to bed. This day Mrs. Turner did lend me, as a rarity, a manuscript of one Mr. Wells, writ long ago, teaching the method of building a ship, which pleases me mightily. I

was at it to-night, but durst not stay long at it, I being come to have a great pain and water in my eyes after candle-light.

2nd. Up and to my office, and afterwards sat, where great contest with Sir W. Batten and Mr. Wood, and that doating fool Sir J. Minnes, that says whatever Sir W. Batten says, though never minding whether to the King's profit or not. At noon to the Coffee-house, where excellent discourse with Sir W. Petty, who proposed it as a thing that is truly questionable, whether there really be any difference between waking and dreaming, that it is hard not only to tell how we know when we do a thing really or in a dream, but also to know what the difference [is] between one and the other. Thence to the 'Change, but having at this discourse long afterwards with Sir Thomas Chamberlin,[1] who tells me what I heard from others, that the complaints of most Companies were yesterday presented to the Committee of Parliament against the Dutch, excepting that of the East India, which he tells me was because they would not be said to be the first and only cause of a warr with Holland, and that it is very probable, as well as most necessary, that we fall out with that people. I went to the 'Change, and there found most people gone, and so home to dinner, and thence to Sir W. Warren's, and with him past the whole afternoon, first looking over two ships[2] of Captain Taylor's and Phin. Pett's now in building, and am resolved to learn something of the art, for I find it is not hard and very usefull, and thence to Woolwich, and after seeing Mr. Falconer, who is very ill, I to the yard, and there heard Mr. Pett tell me several things of Sir W. Batten's ill managements, and so with Sir W. Warren walked to Greenwich, having good discourse, and thence by water, it being now moonshine and 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and landed at Wapping, and by him and his man safely brought to my door, and so he home, having spent the day with him very

[1] Sir Thomas Chamberlayne (see *ante*, p. 43).

[2] These ships may have been the "Adventure" and the "Providence," which were ready to launch at this time (see "Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 499).

well. So home and eat something, and then to my office a while, and so home to prayers and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Being weary last night lay long, and called up by W. Joyce. So I rose, and his business was to ask advice of me, he being summonsed to the House of Lords to-morrow, for endeavouring to arrest my Lady Peters[1] for a debt. I did give him advice, and will assist him. He staid all the morning, but would not dine with me. So to my office and did business. At noon home to dinner, and being set with my wife in the kitchen my father comes and sat down there and dined with us. After dinner gives me an account of what he had done in his business of his house and goods, which is almost finished, and he the next week expects to begoing down to Brampton again, which I am glad of because I fear the children of my Lord that are there for fear of any discontent. He being gone I to my office, and there very busy setting papers in order till late at night, only in the afternoon my wife sent for me home, to see her new laced gowne, that is her gown that is new laced; and indeed it becomes her very nobly, and is well made. I am much pleased with it. At night to supper, prayers, and to bed.

4th. Up, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's; and there spoke with him about W. Joyce, who told me he would do what was fit in so tender a point. I can yet discern a coldness in him to admit me to any discourse with him. Thence to Westminster, to the Painted Chamber, and there met the two Joyces. Will in a very melancholy taking. After a little discourse I to the Lords' House before they sat; and stood within it a good while, while the Duke of York came to me and spoke to me a good while about the new ship[2] at Woolwich.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John Savage, second Earl Rivers, and first wife to William, fourth Lord Petre, who was, in 1678, impeached by the Commons of high treason, and died under confinement in the Tower, January 5th, 1683, *s. p.*—B.

[2] There are several references to a new ship building about this time at Woolwich among the State Papers. On February 29th, 1663-64, Commissioner Pett, writing to Pepys, expresses his opinion that "the

Afterwards I spoke with my Lord Barkeley and my Lord Peterborough about it.[1] And so staid without a good while, and saw my Lady Peters, an impudent jade, soliciting all the Lords on her behalf. And at last W. Joyce was called in; and by the consequences, and what my Lord Peterborough told me, I find that he did speak all he said to his disadvantage, and so was committed to the Black Rod: which is very hard, he doing what he did by the advice of my Lord Peters' own steward. But the Sergeant of the Black Rod did direct one of his messengers to take him in custody, and so he was peaceably conducted to the Swan with two Necks, in Tuttle Street, to a handsome dining-room; and there was most civilly used, my uncle Fenner, and his brother Anthony, and some other friends being with him. But who would have thought that the fellow that I should have sworn could have spoken before all the world should in this be so daunted, as not to know what he said, and now to cry like a child. I protest, it is very strange to observe. I left them providing for his stay there to-night and getting a petition against to-morrow, and so away to Westminster Hall, and meeting Mr. Coventry, he took me to his chamber, with Sir William Hickeman,[2] a member of their House, and a very civill gentleman. Here we dined very plentifully, and thence to White Hall to the Duke's, where we all met, and after some discourse of the condition of the Fleete, in order to a Dutch warr, for that, I perceive, the Duke hath a mind it should come to, we away to the office, where we sat, and I took care to rise betimes, and so by water to Halfway House, talking all the way good discourse with Mr. Wayth, and there found my wife, who was gone with her mayd Besse to have a walk. But, Lord! how my jealous mind did make me suspect that

demands of joiners and carvers for work on the new ship at Woolwich [are] exorbitant" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 498).

[1] W. Joyce's business.

[2] Only son of Sir Willoughby Hickman, of Gainsborough, who had been created a baronet in 1643, and whom he succeeded in his title and estates. He was M.P. for East Retford.—B.

she might have some appointment to meet somebody. But I found the poor souls coming away thence, so I took them back, and eat and drank, and then home, and after at the office a while, I home to supper and to bed. It was a sad sight, methought, to-day to see my Lord Peters coming out of the House fall out with his lady (from whom he is parted) about this business, saying that she disgraced him. But she hath been a handsome woman, and is, it seems, not only a lewd woman, but very high-spirited.

5th. Up very betimes, and walked to my cozen Anthony Joyce's, and thence with him to his brother Will, in Tuttle Street, where I find him pretty cheery over [what] he was yesterday (like a coxcomb), his wife being come to him, and having had his boy with him last night. Here I staid an hour or two and wrote over a fresh petition, that which was drawn by their solicitor not pleasing me, and thence to the Painted chamber, and by and by away by coach to my Lord Peterborough's, and there delivered the petition into his hand, which he promised most readily to deliver to the House to-day. Thence back, and there spoke to several Lords, and so did his solicitor (one that W. Joyce hath promised £5 to if he be released). Lord Peterborough presented a petition to the House from W. Joyce: and a great dispute, we hear, there was in the House for and against it. At last it was carried that he should be bayled till the House meets again after Easter, he giving bond for his appearance. This was not so good as we hoped, but as good as we could well expect. Anon comes the King and passed the Bill for repealing the Triennial Act,[1] and another about Writs of Errour. I crowded in and heard the King's speech to them; but he speaks the worst that ever I heard man in my life: worse than if he read

[1] April 5th, 1664. In compliance with the king's expressed wish "the House immediately set about repealing the obnoxious Triennial Bill, which they stigmatized as derogatory to the prerogative of the Crown, and as a short compensation prepared another short one, which provided that parliaments should not be intermitted above three years" (Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., col. 292).

it all, and he had it in writing in his hand. Thence, after the House was up, and I inquired what the order of the House was, I to W. Joyce,[1] with his brother, and told them all. Here was Kate come, and is a comely fat woman. I would not stay dinner, thinking to go home to dinner, and did go by water as far as the bridge, but thinking that they would take it kindly my being there, to be bayled for him if there was need, I returned, but finding them gone out to look after it, only Will and his wife and sister left and some friends that came to visit him, I to Westminster Hall, and by and by by agreement to Mrs. Lane's lodging, whither I sent for a lobster, and with Mr. Swayne and his wife eat it, and argued before them mightily for Hawly, but all would not do, although I made her angry by calling her old, and making her know what herself is. Her body was out of temper for any dalliance, and so after staying there 3 or 4 hours, but yet taking care to have my oath safe of not staying a quarter of an hour together with her, I went to W. Joyce, where I find the order come, and bayle (his father and brother) given; and he paying his fees, which come to above £12, besides £5 he is to give one man, and his charges of eating and drinking here, and 10*s*. a-day as many days as he stands under bayle: which, I hope, will teach him hereafter to hold his tongue better than he used to do. Thence with Anth. Joyce's wife alone home talking of Will's folly, and having set her down, home myself, where I find my wife dressed as if she had been abroad, but I think she was not, but she answering me some way that I did not like I pulled her by the nose, indeed to offend her, though afterwards to appease her I denied it, but only it was done in haste. The poor wretch took it mighty ill, and I believe besides wringing her nose she did feel pain, and so cried a great while, but by

[1] The two sisters Fenner were married to the two brothers Joyce: Kate to Anthony, and Mary to William. There is a token extant of Anthony Joyce's house (The Three Stags) "at Hoborn Conded." The initials "A K I" on the token stand for Anthony and Kate Joyce (see "Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 633).

and by I made her friends, and so after supper to my office a while, and then home to bed. This day great numbers of merchants came to a Grand Committee of the House to bring in their claims against the Dutch. I pray God guide the issue to our good!

6th. Up and to my office, whither by and by came John Noble, my father's old servant, to speake with me. I smelling the business, took him home; and there, all alone, he told me how he had been serviceable to my brother Tom, in the business of his getting his servant, an ugly jade, Margaret, with child. She was brought to bed in St. Sepulchre's parish of two children; one is dead, the other is alive; her name Elizabeth, and goes by the name of Taylor, daughter to John Taylor. It seems Tom did a great while trust one Crawly with the business, who daily got money of him; and at last, finding himself abused, he broke the matter to J. Noble, upon a vowe of secresy. Tom's first plott was to go on the other side the water and give a beggar woman something to take the child. They did once go, but did nothing, J. Noble saying that seven years hence the mother might come to demand the child and force him to produce it, or to be suspected of murder. Then I think it was that they consulted, and got one Cave, a poor pensioner in St. Bride's parish to take it, giving him £5, he thereby promising to keepe it for ever without more charge to them. The parish hereupon indite the man Cave for bringing this child upon the parish, and by Sir Richard Browne he is sent to the Counter. Cave thence writes to Tom to get him out. Tom answers him in a letter of his owne hand, which J. Noble shewed me, but not signed by him, wherein he speaks of freeing him and getting security for him, but nothing as to the business of the child, or anything like it: so that forasmuch as I could guess, there is nothing therein to my brother's prejudice as to the main point, and therefore I did not labour to tear or take away the paper. Cave being released, demands £5 more to secure my brother for ever against the child; and he was forced to give it him and took bond of Cave in £100, made at a scrivener's, one

Hudson, I think, in the Old Bayly, to secure John Taylor, and his assigns, &c. (in consideration of £10 paid him), from all trouble, or charge of meat, drink, clothes, and breeding of Elizabeth Taylor; and it seems, in the doing of it, J. Noble was looked upon as the assignee of this John Taylor. Noble says that he furnished Tom with this money, and is also bound by another bond to pay him 20*s.* more this next Easter Monday; but nothing for either sum appears under Tom's hand. I told him how I am like to lose a great sum by his death, and would not pay any more myself, but I would speake to my father about it against the afternoon. So away he went, and I all the morning in my office busy, and at noon home to dinner mightily oppressed with wind, and after dinner took coach and to Paternoster Row, and there bought a pretty silke for a petticoate for my wife, and thence set her down at the New Exchange, and I leaving the coat at Unthanke's, went to White Hall, but the Councell meeting at Worcester House I went thither, and there delivered to the Duke of Albemarle a paper touching some Tangier business, and thence to the 'Change for my wife, and walked to my father's, who was packing up some things for the country. I took him up and told him this business of Tom, at which the poor wretch was much troubled, and desired me that I would speak with J. Noble, and do what I could and thought fit in it without concerning him in it. So I went to Noble, and saw the bond that Cave did give and also Tom's letter that I mentioned above, and upon the whole I think some shame may come, but that it will be hard from any thing I see there to prove the child to be his. Thence to my father and told what I had done, and how I had quieted Noble by telling him that, though we are resolved to part with no more money out of our own purses, yet if he can make it appear a true debt that it may be justifiable for us to pay it, we will do our part to get it paid, and said that I would have it paid before my own debt. So my father and I both a little satisfied, though vexed to think what a rogue my brother was in all respects. I took my wife by coach home,

and to my office, where late with Sir W. Warren, and so home to supper and to bed. I heard to-day that the Dutch have begun with us by granting letters of marke against us; but I believe it not.

7th. Up and to my office, where busy, and by and by comes Sir W. Warren and old Mr. Bond in order to the resolving me some questions about masts and their proportions, but he could say little to me to my satisfaction, and so I held him not long but parted. So to my office busy till noon and then to the 'Change, where high talke of the Dutch's protest against our Royall Company in Guinny,[1] and their granting letters of marke against us there, and every body expects a warr, but I hope it will not yet be so, nor that this is true. Thence to dinner, where my wife got me a pleasant French fricassee of veal for dinner, and thence to the office, where vexed to see how Sir W. Batten ordered things this afternoon (vide my office book, for about this time I have begun, my notions and informations encreasing now greatly every day, to enter all occurrences extraordinary in my office in a book by themselves), and so in the evening after long discourse and eased my mind by discourse with Sir W. Warren, I to my business late, and so home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up betimes and to the office, and anon, it begunn to be fair after a great shower this morning, Sir W. Batten and I by water (calling his son Castle by the way, between whom and I no notice at all of his letter the other day to me) to Deptford, and after a turn in the yard, I went with him to the Almes'-house to see the new building which he, with some ambition, is building of there, during his being Master of Trinity House; and a good worke it is, but to see how simply he answered somebody concerning setting up the arms of the corporation upon the door, that and any thing else he did not deny it, but said he would leave that to the master that comes after him. There I left him and to the King's yard

[1] The African or Guinea Company, which had a house in Broad Street.

again, and there made good inquiry into the business of the poop lanterns, wherein I found occasion to correct myself mightily for what I have done in the contract with the platerer, and am resolved, though I know not how, to make them to alter it, though they signed it last night, and so I took Stanes[1] home with me by boat and discoursed it, and he will come to reason when I can make him to understand it. No sooner landed but it fell a mighty storm of rain and hail, so I put into a cane shop and bought one to walk with, cost me 4*s.* 6*d.*, all of one joint. So home to dinner, and had an excellent Good Friday dinner of peas porridge and apple pye. So to the office all the afternoon preparing a new book for my contracts, and this afternoon come home the office globes done to my great content. In the evening a little to visit Sir W. Pen, who hath a feeling this day or two of his old pain. Then to walk in the garden with my wife, and so to my office a while, and then home to the only Lenten supper I have had of wiggs[2] and ale, and so to bed. This morning betimes came to my office to me boatswain Smith of Woolwich, telling me a notable piece of knavery of the officers of the yard and Mr. Gold in behalf of a contract made for some old ropes by Mr. Wood, and I believe I shall find Sir W. Batten of the plot (vide my office daybook[3]).

9th. The last night, whether it was from cold I got to-day upon the water I know not, or whether it was from my mind being over concerned with Stanes's business of the platery of

[1] Among the State Papers is a petition of Thomas Staine to the Navy Commissioners "for employment as plateworker in one or two dockyards. Has incurred illwill by discovering abuses in the great rates given by the king for several things in the said trade. Begs the appointment, whereby it will be seen who does the work best and cheapest, otherwise he and all others will be discouraged from discovering abuses in future, with order thereon for a share of the work to be given to him" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 395).

[2] Buns or tea cakes. See March 6th, 1660-61 (vol. i., p. 357). "*Eschaudé*, a kind of wigg or symnell."—Cotgrave.

[3] These note-books referred to in the Diary are not known to exist now.

the navy, for my minde was mighty troubled with the business all night long, I did wake about one o'clock in the morning, a thing I most rarely do, and pissed a little with great pain, continued sleepy, but in a high fever all night, fiery hot, and in some pain. Towards morning I slept a little and waking found myself better, but . . . . with some pain, and rose I confess with my clothes sweating, and it was somewhat cold too, which I believe might do me more hurt, for I continued cold and apt to shake all the morning, but that some trouble with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten kept me warm. At noon home to dinner upon tripes, and so though not well abroad with my wife by coach to her Tailor's and the New Exchange, and thence to my father's and spoke one word with him, and thence home, where I found myself sick in my stomach and vomited, which I do not use to do. Then I drank a glass or two of Hypocras, and to the office to dispatch some business, necessary, and so home and to bed, and by the help of Mithrydate [1] slept very well.

10th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, and then up and my wife dressed herself, it being Easter day, but I not being so well as to go out, she, though much against her will, staid at home with me; for she had put on her new best gowne, which indeed is very fine now with the lace; and this morning her taylor brought home her other new laced silke gowne with a smaller lace, and new petticoate, I bought the other day: both very pretty. We spent the day in pleasant talke and company one with another, reading in Dr. Fuller's book [2] what he says of the family of the Cliffords and Kingsmills, and at night being myself better than I was by taking a glyster,

[1] Mithridate is understood to denote an antidote, and not, as here, an opiate.

[2] Pepys had been mistaken in fancying that Fuller's "Worthies" was to be a history of all the families in England (see *ante*, January 22nd, 1660-61, vol. i., p. 332, and February 10th, 1661-62, vol. ii., p. 186), and hence his disappointment, when the work came out, some months after the author's decease, at there being no mention in it of his ancestors. He then looked for the Cliffords, in hopes of finding his wife's lineage; but with no better success.—B.

which did carry away a great deal of wind, I after supper at night went to bed and slept well.

11th. Lay long talking with my wife, then up and to my chamber preparing papers against my father comes to lie here for discourse about country business. Dined well with my wife at home, being myself not yet thorough well, making water with some pain, but better than I was, and all my fear of an ague gone away. In the afternoon my father came to see us, and he gone I up to my morning's work again, and so in the evening a little to the office and to see Sir W. Batten, who is ill again, and so home to supper and to bed.

12th. Up, and after my wife had dressed herself very fine in her new laced gown, and very handsome indeed, W. Howe also coming to see us, I carried her by coach to my uncle Wight's and set her down there, and W. Howe and I to the Coffee-house, where we sat talking about getting of him some place under my Lord of advantage if he should go to sea, and I would be glad to get him secretary and to out Creed if I can, for he is a crafty and false rogue. Thence a little to the 'Change, and thence took him to my uncle Wight's, where dined my father, poor melancholy man, that used to be as full of life as anybody, and also my aunt's brother, Mr. Sutton, a merchant in Flanders, a very sober, fine man, and Mr. Cole and his lady; but, Lord! how I used to adore that man's talke, and now methinks he is but an ordinary man, his son a pretty boy indeed, but his nose unhappily awry. Other good company and an indifferent, and but indifferent dinner for so much company, and after dinner got a coach, very dear, it being Easter time and very foul weather, to my Lord's, and there visited my Lady, and leaving my wife there I and W. Howe to Mr. Pagett's, and there heard some musique not very good, but only one Dr. Walgrave, an Englishman bred at Rome, who plays the best upon the lute that I ever heard man. Here I also met Mr. Hill [1] the little merchant, and after

[1] Thomas Hill, a man whose taste for music caused him to be a very acceptable companion to Pepys. In January, 1664-65, he became assistant to the secretary of the Prize Office.

all was done we sung. I did well enough a Psalm or two of Lawes; he I perceive has good skill and sings well, and a friend of his sings a good base. Thence late walked with them two as far as my Lord's, thinking to take up my wife and carry them home, but there being no coach to be got away they went, and I staid a great while, it being very late, about 10 o'clock, before a coach could be got. I found my Lord and ladies and my wife at supper. My Lord seems very kind. But I am apt to think still the worst, and that it is only in show, my wife and Lady being there. So home, and find my father come to lie at our house, and so supped, and saw him, poor man, to bed, my heart never being fuller of love to him, nor admiration of his prudence and pains heretofore in the world than now, to see how Tom hath carried himself in his trade; and how the poor man hath his thoughts going to provide for his younger children and my mother. But I hope they shall never want. So myself and wife to bed.

13th. Though late, past 12, before we went to bed, yet I heard my poor father up, and so I rang up my people, and I rose and got something to eat and drink for him, and so abroad, it being a mighty foul day, by coach, setting my father down in Fleet Streete and I to St. James's, where I found Mr. Coventry (the Duke being now come thither for the summer) with a goldsmith, sorting out his old plate to change for new; but, Lord! what a deale he hath! I staid and had two or three hours discourse with him, talking about the disorders of our office, and I largely to tell him how things are carried by Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to my great grief. He seems much concerned also, and for all the King's matters that are done after the same rate every where else, and even the Duke's household matters too, generally with corruption, but most indeed with neglect and indifferency. I spoke very loud and clear to him my thoughts of Sir J. Minnes and the other, and trust him with the using of them. Then to talk of our business with the Dutch; he tells me fully that he believes it will not come to a warr; for first, he

showed me a letter from Sir George Downing, his own hand, where he assures him that the Dutch themselves do not desire, but above all things fear it, and that they neither have given letters of marke against our shipps in Guinny, nor do De Ruyter[1] stay at home with his fleet with an eye to any such thing, but for want of a wind, and is now come out and is going to the Streights. He tells me also that the most he expects is that upon the merchants' complaints, the Parliament will represent them to the King, desiring his securing of his subjects against them, and though perhaps they may not directly see fit, yet even this will be enough to let the Dutch know that the Parliament do not oppose the King, and by that means take away their hopes, which was that the King of England could not get money or do anything towards a warr with them, and so thought themselves free from making any restitution, which by this they will be deceived in. He tells me also that the Dutch states are in no good condition themselves, differing one with another, and that for certain none but the states of Holland and Zealand will contribute towards a warr, the others reckoning themselves, being inland, not concerned in the profits of warr or peace. But it is pretty to see what he says, that those here that are forward for a warr at Court, they are reported in the world to be only designers of getting money into the King's hands, they that elsewhere are for it have a design to trouble the kingdom and to give the Fanatiques an opportunity of doing hurt, and

[1] Michael De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, was born 1607. He served under Tromp in the war against England in 1653, and was Lieutenant Admiral General of Holland in 1665. He died April 26th, 1676, of wounds received in a battle with the French off Syracuse. Among the State Papers is a news letter (dated July 14th, 1664) containing information as to the views of the Dutch respecting a war with England. "They are preparing many ships, and raising 6,000 men, and have no doubt of conquering by sea." "A wise man says the States know how to master England by sending moneys into Scotland for them to rebel, and also to the discontented in England, so as to place the King in the same straits as his father was, and bring him to agree with Holland" ("Calendar," 1663-64, p. 642).

lastly those that are against it (as he himself for one is very cold therein) are said to be bribed by the Dutch. After all this discourse he carried me in his coach, it raining still, to Charing Cross, and there put me into another, and I calling my father and brother carried them to my house to dinner, my wife keeping bed all day. . . . . All the afternoon at the office with W. Boddam [1] looking over his particulars about the Chest of Chatham, which shows enough what a knave Commissioner Pett hath been all along, and how Sir W. Batten hath gone on in getting good allowance to himself and others out of the poors' money. Time will show all. So in the evening to see Sir W. Pen, and then home to my father to keep him company, he being to go out of town, and up late with him and my brother John till past 12 at night to make up papers of Tom's accounts fit to leave with my cozen Scott. At last we did make an end of them, and so after supper all to bed.

14th. Up betimes, and after my father's eating something, I walked out with him as far as Milk Streete, he turning down to Cripplegate to take coach; and at the end of the streete I took leave, being much afeard I shall not see him here any more, he do decay so much every day, and so I walked on, there being never a coach to be had till I came to Charing Cross, and there Col. Froud took me up and carried me to St. James's, where with Mr. Coventry and Povy, &c., about my Lord Peterborough's accounts, but, Lord! to see still what a puppy that Povy is with all his show is very strange. Thence to Whitehall and W. C[oventry] and I and Sir W. Rider resolved upon a day to meet and make an end of all the business. Thence walked with Creed to the Coffee-house in Covent Garden, where no company, but he told me many fine experiments at Gresham College,[2] and some demonstration

[1] William Bodham about this time was appointed clerk of the Ropeyard at Woolwich.

[2] These demonstrations by Robert Hooke at the Royal Society are described in the minutes as follows: "April 6, 1664. The experiment of stretching glass was made by Mr. Hooke, who was desired to give an account of the manner and success thereof in writing." "April 13. An

that the heat and cold of the weather do rarify and condense the very body of glasse, as in a bolt head[1] with cold water in it put into hot water, shall first by rarifying the glasse make the water sink, and then when the heat comes to the water makes that rise again, and then put into cold water makes the water by condensing the glass to rise, and then when the cold comes to the water makes it sink, which is very pretty and true, he saw it tried. Thence by coach home, and dined above with my wife by her bedside, she keeping her bed. . . . . So to the office, where a great conflict with Wood and Castle about their New England masts.[2] So in the evening my mind a little vexed, but yet without reason, for I shall prevail, I hope, for the King's profit, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up and all the morning with Captain Taylor at my house talking about things of the Navy, and among other things I showed him my letters to Mr. Coventry, wherein he acknowledges that nobody to this day did ever understand so much as I have done, and I believe him, for I perceive he did very much listen to every article as things new to him, and is contented to abide by my opinion therein in his great contest with us about his and Mr. Wood's masts. At noon to the 'Change, where I met with Mr. Hill, the little merchant, with whom, I perceive, I shall contract a musical acquaintance;

account in writing was brought by Mr. Hooke of two experiments tried before the Society at the preceding meeting . . . 2 of the stretching and shrinking of glass upon heating and cooling; both of which were ordered to be registered" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., pp. 409, 411).

[1] A long straight-necked glass vessel used for chemical distillation.

[2] On September 10th, 1663, Sir William Warren contracted with the Navy Commissioners to deliver Gottenburg and Norway masts at the several dockyards. The contract, among the State Papers, has annexed to it: "Tender by Sir William Warren of 150 Gottenburg and 300 Norway masts, with three ships loads of New England masts, to be delivered free of charge at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Deptford," and "Account of the difference of price between the tenders of Sir William Warren and —— Wood, the former being the cheaper" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 270.

but I will make it as little troublesome as I can. Home and dined, and then with my wife by coach to the Duke's house, and there saw "The German Princess"[1] acted, by the woman herself; but never was any thing so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest upon the stage; and indeed the whole play, abating the drollery of him that acts her husband, is very simple, unless here and there a witty sprinkle or two. We met and sat by Dr. Clerke. Thence homewards, calling at Madam Turner's, and thence set my wife down at my aunt Wight's and I to my office till late, and then at 10 at night fetched her home, and so again to my office a little, and then to supper and to bed.

16th. Up and to the office, where all the morning upon the dispute of Mr. Wood's masts, and at noon with Mr. Coventry to the African House; and after a good and pleasant dinner, up with him, Sir W. Rider, the simple Povy, of all the most ridiculous foole that ever I knew to attend to business, and Creed and Vernatty, about my Lord Peterborough's accounts; but the more we look into them, the more we see of them that makes dispute, which made us break off, and so I home, and there found my wife and Besse gone over the water to Half-way house, and after them, thinking to have gone to Woolwich, but it was too late, so eat a cake and home, and thence by coach to have spoke with Tom Trice about a letter I met with this afternoon from my cozen Scott, wherein he seems to deny proceeding as my father's attorney in administering for him in my brother Tom's estate, but I find him gone out of town, and so returned vexed home and to the office, where late writing a letter to him, and so home and to bed.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and I put on my best cloth black suit and my velvet cloake, and with my wife in her best laced suit to church, where we have not been these nine or ten weeks. The truth is, my jealousy hath hindered it, for fear she should see Pembleton. He was here to-day, but I think sat so as he could not see her, which did please me, God help me! mightily, though I know well enough that in reason this

[1] See note, vol. iii., p. 149.

is nothing but my ridiculous folly. Home to dinner, and in the afternoon, after long consulting whether to go to Woolwich or no to see Mr. Falconer, but indeed to prevent my wife going to church, I did however go to church with her, where a young simple fellow did preach: I slept soundly all the sermon, and thence to Sir W. Pen's, my wife and I, there she talking with him and his daughter, and thence with my wife walked to my uncle Wight's and there supped, where very merry, but I vexed to see what charges the vanity of my aunt puts her husband to among her friends and nothing at all among ours. Home and to bed. Our parson, Mr. Mills, his owne mistake in reading of the service was very remarkable, that instead of saying, "We beseech thee to preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth," he cries, "Preserve to our use our gracious Queen Katherine."

18th. Up and by coach to Westminster, and there solicited W. Joyce's business again; and did speake to the Duke of Yorke about it, who did understand it very well. I afterwards did without the House fall in company with my Lady Peters, and endeavoured to mollify her; but she told me she would not, to redeem her from hell, do any thing to release him; but would be revenged while she lived, if she lived the age of Methusalem. I made many friends, and so did others. At last it was ordered by the Lords that it should be referred to the Committee of Privileges to consider. So I, after discoursing with the Joyces, away by coach to the 'Change; and there, among other things, do hear that a Jew hath put in a policy of four per cent. to any man, to insure him against a Dutch warr for four months; I could find in my heart to take him at this offer, but however will advise first, and to that end took coach to St. James's, but Mr. Coventry was gone forth, and I thence to Westminster Hall, where Mrs. Lane was gone forth, and so I missed of my intent to be with her this afternoon, and therefore meeting Mr. Blagrave, went home with him, and there he and his kinswoman sang, but I was not pleased with it, they singing methought very ill, or else I am grown worse to please than

heretofore. Thence to the Hall again, and after meeting with several persons, and talking there, I to Mrs. Hunt's (where I knew my wife and my aunt Wight were about business), and they being gone to walk in the parke I went after them with Mrs. Hunt, who staid at home for me, and finding them did by coach, which I had agreed to wait for me, go with them all and Mrs. Hunt and a kinswoman of theirs, Mrs. Steward, to Hide Parke, where I have not been since last year; where I saw the King with his periwigg, but not altered at all; and my Lady Castlemayne in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on; and many brave persons. And myself being in a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me. Thence in the evening home, setting my aunt at home, and thence we sent for a joynt of meat to supper, and thence to the office at 11 o'clock at night, and so home to bed.

19th. Up and to St. James's, where long with Mr. Coventry, Povy, &c., in their Tangier accounts, but such the folly of that coxcomb Povy that we could do little in it, and so parted for the time, and I to walk with Creed and Vernaty in the Physique Garden in St. James's Parke; where I first saw orange-trees,[1] and other fine trees. So to Westminster Hall, and thence by water to the Temple, and so walked to the 'Change, and there find the 'Change full of news from Guinny, some say the Dutch have sunk our ships and taken our fort, and others say we have done the same to them. But I find by our merchants that something is done, but is yet a secret among them. So home to dinner, and then to the office, and at night with Captain Tayler consulting how to get a little money by

[1] John Evelyn mentions in his Diary (Sept. 25th, 1679) the excellence of the China oranges grown on his own trees, and later on he writes: "20 September, 1700. I went to Beddington, the ancient seate of the Carews, heretofore adorned with ample gardens and the first orange trees that had been seen in England planted in the open ground." William Bray, the editor, says that oranges were eaten in this kingdom in the time of King James I., if not earlier, as appears by the accounts of a student in the Temple, which he had seen.

letting him the Elias [1] to fetch masts from New England. So home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up and by coach to Westminster, and there solicited W. Joyce's business all the morning, and meeting in the Hall with Mr. Coventry, he told me how the Committee for Trade [2] have received now all the complaints of the merchants against the Dutch, and were resolved to report very highly the wrongs they have done us (when, God knows! it is only our owne negligence and laziness that hath done us the wrong): and this to be made to the House to-morrow. I went also out of the Hall with Mrs. Lane to the Swan at Mrs. Herbert's in the Palace Yard to try a couple of bands, and did (though I had a mind to be playing the fool with her) purposely stay but a little while, and kept the door open, and called the master and mistress of the house one after another to drink and talk with me, and showed them both my old and new bands. So that as I did nothing so they are able to bear witness that I had no opportunity there to do anything. Thence by coach with Sir W. Pen home, calling at the Temple for Lawes's Psalms, which I did not so much (by being against my oath) buy as only lay down money till others be bound better for me, and by that time I hope to get money of the Treasurer of the Navy by bills, which, according to my oath, shall make me able to do it. At home dined, and all the

[1] Captain William Badiley wrote to the Navy Commissioners, February 9th, 1663-64, requesting "a warrant to enter 12 or 14 men to the Elias, which is now afloat." On March 1st he wrote: "The Elias is ready to take in provisions, but wants men to stow them;" and on April 6th, 1664, he asked for "an order to remove the Elias" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, pp. 474, 502, 546).

[2] "Proceedings in the House of Commons on the reading by Mr. Clifford of the report of the Committee for Trade, at which it was resolved to represent to the House and to his Majesty the injuries done by the Dutch in India, Africa, and America, as the greatest obstruction to trade, and to request some course for redress and prevention. The House adopted the report, and added their resolution to support the King with life and fortune against all opposition; also a conference was desired with the Lords thereon, and Mr. Clifford and others were appointed to manage it" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 562).

afternoon at a Committee of the Chest, and at night comes my aunt and uncle Wight and Nan Ferrers and supped merrily with me, my uncle coming in an hour after them almost foxed. Great pleasure by discourse with them, and so, they gone, late to bed.

21st. Up pretty betimes and to my office, and thither came by and by Mr. Vernaty and staid two hours with me, but Mr. Gauden did not come, and so he went away to meet again anon. Then comes Mr. Creed, and, after some discourse, he and I and my wife by coach to Westminster (leaving her at Unthanke's, her tailor's) Hall, and there at the Lords' House heard that it is ordered, that, upon submission upon the knee both to the House and my Lady Peters, W. Joyce shall be released. I forthwith made him submit, and aske pardon upon his knees; which he did before several Lords. But my Lady would not hear it; but swore she would post the Lords, that the world might know what pitifull Lords the King hath; and that revenge was sweeter to her than milk; and that she would never be satisfied unless he stood in a pillory, and demand pardon there. But I perceive the Lords are ashamed of her, and so I away calling with my wife at a place or two to inquire after a couple of mayds recommended to us, but we found both of them bad. So set my wife at my uncle Wight's and I home, and presently to the 'Change, where I did some business, and thence to my uncle's and there dined very well, and so to the office, we sat all the afternoon, but no sooner sat but news comes my Lady Sandwich was come to see us, so I went out, and running up (her friend however before me) I perceive by my dear Lady blushing that in my dining-room she was doing something upon the pott, which I also was ashamed of, and so fell to some discourse, but without pleasure through very pity to my Lady. She tells me, and I find true since, that the House this day have voted that the King be desired to demand right for the wrong done us by the Dutch,[1] and that they will stand by him with their lives and

[1] "April 22nd, 1664. The following resolution passed both houses, viz.: 'That the wrongs, dishonours, and indignities done to his Majesty by the

fortunes: which is a very high vote, and more than I expected. What the issue will be, God knows! My Lady, my wife not being at home, did not stay, but, poor, good woman, went away, I being mightily taken with her dear visitt, and so to the office, where all the afternoon till late, and so to my office, and then to supper and to bed, thinking to rise betimes to-morrow.

22nd. Having directed it last night, I was called up this morning before four o'clock. It was full light enough to dress myself, and so by water against tide, it being a little coole, to Greenwich; and thence, only that it was somewhat foggy till the sun got to some height, walked with great pleasure to Woolwich, in my way staying several times to listen to the nightingales. I did much business both at the Ropeyarde and the other, and on floate I discovered a plain cheat which in time I shall publish of Mr. Ackworth's. Thence, having visited Mr. Falconer[1] also, who lies still sick, but hopes to be better, I walked to Greenwich, Mr. Deane with me. Much good discourse, and I think him a very just man, only a little conceited, but yet very able in his way, and so he by water also with me also to towne. I home, and immediately dressing myself, by coach with my wife to my Lord Sandwich's, but they having dined we would not 'light but went to Mrs. Turner's, and there got something to eat, and thence after reading part of a good play, Mrs. The., my wife and I, in their coach to Hide Parke,

subjects of the United Provinces, by invading his rights in India, Africa, and elsewhere, and the damages, affronts, and injuries done by them to our merchants, are the greatest obstructions of our Foreign Trade, and that the same be humbly and speedily presented to his Majesty, and that he be most humbly moved to take some speedy and effectual course for redress thereof, and all other of the like nature, and for prevention of the like in future: and in prosecution thereof, they will, with their lives and fortunes, assist his Majesty against all opposition whatsoever'" (Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., col. 292).

[1] The following entry in the "Calendar of State Papers" (1663-64, p. 560), illustrates this: "April 18th, 1664. John Falkener to Sam. Pepys. Mr. [William] Acworth cannot supply deals for the ropeyard, having only eight score; so more will be wanting."

where great plenty of gallants, and pleasant it was, only for the dust. Here I saw Mrs. Bendy, my Lady Spillman's faire daughter that was, who continues yet very handsome. Many others I saw with great content, and so back again to Mrs. Turner's, and then took a coach and home. I did also carry them into St. James's Park and shewed them the garden. To my office awhile while supper was making ready, and so home to supper and to bed.

23rd (Coronation day). Up, and after doing something at my office, and, it being a holiday, no sitting likely to be, I down by water to Sir W. Warren's, who hath been ill, and there talked long with him good discourse, especially about Sir W. Batten's knavery and his son Castle's ill language of me behind my back, saying that I favour my fellow traytours, but I shall be even with him. So home and to the 'Change, where I met with Mr. Coventry, who himself is now full of talke of a Dutch warr; for it seems the Lords have concurred in the Commons' vote about it; and so the next week it will be presented to the King, insomuch that he do desire we would look about to see what stores we lack, and buy what we can. Home to dinner, where I and my wife much troubled about my money that is in my Lord Sandwich's hand, for fear of his going to sea and be killed; but I will get what of it out I can. All the afternoon, not being well, at my office, and there doing much business, my thoughts still running upon a warr and my money. At night home to supper and to bed.

24th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning in my chamber setting some of my private papers in order, for I perceive that now publique business takes up so much of my time that I must get time a-Sundays or a-nights to look after my owne matters. Dined and spent all the afternoon talking with my wife, at night a little to the office, and so home to supper and to bed.

25th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's and there up to the Duke, and after he was ready to his closet, where most of our talke about a Dutch warr, and discoursing of things indeed now for it. The Duke, which gives me

great good hopes, do talk of setting up a good discipline in the fleete. In the Duke's chamber there is a bird, given him by Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, comes from the East Indys, black the greatest part, with the finest collar of white about the neck ;[1] but talks many things and neyes like the horse, and other things, the best almost that ever I heard bird in my life. Thence down with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Rider, who was there (going along with us from the East Indya house to-day) to discourse of my Lord Peterborough's accounts, and then walked over the Parke, and in Mr. Cutler's coach with him and Rider as far as the Strand, and thence I walked to my Lord Sandwich's, where by agreement I met my wife, and there dined with the young ladies ; my Lady, being not well, kept her chamber. Much simple discourse at table among the young ladies. After dinner walked in the garden, talking with Mr. Moore about my Lord's business. He told me my

[1] The description is insufficient to enable the bird to be determined with certainty, but Professor Newton informs the editor that it is most likely to have been a grackle of some kind. The *Gracula religiosa*, or mina, has a yellow collar, is easily tamed, and learns to talk and whistle with great facility. Professor Newton kindly contributes the following two interesting quotations, showing that minas were brought from India early in the eighteenth century ; and he believes that, as the mina is a favourite cage-bird in India, it was brought over as soon as direct trade with that country was established. One of the earliest figures of the bird is by Eleazer Albin ("Natural History of Birds," vol. ii., pl. 38), in 1738, who writes : "This bird imitates a human voice, speaking very articulately. I drew this bird at Mr. Mere's coffee-house in King Street, Bloomsbury. Sir Hans Sloan had one of these birds that spoke very prettily, which he presented to Her Majesty Queen Carolina. They are brought from East India." George Edwards ("Natural History of Uncommon Birds," vol. i., pl. 17), whose plate is dated September 25th, 1740, gives two figures, one from a bird he saw at a dealer's in White Hart Yard, in the Strand, and the other from a bird which belonged to Dr. George Wharton, treasurer of the College of Physicians, adding : "For whistling, singing, and talking, it is accounted in the first rank, expressing words with an accent nearer human than parrots, or any other bird usually taught to talk. They are said to come from the Island of Borneo, and 'tis likely they come from thence and the adjacent parts. They are brought to us by the India Company's ships."

Lord runs in debt every day more and more, and takes little care how to come out of it. He counted to me how my Lord pays use now for above £9,000, which is a sad thing, especially considering the probability of his going to sea, in great danger of his life, and his children, many of them, to provide for. Thence, the young ladies going out to visit, I took my wife by coach out through the city, discoursing how to spend the afternoon ; and conquered, with much ado, a desire of going to a play ; but took her out at White Chapel, and to Bednal Green ; so to Hackney, where I have not been many a year, since a little child I boarded there. Thence to Kingsland, by my nurse's house, Goody Lawrence, where my brother Tom and I was kept when young. Then to Newington Green, and saw the outside of Mrs. Herbert's house, where she lived, and my Aunt Ellen with her ; but, Lord ! how in every point I find myself to over-value things when a child. Thence to Islington, and so to St. John's to the Red Bull,[1] and there saw the latter part of a rude prize fought, but with good pleasure enough ; and thence back to Islington, and at the King's Head, where Pitts lived, we 'light and eat and drunk for remembrance of the old house sake ; and so through Kingsland again, and so to Bishopsgate, and so home with great pleasure. The country mighty pleasant, and we with great

[1] In Sir W. Davenant's "The Playhouse to be Let" (supposed to have been acted in 1663), we find an allusion to the Red Bull :

> "Tell 'em the Red Bull stands empty for fencers ;
> There are no tenants in it but old spiders.
> Go bid the men of wrath allay their heat
> With prizes there."

J. Payne Collier was in possession of a printed challenge and acceptance of a trial at eight several weapons to be performed betwixt two scholars of Benjamin Dobson and William Wright, masters of the noble science of defence. The trial was to come off "at the Red Bull at the upper end of St. John's Street, on Whitsun Monday, the 30th of May, 1664, beginning exactly at three of the clock in the afternoon, and the best man is to take all." The weapons were "back-sword, single rapier, sword and dagger, rapier and dagger, sword and buckler, half pike, sword and gauntlet, single faulchion."

content home, and after supper to bed, only a little troubled at the young ladies leaving my wife so to-day, and from some passages fearing my Lady might be offended. But I hope the best.

26th. Up, and to my Lord Sandwich's, and coming a little too early, I went and saw W. Joyce, and by and by comes in Anthony, they both owning a great deal of kindness received from me in their late business, and indeed I did what I could, and yet less I could not do. It has cost the poor man above £40; besides, he is likely to lose his debt. Thence to my Lord's, and by and by he comes down, and with him (Creed with us) I rode in his coach to St. James's, talking about W. Joyce's business mighty merry, and my Lady Peters, he says, is a drunken jade, he himself having seen her drunk in the lobby of their House. I went up with him to the Duke, where methought the Duke did not shew him any so great fondness as he was wont; and methought my Lord was not pleased that I should see the Duke made no more of him, not that I know any thing of any unkindnesse, but I think verily he is not as he was with him in his esteem. By and by the Duke went out and we with him through the Parke, and there I left him going into White Hall, and Creed and I walked round the Parke, a pleasant walk, observing the birds, which is very pleasant; and so walked to the New Exchange, and there had a most delicate dish of curds and creame, and discourse with the good woman of the house, a discreet well-bred woman, and a place with great delight I shall make it now and then to go thither. Thence up, and after a turn or two in the 'Change, home to the Old Exchange by coach, where great newes and true, I saw by written letters, of strange fires seen at Amsterdam in the ayre, and not only there, but in other places thereabout. The talke of a Dutch warr is not so hot, but yet I fear it will come to it at last. So home and to the office, where we sat late. My wife gone this afternoon to the buriall of my she-cozen Scott,[1] a good woman;

[1] Judith Pepys, daughter of Richard Pepys, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and wife of J. Scott.

and it is a sad consideration how the Pepys's decay, and nobody almost that I know in a present way of encreasing them. At night late at my office, and so home to my wife to supper and to bed.

27th. Up, and all the morning very busy with multitude of clients, till my head began to be overloaded. Towards noon I took coach and to the Parliament house door, and there staid the rising of the House, and with Sir G. Carteret and Mr. Coventry discoursed of some tarr that I have been endeavouring to buy, for the market begins apace to rise upon us, and I would be glad first to serve the King well, and next if I could I find myself now begin to cast how to get a penny myself. Home by coach with Alderman Backewell in his coach, whose opinion is that the Dutch will not give over the business without putting us to some trouble to set out a fleete; and then, if they see we go on well, will seek to salve up the matter. Upon the 'Change busy. Thence home to dinner, and thence to the office till my head was ready to burst with business, and so with my wife by coach, I sent her to my Lady Sandwich and myself to my cozen Roger Pepys's chamber, and there he did advise me about our Exchequer business, and also about my brother John, he is put by my father upon interceding for him, but I will not yet seem the least to pardon him nor can I in my heart. However, he and I did talk how to get him a mandamus for a fellowship, which I will endeavour. Thence to my Lady's, and in my way met Mr. Sanchy, of Cambridge, whom I have not met a great while. He seems a simple fellow, and tells me their master, Dr. Rainbow,[1] is newly made Bishop of Carlisle. To my Lady's, and she not being well did not see her, but straight home with my wife, and late to my office, concluding in the business of Wood's masts, which I have now done and I believe taken more pains in it than ever any Principall officer in this world ever did in any thing to no profit to this day. So, weary, sleepy, and hungry, home and to bed. This day the

[1] Bishop Rainbow (see note, vol. iii., p. 87).

Houses attended the King, and delivered their votes to him upon the business of the Dutch; and he thanks them, and promises an answer in writing.

28th. Up and close at my office all the morning. To the 'Change busy at noon, and so home to dinner, and then in the afternoon at the office till night, and so late home quite tired with business, and without joy in myself otherwise than that I am by God's grace enabled to go through it and one day hope to have benefit by it. So home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up betimes, and with Sir W. Rider and Cutler to White Hall. Rider and I to St. James's, and there with Mr. Coventry did proceed strictly upon some fooleries of Mr. Povy's in my Lord Peterborough's accounts, which will touch him home, and I am glad of it, for he is the most troublesome impertinent man that ever I met with. Thence to the 'Change, and there, after some business, home to dinner, where Luellin and Mount came to me and dined, and after dinner my wife and I by coach to see my Lady Sandwich, where we find all the children and my Lord removed, and the house so melancholy that I thought my Lady had been dead, knowing that she was not well; but it seems she hath the meazles, and I fear the small pox, poor lady. It grieves me mightily; for it will be a sad houre to the family should she miscarry. Thence straight home and to the office, and in the evening comes Mr. Hill the merchant and another with him that sings well, and we sung some things, and good musique it seemed to me, only my mind too full of business to have much pleasure in it. But I will have more of it. They gone, and I having paid Mr. Moxon [1] for the work he has done for the office upon the King's globes, I to my office, where very late busy upon Captain Tayler's bills for his masts, which I think will never off my hand. Home to supper and to bed.

[1] Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to King Charles II., author of "Mechanick Dyalling," "Mechanick Exercises," etc. In 1668 his shop was on Ludgate Hill, at the sign of the Atlas. In 1693 he had removed to Warwick Lane. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on November 30th, 1678, and admitted the same day.

30th. Up and all the morning at the office. At noon to the 'Change, where, after business done, Sir W. Rider and Cutler took me to the Old James and there did give me a good dish of mackerell, the first I have seen this year, very good, and good discourse. After dinner we fell to business about their contract for tarr, in which and in another business of Sir W. Rider's, canvas, wherein I got him to contract with me, I held them to some terms against their wills, to the King's advantage, which I believe they will take notice of to my credit. Thence home, and by water by a gally down to Woolwich, and there a good while with Mr. Pett upon the new ship discoursing and learning of him. Thence with Mr. Deane to see Mr. Falconer, and there find him in a way to be well. So to the water (after much discourse with great content with Mr. Deane) and home late, and so to the office, wrote to my father among other things my continued displeasure against my brother John, so that I will give him nothing more out of my own purse, which will trouble the poor man, but however it is fit that I should take notice of my brother's ill carriage to me. Then home and till 12 at night about my month's accounts, wherein I have just kept within compass, this having been a spending month. So my people being all abed I put myself to bed very sleepy. All the newes now is what will become of the Dutch business, whether warr or peace. We all seem to desire it, as thinking ourselves to have advantages at present over them; for my part I dread it. The Parliament promises to assist the King with lives and fortunes, and he receives it with thanks and promises to demand satisfaction of the Dutch. My poor Lady Sandwich is fallen sick three days since of the meazles. My Lord Digby's business is hushed up, and nothing made of it; he is gone, and the discourse quite ended. Never more quiet in my family all the days of my life than now, there being only my wife and I and Besse and the little girl Susan, the best wenches to our content that we can ever expect.

May 1st (Lord's day). Lay long in bed. Went not to church, but staid at home to examine my last night's accounts,

which I find right, and that I am £908 creditor in the world, the same I was last month. Dined, and after dinner down by water with my wife and Besse with great pleasure as low as Greenwich and so back, playing as it were leisurely upon the water to Deptford, where I landed and sent my wife up higher to land below Half-way house. I to the King's yard and there spoke about several businesses with the officers, and so with Mr. Wayth consulting about canvas, to Half-way house where my wife was, and after eating there we broke and walked home before quite dark. So to supper, prayers, and to bed.

2nd. Lay pretty long in bed. So up and by water to St. James's, and there attended the Duke with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, and having done our work with him walked to Westminster Hall, and after walking there and talking of business met Mr. Rawlinson and by coach to the 'Change, where I did some business, and home to dinner, and presently by coach to the King's Play-house to see "The Labyrinth,"[1] but, coming too soon, walked to my Lord's to hear how my Lady do, who is pretty well; at least past all fear. There by Captain Ferrers meeting with an opportunity of my Lord's coach, to carry us to the Parke anon, we directed it to come to the play-house door; and so we walked, my wife and I and Madamoiselle. I paid for her going in, and there saw "The Labyrinth," the poorest play, methinks, that ever I saw, there being nothing in it but the odd accidents that fell out, by a lady's being bred up in man's apparel, and a man in a woman's. Here was Mrs. Stewart, who is indeed very pretty, but not like my Lady Castlemayne, for all that. Thence in the coach to the Parke, where no pleasure; there being much dust, little company, and one of our horses almost spoiled by falling down, and getting his leg over the pole; but all mended presently, and after riding up and down, home. Set Madamoiselle at home, and we home, and to my office, whither comes Mr. Bland, and pays me the debt he acknow-

[1] Or "The Fatal Embarrassment," taken from Corneille.—B.

ledged he owed me for my service in his business of the Tangier Merchant,[1] twenty pieces of new gold, a pleasant sight. It cheered my heart; and he being gone, I home to supper, and shewed them my wife; and she, poor wretch, would fain have kept them to look on, without any other design but a simple love to them; but I thought it not convenient, and so took them into my own hand. So, after supper, to bed.

3rd. Up, and being ready, went by agreement to Mr. Bland's and there drank my morning draft in good chocollatte, and slabbering my band sent home for another, and so he and I by water to White Hall, and walked to St. James's, where met Creed and Vernatty, and by and by Sir W. Rider, and so to Mr. Coventry's chamber, and there upon my Lord Peterborough's accounts, where I endeavoured to shew the folly and punish it as much as I could of Mr. Povy; for, of all the men in the world, I never knew any man of his degree so great a coxcomb in such imployments. I see I have lost him for ever, but I value it not; for he is a coxcomb, and, I doubt, not over honest, by some things which I see; and yet, for all his folly, he hath the good lucke, now and then, to speak his follies in as good words, and with as good a show, as if it were reason, and to the purpose, which is really one of the wonders of my life. Thence walked to Westminster Hall; and there, in the Lords' House, did in a great crowd, from ten o'clock till almost three, hear the cause of Mr. Roberts,[2] my

[1] The "Tangiers Merchant" was a ship freighted by the Navy Office (see vol. iii., p. 19).

[2] In this case, Robartes *v.* Wynne, the plaintiff's bill was in the end dismissed with costs. The following is found among the State Papers: "Jan. 21, 1664. Order in the case of Rob. and Sara Robartes and their second child Chas. Bodville Robartes *v.* Sir Rich. Wynne, Bart., and others, relative to the will of John Bodville, who settled a large estate in cos. Carnarvon, Anglesea, and Merioneth, on his daughter Sara Robartes, and her son Charles, whom he educated, on which the Lord Privy Seal [Lord Robartes] settled £3,000 a year on Mr. and Mrs. Robartes; but Bodville was induced by the defendants, when his mind was impaired, to make a will in their favour. The order condemns the conduct of the

Lord Privy Seal's son, against Win, who by false ways did get the father of Mr. Roberts's wife (Mr. Bodvill) to give him the estate and disinherit his daughter. The cause was managed for my Lord Privy Seal by Finch the Solicitor [General]; but I do really think that he is truly a man of as great eloquence as ever I heard, or ever hope to hear in all my life. Thence, after long staying to speak with my Lord Sandwich, at last he coming out to me and speaking with me about business of my Lord Peterborough, I by coach home to the office, where all the afternoon, only stept home to eat one bit and to the office again, having eaten nothing before to-day. My wife abroad with my aunt Wight and Norbury. I in the evening to my uncle Wight's, and not finding them come home, they being gone to the Parke and the Mulberry garden, I went to the 'Change, and there meeting with Mr. Hempson,[1] whom Sir W. Batten has lately turned out of his place, merely because of his coming to me when he came to town before he went to him, and there he told me many rogueries of Sir W. Batten, how he knows and is able to prove that Captain Cox of Chatham did give him £10 in gold to get him to certify for him at the King's coming in, and that Tom Newborne did make [the] poor men give him £3 to get Sir W. Batten to cause them to be entered in the yard, and that Sir W. Batten

defendants, but postpones for a year the reparation to be given to the plaintiffs, the case not being ripe for a final decree" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 450). On March 6th, 1664, Robartes petitioned the House of Lords. The House took the case up, and ordered the Lord Chancellor to make a speedy decree in the High Court of Chancery. Some protests followed this action (see Thorold Rogers's "Protests of the Lords," vol. i., p. 30). For account of the case, see "Reports in Chancery, Charles I. to 20 Charles II.," London, 1693, p. 236; also "Lords' Journals," vol. xi., pp. 606, 608, 609, 630, 631.

[1] It appears that it was not only Sir William Batten who was dissatisfied with Hempson. The following is among the State Papers: "Jan. 21, 1664. Commissioner Peter Pett to Sam. Pepys. Has sent Capt. Taylor's bills. The price of Nath. London's timber is too great. Fears Mr. Hempson is lost to the service; it is not the king's interest to give such busy officers so great a liberty [of absence]" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 449).

had oftentimes said: "by God, Tom, you shall get something and I will have some on't." His present clerk that is come in Norman's [1] room has given him something for his place; that they live high and (as Sir Francis Clerk's lady told his wife) do lack money as well as other people, and have bribes of a piece of sattin and cabinetts and other things from people that deal with him, and that hardly any body goes to see or hath anything done by Sir W. Batten but it comes with a bribe, and that this is publickly true that his wife was a whore, and that he had libells flung within his doors for a cuckold as soon as he was married; that he received £100 in money and in other things to the value of £50 more of Hempson, and that he intends to give him back but £50; that he hath abused the Chest and hath now some £1,000 by him of it. I met also upon the 'Change with Mr. Cutler, and he told me how for certain Lawson hath proclaimed warr again with Argier, though they had at his first coming given back the ships which they had taken, and all their men; though they refused afterwards to make him restitution for the goods which they had taken out of them. Thence to my uncle Wight's, and he not being at home I went with Mr. Norbury near hand to the Fleece, a mum house [2] in Leadenhall, and there drunk mum and by and by broke up, it being about 11 o'clock at night, and so leaving them also at home, went home myself and to bed.

4th. Up, and my new Taylor, Langford, comes and takes measure of me for a new black cloth suit and cloake, and I think he will prove a very carefull fellow and will please me well. Thence to attend my Lord Peterborough in bed and give him an account of yesterday's proceeding with Povy. I perceive I labour in a business will bring me little pleasure; but no matter, I shall do the King some service. To my

[1] James Norman was clerk to Sir William Batten.

[2] There were several mum houses in various parts of London. One of Andrew Yarranton's wild schemes, at this time, was to bring the mum trade from Brunswick, and fix it at Stratford-on-Avon. See his "England's Improvement."

Lord's lodgings, where during my Lady's sickness he is, there spoke with him about the same business. Back and by water to my cozen Scott's. There condoled with him the loss of my cozen, his wife, and talked about his matters, as atturney to my father, in his administering to my brother Tom. He tells me we are like to receive some shame about the business of his bastarde with Jack Noble ; but no matter, so it cost us no money. Thence to the Coffee-house and to the 'Change a while. News uncertain how the Dutch proceed. Some say for, some against a war. The plague increases at Amsterdam. So home to dinner, and after dinner to my office, where very late, till my eyes (which begin to fail me nowadays by candle-light) begin to trouble me. Only in the afternoon comes Mr. Peter Honiwood to see me and gives me 20*s.*, his and his friends' pence for my brother John, which, God forgive my pride, methinks I think myself too high to take of him ; but it is an ungratefull pitch of pride in me, which God forgive. Home at night to supper and to bed.

5th. Up betimes to my office, busy, and so abroad to change some plate for my father to send to-day by the carrier to Brampton, but I observe and do fear it may be to my wrong that I change spoons of my uncle Robert's into new and set a P upon them that thereby I cannot claim them hereafter, as it was my brother Tom's practice. However, the matter of this is not great, and so I did it. So to the 'Change, and meeting Sir W. Warren, with him to a taverne, and there talked, as we used to do, of the evils the King suffers in our ordering of business in the Navy, as Sir W. Batten now forces us by his knavery. So home to dinner, and to the office, where all the afternoon, and thence betimes home, my eyes beginning every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by daylight ; which I never observed till now. So home to my wife, and after supper to bed.

6th. This morning up and to my office, where Sympson my joyner came to work upon altering my closet, which I alter by setting the door in another place, and several other things to

my great content. Busy at it all day, only in the afternoon home, and there, my books at the office being out of order, wrote letters and other businesses. So at night with my head full of the business of my closet home to bed, and strange it is to think how building do fill my mind and put out all other things out of my thoughts.

7th. Betimes at my office with the joyners, and giving order for other things about it. By and by we sat all the morning. At noon to dinner, and after dinner comes Deane of Woolwich, and I spent, as I had appointed, all the afternoon with him about instructions which he gives me to understand the building of a ship, and I think I shall soon understand it. In the evening a little to my office to see how the work goes forward there, and then home and spent the evening also with Mr. Deane, and had a good supper, and then to bed, he lying at my house.

8th (Lord's day). This day my new tailor, Mr. Langford, brought me home a new black cloth suit and cloake lined with silk moyre, and he being gone, who pleases me very well with his work and I hope will use me pretty well, then Deane and I to my chamber, and there we repeated my yesterday's lesson about ships all the morning, and I hope I shall soon understand it. At noon to dinner, and strange how in discourse he cries up chymistry from some talk he has had with an acquaintance of his, a chymist, when, poor man, he understands not one word of it. But I discern very well that it is only his good nature, but in this of building ships he hath taken great pains, more than most builders I believe have. After dinner he went away, and my wife and I to church, and after church to Sir W. Pen, and there sat and talked with him, and the perfidious rogue seems, as he do always, mightily civil to us, though I know he hates and envies us. So home to supper, prayers, and to bed.

9th. Up and to my office all the morning, and there saw several things done in my work to my great content, and at noon home to dinner, and after dinner in Sir W. Pen's coach he set my wife and I down at the New Exchange, and after

buying some things we walked to my Lady Sandwich's, who, good lady, is now, thanks be to God! so well as to sit up, and sent to us, if we were not afeard, to come up to her. So we did; but she was mightily against my wife's coming so near her; though, poor wretch! she is as well as ever she was, as to the meazles, and nothing can I see upon her face. There we sat talking with her above three hours, till six o'clock, of several things with great pleasure and so away, and home by coach, buying several things for my wife in our way, and so after looking what had been done in my office to-day, with good content home to supper and to bed. But, strange, how I cannot get any thing to take place in my mind while my work lasts at my office. This day my wife and I in our way to Paternoster Row to buy things called upon Mr. Hollyard to advise upon her drying up her issue in her leg, which inclines of itself to dry up, and he admits of it that it should be dried up.

10th. Up and at my office looking after my workmen all the morning, and after the office was done did the same at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

11th. Up and all day, both forenoon and afternoon, at my office to see it finished by the joyners and washed and every thing in order, and indeed now my closet is very convenient and pleasant for me. My uncle Wight came to me to my office this afternoon to speak with me about Mr. Maes's business again, and from me went to my house to see my wife, and strange to think that my wife should by and by send for me after he was gone to tell me that he should begin discourse of her want of children and his also, and how he thought it would be best for him and her to have one between them, and he would give her £500 either in money or jewells beforehand, and make the child his heir. He commended her body, and discoursed that for all he knew the thing was lawful. She says she did give him a very warm answer, such as he did not excuse himself by saying that he said this in jest, but told her that since he saw what her mind was he would say no more to her of it, and desired her to make no

words of it. It seemed he did say all this in a kind of counterfeit laugh, but by all words that passed, which I cannot now so well set down, it is plain to me that he was in good earnest, and that I fear all his kindness is but only his lust to her. What to think of it of a sudden I know not, but I think not to take notice yet of it to him till I have thought better of it. So with my mind and head a little troubled I received a letter from Mr. Coventry about a mast for the Duke's yacht,[1] which with other business makes me resolve to go betimes to Woolwich to-morrow. So to supper and to bed.

12th. Up by 4 o'clock and by water to Woolwich, where did some business and walked to Greenwich, good discourse with Mr. Deane best part of the way; there met by appointment Commissioner Pett, and with him to Deptford, where did also some business, and so home to my office, and at noon Mrs. Hunt and her cozen's child and mayd came and dined with me. My wife sick . . . . in bed. I was troubled with it, but, however, could not help it, but attended them till after dinner, and then to the office and there sat all the afternoon, and by a letter to me this afternoon from Mr. Coventry I saw the first appearance of a warr with Holland. So home, and betimes to bed because of rising to-morrow.

13th. Up before three o'clock, and a little after upon the water, it being very light as at noon, and a bright sunrising; but by and by a rainbow appeared, the first that ever in a morning I saw, and then it fell a-raining a little, but held up again, and I to Woolwich, where before all the men came to work I with Mr. Deane spent two hours upon the new ship, informing myself in the names and natures of many parts of her to my great content, and so back again, without doing any thing else, and after shifting myself away to Westminster, looking after Mr. Maes's business and others. In the Painted Chamber I heard a fine conference between some of the two Houses upon the Bill for Conventicles. The Lords would be

[1] The Duke of York's yacht built by Christopher Pett was named the "Anne."

freed from having their houses searched by any but the Lord Lieutenant of the County; and upon being found guilty, to be tried only by their peers; and thirdly, would have it added, that whereas the Bill says, "That that, among other things, shall be a conventicle wherein any such meeting is found doing any thing contrary to the Liturgy of the Church of England," they would have it added, "or practice." The Commons to the Lords said, that they knew not what might hereafter be found out which might be called the practice of the Church of England; for there are many things may be said to be the practice of the Church, which were never established by any law, either common, statute, or canon; as singing of psalms, binding up prayers at the end of the Bible, and praying extempore before and after sermon: and though these are things indifferent, yet things for aught they at present know may be started, which may be said to be the practice of the Church which would not be fit to allow. For the Lords' priviledges, Mr. Waller told them how tender their predecessors had been of the priviledges of the Lords; but, however, where the peace of the kingdom stands in competition with them, they apprehend those priviledges must give place. He told them that he thought, if they should owne all to be the priviledges of the Lords which might be demanded, they should be led like the man (who granted leave to his neighbour to pull off his horse's tail, meaning that he could not do it at once) that hair by hair had his horse's tail pulled off indeed: so the Commons, by granting one thing after another, might be so served by the Lords. Mr. Vaughan,[1] whom I could not to my grief perfectly hear, did say, if that they should be obliged in this manner to exempt the Lords from every thing, it would in time come to pass that whatever (be [it] never so great) should be voted by the Commons as a thing penall for a commoner, the contrary should be thought a priviledge to the Lords: that also in this business, the work of a conventicle being but the work of an hour, the cause of a search would be over before a Lord Lieutenant, who may be

[1] See *ante*, March 28th, 1664 (p. 91).

many miles off, can be sent for; and that all this dispute is but about £100; for it is said in the Act, that it shall be banishment or payment of £100. I thereupon heard the Duke of Lenox say, that there might be Lords who could not always be ready to lose £100, or some such thing. They broke up without coming to any end in it. There was also in the Commons' House a great quarrel about Mr. Prin,[1] and it was believed that he should have been sent to the Towre, for adding something to a Bill (after it was ordered to be engrossed) of his own head—a Bill for measures for wine and other things of that sort, and a Bill of his owne bringing in; but it appeared he could not mean any hurt in it. But, however, the King was fain to write in his behalf, and all was passed over. But it is worth my remembrance, that I saw old Ryly the Herald,[2] and his son; and spoke to his son, who told me in very bad words concerning Mr. Prin, that the King had given him an office of keeping the Records; but that he never

[1] "May 13, 1664. Mr. Prynne having taken the liberty to alter the draught of a Bill relating to Public-houses, having urged in his excuse 'that he did not do it out of any ill intent, but to rectify some matters mistaken in it, and to make the Bill agree with the sense of the house;' the house ordered him to withdraw, and after debate being again called in, the Speaker acquainted him, 'That the house was very sensible of this great mistake in so ancient and knowing a member as he was, to break so material and essential an order of the house, as to alter, amend, or interline a bill after commitment, but the house had considered of his answer and submission, and were content at this time, in respect thereof, to remit the offence'" (Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., col. 293).

[2] At the Restoration William Ryley had been deprived of all his posts, including the office of Clerk of the Tower Records, which was given to Prynne. Ryley was originally made Lancaster Herald by Charles I., but he sided with the Parliament, and devoted himself to Oliver Cromwell. He was fortunate in being afterwards restored to the post of Lancaster Herald, which he held till his death in 1667, though he failed in getting back Prynne's appointment. By his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Chester, Bart., of Chichley, Bucks, Ryley had a numerous issue. Perhaps the son here mentioned was William Ryley, described by Prynne as of the Inner Temple in 1662 (see note to December 7th, 1661, vol. ii., p. 151).—B.

comes thither, nor had been there these six months: so that I perceive they expect to get his imployment from him. Thus every body is liable to be envied and supplanted. At noon over to the Leg, where Sir G. Ascue, Sir Robt. Parkhurst and Sir W. Pen dined. A good dinner and merry. Thence to White Hall walking up and down a great while, but the Council not meeting soon enough I went homeward, calling upon my cozen Roger Pepys, with whom I talked and heard so much from him of his desire that I would see my brother's debts paid, and things still of that nature tending to my parting with what I get with pain to serve others' expenses that I was cruelly vexed. Thence to Sir R. Bernard, and there heard something of Pigott's delay of paying our money, that that also vexed me mightily. So home and there met with a letter from my cozen Scott, which tells me that he is resolved to meddle no more with our business, of administering for my father, which altogether makes me almost distracted to think of the trouble that I am like to meet with by other folks' business more than ever I hope to have by my owne. So with great trouble of mind to bed.

14th. Up, full of pain, I believe by cold got yesterday. So to the office, where we sat, and after office home to dinner, being in extraordinary pain. After dinner my pain increasing I was forced to go to bed, and by and by my pain rose to be as great for an hour or two as ever I remember it was in any fit of the stone, both in the lower part of my belly and in my back also. No wind could I break. I took a glyster, but it brought away but a little, and my height of pain followed it. At last after two hours lying thus in most extraordinary anguish, crying and roaring, I know not what, whether it was my great sweating that may do it, but upon getting by chance, among my other tumblings, upon my knees, in bed, my pain began to grow less and less, till in an hour after I was in very little pain, but could break no wind, nor make any water, and so continued, and slept well all night.

15th (Lord's day). Rose, and as I had intended without reference to this pain, took physique, and it wrought well with

me, my wife lying from me to-night, the first time she did in the same house ever since we were married, I think (unless while my father was in town, that he lay with me). She took physique also to-day, and both of our physiques wrought well, so we passed our time to-day, our physique having done working, with some pleasure talking, but I was not well, for I could make no water yet, but a drop or two with great pain, nor break any wind. In the evening came Mr. Vernatty to see me and discourse about my Lord Peterborough's business, and also my uncle Wight and Norbury, but I took no notice nor showed any different countenance to my uncle Wight, or he to me, for all that he carried himself so basely to my wife the last week, but will take time to make my use of it. So, being exceeding hot, to bed, and slept well.

16th. Forced to rise because of going to the Duke to St. James's, where we did our usual business, and thence by invitation to Mr. Pierce's the chyrurgeon, where I saw his wife, whom I had not seen in many months before. She holds her complexion still, but in everything else, even in this her new house and the best rooms in it, and her closet which her husband with some vainglory took me to show me, she continues the veriest slattern that ever I knew in my life. By and by we to see an experiment of killing a dogg by letting opium into his hind leg.[1] He and Dr. Clerke did fail mightily in hitting the vein, and in effect did not do the business after many trials; but with the little they got in, the dogg did presently fall asleep, and so lay till we cut him up, and a little dogg also, which they put it down his throate; he also staggered first, and then fell asleep, and so continued. Whether

[1] Pepys does not say whether this experiment was in any way connected with the work of the Royal Society. About this time the minutes contain the following reference: "May 4, 1664. It was ordered that Dr. Croune, Dr. Balle, and Mr. Hooke take care at the next meeting to cut off some skin of a dog; and that the operator provide a dog for that purpose." Several experiments at subsequent meetings are reported (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 422).

he recovered or no, after I was gone, I know not, but it is a strange and sudden effect. Thence walked to Westminster Hall, where the King was expected to come to prorogue the House, but it seems, afterwards I hear, he did not come. I promised to go again to Mr. Pierce's, but my pain grew so great, besides a bruise I got to-day in my right testicle, which now vexes me as much as the other, that I was mighty melancholy, and so by coach home and there took another glyster, but find little good by it, but by sitting still my pain of my bruise went away, and so after supper to bed, my wife and I having talked and concluded upon sending my father an offer of having Pall come to us to be with us for her preferment, if by any means I can get her a husband here,[1] which, though it be some trouble to us, yet it will be better than to have her stay there till nobody will have her and then be flung upon my hands.

17th. Slept well all night and lay long, then rose and wrote my letter to my father about Pall, as we had resolved last night. So to dinner and then to the office, finding myself better than I was, and making a little water, but not yet breaking any great store of wind, which I wonder at, for I cannot be well till I do do it. After office home and to supper and with good ease to bed, and endeavoured to tie my hands that I might not lay them out of bed, by which I believe I have got cold, but I could not endure it.

18th. Up and within all the morning, being willing to keep as much as I could within doors, but receiving a very wakening letter from Mr. Coventry about fitting of ships, which speaks something like to be done, I went forth to the office, there to take order in things, and after dinner to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, but did little. So home again and to Sir W. Pen, who, among other things of haste in this new order for ships, is ordered to be gone presently to Portsmouth to look after the work there. I staid to discourse with him, and so home to supper, where upon a fine couple of pigeons, a

[1] Pepys tried hard to get a husband for his sister Paulina, but for a time without success. Eventually she married John Jackson of Brampton.

good supper; and here I met a pretty cabinet sent me by Mr. Shales,[1] which I give my wife, the first of that sort of goods I ever had yet, and very conveniently it comes for her closett. I staid up late finding out the private boxes, but could not do some of them, and so to bed, afraid that I have been too bold to-day in venturing in the cold. This day I begun to drink butter-milke and whey, and I hope to find great good by it.

19th. Up, and it being very rayny weather, which makes it cooler than it was, by coach to Charing Cross with Sir W. Pen, who is going to Portsmouth this day, and left him going to St. James's to take leave of the Duke, and I to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier; where God forgive how our Report of my Lord Peterborough's accounts was read over and agreed to by the Lords, without one of them understanding it! And had it been what it would, it had gone: and, besides, not one thing touching the King's profit in it minded or hit upon. Thence by coach home again, and all the morning at the office, sat, and all the afternoon till 9 at night, being fallen again to business, and I hope my health will give me leave to follow it. So home to supper and to bed, finding myself pretty well. A pretty good stool, which I impute to my whey to-day, and broke wind also.

20th. Up and to my office, whither by and by comes Mr. Cholmely, and staying till the rest of the company come he told me how Mr. Edward Montagu is turned out of the Court, not [to] return again. His fault, I perceive, was his pride, and most of all his affecting to seem great with the Queene:[2] and

[1] Captain John Shales.

[2] See December 23rd, 1662 (vol. ii., p. 421). Boyer, in his "Life of Queen Anne," says that he was dismissed for offending her majesty by squeezing her hand. He is mentioned in the "State Poems":

"Montagu, by court disaster,
Dwindled into the wooden horse's master."

Advice to a Painter, part i.

It is said that the Duke of York obtained for Edward Montagu the appointment of Master of the Horse to the Queen (see "Grammont Memoirs").

it seems indeed had more of her eare than any body else, and would be with her talking alone two or three hours together; insomuch that the Lords about the King, when he would be jesting with them about their wives, would tell the King that he must have a care of his wife too, for she hath now the gallant: and they say the King himself did once ask Montagu how his mistress (meaning the Queene) did. He grew so proud, and despised every body, besides suffering nobody, he or she, to get or do any thing about the Queene, that they all laboured to do him a good turn. They also say that he did give some affront to the Duke of Monmouth, which the King himself did speak to him of. But strange it is that this man should, from the greatest negligence in the world, come to be the miracle of attendance, so as to take all offices from every body, either men or women, about the Queene. Insomuch that he was observed as a miracle, but that which is the worst, that which in a wise manner performed [would] turn to his greatest advantage, was by being so observed employed to his greatest wrong, the world concluding that there must be something more than ordinary to cause him to do this. So he is gone, nobody pitying but laughing at him; and he pretends only that he is gone to his father, that is sick in the country. By and by comes Povy, Creed, and Vernatty, and so to their accounts, wherein more trouble and vexation with Povy. That being done, I sent them going and myself fell to business till dinner. So home to dinner very pleasant. In the afternoon to my office, where busy again, and by and by came a letter from my father so full of trouble for discontents there between my mother and servants, and such troubles to my father from hence from Cave that hath my brother's bastard that I know not what in the world to do, but with great trouble, it growing night, spent some time walking, and putting care as much as I could out of my head, with my wife in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, called by Mr. Cholmely, and walked with him in the garden till others came to another Committee of Tangier, as we did meet as we did use to do, to see more of Povy's

folly, and so broke up, and at the office sat all the morning, Mr. Coventry with us, and very hot we are getting out some ships. At noon to the 'Change, and there did some business, and thence home to dinner, and so abroad with my wife by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out almost 40*s.* upon her, and so called to see my Lady Sandwich, whom we found in her dining-room, which joyed us mightily; but she looks very thin, poor woman, being mightily broke. She told us that Mr. Montagu is to return to Court, as she hears, which I wonder at, and do hardly believe. So home and to my office, where late, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd (Lord's day). Up and by water to White Hall to my Lord's lodgings, and with him walked to White Hall without any great discourse, nor do I find that he do mind business at all. Here the Duke of Yorke called me to him, to ask me whether I did intend to go with him to Chatham or no. I told him if he commanded, but I did believe there would be business here for me, and so he told me then it would be better to stay, which I suppose he will take better than if I had been forward to go. Thence, after staying and seeing the throng of people to attend the King to Chappell (but, Lord! what a company of sad, idle people they are) I walked to St. James's with Colonell Remes,[1] where staid a good while and then walked to White Hall with Mr. Coventry, talking about business. So meeting Creed, took him with me home and to dinner, a good dinner, and thence by water to Woolwich, where mighty kindly received by Mrs. Falconer and her husband, who is now pretty well again, this being the first time I ever carried my wife thither. I walked to the Docke, where I met Mrs. Ackworth alone at home, and God forgive me! what thoughts I had, but I had not the courage to stay, but went to Mr. Pett's and walked up and down the yard with him and Deane talking about the dispatch of the ships now in haste, and by and by Creed and my wife and a friend of Mr.

[1] Colonel Bullen Reymes, M.P. for Weymouth, is referred to in a communication of Rich. Yardley, Mayor of Weymouth, January 2nd, 1664 ("Calendar of State Papers" Domestic, 1663-64, p. 427). He died in 1673.

Falconer's came with the boat and called me, and so by water to Deptford, where I landed, and after talking with others walked to Half-way house with Mr. Wayth talking about the business of his supplying us with canvas, and he told me in discourse several instances of Sir W. Batten's cheats. So to Half-way house, whither my wife and them were gone before, and after drinking there we walked, and by water home, sending Creed and the other with the boat home. Then wrote a letter to Mr. Coventry, and so a good supper of pease, the first I eat this year, and so to bed.

23rd. Up and to the office, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and myself met and did business, we being in a mighty hurry. The King is gone down with the Duke and a great crew this morning by break of day to Chatham. Towards noon I and my wife by water to Woolwich, leaving my wife at Mr. Falconer's, and Mr. Hater and I with some officers of the yard on board to see several ships how ready they are. Then to Mr. Falconer's to a good dinner, having myself carried them a vessel of sturgeon and a Lamprey pie, and then to the Yarde again, and among other things did at Mr. Ackworth's obtain a demonstration of his being a knave; but I did not discover it, till it be a little more seasonable. So back to the Ropeyard and took my wife and Mr. Hater back, it raining mighty hard of a sudden, but we with the tilt[1] kept ourselves dry. So to Deptford, did some business there; but, Lord! to see how in both places the King's business, if ever it should come to a warr, is likely to be done, there not being a man that looks or speaks like a man that will take pains, or use any forecast to serve the King, at which I am heartily troubled. So home, it raining terribly, but we still dry, and at the office late discoursing with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, who like a couple of sots receive all I say but to little purpose. So late home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and to the office, where Sir J. Minnes and I sat

[1] Tilt (A.S. teld) represents a tent or awning. It was used for a cloth covering for a cart or waggon, or for a canopy or awning over a portion of a boat.

all the morning, and after dinner thither again, and all the afternoon hard at the office till night, and so tired home to supper and to bed. This day I heard that my uncle Fenner is dead, which makes me a little sad, to see with what speed a great many of my friends are gone, and more, I fear, for my father's sake, are going.

25th. Took physique betimes and to sleep, then up, it working all the morning. At noon dined, and in the afternoon in my chamber spending two or three hours to look over some unpleasant letters and things of trouble to answer my father in, about Tom's business and others, that vexed me, but I did go through it and by that means eased my mind very much. This afternoon also came Tom and Charles Pepys[1] by my sending for, and received of me £40 in part towards their £70 legacy of my uncle's. Spent the evening talking with my wife, and so to bed.

26th. Up to the office, where we sat, and I had some high words with Sir W. Batten about canvas, wherein I opposed him and all his experience, about seams in the middle, and the profit of having many breadths and narrow, which I opposed to good purpose, to the rejecting of the whole business. At noon home to dinner, and thence took my wife by coach, and she to my Lady Sandwich to see her. I to Tom Trice, to discourse about my father's giving over his administration to my brother, and thence to Sir R. Bernard, and there received £19 in money, and took up my father's bond of £21, that is £40, in part of Piggot's £209 due to us, which £40 he pays for 7 roods of meadow in Portholme. Thence to my wife, and carried her to the Old Bayly, and there we were led to the Quest House,[2] by the church, where all the kindred

[1] Sons of Thomas Pepys, elder brother of Samuel's father. Charles Pepys was subsequently master joiner at Chatham Dockyard.

[2] The parish church of St. Sepulchre's was known as St. Sepulchre's in the Bailey. The Quest House was rebuilt by Dr. William Bell, vicar from 1662 to 1683. Strype writes of this: "A new house, free to Dr. Bell's successors, with a yard thereto. The use of a parlour, kitchen, and washhouse under the Quest-house that belonged to the parish for the said

were by themselves at the buriall of my uncle Fenner; but, Lord! what a pitiful rout of people there was of them, but very good service and great company the whole was. And so anon to church, and a good sermon, and so home, having for ease put my £19 into W. Joyce's hand, where I left it. So to supper and to bed, being in a little pain from some cold got last night lying without anything upon my feet.

27th. Up, not without some pain by cold, which makes me mighty melancholy, to think of the ill state of my health. To the office, where busy till my brains ready to drop with variety of business, and vexed for all that to see the service like to suffer by other people's neglect. Vexed also at a letter from my father with two troublesome ones enclosed from Cave and Noble, so that I know not what to do therein. At home to dinner at noon. But to comfort my heart, Captain Taylor this day brought me £20 he promised me for my assistance to him about his masts. After dinner to the office again, and thence with Mr. Wayth to St. Catherine's to see some variety of canvas's, which indeed was worth my seeing, but only I was in some pain, and so took not the delight I should otherwise have done. So home to the office, and there busy till late at night, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning my taylor brought me a very tall mayde to be my cook-mayde; she asked £5, but my wife offered her but £3 10*s*.—whether she will take it or no I know not till to-morrow, but I am afeard she will be over high for us, she having last been a chamber mayde, and holds up her head, as my little girle Su observed.

28th. Up pretty well as to pain and wind, and to the office, where we sat close and did much business. At noon I to the 'Change, and thence to Mr. Cutler's, where I heard Sir W. Rider was, where I found them at dinner and dined with them, he having yesterday and to-day a fit of a pain like the gout, the first time he ever had it. A good dinner. Good

Bell's time, he being at the trouble to build it, and brought £200 towards it; the use thereof reserved to the parish on public occasions of quest or burials."

discourse, Sir W. Rider especially much fearing the issue of a Dutch warr, wherein I very highly commend him. Thence home, and at the office a while, and then with Mr. Deane to a second lesson upon my Shipwrightry, wherein I go on with great pleasure. He being gone I to the office late, and so home to supper and to bed. But, Lord! to see how my very going to the 'Change, and being without my gowne, presently brought me wind and pain, till I came home and was well again; but I am come to such a pass that I shall not know what to do with myself, but I am apt to think that it is only my legs that I take cold in from my having so long worn a gowne constantly.

29th (Whitsunday. King's Birth and Restauration day). Up, and having received a letter last night desiring it from Mr. Coventry, I walked to St. James's, and there he and I did long discourse together of the business of the office, and the warr with the Dutch; and he seemed to argue mightily with the little reason that there is for all this. For first, as to the wrong we pretend they have done us: that of the East Indys, for their not delivering of Poleron,[1] it is not yet known whether they have failed or no; that of their hindering the Leopard cannot amount to above £3,000 if true; that of the Guinny Company, all they had done us did not amount to above £200 or £300 he told me truly; and that now, from what Holmes, without any commission, hath done in taking an island and two forts, hath set us much in debt to them; and he believes that Holmes will have been so puffed up with this, that he by this time hath been enforced with more

[1] One of the Banda Islands, which had acknowledged James I. as its sovereign, but was afterwards forcibly seized by the Dutch. A series of letters from Sir George Downing to Lord Chancellor Clarendon (written at this time) is printed in Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. iii. These letters contain references to the "Leopard," and on May 13th we read the plea of the United Provinces: "We have taken nothing from the king nor his subjects, nor hath he taken anything from us, nor do demand anything of us, and why then should we ingage ourselves, and spend our monies, to maintain the insolvencies of the East India Company?" (p. 322).

strength than he had then, hath, I say, done a great deale more wrong to them. He do, as to the effect of the warr, tell me clearly that it is not any skill of the Dutch that can hinder our trade if we will, we having so many advantages over them, of winds, good ports, and men ; but it is our pride, and the laziness of the merchant. He seems to think that there may be some negotiation which may hinder a warr this year, but that he speaks doubtfully as unwilling I perceive to be thought to discourse any such thing. The main thing he desired to speake with me about was, to know whether I do understand my Lord Sandwich's intentions as to going to sea with this fleete ; saying, that the Duke, if he desires it, is most willing to it ; but thinking that twelve ships is not a fleete fit for my Lord to be troubled to go out with, he is not willing to offer it to him till he hath some intimations of his mind to go, or not. He spoke this with very great respect as to my Lord, though methinks it is strange they should not understand one another better at this time than to need another's mediation. Thence walked over the Parke to White Hall, Mr. Povy with me, and was taken in a very great showre in the middle of the Parke that we were very wet. So up into the house and with him to the King's closett, whither by and by the King came, my Lord Sandwich carrying the sword. A Bishopp preached, but he speaking too low for me to hear behind the King's closett, I went forth and walked and discoursed with Colonell Reames, who seems a very willing man to be informed in his business of canvas, which he is undertaking to strike in with us to serve the Navy. By and by my Lord Sandwich came forth, and called me to him : and we fell into discourse a great while about his business, wherein he seems to be very open with me, and to receive my opinion as he used to do ; and I hope I shall become necessary to him again. He desired me to think of the fitness, or not, for him to offer himself to go to sea ; and to give him my thoughts in a day or two. Thence after sermon among the ladies on the Queene's side ; where I saw Mrs. Stewart, very fine and pretty, but far beneath my Lady Castlemayne. Thence with

Mr. Povy [1] home to dinner; where extraordinary cheer. And after dinner up and down to see his house. And in a word, methinks, for his perspective upon his wall in his garden, and the springs rising up with the perspective in the little closett; his room floored above with woods of several colours, like but above the best cabinet-work I ever saw; his grotto and vault, with his bottles of wine, and a well therein to keep them cool; his furniture of all sorts; his bath at the top of his house, good pictures, and his manner of eating and drinking; do surpass all that ever I did see of one man in all my life. Thence walked home and found my uncle Wight and Mr. Rawlinson, who supped with me. They being gone, I to bed, being in some pain from my being so much abroad to-day, which is a most strange thing that in such warm weather the least ayre should get cold and wind in me. I confess it makes me mighty sad and out of all content in the world.

30th. Lay long, the bells ringing, it being holiday, and then up and all the day long in my study at home studying of shipmaking with great content till the evening, and then came Mr. Howe and sat and then supped with me. He is a little conceited, but will make a discreet man. He being gone, a little to my office, and then home to bed, being in much pain from yesterday's being abroad, which is a consideration of mighty sorrow to me.

31st. Up, and called upon Mr. Hollyard, with whom I advised and shall fall upon some course of doing something for my disease of the wind, which grows upon me every day more and more. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, and while he was dressing I below discoursed with Captain Cooke, and I think if I do find it fit to keep a boy at all I had as good be supplied from him with one as any body. By and by up to my Lord, and to discourse about his going to sea, and the message I had from Mr. Coventry to him. He wonders, as he well may, that this course should be taken, and he every

[1] Evelyn refers to Mr. Povy's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and particularly mentions the perspective painted by Streeter, as well as the ranging of the wine bottles in the cellar (July 1st, 1664).

day with the Duke, who, nevertheless, seems most friendly to him, who hath not yet spoke one word to my Lord of his desire to have him go to sea. My Lord do tell me clearly that were it not that he, as all other men that were of the Parliament side, are obnoxious to reproach, and so is forced to bear what otherwise he would not, he would never suffer every thing to be done in the Navy, and he never be consulted; and it seems, in the naming of all these commanders for this fleete, he hath never been asked one question. But we concluded it wholly inconsistent with his honour not to go with this fleete, nor with the reputation which the world hath of his interest at Court; and so he did give me commission to tell Mr. Coventry that he is most willing to receive any commands from the Duke in this fleete, were it less than it is, and that particularly in this service. With this message I parted, and by coach to the office, where I found Mr. Coventry, and told him this. Methinks, I confess, he did not seem so pleased with it as I expected, or at least could have wished, and asked me whether I had told my Lord that the Duke do not expect his going, which I told him I had. But now whether he means really that the Duke, as he told me the other day, do think the Fleete too small for him to take or that he would not have him go, I swear I cannot tell. But methinks other ways might have been used to put him by without going in this manner about it, and so I hope it is out of kindness indeed. Dined at home, and so to the office, where a great while alone in my office, nobody near, with Bagwell's wife of Deptford, but the woman seems so modest that I durst not offer any courtship to her, though I had it in my mind when I brought her in to me. But I am resolved to do her husband a courtesy, for I think he is a man that deserves very well. So abroad with my wife by coach to St. James's, to one Lady Poultny's,[1] where I found my Lord, I doubt, at some vain

[1] Grace, youngest daughter of Sir John Corbet of Stoke, Salop, who married Sir William Poulteney or Pulteney, of Mesterton, co. Leicester, who was knighted at Whitehall, June 4th, 1660 (see vol. i., p. 15). He was grandfather to William, first Earl of Bath.

pleasure or other. I did give him a short account of what I had done with Mr. Coventry, and so left him, and to my wife again in the coach, and with her to the Parke, but the Queene being gone by the Parke to Kensington, we staid not but straight home and to supper (the first time I have done so this summer), and so to my office doing business, and then to my monthly accounts, where to my great comfort I find myself better than I was still the last month, and now come to £930. I was told to-day, that upon Sunday night last, being the King's birth-day, the King was at my Lady Castlemayne's lodgings (over the hither-gate[1] at Lambert's lodgings) dancing with fiddlers all night almost; and all the world coming by taking notice of it, which I am sorry to hear. The discourse of the town is only whether a warr with Holland or no, and we are preparing for it all we can, which is but little. Myself subject more than ordinary to pain by winde, which makes me very sad, together with the trouble which at present lies upon me in my father's behalf, rising from the death of my brother, which are many and great. Would to God they were over!

June 1st. Up, having lain long, going to bed very late after the ending of my accounts. Being up Mr. Hollyard came to me, and to my great sorrow, after his great assuring me that I could not possibly have the stone again, he tells me that he do verily fear that I have it again, and has brought me something to dissolve it, which do make me very much troubled, and pray to God to ease me. He gone, I down by water to Woolwich and Deptford to look after the dispatch of the ships, all the way reading Mr. Spencer's Book of Prodigys,[2] which is most ingeniously writ, both for matter and style. Home at

[1] This was the gatehouse designed by Holbein, which had formerly been occupied as the residence of General Lambert. It was now appropriated to Lady Castlemaine.

[2] John Spencer, D.D., who died in 1695, was also the author of a celebrated work, "De Legibus Hebræorum." His "Discourse concerning Prodigies" first appeared in 1663; the second edition, of 1665, contains likewise a "Discourse concerning Vulgar Prophecies."—B.

noon, and my little girl got me my dinner, and I presently out by water and landed at Somerset stairs, and thence through Covent Garden, where I met with Mr. Southwell[1] (Sir W. Pen's friend), who tells me the very sad newes of my Lord Tiviott's and nineteen more commission officers being killed at Tangier by the Moores,[2] by an ambush of the enemy upon them, while they were surveying their lines; which is very sad, and, he says, afflicts the King much. Thence to W. Joyce's, where by appointment I met my wife (but neither of them at home), and she and I to the King's house, and saw "The Silent Woman;" but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be, or else I am now-a-days out of humour. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise;[3] and all the house in a disorder, and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse, and staid there an hour after the play was done before we could get a coach, which at last we did (and by chance took up Joyce Norton and Mrs. Bowles and set them at home), and so home ourselves, and I, after a little to my office, so home to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and

[1] Robert Southwell (born at Kinsale, Ireland, in 1635) was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn. On September 27th, 1664, he was sworn one of the clerks of the Privy Council, and was knighted November 20th, 1665. He was employed on several diplomatic missions, and retired from public business in 1681. William III. appointed him principal Secretary of State for Ireland; and on December 1st, 1690, he was elected President of the Royal Society, an office which he held for five years. He died at his seat, King's Weston, Gloucestershire, in 1702. There is a portrait of Southwell by Kneller at the Royal Society.

[2] Particulars of the loss at Tangiers is given in "The Intelligencer," June 6th, 1664.

[3] The stage was covered in by a tiled roof, but the pit was open to the sky. "The pit lay open to the weather for sake of light, but was subsequently covered in with a glazed cupola, which, however, only imperfectly protected the audience, so that in stormy weather the house was thrown into disorder, and the people in the pit were fain to rise" (Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," ed. 1893, p. 13).

then to the 'Change, where after some stay by coach with Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Coventry to St. James's, and there dined with Mr. Coventry very finely, and so over the Parke to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier about providing provisions, money, and men for Tangier. At it all the afternoon, but it is strange to see how poorly and brokenly things are done of the greatest consequence, and how soon the memory of this great man is gone, or, at least, out of mind by the thoughts of who goes next, which is not yet knowne. My Lord of Oxford, Muskerry, and several others are discoursed of. It seems my Lord Tiviott's design was to go a mile and half out of the towne, to cut down a wood in which the enemy did use to lie in ambush. He had sent several spyes ; but all brought word that the way was clear, and so might be for any body's discovery of an enemy before you are upon them. There they were all snapt, he and all his officers, and about 200 men, as they say ; there being left now in the garrison but four captains. This happened the 3d of May last, being not before that day twelvemonth of his entering into his government there : but at his going out in the morning he said to some of his officers, "Gentlemen, let us look to ourselves, for it was this day three years that so many brave Englishmen were knocked on the head by the Moores, when Fines[1] made his sally out." Here till almost night, and then home with Sir J. Minnes by coach, and so to my office a while, and home to supper and bed, being now in constant pain in my back, but whether it be only wind or what it is the Lord knows, but I fear the worst.

3rd. Up, still in a constant pain in my back, which much afflicts me with fear of the consequence of it. All the morning at the office, we sat at the office extraordinary upon the business of our stores, but, Lord ! what a pitiful account the Surveyor makes of it grieves my heart. This morning before I came out I made a bargain with Captain Taylor for a ship for the Commissioners for Tangier, wherein I hope to get £40

[1] Major Fiennes, whose regiment formed part of the garrison of Tangiers.

or £50. To the 'Change, and thence home and dined, and then by coach to White Hall, sending my wife to Mrs. Hunt's. At the Committee for Tangier all the afternoon, where a sad consideration to see things of so great weight managed in so confused a manner as it is, so as I would not have the buying of an acre of land bought by—the Duke of York and Mr. Coventry, for aught I see, being the only two that do anything like men; Prince Rupert do nothing but swear and laugh a little, with an oathe or two, and that's all he do. Thence called my wife and home, and I late at my office, and so home to supper and to bed, pleased at my hopes of gains by to-day's work, but very sad to think of the state of my health.

4th. Up and to St. James's by coach, after a good deal of talk before I went forth with J. Noble, who tells me that he will secure us against Cave, that though he knows, and can prove it, yet nobody else can prove it, to be Tom's child; that the bond was made by one Hudson, a scrivener, next to the Fountaine taverne, in the Old Bayly; that the children were born, and christened, and entered in the parish-book of St. Sepulchre's, by the name of Anne and Elizabeth Taylor; and he will give us security against Cave if we pay him the money. And then up to the Duke, and was with him giving him an account how matters go, and of the necessity there is of a power to presse seamen, without which we cannot really raise men for this fleete of twelve sayle, besides that it will assert the King's power of pressing, which at present is somewhat doubted, and will make the Dutch believe that we are in earnest. Thence by water to the office, where we sat till almost two o'clock. This morning Captain Ferrer came to the office to tell me that my Lord hath given him a promise of Young's place in the Wardrobe, and hearing that I pretend a promise to it he comes to ask my consent, which I denied him, and told him my Lord may do what he pleases with his promise to me, but my father's condition is not so as that I should let it go if my [Lord] will stand to his word, and so I sent him going, myself being troubled a little at it. After office I with Mr. Coventry by water to St. James's and dined with him, and had excellent

discourse from him. So to the Committee for Tangier all afternoon, where still the same confused doings, and my Lord FitzHarding now added to the Committee, which will signify much. It grieves me to see how brokenly things are ordered. So by coach home, and at my office late, and so to supper and to bed, my body by plenty of breaking of wind being just now pretty well again, having had a constant akeing in my back these 5 or 6 days. Mr. Coventry discoursing this noon about Sir W. Batten (what a sad fellow he is!) told me how the King told him the other day how Sir W. Batten, being in the ship with him and Prince Rupert when they expected to fight with Warwick,[1] did walk up and down sweating with a napkin under his throat to dry up his sweat; and that Prince Rupert being a most jealous man, and particularly of Batten, do walk up and down swearing bloodily to the King, that Batten had a mind to betray them to-day, and that the napkin was a signal; "but, by God," says he, "if things go ill, the first thing I will do is to shoot him." He discoursed largely and bravely to me concerning the different sort of valours, the active and passive valour. For the latter, he brought as an instance General Blake,[2] who, in the defending of Taunton and Lime for the Parliament, did through his stubborn sort of valour defend it the most *opiniastrément*[3] that ever any man did any thing; and yet never was the man that ever made any attaque by land or sea, but rather avoyded it on all, even fair occasions. On the other side, Prince Rupert, the boldest attaquer in the world for personal courage; and yet, in the defending of

[1] Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral for the Parliament, 1643-45, 1648-49. See June 29th, 1667, where this incident is again alluded to.

[2] Colonel Robert Blake took Taunton by surprise in 1644, and held it against two sieges by the Royalists until July, 1645, when it was relieved by Fairfax. Lyme Regis declared for the Parliament, and withstood a siege of seven weeks by Prince Maurice until relieved by the Earl of Essex.

[3] In a letter of Sir George Downing to the Earl of Clarendon, dated May 20th, 1664, he says "that he does not find Peter de Groot *opiniatrative*" (Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. ii., p. 331).

Bristol, no man ever did anything worse, he wanting the patience and seasoned head to consult and advise for defence, and to bear with the evils of a siege. The like he says is said of my Lord Tiviott, who was the boldest adventurer of his person in the world, and from a mean man in few years was come to this greatness of command and repute only by the death of all his officers, he many times having the luck of being the only survivor of them all, by venturing upon services for the King of France that nobody else would; and yet no man upon a defence, he being all fury and no judgment in a fight. He tells me above all of the Duke of Yorke, that he is more himself and more of judgement is at hand in him in the middle of a desperate service, than at other times, as appeared in the business of Dunkirke, wherein no man ever did braver things, or was in hotter service in the close of that day, being surrounded with enemies; and then, contrary to the advice of all about him, his counsel carried himself and the rest through them safe, by advising that he might make his passage with but a dozen with him; "For," says he, "the enemy cannot move after me so fast with a great body, and with a small one we shall be enough to deal with them;" and though he is a man naturally martiall to the highest degree, yet a man that never in his life talks one word of himself or service of his owne, but only that he saw such or such a thing, and lays it down for a maxime that a Hector can have no courage. He told me also, as a great instance of some men, that the Prince of Condé's excellence is, that there not being a more furious man in the world, danger in fight never disturbs him more than just to make him civill, and to command in words of great obligation to his officers and men; but without any the least disturbance in his judgment or spirit.

5th (Lord's day). About one in the morning I was knocked up by my mayds to come to my wife who is very ill. I rose, and from some cold she got to-day, or from something else, she is taken with great gripings, a looseness, and vomiting. I lay a while by her upon the bed, she being in great pain, poor wretch, but that being a little over I to bed again, and



Walker & Boutall Ph.Sc

The Duke of York afterwards James II.

from the Picture by Lely at St. James Palace.

lay, and then up and to my office all the morning, setting matters to rights in some accounts and papers, and then to dinner, whither Mr. Shepley, late come to town, came to me, and after dinner and some pleasant discourse he went his way, being to go out of town to Huntington again to-morrow. So all the afternoon with my wife discoursing and talking, and in the evening to my office doing business, and then home to supper and to bed.

6th. Up and found my wife very ill again, which troubles me, but I was forced to go forth. So by water with Mr. Gauden and others to see a ship hired by me for the Commissioners of Tangier, and to give order therein. So back to the office, and by coach with Mr. Gauden to White Hall, and there to my Lord Sandwich, and here I met Mr. Townsend very opportunely and Captain Ferrer, and after some discourse we did accommodate the business of the Wardrobe place, that he shall have the reversion if he will take it out by giving a covenant that if Mr. Young[1] dyes before my father my father shall have the benefit of it [for] his life. So home, and thence by water to Deptford, and there found our Trinity Brethren come from their election to church, where Dr. Britton[2] made, methought, an indifferent sermon touching the decency that we ought to observe in God's house, the church, but yet to see how ridiculously some men will carry themselves. Sir W. Batten did at open table anon in the name of the whole Society desire him to print his sermon, as if the Doctor could think that they were fit judges of a good sermon. Then by barge with Sir W. Batten to Trinity House. It seems they have with much ado carried it for Sir G. Carteret against Captain Harrison,[3] poor man, who by succession ought to have

[1] For mention of the previous agreement that Pepys should have the refusal of Mr. Young's place at the Wardrobe for his father, see June 3rd, 1661, vol. ii., pp. 47, 48.

[2] Robert Bretton, D.D., vicar of St. Nicholas, Deptford (see note, vol. iii., p. 159).

[3] Mark Harrison was captain of the "Elias" in the fleet at Schevening attending Charles II. on his return to England.

been it, and most hands were for him, but only they were forced to fright the younger Brethren by requiring them to set their hands (which is an ill course) and then Sir G. Carteret carryed it. Here was at dinner my Lord Sandwich, Mr. Coventry, my Lord Craven, and others. A great dinner, and good company. Mr. Prin[1] also, who would not drink any health, no, not the King's, but sat down with his hat on all the while ; but nobody took notice of it to him at all ; but in discourse with the Doctor he did declare himself that he ever was, and has expressed himself in all his books for mixt communion against the Presbyterian examination. Thence after dinner by water, my Lord Sandwich and all us Tangier men, where at the Committee busy till night with great confusion, and then by coach home, with this content, however, that I find myself every day become more and more known, and shall one day hope to have benefit by it. I found my wife a little better. A little to my office, then home to supper and to bed.

7th. Up and to the office (having by my going by water without any thing upon my legs yesterday got some pain upon me again), where all the morning. At noon a little to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, my wife being ill still in bed. Thence to the office, where busy all the afternoon till 9 at night, and so home to my wife, to supper, and to bed.

8th. All day before dinner with Creed, talking of many things, among others, of my Lord's going so often to Chelsy, and he, without my speaking much, do tell me that his

[1] William Prynne had published in 1628 a small book against the drinking of healths, entitled, " Healthes, Sicknesse ; or a compendious and briefe Discourse, prouing, the Drinking and Pledging of Healthes to be sinfull and utterly unlawfull unto Christians . . . . wherein all those ordinary objections, excuses or pretences, which are made to justifie, extenuate, or excuse the drinking or pledging of Healthes are likewise cleared and answered." The pamphlet was dedicated to Charles I. as " more interessed in the theame and subject of this compendious discourse then any other that I know," and " because your Majestie of all other persons within your owne dominions, are most dishonoured, prejudiced, and abused by these Healthes."

daughters do perceive all, and do hate the place, and the young woman there, Mrs. Betty Becke; for my Lord, who sent them thither only for a disguise for his going thither, will come under pretence to see them, and pack them out of doors to the Parke, and stay behind with her; but now the young ladies are gone to their mother to Kensington. To dinner, and after dinner till 10 at night in my study writing of my old broken office notes in shorthand all in one book, till my eyes did ake ready to drop out. So home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up and at my office all the morning. At noon dined at home, Mr. Hunt and his kinswoman (wife in the country), after dinner I to the office, where we sat all the afternoon. Then at night by coach to attend the Duke of Albemarle about the Tangier ship. Coming back my wife spied me going home by coach from Mr. Hunt's, with whom she hath gained much in discourse to-day concerning W. Howe's discourse of me to him. That he was the man that got me to be secretary to my Lord, and all that I have thereby, and that for all this I never did give him *6d.* in my life. Which makes me wonder that this rogue dare talk after this manner, and I think all the world is grown false. But I hope I shall make good use of it. So home to supper and to bed, my eyes aching mightily since last night.

10th. Up and by water to White Hall, and there to a Committee of Tangier, and had occasion to see how my Lord Ashworth[1] deports himself, which is very fine indeed, and it joys my heart to see that there is any body looks so near into the King's business as I perceive he do in this business of my Lord Peterborough's accounts. Thence into the Parke, and met and walked with Captain Sylas Taylor, my old acquaintance while I was of the Exchequer, and Dr. Whore, talking of musique, and particularly of Mr. Berckenshaw's[2] way, which

[1] Lord Ashworth is probably a miswriting for Lord Ashley (afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury).

[2] John Berkinshaw (see note, vol. ii., p. 169). In the minutes of the Royal Society there is the following entry: "Nov. 12, 1662. Mr. Berckenshaw's paper on music was presented by Dr. Charlton; and Lord Viscount

Taylor magnifies mightily, and perhaps but what it deserves, but not so easily to be understood as he and others make of it. Thence home by water, and after dinner abroad to buy several things, as a map, and powder, and other small things, and so home to my office, and in the evening with Captain Taylor by water to our Tangier ship, and so home, well pleased, having received £26 profit to-day of my bargain for this ship, which comforts me mightily, though I confess my heart, what with my being out of order as to my health, and the fear I have of the money my Lord oweth me and I stand indebted to him in, is much cast down of late. In the evening home to supper and to bed.

11th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, where some discourse arose from Sir G. Carteret and Mr. Coventry, which gives me occasion to think that something like a war is expected now indeed, though upon the 'Change afterwards I hear too that an Embassador is landed from Holland, and one from their East India Company,[1] to treat with ours about the wrongs we pretend to. Mr. Creed dined with me, and thence after dinner by coach with my wife only to take the ayre, it being very warm and pleasant, to Bowe and Old Ford; and thence to Hackney. There 'light, and played at shuffle-board, eat cream and good cherries; and so with good refreshment home. Then to my office vexed with Captain Taylor about the delay of carrying down the ship hired by me for Tangier, and late about that and other things at the office. So home to supper and to bed.

12th (Lord's day). All the morning in my chamber consulting my lesson of ship building, and at noon Mr. Creed by appointment came and dined with us, and sat talking all the afternoon till, about church time, my wife and I began our great dispute about going to Griffin's child's christening,

Brouncker was desired to examine it" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 125).

[1] See *ante*, p. 143. The ambassador sent from the States General was Herr Van Goch (see "Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, pp. 620, 670, 674).

where I was to have been godfather, but Sir J. Minnes refusing, he wanted an equal for me and my Lady Batten, and so sought for other. Then the question was whether my wife should go, and she having dressed herself on purpose, was very angry, and began to talk openly of my keeping her within doors before Creed, which vexed me to the guts, but I had the discretion to keep myself without passion, and so resolved at last not to go, but to go down by water, which we did by H. Russell[1] to the Half-way house, and there eat and drank, and upon a very small occasion had a difference again broke out, where without any the least cause she had the cunning to cry a great while, and talk and blubber, which made me mighty angry in mind, but said nothing to provoke her because Creed was there, but walked home, being troubled in my mind also about the knavery and neglect of Captain Fudge and Taylor, who were to have had their ship for Tangier ready by Thursday last, and now the men by a mistake are come on board, and not any master or man or boy of the ship's company on board with them when we came by her side this afternoon, and also received a letter from Mr. Coventry this day in complaint of it. We came home, and after supper Creed went home, and I to bed. My wife made great means to be friends, coming to my bedside and doing all things to please me, and at last I could not hold out, but seemed pleased, and so parted, and I with much ado to sleep, but was easily wakened by extraordinary great rain, and my mind troubled the more to think what the soldiers would do on board to-night in all this weather.

13th. So up at 5 o'clock, and with Captain Taylor on board her at Deptford, and found all out of order, only the soldiers civil, and Sir Arthur Bassett a civil person. I rated at Captain Taylor, whom, contrary to my expectation, I found a lying and a very stupid blundering fellow, good for nothing, and yet we talk of him in the Navy as if he had been an excellent officer, but I find him a lying knave, and of no judgment or dispatch at all. After finding the condition

[1] Henry Russell, a waterman.

of the ship, no master, not above four men, and many ship's provisions, sayls, and other things wanting, I went back and called upon Fudge, whom I found like a lying rogue unready to go on board, but I did so jeer him that I made him get every thing ready, and left Taylor and H. Russell to quicken him, and so away and I by water on to White Hall, where I met his Royal Highnesse at a Tangier Committee about this very thing, and did there satisfy him how things are, at which all was pacified without any trouble, and I hope may end well, but I confess I am at a real trouble for fear the rogue should not do his work, and I come to shame and losse of the money I did hope justly to have got by it. Thence walked with Mr. Coventry to St. James's, and there spent by his desire the whole morning reading of some old Navy books given him of old Sir John Cooke's[1] by the Archbishop of Canterbury that now is; wherein the order that was observed in the Navy then, above what it is now, is very observable, and fine things we did observe in our reading. Anon to dinner, after dinner to discourse of the business of the Dutch warr, wherein he tells me the Dutch do in every particular, which are but few and small things that we can demand of them, whatever cry we unjustly make, do seem to offer at an accommodation, for they do owne that it is not for their profit to have warr with England. We did also talk of a History of the Navy of England, how fit it were to be writ; and he did say that it hath been in his mind to propose to me the writing of the History of the late Dutch warr, which I am glad to hear, it being a thing I much desire, and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if well done, may recommend me much. So he says he will get me an order for making of searches to all

[1] Sir John Coke (1563-1644) in 1618 was one of a special commission appointed for the examination of the state of the navy. He was rewarded for his work in the reform of the naval administration by a grant of £300 a year, charged on the funds of the navy, and expressly stated to be given "for his service in several marine causes, and for the office of ordnance, which he had long attended far remote from his family and to his great charge" (November, 1621).—*Dictionary of National Biography*.

records, &c., in order thereto, and I shall take great delight in doing of it. Thence by water down to the Tower, and thither sent for Mr. Creed to my house, where he promised to be, and he and I down to the ship, and find all things in pretty good order, and I hope will end to my mind. Thence having a gally down to Greenwich, and there saw the King's works, which are great, a-doing there, and so to the Cherry Garden,[1] and so carried some cherries home, and after supper to bed, my wife lying with me, which from my not being thoroughly well, nor she, we have not done above once these two or three weeks.

14th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and had great conflict about the flags again, and am vexed methought to see my Lord Berkely not satisfied with what I said, but however I stop the King's being abused by the flag makers for the present. I do not know how it may end, but I will do my best to preserve it. So home to dinner, and after dinner by coach to Kensington. In the way overtaking Mr. Laxton, the apothecary, with his wife and daughters, very fine young lasses, in a coach ; and so both of us to my Lady Sandwich, who hath lain this fortnight here at Deane Hodges's.[2] Much company came hither to-day, my Lady Carteret, &c., Sir William Wheeler and his lady, and, above all, Mr. Becke, of Chelsy, and wife and daughter, my Lord's mistress, and one that hath not one good feature in her face, and yet is a fine lady, of a fine taille,[3] and very well carriaged, and mighty discreet. I took all the occasion I could to discourse with the young ladies in her company to give occasion to her to talk, which now and then she did, and that mighty finely, and

[1] The Cherry Garden was a place of public entertainment at Rotherhithe. The site is marked by Cherry Garden Stairs, a landing-pier for Thames steamers and small boats.

[2] Dr. Thomas Hodges, vicar of Kensington and rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill. He had been, in September, 1661, preferred to the deanery of Hereford, which he held with his two livings till his death, August 22nd, 1672.—B.

[3] "*Taille*, the proportion, size, or stature of a man."—Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*.

is, I perceive, a woman of such an ayre, as I wonder the less at my Lord's favour to her, and I dare warrant him she hath brains enough to entangle him. Two or three houres we were in her company, going into Sir H. Finche's [1] garden, and seeing the fountayne, and singing there with the ladies, and a mighty fine cool place it is, with a great laver [2] of water in the middle and the bravest place for musique I ever heard. After much mirthe, discoursing to the ladies in defence of the city against the country or court, and giving them occasion to invite themselves to-morrow to me to dinner, to my venison pasty, I got their mother's leave, and so good night, very well pleased with my day's work, and, above all, that I have seen my Lord's mistresse. So home to supper, and a little at my office, and to bed.

15th. Up and by appointment with Captain Witham [3] (the Captain that brought the newes of the disaster at Tangier, where my Lord Tiviott was slain) and Mr. Tooker to Beares Quay,[4] and there saw and more afterward at the several grannarys several parcels of oates, and strange it is to hear how it will heat itself if laid up green and not often turned. We came not to any agreement, but did cheapen several parcels, and thence away, promising to send again to them. So to the Victualling office, and then home. And in our garden I got Captain Witham to tell me the whole story of my Lord Tiviott's misfortune; for he was upon the guard with his horse neare the towne, when at a distance he saw the enemy appear upon a hill, a mile and a half off, and made up

[1] The house, afterwards known as Nottingham House and Kensington Palace, was at this time the seat of Sir Heneage Finch, created Earl of Nottingham, 1681. It was sold by his son to King William, who greatly improved it.

[2] Laver denotes a pond, cistern, trough, or conduit. "Laver, to washe at, *lavoyr*" (Palsgrave).

[3] Among the State Papers is a petition of Captain Edward Witham (1663?) for half-pay or employment, his troop of horse at Tangiers being disbanded and he in poverty, and the other officers being on half-pay ("Calendar," 1663-64, p. 422).

[4] Bear's Quay was a market for corn near Billingsgate.

to them, and with much ado escaped himself; but what became of my Lord he neither knows nor thinks that any body but the enemy can tell. Our losse was about four hundred. But he tells me that the greater wonder is that my Lord Tiviott met no sooner with such a disaster; for every day he did commit himself to more probable danger than this, for now he had the assurance of all his scouts that there was no enemy thereabouts; whereas he used every day to go out with two or three with him, to make his discoveries, in greater danger, and yet the man that could not endure to have anybody else to go a step out of order to endanger himself. He concludes him to be the man of the hardest fate to lose so much honour at one blow that ever was. His relation being done he parted; and so I home to look after things for dinner. And anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by and by the three young ladies:[1] and very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards: and about five o'clock, by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden, and then by water singing finely to the Bridge, and there landed; and so took boat again, and to Somersett House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard of my Lady Paulina's fearfullness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in that condition. Being come hither, there waited for them their coach; but it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half an hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy; and myself and Creed in the coach home with them. But, Lord! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way; and indeed at this time of the night it was no safe thing to go that road; so that I was even afeard myself, though I appeared otherwise.[2] We came safe, however, to their house, where all

[1] Lord Sandwich's daughters.

[2] We have here a curious picture of the dreadful state of the streets in

were abed; we knocked them up, my Lady and all the family being in bed. So put them into doors; and leaving them with the mayds, bade them good night, and then into the towne,[1] Creed and I, it being about twelve o'clock and past; and to several houses, inns, but could get no lodging, all being in bed. At the last house, at last, we found some people drinking and roaring; and there got in, and after drinking, got an ill bed, where

16th. I lay in my drawers and stockings and wastecoate till five of the clock, and so up; and being well pleased with our frolique, walked to Knightsbridge, and there eat a messe of creame, and so to St. James's, and there walked a little, and so I to White Hall, and took coach, and found my wife well got home last night, and now in bed. So I to the office, where all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, so home and to my office, where Mr. Ackworth came to me (though he knows himself and I know him to be a very knave), yet he came to me to discover the knavery of other people like the most honest man in the world. However, good use I shall make of his discourse, for in this he is much in the right. He being gone I to the 'Change, Mr. Creed with me, after we had been by water to see a vessell we have hired to carry more soldiers to Tangier, and also visited a rope ground, wherein I learnt several useful things. The talk upon the 'Change is, that De Ruyter[2] is dead, with fifty men of his own ship, of the plague, at Cales: that the Holland Embassador here do endeavour to sweeten us with fair words; and things likely to be peaceable. Home after I had spoke with my cozen Richard Pepys upon the 'Change, about supplying us with

London in 1664. No improvement of what they were a century before, when they were described as "very foul, full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious" (Knight's "London," vol. i., p. 26), appears to have taken place. The alarm of Lady Paulina and Pepys at night was not surprising.—B.

[1] Kensington.

[2] Reports of De Ruyter's death were frequently abroad. He did not die till 1676.

bewpers from Norwich, which I should be glad of, if cheap. So home to supper and bed.

17th. Up, and to my office, where I dispatched much business, and then down by water to Woolwich to make a discovery of a cheate providing for us in the working of some of our own ground Tows into new cordage, to be sold to us for Riga cordage. Thence to Mr. Falconer's, where I met Sir W. Batten and Lady, and Captain Tinker, and there dined with them, and so to the Dockyarde and to Deptford by water, and there very long informing myself in the business of flags and bewpers and other things, and so home late, being weary, and full of good information to-day, but I perceive the corruptions of the Navy are of so many kinds that it is endless to look after them, especially while such a one as Sir W. Batten discourages every man that is honest. So home to my office, there very late, and then to supper and to bed mightily troubled in my mind to hear how Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes do labour all they can to abuse or enable others to abuse the King.

18th. From morning till 11 at night (only a little at dinner at home) at my office very busy, setting many businesses in order to my great trouble, but great content in the end. So home to supper and to bed. Strange to see how pert Sir W. Pen is to-day newly come from Portsmouth with his head full of great reports of his service and the state of the ships there. When that is over he will be just as another man again or worse. But I wonder whence Mr. Coventry should take all this care for him, to send for him up only to look after his Irish business with my Lord Ormond and to get the Duke's leave for him to come with so much officiousness, when I am sure he knows him as well as I do as to his little service he do.

19th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning and afternoon (only at dinner at home) at my office doing many businesses for want of time on the week days. In the afternoon the greatest shower of rain of a sudden and the greatest and most continued thunder that ever I heard I think in my life.

In the evening home to my wife, and there talked seriously of several of our family concernments, and among others of bringing Pall out of the country to us here to try to put her off, which I am very desirous, and my wife also, of. So to supper, prayers, which I have of late too much omitted. So to bed.

20th. It having been a very cold night last night I had got some cold, and so in pain by wind, and a sure precursor of pain is sudden letting off farts, and when that stops, then my passages stop and my pain begins. Up and did several businesses, and so with my wife by water to White Hall, she to her father's, I to the Duke, where we did our usual business. And among other discourse of the Dutch, he was merrily saying how they print that Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, and my Lord Sandwich, are to be Generalls; and soon after is to follow them "Vieux Pen;" and so the Duke called him in mirth Old Pen. They have, it seems, lately wrote to the King, to assure him that their setting-out ships were only to defend their fishing-trade, and to stay near home, not to annoy the King's subjects; and to desire that he would do the like with his ships: which the King laughs at, but yet is troubled they should think him such a child, to suffer them to bring home their fish and East India Company's ships, and then they will not care a fart for us. Thence to Westminster Hall, it being term time, meeting Mr. Pickering, he tells me how my Lady last week went to see Mrs. Becke, the mother; and by and by the daughter came in, but that my Lady do say herself, as he says, that she knew not for what reason, for she never knew they had a daughter, which I do not believe. She was troubled, and her heart did rise as soon as she appeared, and seems the most ugly woman that ever she saw. This if true were strange, but I believe it is not. Thence to my Lord's lodgings; and were merry with the young ladies, who make a great story of their appearing before their mother the morning after we carried them, the last week, home so late; and that their mother took it very well, at least without any anger. Here I heard how the rich

widow, my Lady Gold, is married to one Neale,[1] after he had received a box on the eare by her brother (who was there a sentinel, in behalf of some courtier) at the door; but made him draw, and wounded him. She called Neale up to her, and sent for a priest, married presently, and went to bed. The brother sent to the Court, and had a serjeant sent for Neale; but Neale sent for him up to be seen in bed, and she owned him for her husband: and so all is past. It seems Sir H. Bennet did look after her. My Lady very pleasant. After dinner came in Sir Thomas Crew and Mr. Sidney [2] lately come from France, who is growne a little, and a pretty youth he is; but not so improved as they did give him out to be, but like a child still. But yet I can perceive he hath good parts and good inclinations. Thence with Creed, who dined here, to Westminster to find out Mr. Hawly, and did, but he did not accept of my offer of his being steward to my Lord at sea. Thence alone to several places about my law businesses, and with good success; at last I to Mr. Townsend at the Wardrobe, and received kind words from him to be true to me against Captain Ferrers his endeavours to get the place from my father as my Lord hath promised him. Here met Will. Howe, and he went forth with me; and by water back to White Hall to wait on my Lord, who is come back from Hinchinbroke, where he has been about 4 or 5 days. But I was never more vexed to see how an over-officious visitt is received, for he received me with as little concernment as in the middle of his discontent, and a fool I am to be of so servile a humour, and vexed with that consideration I took coach home, and could not get it off my mind all night. To supper and to bed, my wife finding fault with Besse for her calling upon Jane that lived with us, and there heard Mrs. Harper and her talk ill of us and not told us of it. With

[1] Lady Gold married Thomas Neale (see note, p. 2 of this volume). She had four brothers.

[2] Sidney Montagu, second son of the Earl of Sandwich, who afterwards assumed the name of Wortley, and was father of Edward Wortley Montagu (husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu).

which I was also vexed, and told her soundly of it till she cried, poor wench, and I hope without dissimulation, and yet I cannot tell; however, I was glad to see in what manner she received it, and so to sleep.

21st. Being weary yesterday with walking I sleep long, and at last up and to the office, where all the morning. At home to dinner, Mr. Deane with me. After dinner I to White Hall (setting down my wife by the way) to a Committee of Tangier, where the Duke of Yorke, I perceive, do attend the business very well, much better than any man there or most of them, and my [mind] eased of some trouble I lay under for fear of his thinking ill of me from the bad successe in the setting forth of these crew men to Tangier. Thence with Mr. Creed, and walked in the Parke, and so to the New Exchange, meeting Mr. Moore, and he with us. I shewed him no friendly look, but he took no notice to me of the Wardrobe business, which vexes me. I perceive by him my Lord's business of his family and estate goes very ill, and runs in debt mightily. I would to God I were clear of it, both as to my owne money and the bond of £1,000, which I stand debtor for him in, to my cozen Thomas Pepys. Thence by coach home and to my office a little, and so to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up and I found Mr. Creed below, who staid with me a while, and then I to business all the morning. At noon to the 'Change and Coffee-house, where great talke of the Dutch preparing of sixty sayle of ships. The plague grows mightily among them, both at sea and land.[1] From the 'Change to dinner to Trinity House with Sir W. Rider and Cutler, where a very good dinner. Here Sir G. Ascue dined also, who I perceive desires to make himself known among the seamen.

[1] "There dyed this last weeke at Amsterdam 730, but they feare an increase this weeke; and the plague is scattered generally over the whole country, even to Little Dorps and Villages: and it is gott to Antwerp and Bruxells, so that they will not suffer any ships or vessells of Holland or Zeland to come to Antwerp; and 2 severall shipps are returned out of Spaine for that they would not suffer them to have any trade at all there" (Sir George Downing's letter to Lord Clarendon, July 29th, 1664).—Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, vol. iii., p. 331.

Thence home, there coming to me my Lord Peterborough's Sollicitor with a letter from him to desire present dispatch in his business of freight, and promises me £50, which is good newes, and I hope to do his business readily for him. This much rejoiced me. All the afternoon at his business, and late at night comes the Sollicitor again, and I with him at 9 o'clock to Mr. Povy's, and there acquainted him with the business. The money he won't pay without warrant, but that will be got done in a few days. So home by coach and to bed.

23rd. Up, and to the office, and there we sat all the morning. So to the 'Change, and then home to dinner and to my office, where till 10 at night very busy, and so home to supper and to bed. My cozen, Thomas Pepys, was with me yesterday and I took occasion to speak to him about the bond I stand bound for my Lord Sandwich to him in £1,000. I did very plainly, obliging him to secrecy, tell him how the matter stands, yet with all duty to my Lord my resolution to be bound for whatever he desires me for him, yet that I would be glad he had any other security. I perceive by Mr. Moore to-day that he hath been with my Lord, and my Lord how he takes it I know not, but he is looking after other security and I am mighty glad of it. W. Howe was with me this afternoon, to desire some things to be got ready for my Lord against his going down to his ship, which will be soon; for it seems the King and both the Queenes intend to visit him. The Lord knows how my Lord will get out of this charge; for Mr. Moore tells me to-day that he is £10,000 in debt: and this will, with many other things that daily will grow upon him (while he minds his pleasure as he do), set him further backward. But it was pretty this afternoon to hear W. Howe mince the matter, and say that he do believe that my Lord is in debt £2,000 or £3,000, and then corrected himself and said, No, not so, but I am afraid he is in debt £1,000. I pray God gets me well rid of his Lordship as to his debt, and I care not.

24th. Up and out with Captain Witham in several places again to look for oats for Tangier, and among other places to the City

granarys, where it seems every company have their granary[1] and obliged to keep such a quantity of corne always there or at a time of scarcity to issue so much at so much a bushell: and a fine thing it is to see their stores of all sorts, for piles for the bridge, and for pipes, a thing I never saw before. Thence to the office, and there busy all the morning. At noon to my uncle Wight's, and there dined, my wife being there all the morning. After dinner to White Hall; and there met with Mr. Pierce, and he showed me the Queene's bed-chamber, and her closett, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with her clock by her bed-side, wherein a lamp burns that tells her the time of the night at any time. Thence with him to the Parke, and there met the Queene coming from Chappell, with her Mayds of Honour, all in silver-lace gowns again: which is new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again. Thence he carried me to the King's closett: where such variety of pictures, and other things of value and rarity, that I was properly confounded and enjoyed no pleasure in the sight of them; which is the only time in my life that ever I was so at a loss for pleasure, in the greatest plenty of objects to give it me. Thence home, calling in many places and doing abundance of errands to my great content, and at night weary home, where Mr. Creed waited for me, and he and I walked in the garden, where he told me he is now in a hurry fitting himself for sea, and that it remains that he deals as an ingenuous man with me in the business I wot of, which he will do before he goes. But I perceive he will have me do many good turns for him

[1] From the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., or perhaps earlier, it was the custom of the City of London to provide against scarcity, by requiring each of the chartered Companies to keep in store a certain quantity of corn, which was to be renewed from time to time, and when required for that purpose, produced in the market for sale, at such times and prices, and in such quantities, as the Lord Mayor or Common Council should direct. See the report of a case in the Court of Chancery, "Attorney-General *v.* Haberdashers' Company" (Mylne and Keen's "Reports," vol. i., p. 420).—B.

first, both as to his bills coming to him in this office, and also in his absence at the Committee of Tangier, which I promise, and as he acquits himself to me I will willingly do. I would I knew the worst of it, what it is he intends, that so I may either quit my hands of him or continue my kindness still to him.

25th. We staid late, and he lay with me all night and rose very merry talking, and excellent company he is, that is the truth of it, and a most cunning man. He being gone I to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon to dinner, and then to my office busy, and by and by home with Mr. Deane to a lesson upon raising a Bend of Timbers,[1] and he being gone I to the office, and there came Captain Taylor, and he and I home, and I have done all very well with him as to the business of the last trouble, so that come what will come my name will be clear of any false dealing with him. So to my office again late, and then to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up, and Sir J. Minnes set me down at my Lord Sandwich's, where I waited till his coming down, when he came, too, could find little to say to me but only a general question or two, and so good-bye. Here his little daughter, my Lady Katharine was brought, who is lately come from my father's at Brampton, to have her cheek looked after, which is and hath long been sore. But my Lord will rather have it be as it is, with a scarr in her face, than endanger it being worse by tampering.[2] He being gone, I went home, a little troubled to see he minds me no more, and with Creed called at several churches, which, God knows, are supplied with very young men, and the churches very empty ; so home and at our owne

[1] This seems to refer to knee timber, of which there was not a sufficient supply (see note, vol. iii., p. 295). A proposal was made to produce this bent wood artificially : "June 22, 1664. Sir William Petty intimated that it seemed by the scarcity and greater rate of knee timber that nature did not furnish crooked wood enough for building : wherefore he thought it would be fit to raise by art, so much of it in proportion, as to reduce it to an equal rate with strait timber" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 443).

[2] See September 3rd, 1661 (vol. ii., p. 95).

church looked in, and there heard one preach whom Sir W. Pen brought, which he desired us yesterday to hear, that had been his chaplin in Ireland, a very silly fellow. So home and to dinner, and after dinner a frolique took us, we would go this afternoon to the Hope; so my wife dressed herself, and, with good victuals and drink, we took boat presently and the tide with us got down, but it was night, and the tide spent by the time we got to Gravesend; so there we stopped, but went not on shore, only Creed, to get some cherries,[1] and send a letter to the Hope, where the Fleete lies. And so, it being rainy, and thundering mightily, and lightning, we returned. By and by the evening turned mighty clear and moonshine; we got with great pleasure home, about twelve o'clock, which did much please us, Creed telling pretty stories in the boat. He lay with me all night.

27th. Up, and he and I walked to Paul's Church yard, and there saw Sir Harry Spillman's book,[2] and I bespoke it and others, and thence we took coach, and he to my Lord's and I to St. James's, where we did our usual business, and thence I home and dined, and then by water to Woolwich, and there spent the afternoon till night under pretence of buying Captain Blackman's house and grounds, and viewing the ground took notice of Clothiers' cordage with which he, I believe, thinks to cheat the King. That being done I by water home, it being night first, and there I find our new mayd Jane come, a cook mayd. So to bed.

28th. Up, and this day put on a half shirt first this summer, it being very hot; and yet so ill-tempered I am grown, that I

[1] Pliny tells us that cherries were introduced into Britain by the Romans, and Lydgate alludes to them as sold in the London streets. Richard Haines, fruiterer to Henry VIII., imported a number of cherry trees from Flanders, and planted them at Tenham, in Kent. Hence the fame of the Kentish cherries.

[2] "Glossarium Archaiologicum," of which only the first part, to the letter L, was published by Spelman himself, 1626; the work was completed in 1664 by Sir William Dugdale from the author's papers. Sir Henry Spelman died, October, 1641, at the house of his son-in-law, Sir Ralph Whitfield, in the Barbican, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

am afeard I shall catch cold, while all the world is ready to melt away. To the office all the morning, at noon to dinner at home, then to my office till the evening, then out about several businesses and then by appointment to the 'Change, and thence with my uncle Wight to the Mum house, and there drinking, he do complain of his wife most cruel as the most troublesome woman in the world, and how she will have her will, saying she brought him a portion and God knows what. By which, with many instances more, I perceive they do live a sad life together. Thence to the Mitre and there comes Dr. Burnett to us and Mr. Maes, but the meeting was chiefly to bring the Doctor and me together, and there I began to have his advice about my disease, and then invited him to my house: and I am resolved to put myself into his hands. Here very late, but I drank nothing, nor will, though he do advise me to take care of cold drinks. So home and to bed.

29th. Up, and Mr. Shepley came to me, who is lately come to town; among other things I hear by him how the children are sent for away from my father's, but he says without any great discontent. I am troubled there should be this occasion of difference, and yet I am glad they are gone, lest it should have come to worse. He tells me how my brave dogg I did give him, going out betimes one morning to Huntington, was set upon by five other doggs, and worried to pieces, of which I am a little, and he the most sorry I ever saw man for such a thing. Forth with him and walked a good way talking, then parted and I to the Temple, and to my cozen Roger Pepys, and thence by water to Westminster to see Dean Honiwood, whom I had not visited a great while. He is a good-natured, but a very weak man, yet a Dean, and a man in great esteem. Thence walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and there dined, my Lord there. He was pleasant enough at table with me, but yet without any discourse of business, or any regard to me when dinner was over, but fell to cards, and my Lady and I sat two hours alone, talking of the condition of her family's being greatly in debt, and many children now coming up to provide for. I did give her my sense very plain

of it, which she took well and carried further than myself, to the bemoaning their condition, and remembering how finely things were ordered about six years ago, when I lived there and my Lord at sea every year. Thence home, doing several errands by the way. So to my office, and there till late at night, Mr. Comander coming to me for me to sign and seal the new draft of my will, which I did do, I having altered something upon the death of my brother Tom. So home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, Mr. Wayth with me, and by and by comes in Mr. Falconer and his wife and dined with us, the first time she was ever here. We had a pretty good dinner, very merry in discourse, sat after dinner an hour or two, then down by water to Deptford and Woolwich about getting of some business done which I was bound to by my oath this month, and though in some things I have not come to the height of my vow of doing all my business in paying all my petty debts and receipt of all my petty monies due to me, yet I bless God I am not conscious of any neglect in me that they are not done, having not minded my pleasure at all, and so being resolved to take no manner of pleasure till it be done, I doubt not God will forgive me for not forfeiting the £10 I promised. Walked back from Woolwich to Greenwich all alone, save a man that had a cudgell in his hand, and, though he told me he laboured in the King's yarde, and many other good arguments that he is an honest man, yet, God forgive me! I did doubt he might knock me on the head behind with his club. But I got safe home. Then to the making up my month's accounts, and find myself still a gainer and rose to £951, for which God be blessed. I end the month with my mind full of business and some sorrow that I have not exactly performed all my vowes, though my not doing is not my fault, and shall be made good out of my first leisure. Great doubts yet whether the Dutch warr go on or no. The Fleet ready in the Hope, of twelve sayle. The King and Queenes go on board, they say, on Saturday next. Young children of my

Lord Sandwich gone with their mayds from my mother's, which troubles me, it being, I hear from Mr. Shepley, with great discontent, saying, that though they buy good meate, yet can never have it before it stinks, which I am ashamed of.

July 1st. Up and within all the morning, first bringing down my Tryangle to my chamber below, having a new frame made proper for it to stand on. By and by comes Dr. Burnett, who assures me that I have an ulcer either in the kidneys or bladder, for my water, which he saw yesterday, he is sure the sediment is not slime gathered by heat, but is a direct pusse. He did write me down some direction [1] what to do for it, but not with the satisfaction I expected. I did give him a piece, with good hopes, however, that his advice will be of use to me, though it is strange that Mr. Hollyard should never say one word of this ulcer in all his life to me. He being gone, I to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, and so to my office, busy till the evening, and then by agreement came Mr. Hill and Andrews and one Cheswicke, a maister who plays very well upon the Spinette, and we sat singing Psalms till 9 at night, and so broke up with great pleasure, and very good

[1] Dr. Burnett's advice to mee.

The Originall is fyled among my letters.

Take of ye Rootes of Marsh-Mallows foure ounces, of Cumfry, of Liquorish, of each two ounces, of ye fflowers of St. John's Wort two Handsfull, of ye Leaves of Plantan, of Alehoofe, of each three handfulls, of Selfeheale, of Red Roses, of each one Handfull, of Cynament, of Nutmegg, of each halfe an ounce. Beate them well, then powre upon them one Quart of old Rhenish wine, and about Six houres after strayne it and clarify it with ye white of an Egge, and with a sufficient quantity of sugar, boyle it to ye consistence of a Syrrup and reserve it for use.

Dissolve one spoonefull of this Syrrup in every draught of Ale or beere you drink.

Morning and evening swallow ye quantity of an hazle-nutt of Cyprus Terebintine.

If you are bound or have a fit of ye Stone eate an ounce of Cassia new drawne, from ye poynt of a knife.

Old Canary or Malaga wine you may drinke to three or 4 glasses, but noe new wine, and what wine you drinke, lett it bee at meales.—[From a slip of paper inserted in the Diary at this place.]

company it is, and I hope I shall now and then have their company. They being gone, I to my office till towards twelve o'clock, and then home and to bed. Upon the 'Change, this day, I saw how uncertain the temper of the people is, that, from our discharging of about 200 that lay idle, having nothing to do, upon some of our ships, which were ordered to be fitted for service, and their works are now done, the towne do talk that the King discharges all his men, 200 yesterday and 800 to-day, and that now he hath got £100,000 in his hand, he values not a Dutch warr. But I undeceived a great many, telling them how it is.

2nd. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and there, which is strange, I could meet with nobody that I could invite home to my venison pasty, but only Mr. Alsopp and Mr. Lanyon, whom I invited last night, and a friend they brought along with them. So home and with our venison pasty we had other good meat and good discourse. After dinner sat close to discourse about our business of the victualling of the garrison of Tangier, taking their prices of all provisions, and I do hope to order it so that they and I also may get something by it, which do much please me, for I hope I may get nobly and honestly with profit to the King. They being gone came Sir W. Warren, and he and I discoursed long about the business of masts, and then in the evening to my office, where late writing letters, and then home to look over some Brampton papers, which I am under an oathe to dispatch before I spend one half houre in any pleasure or go to bed before 12 o'clock, to which, by the grace of God, I will be true. Then to bed. When I came home I found that to-morrow being Sunday I should gain nothing by doing it to-night, and to-morrow I can do it very well and better than to-night. I went to bed before my time, but with a resolution of doing the thing to better purpose to-morrow.

3rd (Lord's day). Up and ready, and all the morning in my chamber looking over and settling some Brampton businesses. At noon to dinner, where the remains of yesterday's venison and a couple of brave green geese, which we are fain to eat

alone, because they will not keepe, which troubled us. After dinner I close to my business, and before the evening did end it with great content, and my mind eased by it. Then up and spent the evening walking with my wife talking, and it thundering and lightning all the evening, and this yeare have had the most of thunder and lightning they say of any in man's memory, and so it is, it seems, in France and everywhere else. So to prayers and to bed.

4th. Up, and many people with me about business, and then out to several places, and so at noon to my Lord Crew's, and there dined and very much made of there by him. He offered me the selling of some land of his in Cambridgeshire, a purchase of about £1,000, and if I can compass it I will. After dinner I walked homeward, still doing business by the way, and at home find my wife this day of her owne accord to have lain out 25*s.* upon a pair of pendantes for her eares, which did vex me and brought both me and her to very high and very foule words from her to me, such as trouble me to think she should have in her mouth, and reflecting upon our old differences, which I hate to have remembered. I vowed to breake them, or that she should go and get what she could for them again. I went with that resolution out of doors; the poor wretch afterwards in a little while did send out to change them for her money again. I followed Besse her messenger at the 'Change, and there did consult and sent her back; I would not have them changed, being satisfied that she yielded. So went home, and friends again as to that business; but the words I could not get out of my mind, and so went to bed at night discontented, and she came to bed to me, but all would not make me friends, but sleep and rise in the morning angry. This day the King and the Queene went to visit my Lord Sandwich and the fleete, going forth in the Hope.[1]

[1] "Their Majesties were treated at Tilbury Hope by the Earl of Sandwich, returning the same day, abundantly satisfied both with the dutiful respects of that honourable person and with the excellent condition of all matters committed to his charge" ("The Newes," July 7th, 1664).—B.

5th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon to the 'Change a little, then with W. Howe home and dined. So after dinner to my office, and there busy till late at night, having had among other things much discourse with young Gregory about the Chest business, wherein Sir W. Batten is so great a knave, and also with Alsop and Lanyon about the Tangier victualling, wherein I hope to get something for myself. Late home to supper and to bed, being full of thoughts of a sudden resolution this day taken upon the 'Change of going down to-morrow to the Hope.

6th. Up very betimes, and my wife also, and got us ready; and about eight o'clock, having got some bottles of wine and beer and neat's tongues, we went to our barge at the Towre, where Mr. Pierce and his wife, and a kinswoman and his sister, and Mrs. Clerke and her sister and cozen were to expect us; and so set out for the Hope, all the way down playing at cards and other sports, spending our time pretty merry. Come to the Hope about one and there showed them all the ships, and had a collacion of anchovies, gammon, &c., and after an houre's stay or more, embarked again for home; and so to cards and other sports till we came to Greenwich, and there Mrs. Clerke and my wife and I on shore to an alehouse, for them to do their business, and so to the barge again, having shown them the King's pleasure boat; and so home to the Bridge, bringing night home with us; and it rained hard, but we got them on foot to the Beare, and there put them into a boat, and I back to my wife in the barge, and so to the Tower Wharf and home, being very well pleased today with the company, especially Mrs. Pierce, who continues her complexion as well as ever, and hath, at this day, I think, the best complexion that ever I saw on any woman, young or old, or child either, all days of my life. Also Mrs. Clerke's kinswoman sings very prettily, but is very confident in it; Mrs. Clerke herself witty, but spoils all in being so conceited and making so great a flutter with a few fine clothes and some bad tawdry things worne with them. But the charge of the barge lies heavy upon me, which troubles me, but it is

but once, and I may make Pierce do me some courtesy as great. Being come home, I weary to bed with sitting. The reason of Dr. Clerke's not being here was the King's being sicke last night and let blood, and so he durst not come away to-day.

7th. Up, and this day begun, the first day this year, to put off my linnen waistcoat, but it happening to be a cool day I was afraid of taking cold, which troubles me, and is the greatest pain I have in the world to think of my bad temper of my health. At the office all the morning. Dined at home, to my office to prepare some things against a Committee of Tangier this afternoon. So to White Hall, and there found the Duke and twenty more reading their commission (of which I am, and was also sent to, to come) for the Royall Fishery, which is very large, and a very serious charter it is; but the company generally so ill fitted for so serious a worke that I do much fear it will come to little. That being done, and not being able to do any thing for lacke of an oathe for the Governor and Assistants to take, we rose. Then our Committee for the Tangier victualling met and did a little, and so up, and I and Mr. Coventry walked in the garden half an hour, talking of the business of our masts, and thence away and with Creed walked half an hour or more in the Park, and thence to the New Exchange to drink some creame, but missed it and so parted, and I home, calling by the way for my new bookes, viz., Sir H. Spillman's "Whole Glossary," "Scapula's Lexicon," and Shakespeare's plays, which I have got money out of my stationer's bills to pay for. So home and to my office a while, and then home and to bed, finding myself pretty well for all my waistecoate being put off to-day. The king is pretty well to-day, though let blood the night before yesterday.

8th. Up, and called out by my Lord Peterborough's gentleman to Mr. Povy's to discourse about getting of his money, wherein I am concerned in hopes of the £50 my Lord hath promised me, but I dare not reckon myself sure of it till I have it in my main,[1]

[1] Main=hand.

for these Lords are hard to be trusted. Though I well deserve it. I staid at Povy's for his coming in, and there looked over his stables and every thing, but notwithstanding all the times I have been there I do yet find many fine things to look on. Thence to White Hall a little, to hear how the King do, he not having been well these three days. I find that he is pretty well again. So to Paul's Churchyarde about my books, and to the binder's and directed the doing of my Chaucer,[1] though they were not full neate enough for me, but pretty well it is; and thence to the clasp-maker's to have it clasped and bossed. So to the 'Change and home to dinner, and so to my office till 5 o'clock, and then came Mr. Hill and Andrews, and we sung an houre or two. Then broke up and Mr. Alsop and his company came and consulted about our Tangier victualling and brought it to a good head. So they parted, and I to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and at the office all the morning. In the afternoon by coach with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there to a Committee for Fishing; but the first thing was swearing to be true to the Company, and we were all sworne; but a great dispute we had, which, methought, is very ominous to the Company; some, that we should swear to be true to the best of our power, and others to the best of our understanding; and carried in the last, though in that we are the least able to serve the Company, because we would not be obliged to attend the business when we can, but when we list. This consideration did displease me, but it was voted and so went. We did nothing else, but broke up till a Committee of Guinny was set and ended, and then met again for Tangier, and there I did my business about my Lord Peterborough's order and my own for my expenses for the garrison lately. So home, by the way calling for my Chaucer and other books, and that is well done to my mind, which pleased me well. So to my office till late writing letters, and so home to my wife

[1] This was Speght's edition of 1602, which is still in the Pepysian Library. The book is bound in calf, with brass clasps and bosses. It is not lettered.

to supper and bed, where we have not lain together because of the heat of the weather a good while, but now against her going into the country.

10th (Lord's day). Up and by water, towards noon, to Somersett House, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and there dined with my Lady and the children. And after some ordinary discourse with my Lady, after dinner took our leaves and my wife her's, in order to her going to the country to-morrow. But my Lord took not occasion to speak one word of my father or mother about the children at all, which I wonder at, and begin I will not. Here my Lady showed us my Lady Castlemayne's[1] picture, finely done; given my Lord; and a most beautiful picture it is. Thence with my Lady Jemimah and Mr. Sidney to St. Gyles's Church, and there heard a long, poore sermon. Thence set them down and in their coach to Kate Joyce's christening, where much company, good service of sweetmeates; and after an houre's stay, left them, and in my Lord's coach—his noble, rich coach—home, and there my wife fell to putting things in order against her going to-morrow, and I to read, and so to bed, where I not well, and so had no pleasure at all with my poor wife.

11th. But betimes up this morning, and, getting ready, we by coach to Holborne, where, at nine o'clock, they set out, and I and my man Will on horseback, by my wife, to Barnett; a very pleasant day; and there dined with her company, which was very good; a pretty gentlewoman with her, that goes but to Huntington, and a neighbour to us in towne. Here we staid two hours and then parted for all together, and my poor wife I shall soon want I am sure. Thence I and Will to see the Wells,[2] half a mile off, and there I drank three

[1] This fine portrait is still at Hinchingbroke, and in very good preservation.—B.

[2] The mineral springs at Barnet Common, nearly a mile to the west of High Barnet. The discovery of the wells was announced in the "Perfect Diurnall" of June 5th, 1652, and Fuller, writing in 1662, says that there are hopes that the waters may "save as many lives as were lost in the

glasses, and went and walked and came back and drunk two more ; the woman would have had me drink three more ; but I could not, my belly being full, but this wrought very well, and so we rode home, round by Kingsland, Hackney, and Mile End till we were quite weary, and my water working at least 7 or 8 times upon the road, which pleased me well, and so home weary, and not being very well, I betimes to bed, and there fell into a most mighty sweat in the night, about eleven o'clock, and there, knowing what money I have in the house and hearing a noyse, I begun to sweat worse and worse, till I melted almost to water. I rung, and could not in half an houre make either of the wenches hear me, and this made me fear the more, lest they might be gag'd ; and then I begun to think that there was some design in a stone being flung at the window over our stayres this evening, by which the thiefes meant to try what looking there would be after them and know our company. These thoughts and fears I had, and do hence apprehend the fears of all rich men that are covetous and have much money by them. At last Jane rose, and then I understand it was only the dogg wants a lodging and so made a noyse. So to bed, but hardly slept, at last did, and so till morning,

12th. And so rose, called up by my Lord Peterborough's gentleman about getting his Lord's money to-day of Mr. Povy, wherein I took such order, that it was paid, and I had my £50 brought me, which comforts my heart. We sat at the office all the morning, then at home. Dined alone ; sad for want of company and not being very well, and know not how to eat alone. After dinner down with Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir W. Batten to view, and did like a place by Deptford yard to lay masts in. By and by comes Mr. Coventry, and after a little stay he and I down to Blackwall, he having a mind to see the yarde, which we did, and fine storehouses there are and good docks, but of no great profit to him that

fatal battle at Barnet" ("Worthies," Herts). A pamphlet on "The Barnet Well Water" was published by the Rev. W. M. Trinder, M.D., as late as the year 1800, but in 1840 the old well-house was pulled down.

oweth[1] them for ought we see. So home by water with him, having good discourse by the way, and so I to the office a while, and late home to supper and to bed.

13th. Up and to my office, at noon (after having at an ale-house hard by discoursed with one Mr. Tyler, a neighbour, and one Captain Sanders about the discovery of some pursers that have sold their provisions) I to my Lord Sandwich, thinking to have dined there, but they not dining at home, I with Captain Ferrers to Mr. Barwell the King's Squire Sadler, where about this time twelvemonths I dined before at a good venison pasty. The like we had now, and very good company, Mr. Tresham and others. Thence to White Hall to the Fishery, and there did little. So by water home, and there met Lanyon, &c., about Tangier matters, and so late to my office, and thence home and to bed. Mr. Moore was with me late to desire me to come to my Lord Sandwich to-morrow morning, which I shall, but I wonder what my business is.

14th. My mind being doubtful what the business should be, I rose a little after four o'clock, and abroad. Walked to my Lord's, and nobody up, but the porter rose out of bed to me: so I back again to Fleete Streete, and there bought a little book of law; and thence, hearing a psalm sung, I went into St. Dunstan's, and there heard prayers read, which, it seems, is done there every morning at six o'clock; a thing I never did do at a chappell, but the College Chappell, in all my life. Thence to my Lord's again, and my Lord being up, was sent for up, and he and I alone. He did begin with a most solemn profession of the same confidence in and love for me that he ever had, and then told me what a misfortune was fallen upon me and him: in me, by a displeasure which my Lord Chancellor did show to him last night against me, in the highest and most passionate manner that ever any man did speak, even to the not hearing of any thing to be said to him: but

[1] For "owneth." This sense is very common in Shakespeare. In the original edition of the authorized version of the Bible we read: "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that *oweth* this girdle" (Acts xxi. 11).—Nares's *Glossary*.

he told me, that he did say all that could be said for a man as to my faithfullnesse and duty to his Lordship, and did me the greatest right imaginable. And what should the business be, but that I should be forward to have the trees in Clarendon Park[1] marked and cut down, which he, it seems, hath bought of my Lord Albemarle; when, God knows! I am the most innocent man in the world in it, and did nothing of myself, nor knew of his concernment therein, but barely obeyed my Lord Treasurer's warrant for the doing thereof. And said that I did most ungentlemanlike with him, and had justified the rogues in cutting down a tree of his; and that I had sent the veriest Fanatique [Deane] that is in England to mark them, on purpose to nose[2] him. All which, I did assure my Lord, was most properly false, and nothing like it true; and told my Lord the whole passage. My Lord do seem most nearly affected; he is partly, I believe, for me, and partly for himself. So he advised me to wait presently upon my Lord, and clear myself in the most perfect manner I could, with all submission and assurance that I am his creature both in this and all other things; and that I do owne that all I have, is derived through my Lord Sandwich from his Lordship. So, full of horror, I went, and found him busy in tryals of law in his great room;

[1] Near Salisbury, granted by Edward VI. to Sir W. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, for two lives, which lease determined in 1601, when it reverted to the Crown, and was conferred on the Duke of Albemarle, whose family got the estate after Lord Clarendon's fall; for, according to Britton, Clarendon Park was alienated by Christopher, second Duke of Albemarle, to the Earl of Bath, from whom it passed, by purchase, to the ancestor of Sir Frederic Hervey Bathurst, Bart., the present possessor. In Lister's "Life of Lord Clarendon" (vol. iii., p. 340) there is a letter of Sir Robert Hyde to Clarendon on the complaint respecting the trees, and in a note the author examines the complaint of the Chancellor. He writes: "There was, however (as appears from this letter), more reason for complaint than is admitted by Pepys; for at the very time the Commissioners sent down a person to mark standing timber for felling, there was a good deal of timber, the property of the Crown, lying on the estate unappropriated, which had been 'felled divers years' before, and till this was used, the felling of other timber there was evidently unnecessary."

[2] To provoke or affront a man to his face (Bailey's "Dictionary").

and it being Sitting-day, durst not stay, but went to my Lord and told him so: whereupon he directed me to take him after dinner; and so away I home, leaving my Lord mightily concerned for me. I to the office, and there sat busy all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and from the 'Change over with Alsopp and the others to the Pope's Head tavern, and there staid a quarter of an hour, and concluded upon this, that in case I got them no more than 3*s.* 1½*d.* per week per man I should have of them but £150 per ann., but to have it without any adventure or charge, but if I got them 3*s.* 2*d.*, then they would give me £300 in the like manner. So I directed them to draw up their tender in a line or two against the afternoon, and to meet me at White Hall. So I left them, and I to my Lord Chancellor's; and there coming out after dinner I accosted him, telling him that I was the unhappy Pepys that had fallen into his high displeasure, and come to desire him to give me leave to make myself better understood to his Lordship, assuring him of my duty and service. He answered me very pleasingly, that he was confident upon the score of my Lord Sandwich's character of me, but that he had reason to think what he did, and desired me to call upon him some evening: I named to-night, and he accepted of it. So with my heart light I to White Hall, and there after understanding by a stratagem, and yet appearing wholly desirous not to understand Mr. Gauden's price when he desired to show it me, I went down and ordered matters in our tender so well that at the meeting by and by I was ready with Mr. Gauden's and his, both directed in a letter to me to give the board their two tenders, but there being none but the Generall Monk and Mr. Coventry and Povy and I, I did not think fit to expose them to view now, but put it off till Saturday, and so with good content rose. Thence I to the Half Moone, against the 'Change, to acquaint Lanyon and his friends of our proceedings, and thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there heard several tryals, wherein I perceive my Lord is a most able and ready man. After all done, he himself called, "Come, Mr. Pepys, you and I will take a turn

in the garden." So he was led down stairs, having the goute, and there walked with me, I think, above an houre, talking most friendly, yet cunningly. I told him clearly how things were; how ignorant I was of his Lordship's concernment in it; how I did not do nor say one word singly, but what was done was the act of the whole Board. He told me by name that he was more angry with Sir G. Carteret than with me, and also with the whole body of the Board. But thinking who it was of the Board that knew him least, he did place his fear upon me; but he finds that he is indebted to none of his friends there. I think I did thoroughly appease him, till he thanked me for my desire and pains to satisfy him; and upon my desiring to be directed who I should of his servants advise with about this business, he told me nobody, but would be glad to hear from me himself. He told me he would not direct me in any thing, that it might not be said that the Lord Chancellor did labour to abuse the King; or (as I offered) direct the suspending the Report of the Purveyors: but I see what he means, and I will make it my worke to do him service in it. But, Lord! to see how he is incensed against poor Deane, as a fanatique rogue, and I know not what: and what he did was done in spite to his Lordship, among all his friends and tenants. He did plainly say that he would not direct me in any thing, for he would not put himself into the power of any man to say that he did so and so; but plainly told me as if he would be glad I did something. Lord! to see how we poor wretches dare not do the King good service for fear of the greatness of these men. He named Sir G. Carteret, and Sir J. Minnes, and the rest; and that he was as angry with them all as me. But it was pleasant to think that, while he was talking to me, comes into the garden Sir G. Carteret; and my Lord avoided speaking with him, and made him and many others stay expecting him, while I walked up and down above an houre, I think; and would have me walk with my hat on. And yet, after all this, there has been so little ground for this his jealousy of me, that I am sometimes afeard that he do this only in policy to bring

me to his side by scaring me; or else, which is worse, to try how faithfull I would be to the King; but I rather think the former of the two. I parted with great assurance how I acknowledged all I had to come from his Lordship; which he did not seem to refuse, but with great kindness and respect parted. So I by coach home, calling at my Lord's, but he not within. At my office late, and so home to eat something, being almost starved for want of eating my dinner to-day, and so to bed, my head being full of great and many businesses of import to me.

15th. Up, and to my Lord Sandwich's; where he sent for me up, and I did give my Lord an account of what had passed with my Lord Chancellor yesterday; with which he was well pleased, and advised me by all means to study in the best manner I could to serve him in this business. After this discourse ended, he begun to tell me that he had now pitched upon his day of going to sea upon Monday next, and that he would now give me an account how matters are with him. He told me that his work now in the world is only to keep up his interest at Court, having little hopes to get more considerably, he saying that he hath now about £8,000 per annum. It is true, he says, he oweth about £10,000; but he hath been at great charges in getting things to this pass in his estate; besides his building and good goods that he hath bought. He says he hath now evened his reckonings at the Wardrobe till Michaelmas last, and hopes to finish it to Lady-day before he goes. He says now there is due, too, £7,000 to him there, if he knew how to get it paid, besides £2,000 that Mr. Montagu do owe him. As to his interest, he says that he hath had all the injury done him that ever man could have by another bosom friend that knows all his secrets, by Mr. Montagu; but he says that the worst of it all is past, and he gone out and hated, his very person by the King, and he believes the more upon the score of his carriage to him; nay, that the Duke of Yorke did say a little while since in his closett, that he did hate him because of his ungratefull carriage to my Lord of Sandwich. He says that he is as great

with the Chancellor, or greater, than ever in his life. That with the King he is the like; and told me an instance, that whereas he formerly was of the private council to the King before he was last sicke, and that by the sickness an interruption was made in his attendance upon him; the King did not constantly call him, as he used to do, to his private council, only in businesses of the sea and the like; but of late the King did send a message to him by Sir Harry Bennet, to excuse the King to my Lord that he had not of late sent for him as he used to do to his private council, for it was not out of any distaste, but to avoid giving offence to some others whom he did not name; but my Lord supposes it might be Prince Rupert, or it may be only that the King would rather pass it by an excuse, than be thought unkind: but that now he did desire him to attend him constantly, which of late he hath done, and the King never more kind to him in his life than now. The Duke of Yorke, as much as is possible; and in the business of late, when I was to speak to my Lord about his going to sea, he says that he finds the Duke did it with the greatest ingenuity and love in the world; "and whereas," says my Lord, "here is a wise man hard by that thinks himself so, and would be thought so, and it may be is in a degree so (naming by and by my Lord Crew), would have had me condition with him that neither Prince Rupert nor any body should come over his head, and I know not what." The Duke himself hath caused in his commission, that he be made Admirall of this and what other ships or fleets shall hereafter be put out after these; which is very noble. He tells me in these cases, and that of Mr. Montagu's, and all others, he finds that bearing of them patiently is his best way, without noise or trouble, and things wear out of themselves and come fair again. But, says he, take it from me, never to trust too much to any man in the world, for you put yourself into his power; and the best seeming friend and real friend as to the present may have or take occasion to fall out with you, and then out comes all. Then he told me of Sir Harry Bennet, though they were always kind, yet now it is become

to an acquaintance and familiarity above ordinary, that for these months he hath done no business but with my Lord's advice in his chamber, and promises all faithfull love to him and service upon all occasions. My Lord says, that he hath the advantage of being able by his experience to helpe and advise him; and he believes that that chiefly do invite Sir Harry to this manner of treating him. "Now," says my Lord, "the only and the greatest embarras that I have in the world is, how to behave myself to Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Chancellor, in case that there do lie any thing under the embers about my Lord Bristoll, which nobody can tell; for then," says he, "I must appear for one or other, and I will lose all I have in the world rather than desert my Lord Chancellor: so that," says he, "I know not for my life what to do in that case." For Sir H. Bennet's love is come to the height, and his confidence, that he hath given my Lord a character,[1] and will oblige my Lord to correspond with him. "This," says he, "is the whole condition of my estate and interest; which I tell you, because I know not whether I shall see you again or no." Then as to the voyage, he thinks it will be of charge to him, and no profit; but that he must not now look after nor think to encrease, but study to make good what he hath, that what is due to him from the Wardrobe or elsewhere may be paid, which otherwise would fail, and all a man hath be but small content to him. So we seemed to take leave one of another; my Lord of me, desiring me that I would write to him and give him information upon all occasions in matters that concern him; which, put together with what he preambled with yesterday, makes me think that my Lord do truly esteem me still, and desires to preserve my service to him; which I do bless God for. In the middle of our discourse my Lady Crew came in to bring my Lord word that he hath another son,[2] my Lady being brought to bed just now, I did not think her time had been so nigh, but she's well brought to bed, for which God be praised! and send my

[1] A cipher.

[2] Their sixth son, James Montagu, who died unmarried.

Lord to study the laying up of something the more! Then with Creed to St. James's, and missing Mr. Coventry, to White Hall; where, staying for him in one of the galleries, there comes out of the chayre-room Mrs. Stewart, in a most lovely form, with her hair all about her eares, having her picture taking there. There was the King and twenty more, I think, standing by all the while, and a lovely creature she in this dress seemed to be. Thence to the 'Change by coach, and so home to dinner and then to my office. In the evening Mr. Hill, Andrews and I to my chamber to sing, which we did very pleasantly, and then to my office again, where very late and so home, with my mind I bless God in good state of ease and body of health, only my head at this juncture very full of business, how to get something. Among others what this rogue Creed will do before he goes to sea, for I would fain be rid of him and see what he means to do, for I will then declare myself his firm friend or enemy.

16th. Up in the morning, my head mightily confounded with the great deale of business I have upon me to do. But to the office, and there dispatched Mr. Creed's business pretty well about his bill; but then there comes W. Howe for my Lord's bill of Imprest for £500 to carry with him this voyage, and so I was at a loss how to carry myself in it, Creed being there, but there being no help I delivered it to them both, and let them contend, when I perceive they did both endeavour to have it, but W. Howe took it, and the other had the discretion to suffer it. But I think I cleared myself to Creed that it past not from any practice of mine. At noon rose and did some necessary business at the 'Change. Thence to Trinity House to a dinner which Sir G. Carteret makes there as Maister this year. Thence to White Hall to the Tangier Committee, and there, above my expectation, got the business of our contract for the victualling carried for my people, viz., Alsopp, Lanyon, and Yeabsly; and by their promise I do thereby get £300 per annum to myself, which do overjoy me; and the matter is left to me to draw up. Mr. Lewes was in the gallery and is mightily amazed at it, and I believe

Mr. Gauden will make some stir about it, for he wrote to Mr. Coventry to-day about it to argue why he should for the King's convenience have it, but Mr. Coventry most justly did argue freely for them that served cheapest. Thence walked a while with Mr. Coventry in the gallery, and first find that he is mighty cold in his present opinion of Mr. Peter Pett for his flagging and doing things so lazily there, and he did also surprise me with a question why Deane did not bring in their report of the timber of Clarendon. What he means thereby I know not, but at present put him off; nor do I know how to steer myself: but I must think of it, and advise with my Lord Sandwich. Thence with Creed by coach to my Lord Sandwich's, and there I got Mr. Moore to give me my Lord's hand for my receipt of £109 more of my money of Sir G. Carteret, so that then his debt to me will be under £500, I think. This do ease my mind also. Thence carried him and W. Howe into London, and set them down at Sir G. Carteret's to receive some money, and I home and there busy very late, and so home to supper and to bed, with my mind in pretty good ease, my business being in a pretty good condition every where.

17th (Lord's day). All the morning at my office doing business there, it raining hard. So dined at home alone. After dinner walked to my Lord's, and there found him and much other guests at table at dinner, and it seems they have christened his young son to-day—called him James. I got a piece of cake. I got my Lord to signe and seale my business about my selling of Brampton land, which though not so full as I would, yet is as full as I can at present. Walked home again, and there fell to read, and by and by comes my uncle Wight, Dr. Burnett, and another gentleman, and talked and drank, and the Doctor showed me the manner of eating turpentine, which pleases me well, for it is with great ease. So they being gone, I to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and walked to my Lord's, and there took my leave of him, he seeming very friendly to me in as serious a manner as ever in his life, and I believe he is very confident of me. He sets out this morning for Deale. Thence to St.

James's to the Duke, and there did our usual business. He discourses very freely of a warr with Holland, to begin about winter, so that I believe we shall come to it. Before we went up to the Duke, Sir G. Carteret and I did talk together in the Parke about my Lord Chancellor's business of the timber; he telling me freely that my Lord Chancellor was never so angry with him in all his life, as he was for this business, in great passion; and that when he saw me there, he knew what it was about. And plots now with me how we may serve my Lord, which I am mightily glad of; and I hope together we may do it. Thence to Westminster to my barber's, to have my Periwigg he lately made me cleansed of its nits, which vexed me cruelly that he should put such a thing into my hands. Here meeting his mayd Jane, that has lived with them so long, I talked with her, and sending her of an errand to Dr. Clerk's, did meet her, and took her into a little alehouse in Brewers Yard,[1] and there did sport with her, without any knowledge of her though, and a very pretty innocent girl she is. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, but he being busy I went away to the 'Change, and so home to dinner. By and by comes Creed, and I out with him to Fleet Street, and he to Mr. Povy's, I to my Lord Chancellor's, and missing him again walked to Povy's, and there saw his new perspective in his closet. Povy, to my great surprise and wonder, did here attacque me in his own and Mr. Bland's behalf that I should do for them both for the new contractors for the victualling of the garrison. Which I am ashamed that he should ask of me, nor did I believe that he was a man that did seek benefit in such poor things. Besides that he professed that he did not believe that I would have any hand myself in the contract, and yet here declares that he himself would have profit by it, and himself did move me that Sir W. Rider might join, and Ford with Gauden. I told him I had no interest in them, but I fear they must do something to him, for he told me that those of the Mole did promise to consider him. Thence home and

[1] There were several Brewer's Yards in London. This was probably the one by King Street, Westminster.

Creed with me, and there he took occasion to owne his obligations to me, and did lay down twenty pieces in gold upon my shelf in my closett, which I did not refuse, but wish and expected should have been more. But, however, this is better than nothing, and now I am out of expectation, and shall henceforward know how to deal with him. After discourse of settling his matters here, we went out by coach, and he 'light at the Temple, and there took final leave of me, in order to his following my Lord to-morrow. I to my Lord Chancellor, and discoursed his business with him. I perceive, and he says plainly, that he will not have any man to have it in his power to say that my Lord Chancellor did contrive the wronging the King of his timber; but yet I perceive, he would be glad to have service done him therein; and told me Sir G. Carteret hath told him that he and I would look after his business to see it done in the best manner for him. Of this I was glad, and so away. Thence home, and late with my Tangier men about drawing up their agreement with us, wherein I find much trouble, and after doing as much as we could to-night, broke up and I to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined alone at home. After dinner Sir W. Batten and I down by water to Woolwich, where coming to the ropeyarde we are told that Mr. Falconer, who hath been ill of a relapse these two days, is just now dead. We went up to his widow, who is sicke in bed also. The poor woman in great sorrow, and entreats our friendship, which we shall, I think, in every thing do for her. I am sure I will. Thence to the Docke, and there in Sheldon's garden eat some fruit; so to Deptford a little, and thence home, it raining mightily, and being cold I doubted my health after it. At the office till 9 o'clock about Sir W. Warren's contract for masts, and then at home with Lanyon and Yeabsly till 12 and past about their contract for Tangier, wherein they and I differed, for I would have it drawn to the King's advantage, as much as might be, which they did not like, but parted good friends; however, when they were gone, I wished that I had forborne any dis-

agreement till I had had their promise to me in writing. They being gone, I to bed.

20th. Up, and a while to my office, and then home with Mr. Deane till dinner, discoursing upon the business of my Lord Chancellor's timber in Clarendon Parke, and how to make a report therein without offending him; which at last I drew up, and hope it will please him. But I would to God neither I nor he ever had had any thing to have done with it! Dined together with a good pig, and then out by coach to White Hall, to the Committee for Fishing; but nothing done, it being a great day to-day there upon drawing at the Lottery[1] of Sir Arthur Slingsby. I got in and stood by the two Queenes and the Duchesse of Yorke, and just behind my Lady Castlemayne, whom I do heartily adore; and good sport it was to see how most that did give their ten pounds did go away with a pair of globes only for their lot, and one gentlewoman, one Mrs. Fish, with the only blanke. And one I staid to see drew a suit of hangings valued at £430, and they say are well worth the money, or near it. One other suit there is better than that; but very many lots of three and fourscore pounds. I observed the King and Queenes did get but as poor lots as any else. But the wisest man I met with was Mr. Cholmley, who insured as many as would, from drawing of the one blank for 12*d.*; in which case there was the whole number of persons to one, which I think was three or four hundred. And so he insured about 200 for 200 shillings, so that he could not have lost if one of them had drawn it, for there was enough to pay the £10; but it happened another drew it, and so he got all the money he took. I left the lottery, and went to a play, only a piece of it, which was at

[1] Evelyn attended this lottery, which he seems to have held was a complete imposition. He wrote: "To London to see the event of the lottery which his Majesty had permitted Sir Arthur Slingsby to set up for one day in the Banqueting House at Whitehall. I gained only a trifle, as well as did the King, Queene Consort and Queene Mother for neere 30 lotts; which was thought to be contriv'd very unhandsomely by the master of it, who was, in truth, a meer shark" (July 19th, 1664).

the Duke's house, "Worse and Worse;"[1] just the same manner of play, and writ, I believe, by the same man as "The Adventures of Five Hours;"[2] very pleasant it was, and I begin to admire Harris more than ever. Thence to Westminster to see Creed, and he and I took a walk in the Parke. He is ill, and not able yet to set out after my Lord, but will do to-morrow. So home, and late at my office, and so home to bed. This evening being moonshine I played a little late upon my flageolette in the garden. But being at Westminster Hall I met with great news that Mrs. Lane is married to one Martin, one that serves Captain Marsh. She is gone abroad with him to-day, very fine. I must have a bout with her very shortly to see how she finds marriage.

21st. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, among other things making a contract with Sir W. Warren[3] for almost 1,000 Gottenburg masts, the biggest that ever was made in the Navy, and wholly of my compassing and a good one I hope it is for the King. Dined at Sir W. Batten's, where I have not eat these many months. Sir G. Carteret, Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Minnes, and myself there only, and my Lady. A good venison pasty, and very merry, and pleasant I made myself with my Lady, and she as much to me. This morning to the office comes Nicholas Osborne, Mr. Gauden's clerke, to desire of me what piece of plate I would choose to have a £100, or thereabouts, bestowed upon me in, he having order to lay out so much; and, out of his freedom with me, do of

[1] A comedy adapted from the Spanish by George Digby, Earl of Bristol, which was not printed.

[2] This was not so, as the "Adventures of Five Hours" was by Sir Samuel Tuke, although Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus") says that the Earl of Bristol had a hand in this play.

[3] Among the State Papers is a receipt by Thomas Harper, of Gottenburg deals, &c., from Sir William Warren, dated "Deptford, July 27, 1664" ("Calendar," 1663-64, p. 653). Complaints, promoted by Sir William Batten, were subsequently made respecting this contract with Sir William Warren; and Pepys alludes to them in his "Defence" (dated November 27th, 1669), which is contained in one of the Pepysian manuscripts (No. 2554).

himself come to make this question. I a great while urged my unwillingnesse to take any, not knowing how I could serve Mr. Gauden, but left it wholly to himself; so at noon I find brought home in fine leather cases a pair of the noblest flaggons that ever I saw all the days of my life; whether I shall keepe them or no I cannot tell; for it is to oblige me to him in the business of the Tangier victualling, wherein I doubt I shall not; but glad I am to see that I shall be sure to get something on one side or other, have it which will: so, with a merry heart, I looked upon them, and locked them up. After dinner to [give] my Lord Chancellor a good account of his business, and he is very well pleased therewith, and carries himself with great discretion to me, without seeming over glad or beholding to me; and yet I know that he do think himself very well served by me. Thence to Westminster and to Mrs. Lane's lodgings, to give her joy, and there suffered me to deal with her as I hoped to do, and by and by her husband comes, a sorry, simple fellow, and his letter to her which she proudly showed me a simple, nonsensical thing. A man of no discourse, and I fear married her to make a prize of, which he is mistaken in, and a sad wife I believe she will prove to him, for she urged me to appoint a time as soon as he is gone out of town to give her a meeting next week. So by water with a couple of cozens of Mrs. Lane's, and set them down at Queenhive, and I through Bridge home, and there late at business, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up and to my office, where busy all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and so home to dinner, and then down by water to Deptford, where coming too soon, I spent an houre in looking round the yarde, and putting Mr. Shish[1]

[1] Jonas Shish, master-shipwright at Deptford. There are several papers of his among the State Papers. "I was at the funeral of old Mr. Shish, Master Shipwright of His Majesty's Yard here, an honest and remarkable man, and his death a public loss, for his excellent success in building ships (though altogether illiterate) and for bringing up so many of his children to be able artists. I held up the pall with three knights who did him that honour, and he was worthy of it. It was the custom of this good man to rise in the night and pray, kneeling in his

to measure a piece or two of timber, which he did most cruelly wrong, and to the King's losse 12 or 13*s.* in a piece of 28 feet in contents. Thence to the Clerke of the Cheques, from whose house Mr. Falconer was buried to-day; Sir J. Minnes and I the only principall officers that were there. We walked to church with him, and then I left them without staying the sermon and straight home by water, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Hill, and Andrews, and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Seignor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly, and they spent the whole evening in singing the best piece of musique counted of all hands in the world, made by Seignor Charissimi,[1] the famous master in Rome. Fine it was, indeed, and too fine for me to judge of. They have spoke to Pedro to meet us every weeke, and I fear it will grow a trouble to me if we once come to bid judges to meet us, especially idle Masters, which do a little displease me to consider. They gone comes Mr. Lanyon, who tells me Mr. Alsopp is now become dangerously ill, and fears his recovery, which shakes my expectation of £300 per annum by the business; and, therefore, bless God for what Mr. Gauden hath sent me, which, from some discourse to-day with Mr. Osborne, swearing that he knows not any thing of this business of the victualling; but, the contrary, that it is not that moves Mr. Gauden to send it me, for he hath had order for it any time these two months. Whether this be true or no, I know not; but I shall hence with the more confidence keepe it. To supper and to the office a little, and to walk in the garden, the moon shining bright, and fine warm fair weather, and so home to bed.

23rd. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon to

own coffin, which he had lying by him for many years. He was born that famous year, the Gunpowder-plot, 1605" (Evelyn's "Diary," May 13th, 1680).

[1] Giacomo Carissimi, maestro di capella of St. Apollinare, in the German College at Rome, one of the most excellent of the Italian musicians. He lived to be ninety years old, composed much, and died very rich (Hawkins's "Hist. of Music").—B.

the 'Change, where I took occasion to break the business of my Lord Chancellor's timber to Mr. Coventry in the best manner I could. He professed to me, that, till Sir G. Carteret did speake of it at the table, after our officers were gone to survey it, he did not know that my Lord Chancellor had any thing to do with it; but now he says that he had been told by the Duke that Sir G. Carteret had spoke to him about it, and that he had told the Duke that, were he in my Lord Chancellor's case, if he were his father, he would rather fling away the gains of two or £3,000, than have it said that the timber, which should have been the King's, if it had continued the Duke of Albemarle's, was concealed by us in favour of my Lord Chancellor; for, says he, he is a great man, and all such as he, and he himself particularly, have a great many enemies that would be glad of such an advantage against him. When I told him it was strange that Sir J. Minnes and Sir G. Carteret, that knew my Lord Chancellor's concernment therein, should not at first inform us, he answered me that for Sir J. Minnes, he is looked upon to be an old good companion, but by nobody at the other end of the towne as any man of business, and that my Lord Chancellor, he dares say, never did tell him of it, only Sir G. Carteret, he do believe, must needs know it, for he and Sir J. Shaw are the greatest confidants he hath in the world. So for himself, he said, he would not mince the matter, but was resolved to do what was fit, and stand upon his owne legs therein, and that he would speak to the Duke, that he and Sir G. Carteret might be appointed to attend my Lord Chancellor in it. All this disturbs me mightily. I know not what to say to it, nor how to carry myself therein; for a compliance will discommend me to Mr. Coventry, and a discompliance to my Lord Chancellor. But I think to let it alone, or at least meddle in it as little more as I can. From thence walked toward Westminster, and being in an idle and wanton humour, walked through Fleet Alley, and there stood a most pretty wench at one of the doors, so I took a turn or two, but what by sense of honour and conscience I would not go in, but much against my will

took coach and away, and away to Westminster Hall, and there 'light of Mrs. Lane, and plotted with her to go over the water. So met at White's stairs in Chanel Row, and over to the old house at Lambeth Marsh, and there eat and drank, and had my pleasure of her twice, she being the strangest woman in talk of love to her husband sometimes, and sometimes again she do not care for him, and yet willing enough to allow me a liberty of doing what I would with her. So spending 5*s.* or 6*s.* upon her, I could do what I would, and after an hour's stay and more back again and set her ashore there again, and I forward to Fleet Street, and called at Fleet Alley, not knowing how to command myself, and went in and there saw what formerly I have been acquainted with, the wickedness of these houses, and the forcing a man to present expense. The woman indeed is a most lovely woman, but I had no courage to meddle with her for fear of her not being wholesome, and so counterfeiting that I had not money enough, it was pretty to see how cunning she was, would not suffer me to have to do in any manner with her after she saw I had no money, but told me then I would not come again, but she now was sure I would come again, but I hope in God I shall not, for though she be one of the prettiest women I ever saw, yet I fear her abusing me. So desiring God to forgive me for this vanity, I went home, taking some books from my bookseller, and taking his lad home with me, to whom I paid £10 for books I have laid up money for, and laid out within these three weeks, and shall do no more a great while I hope. So to my office writing letters, and then home and to bed, weary of the pleasure I have had to-day, and ashamed to think of it.

24th (Lord's day). Up, in some pain all day from yesterday's passages, having taken cold, I suppose. So staid within all day reading of two or three good plays. At night to my office a little, and so home, after supper to bed.

25th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten by coach to St. James's, but there the Duke being gone out we to my Lord Berkeley's chamber, Mr. Coventry being there, and

among other things there met with a printed copy of the King's commission for the repair of Paul's,[1] which is very large, and large power for collecting money, and recovering of all people that had bought or sold formerly any thing belonging to the Church. And here I find my Lord Mayor of the City set in order before the Archbishopp or any nobleman, though all the greatest officers of state are there. But yet I do not hear by my Lord Berkeley, who is one of them, that any thing is like to come of it. Thence back again homewards, and Sir W. Batten and I to the Coffee-house, but no newes, only the plague is very hot still, and encreases among the Dutch. Home to dinner, and after dinner walked forth, and do what I could I could not keep myself from going through Fleet Lane, but had the sense of safety and honour not to go in, and the rather being a holiday I feared I might meet with some people that might know me. Thence to Charing Cross, and there called at Unthanke's to see what I owed, but found nothing, and here being a couple of pretty ladies, lodgers in the kitchen, I staid a little there. Thence to my barber Gervas, who this day buries his child, which it seems was born without a passage behind, so that it never voided any thing in the week or fortnight that it has been born. Thence to Mr. Reeves, it coming just now in my head to buy a microscope, but he was not within, so I walked all round that end of the town among the loathsome people and houses, but, God be thanked! had no desire to visit any of them. So home, where I met Mr. Lanyon, who tells me Mr. Alsop is past hopes, which will mightily disappoint me in my hopes there, and yet it may be not. I shall think whether it will be safe for me to venture myself or no, and come in as an adventurer. He gone, Mr. Cole (my

[1] "I went to St. Paul's church, where, with Dr. Wren, Mr. Pratt, Mr. May, Mr. Thomas Chicheley, Mr. Slingsby, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Sancroft), and several expert workmen, we went about to survey the general decays of that ancient and venerable church, and to set down in writing the particulars of what was fit to be done, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article" (Evelyn's "Diary," August 27th, 1666).—M. B.

old Jack Cole) comes to see and speak with me, and his errand in short to tell me that he is giving over his trade; he can do no good in it, and will turn what he has into money and go to sea, his father being dead and leaving him little, if any thing. This I was sorry to hear, he being a man of good parts, but, I fear, debauched. I promised him all the friendship I can do him, which will end in little, though I truly mean it, and so I made him stay with me till 11 at night, talking of old school stories, and very pleasing ones, and truly I find that we did spend our time and thoughts then otherwise than I think boys do now, and I think as well as methinks that the best are now. He supped with me, and so away, and I to bed. And strange to see how we are all divided that were bred so long at school together, and what various fortunes we have run, some good, some bad.

26th. All the morning at the office, at noon to Anthony Joyce's, to our gossip's dinner. I had sent a dozen and a half of bottles of wine thither, and paid my double share besides, which is 18*s*. Very merry we were, and when the women were merry and rose from table, I above with them, ne'er a man but I, I began discourse of my not getting of children, and prayed them to give me their opinions and advice, and they freely and merrily did give me these ten, among them—(1) Do not hug my wife too hard nor too much; (2) eat no late suppers; (3) drink juyce of sage; (4) tent and toast; (5) wear cool holland drawers; (6) keep stomach warm and back cool; (7) upon query whether it was best to do at night or morn, they answered me neither one nor other, but when we had most mind to it; (8) wife not to go too straight laced; (9) myself to drink mum and sugar; (10) Mrs. Ward did give me, to change my place. The 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, and 10th they all did seriously declare, and lay much stress upon them as rules fit to be observed indeed, and especially the last, to lie with our heads where our heels do, or at least to make the bed high at feet and low at head. Very merry all, as much as I could be in such sorry company. Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorefields, how the butchers at first did

beat the weavers (between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery), but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out tryumphing, calling £100 for a butcher. I to Mr. Reeves to see a microscope, he having been with me to-day morning, and there chose one which I will have. Thence back and took up young Mrs. Harman, a pretty bred and pretty humoured woman whom I could love well, though not handsome, yet for her person and carriage, and black. By the way met her husband going for her, and set them both down at home, and so home to my office a while, and so to supper and bed.

27th. Up, and after some discourse with Mr. Duke, who is to be Secretary to the Fishery,[1] and is now Secretary to the Committee for Trade, who I find a very ingenious man, I went to Mr. Povy's, and there heard a little of his empty discourse, and fain he would have Mr. Gauden been the victualler for Tangier, which none but a fool would say to me when he knows he hath made it his request to me to get him something of these men that now do it. Thence to St. James's, but Mr. Coventry being ill and in bed I did not stay, but to White Hall a little, walked up and down, and so home to fit papers against this afternoon, and after dinner to the 'Change a little, and then to White Hall, where anon the Duke of Yorke came, and a Committee we had of Tangier, where I read over my rough draught of the contract for Tangier victualling, and acquainted them with the death of Mr. Alsopp, which Mr.

[1] "March 14, 1664. The King to the Duke of York, Governor, and the Assistants of the Royal Fishing Company. Recommends George Duke, late Secretary of the Committee for Trade, to be entertained by them in the same post, for which he is particularly fitted" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1663-64, p. 515).

Lanyon had told me this morning, which is a sad consideration to see how uncertain a thing our lives are, and how little to be presumed of in our greatest undertakings. The words of the contract approved of, and I home and there came Mr. Lanyon to me and brought my neighbour, Mr. Andrews, to me, whom he proposes for his partner in the room of Mr. Alsopp, and I like well enough of it. We read over the contract together, and discoursed it well over and so parted, and I am glad to see it once over in this condition again, for Mr. Lanyon and I had some discourse to-day about my share in it, and I hope if it goes on to have my first hopes of £300 per ann. They gone, I to supper and to bed. This afternoon came my great store of Coles in, being 10 Chaldron, so that I may see how long they will last me.

28th. At the office all the morning, dined, after 'Change, at home, and then abroad, and seeing "The Bondman"[1] upon the posts, I consulted my oaths and find I may go safely this time without breaking it; I went thither, notwithstanding my great desire to have gone to Fleet Alley, God forgive me, again. There I saw it acted. It is true, for want of practice, they had many of them forgot their parts a little; but Betterton and my poor Ianthe outdo all the world. There is nothing more taking in the world with me than that play. Thence to Westminster to my barber's, and strange to think how when I find that Jervas himself did intend to bring home my periwigg, and not Jane his maid, I did desire not to have it at all, for I had a mind to have her bring it home. I also went to Mr. Blagrave's about speaking to him for his kinswoman to come live with my wife, but they are not come to town, and so I home by coach and to my office, and then to supper and to bed. My present posture is thus: my wife in the country and my mayde Besse with her and all quiett there. I am endeavouring to find a woman for her to my mind, and above all one that understands musique, especially singing. I am the willinger to keepe one because I am in

[1] Massinger's tragedy, first acted before the Court at Whitehall, 1623.

good hopes to get 2 or £300 per annum extraordinary by the business of the victualling of Tangier, and yet Mr. Alsopp, my chief hopes, is dead since my looking after it, and now Mr. Lanyon, I fear, is falling sicke too. I am pretty well in health, only subject to wind upon any cold, and then immediate and great pains. All our discourse is of a Dutch warr, and I find it is likely to come to it, for they are very high and desire not to compliment us at all, as far as I hear, but to send a good fleete to Guinny to oppose us there. My Lord Sandwich newly gone to sea, and I, I think, fallen into his very good opinion again, at least he did before his going, and by his letter since, show me all manner of respect and confidence. I am over-joyed in hopes that upon this month's account I shall find myself worth £1,000, besides the rich present of two silver and gilt flaggons which Mr. Gauden did give me the other day. I do now live very prettily at home, being most seriously, quietly, and neatly served by my two mayds Jane and the girle Su, with both of whom I am mightily well pleased. My greatest trouble is the settling of Brampton Estate, that I may know what to expect, and how to be able to leave it when I die, so as to be just to my promise to my uncle Thomas and his son. The next thing is this cursed trouble my brother Tom is likely to put us to by his death, forcing us to law with his creditors, among others Dr. Tom Pepys, and that with some shame as trouble, and the last how to know in what manner as to saving or spending my father lives, lest they should run me in debt as one of my uncle's executors, and I never the wiser nor better for it. But in all this I hope shortly to be at leisure to consider and inform myself well.

29th. At the office all the morning dispatching of business, at noon to the 'Change after dinner, and thence to Tom Trice about Dr. Pepys's business, and thence it raining turned into Fleet Alley, and there was with Cocke an hour or so. The jade, whether I would not give her money or not enough, she would not offer to invite to do anything, but on the contrary saying she had no time, which I was glad of, for I had no

mind to meddle with her, but had my end to see what a cunning jade she was, to see her impudent tricks and ways of getting money and raising the reckoning by still calling for things, that it come to 6 or 7 shillings presently. So away home, glad I escaped without any inconvenience, and there came Mr. Hill, Andrews and Seignor Pedro, and great store of musique we had, but I begin to be weary of having a master with us, for it spoils, methinks, the ingenuity of our practice. After they were gone comes Mr. Bland to me, sat till 11 at night with me, talking of the garrison of Tangier and serving them with pieces of eight. A mind he hath to be employed there, but dares not desire any courtesy of me, and yet would fain engage me to be for him, for I perceive they do all find that I am the busy man to see the King have right done him by inquiring out other bidders. Being quite tired with him, I got him gone, and so to bed.

30th. All the morning at the office; at noon to the 'Change, where great talke of a rich present brought by an East India ship from some of the Princes of India, worth to the King £70,000 in two precious stones. After dinner to the office, and there all the afternoon making an end of several things against the end of the month, that I may clear all my reckonings to-morrow; also this afternoon, with great content, I finished the contracts for victualling of Tangier with Mr. Lanyon and the rest, and to my comfort got him and Andrews to sign to the giving me £300 per annum, by which, at least, I hope to be a £100 or two the better. Wrote many letters by the post to ease my mind of business and to clear my paper of minutes, as I did lately oblige myself to clear every thing against the end of the month. So at night with my mind quiet and contented to bed. This day I sent a side of venison and six bottles of wine to Kate Joyce.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I have not been these many weeks. So home, and thither, inviting him yesterday, comes Mr. Hill, at which I was a little troubled, but made up all very well, carrying him with me to Sir J. Minnes, where I was invited and all our families to a venison

pasty. Here good cheer and good discourse. After dinner Mr. Hill and I to my house, and there to musique all the afternoon. He being gone, in the evening I to my accounts, and to my great joy and with great thanks to Almighty God, I do find myself most clearly worth £1,014, the first time that ever I was worth £1,000 before, which is the height of all that ever I have for a long time pretended to. But by the blessing of God upon my care I hope to lay up something more in a little time, if this business of the victualling of Tangier goes on as I hope it will. So with praise to God for this state of fortune that I am brought to as to wealth, and my condition being as I have at large set it down two days ago in this book, I home to supper and to bed, desiring God to give me the grace to make good use of what I have and continue my care and diligence to gain more.

August 1st. Up, my mind very light from my last night's accounts, and so up and with Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen to St. James's, where among other things having prepared with some industry every man a part this morning and no sooner (for fear they should either consider of it or discourse of it one to another) Mr. Coventry did move the Duke and obtain it that one of the clerkes of the Clerke of the Acts should have an addition of £30 a year, as Mr. Turner hath, which I am glad of, that I may give T. Hater £20 and keep £10 towards a boy's keeping. Thence Mr. Coventry and I to the Attorney's chamber at the Temple, but not being there we parted, and I home, and there with great joy told T. Hater what I had done, with which the poor wretch was very glad, though his modesty would not suffer him to say much. So to the Coffee-house, and there all the house full of the victory Generall Soushe [1] (who is a Frenchman, a soldier of fortune, commanding part of the German army) hath had against the Turke; killing 4,000 men, and taking most extraordinary spoil. Thence taking up Harman and his wife, carried them to Anthony Joyce's, where we had my venison in

[1] General Soushe was Louis Ratuit, Comte de Souches. The battle was fought at Lewenz (or Leva), in Hungary.—B.

a pasty well done; but, Lord! to see how much they made of it, as if they had never eat any before, and very merry we were, but Will most troublesomely so, and I find he and his wife have a most wretched life one with another, but we took no notice, but were very merry as I could be in such company. But Mrs. Harman is a very pretty-humoured wretch, whom I could love with all my heart, being so good and innocent company. Thence to Westminster to Mr. Blagrave's, and there, after singing a thing or two over, I spoke to him about a woman for my wife, and he offered me his kinswoman, which I was glad of, but she is not at present well, but however I hope to have her. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and thence with Mr. Coventry, who appointed to meet me there, and with him to the Attorney General, and there with Sir Ph. Warwicke consulted of a new commission to be had through the Broad Seale to enable us to make this contract for Tangier victualling. So home, and there talked long with Will about the young woman of his family which he spoke of for to live with my wife, but though she hath very many good qualitys, yet being a neighbour's child and young and not very staid, I dare not venture of having her, because of her being able to spread any report of our family upon any discontent among the heart of our neighbours. So that my dependance is upon Mr. Blagrave, and so home to supper and to bed. Last night, at 12 o'clock, I was waked with knocking at Sir W. Pen's door; and what was it but people's running up and down to bring him word that his brother,[1] who hath been a good while, it seems, sicke, is dead.

2nd. At the office all the morning. At noon dined, and then to

[1] George Penn, the elder brother of Sir W. Penn, was a wealthy merchant at San Lucar, the port of Seville. He was seized as a heretic by the Holy Office, and cast into a dungeon eight feet square and dark as the grave. There he remained three years, every month being scourged to make him confess his crimes. At last, after being twice put to the rack, he offered to confess whatever they would suggest. His property, £12,000, was then confiscated, his wife, a Catholic, taken from him, and he was banished from Spain for ever.—M. B.

the 'Change, and there walked two hours or more with Sir W. Warren, who after much discourse in general of Sir W. Batten's dealings, he fell to talk how every body must live by their places, and that he was willing, if I desired it, that I should go shares with him in anything that he deals in. He told me again and again, too, that he confesses himself my debtor £100 for my service and friendship to him in his present great contract of masts, and that between this and Christmas he shall be in stocke and will pay it me. This I like well, but do not desire to become a merchant, and, therefore, put it off, but desired time to think of it. Thence to the King's play-house, and there saw "Bartholomew Fayre," which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery;[1] that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time; where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and every thing as magnificent as is in Christendome; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy. Thence homeward called upon my Lord Marlborough, and so home and to my office, and then to Sir W. Pen, and with him and our fellow officers and servants of the house and none else to Church to lay his brother in the ground, wherein nothing handsome at all, but that he lays him under the Communion table in the chancel, about nine at night.[2] So home and to bed.

3rd. Up betimes and set some joyners on work to new lay my floor in our wardrobe, which I intend to make a room

[1] Among the State Papers is the licence (dated March, 1664) to William Legg "to erect a nursery for breeding players in London or Westminster under the oversight and approbation of Sir Wm. Davenant and Thos. Killigrew to be disposed of for the supply of the theatres" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 539).

[2] The Rev. Alfred Povah, D.D., rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, has been so kind as to give the editor the following extract from the register of burials of that parish, in illustration of the above entry: "1664, August 3. Mr. George Penn was Buryed in ye Chancell."

for musique. Thence abroad to Westminster, among other things to Mr. Blagrave's, and there had his consent for his kinswoman to come to be with my wife for her woman, at which I am well pleased and hope she may do well. Thence to White Hall to meet with Sir G. Carteret about hiring some ground to make our mast docke at Deptford, but being Council morning failed, but met with Mr. Coventry, and he and I discoursed of the likeliness of a Dutch warr, which I think is very likely now, for the Dutch do prepare a fleet to oppose us at Guinny, and he do think we shall, though neither of us have a mind to it, fall into it of a sudden, and yet the plague do increase among them, and is got into their fleet, and Opdam's own ship, which makes it strange they should be so high. Thence to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, and down by water to Woolwich to the rope yard, and there visited Mrs. Falconer, who tells me odd stories of how Sir W. Pen was rewarded by her husband with a gold watch (but seems not certain of what Sir W. Batten told me, of his daughter having a life given her in £80 per ann.) for his helping him to his place, and yet cost him £150 to Mr. Coventry besides. He did much advise it seems Mr. Falconer not to marry again, expressing that he would have him make his daughter his heire, or words to that purpose, and that that makes him, she thinks, so cold in giving her any satisfaction, and that W. Boddam hath publickly said, since he came down thither to be clerke of the ropeyard, that it hath this week cost him £100, and would be glad that it would cost him but half as much more for the place, and that he was better before than now, and that if he had been to have bought it, he would not have given so much for it. Now I am sure that Mr. Coventry hath again and again said that he would take nothing, but would give all his part in it freely to him, that so the widow might have something. What the meaning of this is I know not, but that Sir W. Pen do get something by it. Thence to the Dockeyard, and there saw the new ship in great forwardness. So home and to supper, and then to the office, where late, Mr. Bland and I talking about Tangier business, and so home to bed.

4th. Up betimes and to the office, fitting myself against a great dispute about the East India Company, which spent afterwards with us all the morning. At noon dined with Sir W. Pen, a piece of beef only, and I counterfeited a friendship and mirth which I cannot have with him, yet out with him by his coach, and he did carry me to a play and pay for me at the King's house, which is "The Rivall Ladys,"[1] a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and it being given me,[2] I look upon it as no breach to my oathe. Here we hear that Clun,[3] one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the Alchymist, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his country-house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him. Thence visited my Lady Sandwich, who tells me my Lord Fitz-Harding[4] is to be made a Marquis. Thence home to my office late, and so to supper and to bed.

5th. Up very betimes and set my plaisterer to work about whiting and colouring my musique roome, which having with great pleasure seen done, about ten o'clock I dressed myself, and so mounted upon a very pretty mare, sent me by Sir W. Warren, according to his promise yesterday. And so through the City, not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast, and to my cozen W. Joyce's, who presently mounted too, and he and I out of towne toward Highgate; in the way, at Kentish-towne, showing me the place and manner

[1] A tragi-comedy by Dryden, first printed in this year.

[2] His companion paid for him.—B.

[3] A poem upon the death of Walter Clun was published at the time, with the following title: "An Elegy upon the most execrable murder of Mr. Clun, one of the comedians of the Theatre Royal, who was robbed and most inhumanly killed on Tuesday night, being the 2nd of August, 1664, near Tatnam Court, as he was riding to his country house at Kentish Town." Clun was noted for his performance of Iago.

[4] Charles Berkeley, Viscount Fitzharding, was created Earl of Falmouth in March, 1665, and he was killed in battle in the following June. He was never made a marquis.

of Clun's being killed and laid in a ditch, and yet was not killed by any wounds, having only one in his arm, but bled to death through his struggling. He told me, also, the manner of it, of his going home so late [from] drinking with his whore, and manner of having it found out. Thence forward to Barnett, and there drank, and so by night to Stevenage, it raining a little, but not much, and there to my great trouble, find that my wife was not come, nor any Stamford coach gone down this week, so that she cannot come. So vexed and weary, and not thoroughly out of pain neither in my old parts, I after supper to bed, and after a little sleep, W. Joyce comes in his shirt into my chamber, with a note and a messenger from my wife, that she was come by Yorke coach to Bigglesworth, and would be with us to-morrow morning. So, mightily pleased at her discreete action in this business, I with peace to sleep again till next morning. So up, and

6th. Here lay Deane Honiwood last night. I met and talked with him this morning, and a simple priest he is, though a good, well-meaning man. W. Joyce and I to a game at bowles on the green there till eight o'clock, and then comes my wife in the coach, and a coach full of women, only one man riding by, gone down last night to meet a sister of his coming to town. So very joyful drank there, not 'lighting, and we mounted and away with them to Welling,[1] and there 'light, and dined very well and merry and glad to see my poor wife. Here very merry as being weary I could be, and after dinner, out again, and to London. In our way all the way the mightiest merry, at a couple of young gentlemen, come down to meet the same gentlewoman, that ever I was in my life, and so W. Joyce too, to see how one of them was horsed upon a hard-trotting sorrell horse, and both of them soundly weary and galled. But it is not to be set down how merry we were all the way. We 'light in Holborne, and by another coach my wife and mayde home, and I by horseback, and found all things well and most mighty neate and clean. So, after welcoming my wife a little, to the office,

[1] Welwyn.

and so home to supper, and then weary and not very well to bed.

7th (Lord's day). Lay long caressing my wife and talking, she telling me sad stories of the ill, improvident, disquiett, and sluttish manner that my father and mother and Pall live in the country, which troubles me mightily, and I must seek to remedy it. So up and ready, and my wife also, and then down and I showed my wife, to her great admiration and joy, Mr. Gauden's present of plate, the two flaggons, which indeed are so noble that I hardly can think that they are yet mine. So blessing God for it, we down to dinner mighty pleasant, and so up after dinner for a while, and I then to White Hall, walked thither, having at home met with a letter of Captain Cooke's, with which he had sent a boy for me to see, whom he did intend to recommend to me. I therefore went and there met and spoke with him. He gives me great hopes of the boy, which pleases me, and at Chappell I there met Mr. Blagrave, who gives a report of the boy, and he showed me him, and I spoke to him, and the boy seems a good willing boy to come to me, and I hope will do well. I am to speak to Mr. Townsend to hasten his clothes for him, and then he is to come. So I walked homeward and met with Mr. Spong, and he with me as far as the Old Exchange talking of many ingenuous[1] things, musique, and at last of glasses, and I find him still the same ingenuous[1] man that ever he was, and do among other fine things tell me that by his microscope of his owne making he do discover that the wings of a moth is made just as the feathers of the wing of a bird, and that most plainly and certainly. While we were talking came by several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched! Thence parted with him, mightily pleased with his company, and away homeward, calling at Dan Rawlinson, and supped there with my uncle

[1] See note, March 14th, 1662-63 (vol. iii., p. 66).

Wight, and then home and eat again for form sake with her, and then to prayers and to bed.

8th. Up and abroad with Sir W. Batten, by coach to St. James's, where by the way he did tell me how Sir J. Minnes would many times arrogate to himself the doing of that that all the Board have equal share in, and more that to himself which he hath had nothing to do in, and particularly the late paper given in by him to the Duke, the translation of a Dutch print concerning the quarrel between us and them, which he did give as his own when it was Sir Richard Ford's wholly. Also he told me how Sir W. Pen (it falling in our discourse touching Mrs. Falconer) was at first very great for Mr. Coventry to bring him in guests, and that at high rates for places, and very open was he to me therein. After business done with the Duke, I home to the Coffee-house, and so home to dinner, and after dinner to hang up my fine pictures in my dining room, which makes it very pretty, and so my wife and I abroad to the King's play-house, she giving me her time of the last month, she having not seen any then; so my vowe is not broke at all, it costing me no more money than it would have done upon her, had she gone both her times that were due to her. Here we saw "Flora's Figarys."[1] I never saw it before, and by the most ingenuous performance of the young jade Flora, it seemed as pretty a pleasant play as ever I saw in my life. So home to supper, and then to my office late, Mr. Andrews and I to talk about our victualling commission, and then he being gone I to set down my four days past journalls and expenses, and so home to bed.

9th. Up, and to my office, and there we sat all the morning, at noon home, and there by appointment Mr. Blagrave came and dined with me, and brought a friend of his of the Chappell with him. Very merry at dinner, and then up to my chamber

[1] "Flora's Vagaries," a comedy by Richard Rhodes when a student at Oxford, was first acted by his fellow-students at Christ Church on January 8th, 1663. Sir Henry Herbert records its performance in London on November 3rd, 1663. It was printed in 1670 and 1677. The character of Flora was afterwards played by Nell Gwynn (see October 5th, 1667).

and there we sung a Psalm or two of Lawes's, then he and I a little talke by ourselves of his kinswoman that is to come to live with my wife, who is to come about ten days hence, and I hope will do well. They gone I to my office, and there my head being a little troubled with the little wine I drank, though mixed with beer, but it may be a little more than I used to do, and yet I cannot say so, I went home and spent the afternoon with my wife talking, and then in the evening a little to my office, and so home to supper and to bed. This day comes the newes that the Emperour hath beat the Turke;[1] killed the Grand Vizier and several great Bassas, with an army of 80,000 men killed and routed; with some considerable loss of his own side, having lost three generals, and the French forces all cut off almost.[2] Which is thought as good a service to the Emperour as beating the Turke almost, for had they conquered they would have been as troublesome to him.

10th. Up, and, being ready, abroad to do several small businesses, among others to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small that Browne that made it cannot get one to do it. So I find out Cocker,[3] the famous writing-master, and get him to do it,

[1] This was the battle of St. Gothard, in which the Turks were defeated with great slaughter by the imperial forces under Montecuculli, assisted by the confederates from the Rhine, and by forty troops of French cavalry under Coligni. St. Gothard is in Hungary, on the river Raab, near the frontier of Styria; it is about one hundred and twenty miles south of Vienna, and thirty east of Grätz. The battle took place on the 9th Moharrem, A.H. 1075, or 23rd July, A.D. 1664 (old style), which is that used by Pepys.—B.

[2] The fact is, the Germans were beaten by the Turks, and the French won the battle for them.—B.

[3] Edward Cocker (whose name has become proverbial) is associated in popular memory with a work in the production of which there is every probability that he had nothing to do. He was born in 1631, probably in Norfolk, and at one time he was a schoolmaster at Northampton. Between 1657 and 1675, when he died, he published a large number of works on penmanship and the rules of arithmetic. In 1657 he was living in St. Paul's Churchyard, and not long before his death he removed to "Gutter Lane near Cheapside." He was buried in St. George's Church, South-



Edward Cocker, penman and arithmetician.

FROM HIS "FIFTH COPYBOOK" IN THE PEPYS COLLECTION.

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and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him with his natural eyes to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over, without any missing, when for my life I could not, with my best skill, read one word or letter of it; but it is use. But he says that the best light for his life to do a very small thing by (contrary to Chaucer's words to the Sun, "that he should lend his light to them that small seals grave"[1]), it should be by an artificial light of a candle, set to advantage, as he could do it. I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ingenuous; and among other things, a great admirer and well read in all our English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently. Well pleased with his company and better with his judgement upon my Rule, I left him and home, whither Mr. Deane by agreement came to me and dined with me, and by chance Gunner Batters's wife. After dinner Deane and I [had] great discourse again about my Lord Chancellor's timber, out of which I wish I may get well. Thence I to Cocker's again, and sat by him with good discourse again for an hour or two, and then left him, and by agreement with Captain Silas Taylor (my old acquaintance at the Ex-

wark. In 1678, three years after his death, John Hawkins published the famous "Cocker's Arithmetick," and stated that it was printed from Cocker's own copy; but Professor De Morgan was of opinion that the work was a forgery by Hawkins. In 1685 Hawkins published what he styled "Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick." We learn something of Cocker's personality from several entries in the Diary (see article, "Who was Cocker?" "Bibliographer," July, 1884, vol. vi., p. 25).

[1] Pepys refers to the passage in "Troylus and Cryseyde" (book iii., stanza ccii., lines 1408-1414):

> "Allas! what hath this lovers the agylte?
> Dispitous Day, thyn be the pyne of Helle!
> For many a lover hastow slayn, and wilt;
> Thi pourynge in wol nowher lat hem dwelle:
> What? profrestow thi light here for to selle?
> Go selle it hem that smale seles grave,
> We wol the nought, as nedeth no day have."
>
> Morris's Aldine edition of Chaucer, vol. iv., p. 284.

chequer) to the Post Office[1] to hear some instrument musique of Mr. Berchenshaw's before my Lord Brunkard[2] and Sir Robert Murray. I must confess, whether it be that I hear it but seldom, or that really voice is better, but so it is that I found no pleasure at all in it, and methought two voyces were worth twenty of it. So home to my office a while, and then to supper and to bed.

11th. Up, and through pain, to my great grief forced to wear my gowne to keep my legs warm. At the office all the morning, and there a high dispute against Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen about the breadth of canvas again, they being for the making of it narrower, I and Mr. Coventry and Sir J. Minnes for the keeping it broader. So home to dinner, and by and by comes Mr. Creed, lately come from the Downes, and dined with me. I show him a good countenance, but love him not for his base ingratitude to me. However, abroad, carried my wife to buy things at the New Exchange, and so to my Lady Sandwich's, and there merry, talking with her a great while, and so home, whither comes Cocker with my rule, which he hath engraved to admiration, for goodness and smallness of work: it cost me 14*s.* the doing, and mightily pleased I am with it. By and by, he gone, comes Mr. Moore and staid talking with me a great while about my Lord's businesses, which I fear will be in a bad condition for his family if my Lord should miscarry at sea. He gone, I late to my office, and cannot forbear admiring and consulting my new rule, and so home to supper and to bed. This day, for a wager before the King, my Lords of Castlehaven and Arran (a son of my Lord of Ormond's), they

[1] The General Post Office was originally in Cloak Lane, Dowgate Hill, but was subsequently removed to the Black Swan, Bishopsgate. The latter place was destroyed in the Fire of London in 1666. There is no notice of these music meetings in the records of the Post Office.

[2] Lord Viscount Brouncker was the first president of the Royal Society after the charter had been obtained, but Sir Robert Moray had been appointed president when the society was first founded, and it was in his honour as a Scotsman that the anniversary meeting was fixed to take place annually on St. Andrew's Day (November 30th).

two alone did run down and kill a stoute bucke in St. James's parke.

12th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office with Sir W. Warren about a great contract for New England masts, where I was very hard with him, even to the making him angry, but I thought it fit to do it as well as just for my owne [and] the King's behalf. At noon to the 'Change a little, and so to dinner and then out by coach, setting my wife and mayde down, going to Stevens the silversmith to change some old silver lace and to go buy new silke lace for a petticoat; I to White Hall and did much business at a Tangier Committee; where, among other things, speaking about propriety of the houses there, and how we ought to let the Portugeses[1] have right done them, as many of them as continue, or did sell the houses while they were in possession, and something further in their favour, the Duke in an anger I never observed in him before, did cry, says he, "All the world rides us, and I think we shall never ride anybody." Thence home, and, though late, yet Pedro being there, he sang a song and parted. I did give him 5*s.*, but find it burdensome and so will break up the meeting. At night is brought home our poor Fancy, which to my great grief continues lame still, so that I wish she had not been brought ever home again, for it troubles me to see her.

13th. Up, and before I went to the office comes my Taylor with a coate I have made to wear within doors, purposely to come no lower than my knees, for by my wearing a gowne within doors comes all my tenderness about my legs. There comes also Mr. Reeve, with a microscope and scotoscope.[2] For the first I did give him £5 10*s.*, a great price, but a most curious bauble it is, and he says, as good, nay, the best he

[1] Portuguese has frequently been treated as a plural, and a false singular, Portuguee, formed from it. See an interesting paper by Mr. Danby P. Fry, "On the words Chinee, Maltee, Portuguee, Yankee, Pea, Cherry, Sherry, and Shay" ("Philological Society's Transactions," 1873-74, p. 253).

[2] An optical instrument used to enable objects to be seen in the dark. The name is derived from the Greek words σκότος and σκοπέω.

knows in England, and he makes the best in the world. The other he gives me, and is of value; and a curious curiosity it is to look objects in a darke room with. Mightly pleased with this I to the office, where all the morning. There offered by Sir W. Pen his coach to go to Epsum and carry my wife, I stept out and bade my wife make her ready, but being not very well and other things advising me to the contrary, I did forbear going, and so Mr. Creed dining with me I got him to give my wife and me a play this afternoon, lending him money to do it, which is a fallacy that I have found now once, to avoyde my vowe with, but never to be more practised I swear, and to the new play, at the Duke's house, of "Henry the Fifth;"[1] a most noble play, writ by my Lord Orrery; wherein Betterton, Harris, and Ianthe's parts are most incomparably wrote and done, and the whole play the most full of height and raptures of wit and sense, that ever I heard; having but one incongruity, or what did not please me in it, that is, that King Harry promises to plead for Tudor to their Mistresse, Princesse Katherine of France, more than when it comes to it he seems to do; and Tudor refused by her with some kind of indignity, not with a difficulty and honour that it ought to have been done in to him. Thence home and to my office, wrote by the post, and then to read a little in Dr. Power's book of discovery[2] by the Microscope to enable me a little how to use and what to expect from my glasse. So to supper and to bed.

[1] King Henry was acted by Harris and Owen Tudor by Betterton. Downes says that the "play was splendidly cloath'd. The King in the Duke of York's coronation suit, Owen Tudor in King Charles's, Duke of Burgundy (Smith) in the Lord of Oxford's, and the rest all new." Mrs. Betterton (Ianthe) acted as Princess Katharine. Mrs. Long was the Queen of France, and Mrs. Davis, Anne of Burgundy.

[2] "Experimental Philosophy in three books, containing New Experiments, Microscopical, Mercurial, Magnetical; London, 1664," by Henry Power (sm. 4to, pp. 192). Mr. F. C. S. Roper, who printed privately in 1865 a "Catalogue of Works on the Microscope," described this as the earliest work on the microscope in the English language which he had met with.

14th (Lord's day). After long lying discoursing with my wife, I up, and comes Mr. Holliard to see me, who concurs with me that my pain is nothing but cold in my legs breeding wind, and got only by my using to wear a gowne, and that I am not at all troubled with any ulcer, but my thickness of water comes from my overheat in my back. He gone, comes Mr. Herbert, Mr. Honiwood's man, and dined with me, a very honest, plain, well-meaning man, I think him to be; and by his discourse and manner of life, the true embleme of an old ordinary serving-man. After dinner up to my chamber and made an end of Dr. Power's booke of the Microscope, very fine and to my content, and then my wife and I with great pleasure, but with great difficulty before we could come to find the manner of seeing any thing by my microscope. At last did with good content, though not so much as I expect when I come to understand it better. By and by comes W. Joyce, in his silke suit, and cloake lined with velvett: staid talking with me, and I very merry at it. He supped with me; but a cunning, crafty fellow he is, and dangerous to displease, for his tongue spares nobody. After supper I up to read a little, and then to bed.

15th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach to St. James's, and there did our business with the Duke, who tells us more and more signs of a Dutch warr, and how we must presently set out a fleete for Guinny, for the Dutch are doing so, and there I believe the warr will begin. Thence home with him again, in our way he talking of his cures abroad, while he was with the King as a doctor, and above all men the pox. And among others, Sir J. Denham he told me he had cured, after it was come to an ulcer all over his face, to a miracle. To the Coffee-house I, and so to the 'Change a little, and then home to dinner with Creed, whom I met at the Coffee-house, and after dinner by coach set him down at the Temple, and I and my wife to Mr. Blagrave's. They being none of them at home, I to the Hall, leaving her there, and thence to the Trumpett, whither came Mrs. Lane, and there begins a sad story how her husband, as I feared, proves not worth a farthing, and that she is with

child and undone, if I do not get him a place. I had my pleasure here of her, and she, like an impudent jade, depends upon my kindness to her husband, but I will have no more to do with her, let her brew as she has baked, seeing she would not take my counsel about Hawly. After drinking we parted, and I to Blagrave's, and there discoursed with Mrs. Blagrave about her kinswoman, who it seems is sickly even to frantiqueness sometimes, and among other things chiefly from love and melancholy upon the death of her servant,[1] insomuch that she telling us all most simply and innocently I fear she will not be able to come to us with any pleasure, which I am sorry for, for I think she would have pleased us very well. In comes he, and so to sing a song and his niece with us, but she sings very meanly. So through the Hall and thence by coach home, calling by the way at Charing Crosse, and there saw the great Dutchman that is come over, under whose arm I went with my hat on, and could not reach higher than his eye-browes with the tip of my fingers, reaching as high as I could. He is a comely and well-made man, and his wife a very little, but pretty comely Dutch woman. It is true, he wears pretty high-heeled shoes, but not very high, and do generally wear a turbant, which makes him show yet taller than really he is, though he is very tall, as I have said before. Home to my office, and then to supper, and then to my office again late, and so home to bed, my wife and I troubled that we do not speed better in this business of her woman.

16th. Wakened about two o'clock this morning with the noise of thunder, which lasted for an houre, with such continued lightnings, not flashes, but flames, that all the sky and ayre was light; and that for a great while, not a minute's space between new flames all the time; such a thing as I never did see, nor could have believed had ever been in nature. And being put into a great sweat with it, could not sleep till all was over. And that accompanied with such a storm of rain as I never heard in my life. I expected to find my house in the morning overflowed with the rain breaking

[1] Servant = lover.

in, and that much hurt must needs have been done in the city with this lightning; but I find not one drop of rain in my house, nor any newes of hurt done. But it seems it has been here and all up and down the countrie hereabouts the like tempest, Sir W. Batten saying much of the greatness thereof at Epsum. Up and all the morning at the office. At noon busy at the 'Change about one business or other, and thence home to dinner, and so to my office all the afternoon very busy, and so to supper anon, and then to my office again a while, collecting observations out of Dr. Power's booke of Microscopes, and so home to bed, very stormy weather to-night for winde. This day we had newes that my Lady Pen is landed and coming hither, so that I hope the family will be in better order and more neate than it hath been.

17th. Up, and going to Sir W. Batten to speak to him about business, he did give me three bottles of his Epsum water, which I drank and it wrought well with me, and did give me many good stools, and I found myself mightily cooled with them and refreshed. Thence I to Mr. Honiwood and my father's old house, but he was gone out, and there I staid talking with his man Herbert, who tells me how Langford and his wife are very foul-mouthed people, and will speak very ill of my father, calling him old rogue in reference to the hard penniworths he sold him of his goods when the rogue need not have bought any of them. So that I am resolved he shall get no more money by me, but it vexes me to think that my father should be said to go away in debt himself, but that I will cause to be remedied whatever comes of it. Thence to my Lord Crew, and there with him a little while. Before dinner talked of the Dutch war, and find that he do much doubt that we shall fall into it without the money or consent of Parliament, that is expected or the reason of it that is fit to have for every warr. Dined with him, and after dinner talked with Sir Thomas Crew, who told me how Mr. Edward Montagu is for ever blown up, and now quite out with his father again;[1]

[1] Among the State Papers is a letter from Edward Montagu to Secretary Bennet, dated August 29th, 1664, in which he writes, "If his last

to whom he pretended that his going down was, not that he was cast out of the Court, but that he had leave to be absent a month; but now he finds the truth. Thence to my Lady Sandwich, where by agreement my wife dined, and after talking with her I carried my wife to Mr. Pierce's and left her there, and so to Captain Cooke's, but he was not at home, but I there spoke with my boy Tom Edwards, and directed him to go to Mr. Townsend (with whom I was in the morning) to have measure taken of his clothes to be made him there out of the Wardrobe, which will be so done, and then I think he will come to me. Thence to White Hall, and after long staying there was no Committee of the Fishery as was expected. Here I walked long with Mr. Pierce, who tells me the King do still sup every night with my Lady Castlemayne, who he believes has lately slunk a great belly away, for from very big she is come to be down again. Thence to Mrs. Pierce's, and with her and my wife to see Mrs. Clarke, where with him and her very merry discoursing of the late play of Henry the 5th, which they conclude the best that ever was made, but confess with me that Tudor's being dismissed in the manner he is is a great blemish to the play. I am mightily pleased with the Doctor, for he is the only man I know that I could learn to pronounce by, which he do the best that ever I heard any man. Thence home and to the office late, and so to supper and to bed. My Lady Pen came hither first to-night to Sir W. Pen's lodgings.

18th. Lay too long in bed, till 8 o'clock, then up and Mr. Reeve came and brought an anchor and a very fair loadstone. He would have had me bought it, and a good stone it is, but when he saw that I would not buy it he said he [would] leave it for me to sell for him. By and by he comes to tell me that he had present occasion for £6 to make up a sum, and that he would pay me in a day or two, but I had the unusual wit

proposal do not succeed, will rather choose what is worst for himself than trouble his friends any longer; and if unable to serve him another way, will do it by ridding him of his importunity" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 675).

to deny him, and so by and by we parted, and I to the office, where busy all the morning sitting. Dined alone at home, my wife going to-day to dine with Mrs. Pierce, and thence with her and Mrs. Clerke to see a new play, "The Court Secret."[1] I busy all the afternoon, toward evening to Westminster, and there in the Hall a while, and then to my barber, willing to have any opportunity to speak to Jane, but wanted it. So to Mrs. Pierce's, who was come home, and she and Mrs. Clerke busy at cards, so my wife being gone home, I home, calling by the way at the Wardrobe and met Mr. Townsend, Mr. Moore and others at the Taverne thereby, and thither I to them and spoke with Mr. Townsend about my boy's clothes, which he says shall be soon done, and then I hope I shall be settled when I have one in the house that is musicall. So home and to supper, and then a little to my office, and then home to bed. My wife says the play she saw is the worst that ever she saw in her life.

19th. Up and to the office, where Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen and I sat all the morning hiring of ships to go to Guinny, where we believe the warr with Holland will first break out. At noon dined at home, and after dinner my wife and I to Sir W. Pen's, to see his Lady,[2] the first time, who is a well-looked, fat, short, old Dutchwoman, but one that hath been heretofore pretty handsome, and is now very discreet, and, I believe, hath more wit than her husband. Here we staid talking a good while, and very well pleased I was with the old woman at first visit. So away home, and I to my office, my wife to go see my aunt Wight, newly come to town. Creed came to me, and he and I out, among other things, to look out a man to make a case, for to keep my stone, that I

[1] A tragi-comedy by James Shirley, "written when the stage was interdicted," and first performed after the Restoration. Before the publication of this notice in Pepys, Langbaine's statement was the only evidence that it had ever been acted.—B.

[2] Pepys notices Sir W. Penn's feast on the anniversary of his wedding-day, when he had been married eighteen years (January 6th, 1661-62). See vol. ii., p. 165.

was cut of, in, and he to buy Daniel's history,[1] which he did, but I missed of my end. So parted upon Ludgate Hill, and I home and to the office, where busy till supper, and home to supper to a good dish of fritters, which I bespoke, and were done much to my mind. Then to the office a while again, and so home to bed. The newes of the Emperour's victory over the Turkes is by some doubted, but by most confessed to be very small (though great) of what was talked, which was 80,000 men to be killed and taken of the Turke's side.

20th. Up and to the office a while, but this day the Parliament meeting only to be adjourned to November (which was done, accordingly), we did not meet, and so I forth to bespeak a case to be made to keep my stone in, which will cost me 25*s*. Thence I walked to Cheapside, there to see the effect of a fire there this morning, since four o'clock; which I find in the house of Mr. Bois, that married Dr. Fuller's niece, who are both out of towne, leaving only a mayde and man in towne. It begun in their house, and hath burned much and many houses backward, though none forward; and that in the great uniform pile of buildings in the middle of Cheapside. I am very sorry for them, for the Doctor's sake. Thence to the 'Change, and so home to dinner. And thence to Sir W. Batten's, whither Sir Richard Ford came, the Sheriffe, who hath been at this fire all the while; and he tells me, upon my question, that he and the Mayor[2] were there, as it is their dutys to be, not only to keep the peace, but they have power of commanding the pulling down of any house or houses, to defend the whole City. By and by comes in the Common Cryer of the City to speak with him; and when he was gone, says he, "You may see by this man the constitution of the Magistracy of this City; that this fellow's place, I dare give him (if he will be true to me) £1,000 for his profits every year, and expect to get £500 more to myself thereby. When,"

[1] The fourth edition of Samuel Daniel's "Collection of the History of England" was published in 1650, and the fifth edition in 1685. The first part was originally published in 1612.

[2] Sir Anthony Bateman.

says he, "I in myself am forced to spend many times as much." By and by came Mr. Coventry, and so we met at the office, to hire ships for Guinny, and that done broke up. I to Sir W. Batten's, there to discourse with Mrs. Falconer,[1] who hath been with Sir W. Pen this evening, after Mr. Coventry had promised her half what W. Bodham had given him for his place, but Sir W. Pen, though he knows that, and that Mr. Bodham hath said that his place hath cost him £100 and would £100 more, yet is he so high against the poor woman that he will not hear to give her a farthing, but it seems do listen after a lease where he expects Mr. Falconer hath put in his daughter's life, and he is afraid that that is not done, and did tell Mrs. Falconer that he would see it and know what is done therein in spite of her, when, poor wretch, she neither do nor can hinder him the knowing it. Mr. Coventry knows of this business of the lease, and I believe do think of it as well as I. But the poor woman is gone home without any hope, but only Mr. Coventry's own nobleness. So I to my office and wrote many letters, and so to supper and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Waked about 4 o'clock with my wife, having a looseness, and peoples coming in the yard to the pump to draw water several times, so that fear of this day's fire made me fearful, and called Besse and sent her down to see, and it was Griffin's maid for water to wash her house. So to sleep again, and then lay talking till 9 o'clock. So up and drunk three bottles of Epsum water, which wrought well with me. I all the morning and most of the afternoon after dinner putting papers to rights in my chamber, and the like in the evening till night at my office, and renewing and writing fair over my vowes. So home to supper, prayers, and to bed. Mr. Coventry told us the Duke was gone ill of a fit of an ague to bed; so we sent this morning to see how he do.

[1] Elizabeth Falkener, wife of John Falkener, announced to Pepys the death of "her dear and loving husband" in a letter dated July 19th, 1664—"begs interest that she may be in something considered by the person succeeding her husband in his employment, which has occasioned great expenses" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 646).

22nd. Up and abroad, doing very many errands to my great content which lay as burdens upon my mind and memory. Home to dinner, and so to White Hall, setting down my wife at her father's, and I to the Tangier Committee, where several businesses I did to my mind, and with hopes thereby to get something. So to Westminster Hall, where by appointment I had made I met with Dr. Tom Pepys, but avoided all discourse of difference with him, though much against my will, and he like a doating coxcomb as he is, said he could not but demand his money, and that he would have his right, and that let all anger be forgot, and such sorry stuff, nothing to my mind, but only I obtained this satisfaction, that he told me about Sturbridge[1] last was 12 months or 2 years he was at Brampton, and there my father did tell him that what he had done for my brother in giving him his goods and setting him up as he had done was upon condition that he should give my brother John £20 per ann., which he charged upon my father, he tells me in answer, as a great deal of hard measure that he should expect that with him that had a brother so able as I am to do that for him. This is all that he says he can say as to my father's acknowledging that he had given Tom his goods. He says his brother Roger will take his oath that my father hath given him thanks for his counsel for his giving of Tom his goods and setting him up in the manner that he hath done, but the former part of this he did not speak fully so bad nor as certain what he could say. So we walked together to my cozen Joyce's, where my wife staid for me, and then I home and her by coach, and so to my office, then to supper and to bed.

23rd. Lay long talking with my wife, and angry awhile about her desiring to have a French mayde all of a sudden,

[1] Sturbridge Fair, which is still held, is of great antiquity. The first trace of it is to be found in a charter granted about 1211 by King John to the Lepers of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen at Sturbridge by Cambridge. The fair was to be held in the close of the hospital on the vigil and feast of the Holy Cross. The name is derived from the little river of *Stere* or *Sture*, flowing into the Cam near Cambridge.

which I took to arise from yesterday's being with her mother. But that went over and friends again, and so she be well qualitied, I care not much whether she be French or no, so a Protestant. Thence to the office, and at noon to the 'Change, where very busy getting ships for Guinny and for Tangier. So home to dinner, and then abroad all the afternoon doing several errands, to comply with my oath of ending many businesses before Bartholomew's day, which is two days hence. Among others I went into New Bridewell, in my way to Mr. Cole, and there I saw the new model, and it is very handsome. Several at work, among others, one pretty whore brought in last night, which works very lazily. I did give them *6d.* to drink, and so away. To Graye's Inn, but missed Mr. Cole, and so homeward called at Harman's, and there bespoke some chairs for a room, and so home, and busy late, and then to supper and to bed. The Dutch East India Fleete are now come home safe, which we are sorry for. Our Fleets on both sides are hastening out to Guinny.

24th. Up by six o'clock, and to my office with Tom Hater dispatching business in haste. At nine o'clock to White Hall about Mr. Maes's business at the Council, which stands in an ill condition still. Thence to Graye's Inn, but missed of Mr. Cole the lawyer, and so walked home, calling among the joyners in Wood Streete to buy a table and bade in many places, but did not buy it till I come home to see the place where it is to stand, to judge how big it must be. So after 'Change home and a good dinner, and then to White Hall to a Committee of the Fishery, where my Lord Craven and Mr. Gray mightily against Mr. Creed's being joined in the warrant for Secretary with Mr. Duke. However I did get it put off till the Duke of Yorke was there, and so broke up doing nothing. So walked home, first to the Wardrobe, and there saw one suit of clothes made for my boy and linen set out, and I think to have him the latter end of this week, and so home, Mr. Creed walking the greatest part of the way with me advising what to do in his case about his being Secretary to us in conjunction with Duke, which I did give him the best I could, and so home and

to my office, where very much business, and then home to supper and to bed.

25th. Up and to the office after I had spoke to my taylor, Langford (who came to me about some work), desiring to know whether he knew of any debts that my father did owe of his own in the City. He tells me, "No, not any." I did on purpose try him because of what words he and his wife have said of him (as Herbert told me the other day), and further did desire him, that if he knew of any or could hear of any that he should bid them come to me, and I would pay them, for I would not that because he do not pay my brother's debts that therefore he should be thought to deny the payment of his owne. All the morning at the office busy. At noon to the 'Change, among other things busy to get a little by the hire of a ship for Tangier. So home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Cooke to see me; it is true he was kind to me at sea in carrying messages to and fro to my wife from sea, but I did do him kindnesses too, and therefore I matter not much to compliment or make any regard of his thinking me to slight him as I do for his folly about my brother Tom's mistress. After dinner and some talk with him, I to my office; there busy, till by and by Jacke Noble came to me to tell me that he had Cave in prison, and that he would give me and my father good security that neither we nor any of our family should be troubled with the child; for he could prove that he was fully satisfied for him; and that if the worst came to the worst, the parish must keep it; that Cave did bring the child to his house, but they got it carried back again, and that thereupon he put him in prison. When he saw that I would not pay him the money, nor made anything of being secured against the child, he then said that then he must go to law, not himself, but come in as a witness for Cave against us. I could have told him that he could bear witness that Cave is satisfied, or else there is no money due to himself; but I let alone any such discourse, only getting as much out of him as I could. I perceive he is a rogue, and hath inquired into everything and consulted with Dr. Pepys, and that he thinks

as Dr. Pepys told him that my father if he could would not pay a farthing of the debts, and yet I made him confess that in all his lifetime he never knew my father to be asked for money twice, nay, not once, all the time he lived with him, and that for his own debts he believed he would do so still, but he meant only for those of Tom. He said now that Randall and his wife and the midwife could prove from my brother's own mouth that the child was his, and that Tom had told them the circumstances of time, upon November 5th at night, that he got it on her. I offered him if he would secure my father against being forced to pay the money again I would pay him, which at first he would do, give his own security, and when I asked more than his own he told me yes he would, and those able men, subsidy men, but when we came by and by to discourse of it again he would not then do it, but said he would take his course, and joyne with Cave and release him, and so we parted. However, this vexed me so as I could not be quiet, but took coach to go speak with Mr. Cole, but met him not within, so back, buying a table by the way, and at my office late, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind disordered about this roguish business—in every thing else, I thank God, well at ease.

26th. Up by 5 o'clock, which I have not been many a day, and down by water to Deptford, and there took in Mr. Pumpfield the rope-maker, and down with him to Woolwich to view Clothier's cordage, which I found bad and stopped the receipt of it. Thence to the ropeyard, and there among other things discoursed with Mrs. Falconer, who tells me that she has found the writing, and Sir W. Pen's daughter is not put into the lease for her life as he expected, and I am glad of it. Thence to the Dockyarde, and there saw the new ship in very great forwardness, and so by water to Deptford a little, and so home and shifting myself, to the 'Change, and there did business, and thence down by water to White Hall, by the way, at the Three Cranes, putting into an alehouse and eat a bit of bread and cheese. There I could not get into the Parke, and so was fain to stay in the gallery over the gate to look to the passage

into the Parke, into which the King hath forbid of late anybody's coming, to watch his coming that had appointed me to come, which he did by and by with his lady and went to Guardener's Lane,[1] and there instead of meeting with one that was handsome and could play well, as they told me, she is the ugliest beast and plays so basely as I never heard anybody, so that I should loathe her being in my house. However, she took us by and by and showed us indeed some pictures at one Hiseman's,[2] a picture drawer, a Dutchman, which is said to exceed Lilly, and indeed there is both of the Queenes and Mayds of Honour (particularly Mrs. Stewart's[3] in a buff doublet like a soldier) as good pictures, I think, as ever I saw. The Queene is drawn in one like a shepherdess, in the other like St. Katharin,[4] most like and most admirably. I was mightily pleased with this sight indeed, and so back again to their lodgings, where I left them, but before I went this man that carried me, whose name I know not but that they call him Sir John, a pitiful fellow, whose face I have long known but upon what score I know not, but he could have the confidence to ask me to lay down money for him to renew the lease of his house, which I did give eare to there because I was there receiving a civility from him, but shall not part with my money. There I left them, and I by water home, where at my office busy late, then home to supper, and so to bed. This day my wife tells me Mr. Pen,[5] Sir William's son, is come

[1] Gardener's Lane, Westminster, between King Street and Duke Street.

[2] James Huysman (1656-96). In Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting" he is said to have "rivalled Lely, and with reason."

[3] In the Royal Collection. "The dress is that of a cavalier about the time of the Civil War, buff with blue ribands" (Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," ed. Dallaway, vol. ii., p. 122, note).

[4] Huysman is said by Walpole to have been himself most partial to his picture of Queen Catherine. "He created himself the queen's painter, and to justify it, made her sit for every Madonna or Venus that he drew."

[5] William Penn, afterwards the famous Quaker. P. Gibson, writing to him in March, 1711-12, says: "I remember your honour very well, when you newly came out of France and wore pantaloon breeches."

back from France, and come to visit her. A most modish person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman.

27th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and there almost made my bargain about a ship for Tangier, which will bring me in a little profit with Captain Taylor. Off the 'Change with Mr. Cutler and Sir W. Rider to Cutler's house, and there had a very good dinner, and two or three pretty young ladies of their relations there. Thence to my case-maker for my stone case, and had it to my mind, and cost me 24*s.*, which is a great deale of money, but it is well done and pleases me. So doing some other small errands I home, and there find my boy, Tom Edwards,[1] come, sent me by Captain Cooke, having been bred in the King's Chappell these four years. I propose to make a clerke of him, and if he deserves well, to do well by him. Spent much of the afternoon to set his chamber in order, and then to the office leaving him at home, and late at

[1] Tom Edwards made love to Mrs. Pepys's chambermaid Jane (see February 11th, 1667-68), and Jane had a fit of jealousy on August 19th, 1668, but the two were married on March 26th, 1669. There is some confusion in the Diary between the Pepys's chambermaids named Jane, for reference is made to Jane Wayneman and to Jane Gentleman, but it appears from the marriage licence that Tom's wife was Jane Birch. The licence is as follows: "Thomas Edwards, of St. Olave, Hart Street, London, gent., bachelor, about 25, and Jane Birch, of same, spinster, about 24, and at own disposal, at St. Olave aforesaid, 19 March, 1668-69" (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, col. 443). Tom Edwards's death is referred to in a letter from Pepys to Sir Richard Haddock, dated August 20th, 1681 (Rawlinson, A. 194, fol. 256, Bodleian Library). In the following year Pepys got his orphan son into Christ's Hospital, as appears by a letter dated April 7th, 1682: "This will be brought by the widow Jane Edwards, mother of the boy Samuel Edwards, for whom Sir John Frederick has been pleased by your hand to send me a paper for his admission into the hospital. His father was his Majesty's servant in the Navy for near twenty years past, and lately died an officer therein, leaving this poor woman with two small children (whereof this, being between nine and ten years old, is the eldest), and without aught more towards her and their support (through his and her long and chargeable sickness) than what she can earn in service" (Pepys's "Life, Journals, and Correspondence," 1841, vol. i., p. 284).

night after all business was done I called Will and told him my reason of taking a boy, and that it is of necessity, not out of any unkindness to him, nor should be to his injury, and then talked about his landlord's daughter to come to my wife, and I think it will be. So home and find my boy a very schoole boy, that talks innocently and impertinently, but at present it is a sport to us, and in a little time he will leave it. So sent him to bed, he saying that he used to go to bed at eight o'clock, and then all of us to bed, myself pretty well pleased with my choice of a boy. All the newes this day is, that the Dutch are, with twenty-two sayle of ships of warr, crewsing up and down about Ostend; at which we are alarmed. My Lord Sandwich is come back into the Downes with only eight sayle, which is or may be a prey to the Dutch, if they knew our weakness and inability to set out any more speedily.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and with my boy alone to church—the first time I have had anybody to attend me to church a great while. Home to dinner, and there met Creed, who dined, and we merry together, as his learning is such and judgment that I cannot but be pleased with it. After dinner I took him to church, into our gallery, with me, but slept the best part of the sermon, which was a most silly one. So he and I to walk to the 'Change a while, talking from one pleasant discourse to another, and so home, and thither came my uncle Wight and aunt, and supped with us mighty merry. And Creed lay with us all night, and so to bed, very merry to think how Mr. Holliard (who came in this evening to see me) makes nothing, but proving as a most clear thing that Rome is Antichrist.

29th. Up betimes, intending to do business at my office, by 5 o'clock, but going out met at my door Mr. Hughes come to speak with me about office business, and told me that as he came this morning from Deptford he left the King's yarde a-fire. So I presently took a boat and down, and there found, by God's providence, the fire out; but if there had been any wind it must have burned all our stores,

which is a most dreadfull consideration. But leaving all things well I home, and out abroad doing many errands, Mr. Creed also out, and my wife to her mother's, and Creed and I met at my Lady Sandwich's and there dined; but my Lady is become as handsome, I think, as ever she was; and so good and discreet a woman I know not in the world. After dinner I to Westminster to Jervas's a while, and so doing many errands by the way, and necessary ones, I home, and thither came the woman with her mother which our Will recommends to my wife. I like her well, and I think will please us. My wife and they agreed, and she is to come the next week. At which I am very well contented, for then I hope we shall be settled, but I must remember that, never since I was housekeeper, I ever lived so quietly, without any noise or one angry word almost, as I have done since my present mayds Besse, Jane, and Susan came and were together. Now I have taken a boy and am taking a woman, I pray God we may not be worse, but I will observe it. After being at my office a while, home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up and to the office, where sat long, and at noon to dinner at home; after dinner comes Mr. Pen to visit me, and staid an houre talking with me. I perceive something of learning he hath got, but a great deale, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garbe and affected manner of speech and gait. I fear all real profit he hath made of his travel will signify little. So, he gone, I to my office and there very busy till late at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

31st. Up by five o'clock and to my office, where T. Hater and Will met me, and so we dispatched a great deal of my business as to the ordering my papers and books which were behindhand. All the morning very busy at my office. At noon home to dinner, and there my wife hath got me some pretty good oysters, which is very soon and the soonest, I think, I ever eat any. After dinner I up to hear my boy play upon a lute, which I have this day borrowed of Mr.

Hunt; and indeed the boy would, with little practice, play very well upon the lute, which pleases me well. So by coach to the Tangier Committee, and there have another small business by which I may get a little small matter of money. Staid but little there, and so home and to my office, where late casting up my monthly accounts, and, blessed be God! find myself worth £1,020, which is still the most I ever was worth. So home and to bed. Prince Rupert I hear this day is to go to command this fleete going to Guinny against the Dutch. I doubt few will be pleased with his going, being accounted an unhappy[1] man. My mind at good rest, only my father's troubles with Dr. Pepys and my brother Tom's creditors in general do trouble me. I have got a new boy that understands musique well, as coming to me from the King's Chappell, and I hope will prove a good boy, and my wife and I are upon having a woman, which for her content I am contented to venture upon the charge of again, and she is one that our Will finds out for us, and understands a little musique, and I think will please us well, only her friends live too near us. Pretty well in health, since I left off wearing of a gowne within doors all day, and then go out with my legs into the cold, which brought me daily pain.

Sept. 1st. A sad rainy night, up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon to the 'Change and thence brought Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon, and Creed, and dined very merry and handsomely; but my wife not being well of those she not with us; and we cut up the great cake Moorcocke lately sent us, which is very good. They gone I to my office, and there very busy till late at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up very betimes and walked (my boy with me) to Mr. Cole's, and after long waiting below, he being under the barber's hands, I spoke with him, and he did give me much hopes of getting my debt that my brother owed me, and also that things would go well with my father. But going to his

[1] Unlucky (*infelix*).

attorney's, that he directed me to, they tell me both that though I could bring my father to a confession of a judgment, yet he knowing that there are specialties out against him he is bound to plead his knowledge of them to me before he pays me, or else he must do it in his own wrong. I took a great deal of pains this morning in the thorough understanding hereof, and hope that I know the truth of our case, though it be but bad, yet better than to run spending money and all to no purpose. However, I will inquire a little more. Walked home, doing very many errands by the way to my great content, and at the 'Change met and spoke with several persons about serving us with pieces of eight at Tangier. So home to dinner above stairs, my wife not being well of those in bed. I dined by her bedside, but I got her to rise and abroad with me by coach to Bartholomew Fayre, and our boy with us, and there shewed them and myself the dancing on the ropes, and several other the best shows; but pretty it is to see how our boy carries himself so innocently clownish as would make one laugh. Here till late and dark, then up and down, to buy combes for my wife to give her mayds, and then by coach home, and there at the office set down my day's work, and then home to bed.

3rd. I have had a bad night's rest to-night, not sleeping well, as my wife observed, and once or twice she did wake me, and I thought myself to be mightily bit with fleas, and in the morning she chid her mayds for not looking the fleas a-days. But, when I rose, I found that it is only the change of the weather from hot to cold, which, as I was two winters ago, do stop my pores, and so my blood tingles and itches all day all over my body, and so continued to-day all the day long just as I was then, and if it continues to be so cold I fear I must come to the same pass, but sweating cured me then, and I hope, and am told, will this also. At the office sat all the morning, dined at home, and after dinner to White Hall, to the Fishing Committee, but not above four of us met, which could do nothing, and a sad thing it is to see so great a work so ill followed, for at this pace it can come to

nothing but disgrace to us all. Broke up and did nothing. So I walked to Westminster, and there at my barber's had good luck to find Jane alone, and there talked with her, and got the poor wretch to promise to meet me in the Abbey on to-morrow come sennight, telling me that her master and mistress have a mind to get her a husband, and so will not let her go abroad without them, but only in sermon time on Sundays she do go out. I would I could get a good husband for her, for she is one I always thought a good-natured as well as a well-looked girl. Thence home, doing errands by the way, and so to my office, whither Mr. Holliard came to me to discourse about the privileges of the Surgeons' Hall, as to our signing of bills, wherein I did give him a little, and but a little, satisfaction; for we won't lose our power of recommending them once approved of by the Hall. He gone I late to send by the post, &c., and so to supper and to bed. My itching and tickling continuing still, the weather continuing cold, and Mr. Holliard tells me that sweating will cure me at any time.

4th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, then up and took physique, Mr. Holliard's, but it being cold weather and myself negligent of myself, I fear I took cold and stopped the working of it, but I feel myself pretty well. All the morning looking over my old wardrobe and laying by things for my brother John and my father, by which I shall leave myself very bare in clothes, but yet as much as I need, and the rest would but spoile in the keeping. Dined, my wife and I very well. All the afternoon my wife and I above, and then the boy and I to singing of psalms, and then came in Mr. Hill, and he sung with us awhile; and, he being gone, the boy and I again to the singing of Mr. Porter's[1] mottets, and it is a great joy to me that I am come to this condition to maintain a person in the house able to give me such pleasure as this boy do by his thorough knowledge of musique, as he sings

[1] Walter Porter published "Mottets of two Voices for Treble or Tenor and Basse, &c., to be performed to an Organ, Harpsichord, Lute or Base-Viol. *London* 1657."

any thing at first sight. Mr. Hill came to tell me that he had got a gentlewoman for my wife, one Mrs. Ferrabosco,[1] that sings most admirably. I seemed glad of it; but I hear she is too gallant for me, and I am not sorry that I misse her. Thence to the office, setting some papers right, and so home to supper and to bed, after prayers.

5th. Up and to St. James's, and there did our business with the Duke; where all our discourse of warr in the highest measure. Prince Rupert was with us; who is fitting himself to go to sea in the Heneretta.[2] And afterwards in White Hall I met him and Mr. Gray, and he spoke to me, and in other discourse, says he, "God damn me, I can answer but for one ship, and in that I will do my part; for it is not in that as in an army, where a man can command every thing." By and by to a Committee for the Fishery, the Duke of Yorke there, where, after Duke was made Secretary, we fell to name a Committee, whereof I was willing to be one, because I would have my hand in the business, to understand it and be known in doing something in it; and so, after cutting out work for the Committee, we rose, and I to my wife to Unthanke's, and with her from shop to shop, laying out near £10 this morning in clothes for her. And so I to the 'Change, where a while, and so home and to dinner, and thither came W. Bowyer and dined with us; but strange to see how he could not endure onyons in sauce to lamb, but was overcome with the sight of it, and so was forced to make his dinner of an egg or two. He tells us how Mrs. Lane is undone, by her marrying so bad, and desires to speak with me, which I know is wholly to get me to do something for her to get her husband a place, which he is in no wise fit for. After dinner down to Woolwich with a gally, and then to Deptford, and so home, all the way reading Sir J. Suck-

[1] Mrs. Ferrabosco was probably the daughter of Alphonso Ferrabosco, himself the son of Ben Jonson's friend.

[2] The "Henrietta" (previously the "Langport") was a third-rate of fifty guns, built at Horselydown in 1654 by Mr. Bright ("Archæologia," vol. xlviii., p. 170).

[l]ing's "Aglaura,"[1] which, methinks, is but a mean play; nothing of design in it. Coming home it is strange to see how I was troubled to find my wife, but in a necessary compliment, expecting Mr. Pen to see her, who had been there and was by her people denied, which, he having been three times, she thought not fit he should be any more. But yet even this did raise my jealousy presently and much vex me. However, he did not come, which pleased me, and I to supper, and to the office till 9 o'clock or thereabouts, and so home to bed. My aunt James had been here to-day with Kate Joyce twice to see us. The second time my wife was at home, and they it seems are going down to Brampton, which I am sorry for, for the charge that my father will be put to. But it must be borne with, and my mother has a mind to see them, but I do condemn myself mightily for my pride and contempt of my aunt and kindred that are not so high as myself, that I have not seen her all this while, nor invited her all this while.

6th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, then to my office and there waited, thinking to have had Bagwell's wife come to me about business, that I might have talked with her, but she came not. So I to White Hall by coach with Mr. Andrews, and there I got his contract for the victualling of Tangier signed and sealed by us there, so that all the business is well over, and I hope to have made a good business of it and to receive £100 by it the next weeke, for which God be praised! Thence to W. Joyce's and Anthony's, to invite them to dinner to meet my aunt James at my house, and the rather because they are all to go down to my father the next weeke, and so I would be a little kind to them before they go. So home, having called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to [match the] petticoate my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20*s.*; but she is so pretty, that, God forgive me! I could not think

[1] Pepys referred to this same play on September 24th, 1662 (see vol. ii., p. 344).

it too much—which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it. So going home, and my coach stopping in Newgate Market over against a poulterer's shop, I took occasion to buy a rabbit, but it proved a deadly old one when I came to eat it, as I did do after an hour being at my office, and after supper again there till past 11 at night. So home, and to bed. This day Mr. Coventry did tell us how the Duke did receive the Dutch Embassador[1] the other day; by telling him that, whereas they think us in jest, he believes that the Prince (Rupert) which goes in this fleete to Guinny[2] will soon tell them that we are in earnest, and that he himself will do the like here, in the head of the fleete here at home, and that for the *meschants*, which he told the Duke there were in England, which did hope to do themselves good by the King's being at warr, says he, the English have ever united all this private difference to attend foraigne, and that Cromwell, notwithstanding the *meschants* in his time, which were the Cavaliers, did never find them interrupt him in his foraigne businesses, and that he did not doubt but to live to see the Dutch as fearfull of provoking the English, under the government of a King, as he remembers them to have been under that of a *Coquin*. I writ all this story to my Lord Sandwich to-night into the Downes, it being very good and true, word for word from Mr. Coventry to-day.

7th. Lay long to-day, pleasantly discoursing with my wife about the dinner we are to have for the Joyces, a day or two hence. Then up and with Mr. Margetts[3] to Limehouse to see

[1] Herr Van Goch, ambassador from the States-General (see *ante*, p. 156).

[2] At a meeting of the Royal Society on September 14th, 1664, it was resolved that "Prince Rupert be desired by Sir Robert Moray to try in his expedition to Guinea the sounding of depths without a line and the fetching up of water from the bottom of the sea" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 467).

[3] Mr. Margets, a rope merchant near the Custom House, is mentioned in the examination of Eliz. Oldroyd, July 12th, 1664 ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 639).

his ground and ropeyarde there, which is very fine, and I believe we shall employ it for the Navy, for the King's grounds are not sufficient to supply our defence if a warr comes. Thence back to the 'Change, where great talke of the forwardnesse of the Dutch, which puts us all to a stand, and particularly myself for my Lord Sandwich, to think him to lie where he is for a sacrifice, if they should begin with us. So home and Creed with me, and to dinner, and after dinner I out to my office, taking in Bagwell's wife, who I knew waited for me, but company came to me so soon that I could have no discourse with her, as I intended, of pleasure. So anon abroad with Creed walked to Bartholomew Fayre, this being the last day, and there saw the best dancing on the ropes that I think I ever saw in my life, and so all say, and so by coach home, where I find my wife hath had her head dressed by her woman, Mercer, which is to come to her to-morrow, but my wife being to go to a christening to-morrow, she came to do her head up to-night. So a while to my office, and then to supper and to bed.

8th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon dined at home, and I by water down to Woolwich by a galley, and back again in the evening. All haste made in setting out this Guinny fleete, but yet not such as will ever do the King's business if we come to a warr. My [wife] this afternoon being very well dressed by her new woman, Mary Mercer, a decayed merchant's daughter that our Will helps us to, did go to the christening of Mrs. Mills, the parson's wife's child, where she never was before. After I was come home Mr. Povey came to me and took me out to supper to Mr. Bland's, who is making now all haste to be gone for Tangier. Here pretty merry, and good discourse, fain to admire the knowledge and experience of Mrs. Bland, who I think as good a merchant as her husband. I went home and there find Mercer, whose person I like well, and I think will do well, at least I hope so. So to my office a while and then to bed.

9th. Up, and to put things in order against dinner. I out and bought several things, among others, a dozen of silver

salts ; home, and to the office, where some of us met a little, and then home, and at noon comes my company, namely, Anthony and Will Joyce and their wives, my aunt James newly come out of Wales, and my cozen Sarah Gyles.[1] Her husband did not come, and by her I did understand afterwards, that it was because he was not yet able to pay me the 40*s.* she had borrowed a year ago of me. I was as merry as I could, giving them a good dinner ; but W. Joyce did so talk, that he made every body else dumb, but only laugh at him. I forgot there was Mr. Harman and his wife, my aunt, a very good harmlesse woman. All their talke is of her and my two she-cozen Joyces and Will's little boy Will (who was also here to-day), down to Brampton to my father's next week, which will be trouble and charge to them, but however my father and mother desire to see them, and so let them. They eyed mightily my great cupboard of plate, I this day putting my two flaggons upon my table ; and indeed it is a fine sight, and better than ever I did hope to see of my owne. Mercer dined with us at table, this being her first dinner in my house. After dinner left them and to White Hall, where a small Tangier Committee, and so back again home, and there my wife and Mercer and Tom and I sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house, that it is and will be still, I hope, a constant pleasure to me to be at home. The girle plays pretty well upon the harpsicon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand ; sings a little, but hath a good voyce and eare. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw. So to supper, and with great pleasure to bed.

10th. Up and to the office, where we sate all the morning,

[1] Pepys would have been more proud of his cousin had he anticipated her husband's becoming a knight, for she was probably the same person whose burial is recorded in the register of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, September 4th, 1704 : "Dame Sarah Gyles, widow, relict of Sir John Gyles."—B.

and I much troubled to think what the end of our great sluggishness will be, for we do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a warr. We must be put out, or other people put in. Dined at home, and then my wife and I and Mercer to the Duke's house, and there saw "The Rivalls,"[1] which is no excellent play, but good acting in it; especially Gosnell comes and sings and dances finely, but, for all that, fell out of the key, so that the musique could not play to her afterwards, and so did Harris also go out of the tune to agree with her. Thence home and late writing letters, and this night I received, by Will, £105, the first-fruits of my endeavours in the late contract for victualling of Tangier, for which God be praised! for I can with a safe conscience say that I have therein saved the King £5,000 per annum, and yet got myself a hope of £300 per annum without the least wrong to the King. So to supper and to bed.

11th (Lord's day). Up and to church in the best manner I have gone a good while, that is to say, with my wife, and her woman, Mercer, along with us, and Tom, my boy, waiting on us. A dull sermon. Home, dined, left my wife to go to church alone, and I walked in haste being late to the Abbey at Westminster, according to promise to meet Jane Welsh, and there wearily walked, expecting her till 6 o'clock from three, but no Jane came, which vexed me, only part of it I spent with Mr. Blagrave walking in the Abbey, he telling me the whole government and discipline of White Hall Chappell, and the caution now used against admitting any debauched persons, which I was glad to hear, though he tells me there are persons bad enough. Thence going home went by Jarvis's, and there stood Jane at the door, and so I took her in and drank with her, her master and mistress being out of doors. She told me how she could not come to me this afternoon,

[1] A comedy by Sir William Davenant, first published in 1668. It is an alteration of "The Two Noble Kinsmen." Harris played Theocles; Betterton, Philander. Gosnell is not mentioned in the cast by Downes. The character of Celania was afterwards acted by Mrs. Davis, who captivated Charles II. in this part.

but promised another time. So I walked home contented with my speaking with her, and walked to my uncle Wight's, where they were all at supper, and among others comes fair Mrs. Margarett Wight, who indeed is very pretty. So after supper home to prayers and to bed. This afternoon, it seems, Sir J. Minnes fell sicke at church, and going down the gallery stairs fell down dead, but came to himself again and is pretty well.

12th. Up, and to my cozen Anthony Joyce's, and there took leave of my aunt James, and both cozens, their wives, who are this day going down to my father's by coach. I did give my Aunt 20*s*., to carry as a token to my mother, and 10*s*. to Pall.[1] Thence by coach to St. James's, and there did our business as usual with the Duke; and saw him with great pleasure play with his little girle,[2] like an ordinary private father of a child. Thence walked to Jervas's, where I took Jane in the shop alone, and there heard of her, her master and mistress were going out. So I went away and came again half an hour after. In the meantime went to the Abbey, and there went in to see the tombs with great pleasure. Back again to Jane, and there upstairs and drank with her, and staid two hours with her kissing her, but nothing more. Anon took boat and by water to the Neat Houses over against Fox Hall to have seen Greatorex dive, which Jervas and his wife were gone to see, and there I found them (and did it the rather for a pretence for my having been so long at their house), but being disappointed of some necessaries to do it I staid not, but back to Jane, but she would not go out with me. So I to Mr. Creed's lodgings, and with him walked up and down in the New Exchange, talking mightily of the convenience and necessity of a man's wearing good clothes, and so after eating a messe of creame I took leave of him, he walking with me as far as Fleete Conduit, he offering me upon my request to put out some money for me into Backewell's hands at 6 per cent. interest, which he seldom gives, which I will consider of, being

[1] Pepys's sister Paulina.

[2] Afterwards Queen Mary II.

doubtful of trusting any of these great dealers because of their mortality, but then the convenience of having one's money at an houre's call is very great. Thence to my uncle Wight's, and there supped with my wife, having given them a brave barrel of oysters of Povy's giving me. So home and to bed.

13th. Up and to the office, where sat busy all morning, dined at home and after dinner to Fishmonger's Hall, where we met the first time upon the Fishery Committee, and many good things discoursed of concerning making of farthings, which was proposed as a way of raising money for this business, and then that of lotterys,[1] but with great confusion; but I hope we shall fall into greater order. So home again and to my office, where after doing business home and to a little musique, after supper, and so to bed.

14th. Up, and wanting some things that should be laid ready for my dressing myself I was angry, and one thing after another made my wife give Besse warning to be gone, which the jade, whether out of fear or ill-nature or simplicity I know not, but she took it and asked leave to go forth to look a place, and did, which vexed me to the heart, she being as good a natured wench as ever we shall have, but only forgetful. At the office all the morning and at noon to the 'Change, and there went off with Sir W. Warren and took occasion to desire him to lend me £100, which he said he would let me have with all his heart presently, as he had promised me a little while ago to give me for my pains in his two great contracts for masts £100, and that this should be it. To which end I did move it to him, and by this means I hope to be possessed of the £100 presently within 2 or 3 days. So home to dinner, and then to the office, and down to Blackwall by water to view a place found out for laying of masts, and I think it will be

[1] Among the State Papers is a "Statement of Articles in the Covenant proposed by the Commissioners for the Royal Fishing to Sir Ant. Desmarces & Co. in reference to the regulation of lotteries, which are very unreasonable, and of the objections thereto" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1663-64, p. 576).

most proper. So home and there find Mr. Pen come to visit my wife, and staid with them till sent for to Mr. Bland's, whither by appointment I was to go to supper, and against my will left them together, but, God knows, without any reason of fear in my conscience of any evil between them, but such is my natural folly. Being thither come they would needs have my wife, and so Mr. Bland and his wife (the first time she was ever at my house or my wife at hers) very civilly went forth and brought her and W. Pen, and there Mr. Povy and we supped nobly and very merry, it being to take leave of Mr. Bland, who is upon going soon to Tangier. So late home and to bed.

15th. At the office all the morning, then to the 'Change, and so home to dinner, where Luellin dined with us, and after dinner many people came in and kept me all the afternoon, among other the Master and Wardens of Chyrurgeon's Hall, who staid arguing their cause with me; I did give them the best answer I could, and after their being two hours with me parted, and I to my office to do business, which is much on my hands, and so late home to supper and to bed.

16th. Up betimes and to my office, where all the morning very busy putting papers to rights. And among other things Mr. Gauden coming to me, I had a good opportunity to speak to him about his present, which hitherto hath been a burden to me, that I could not do it, because I was doubtfull that he meant it as a temptation to me to stand by him in the business of Tangier victualling; but he clears me it was not, and that he values me and my proceedings therein very highly, being but what became me, and that what he did was for my old kindnesses to him in dispatching of his business, which I was glad to hear, and with my heart in good rest and great joy parted, and to my business again. At noon to the 'Change, where by appointment I met Sir W. Warren, and afterwards to the Sun taverne, where he brought to me, being all alone, a £100 in a bag, which I offered him to give him my receipt for, but he told me, no, it was my owne, which he had a little while since promised me and was glad that (as I

had told him two days since) it would now do me courtesy, and so most kindly he did give it me, and I as joyfully, even out of myself, carried it home in a coach, he himself expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done, though I was willing enough to have carried a servant with me to have received it, but he advised me to do it myself. So home with it and to dinner; after dinner I forth with my boy to buy severall things, stools and andirons and candlesticks, &c., household stuff, and walked to the mathematical instrument maker in Moorefields and bought a large pair of compasses, and there met Mr. Pargiter, and he would needs have me drink a cup of horse-radish ale, which he and a friend of his troubled with the stone have been drinking of, which we did and then walked into the fields as far almost as Sir G. Whitmore's,[1] all the way talking of Russia, which, he says, is a sad place; and, though Moscow is a very great city, yet it is from the distance between house and house, and few people compared with this, and poor, sorry houses, the Emperor himself living in a wooden house, his exercise only flying a hawk at pigeons and carrying pigeons ten or twelve miles off and then laying wagers which pigeon shall come soonest home to her house. All the winter within doors, some few playing at chesse, but most drinking their time away. Women live very slavishly there, and it seems in the Emperor's court no room hath above two or three windows, and those the greatest not a yard wide or high, for warmth in winter time; and that the general cure for all diseases there is their sweating houses, or people that are poor they get into their ovens, being heated, and there lie. Little learning among things of any sort. Not a man that speaks Latin, unless the Secretary of State by chance. Mr. Pargiter and I walked to the 'Change together and

[1] Baulmes, at Hoxton, belonged to Sir George Whitmore, of Barnes, in Surrey, who was Lord Mayor in 1631, and a great sufferer for the royal cause. His daughter Anne, mentioned by Pepys, February 28th, 1663-64, *ante*, p. 58, married Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower. Baulmes is described as an old square mansion, with two storeys in the roof; it was afterwards converted into a madhouse, and demolished in the year 1852.—B.

there parted, and so I to buy more things and then home, and after a little at my office, home to supper and to bed. This day old Hardwicke came and redeemed a watch he had left with me in pawne for 40*s.* seven years ago, and I let him have it. Great talk that the Dutch will certainly be out this week, and will sail directly to Guinny, being convoyed out of the Channel with 42 sail of ships.

17th. Up and to the office, where Mr. Coventry very angry to see things go so coldly as they do, and I must needs say it makes me fearful every day of having some change of the office, and the truth is, I am of late a little guilty of being remiss myself of what I used to be, but I hope I shall come to my old pass again, my family being now settled again. Dined at home, and to the office, where late busy in setting all my businesses in order, and I did a very great and a very contenting afternoon's work. This day my aunt Wight sent my wife a new scarfe, with a compliment for the many favours she had received of her, which is the several things we have sent her. I am glad enough of it, for I see my uncle is so given up to the Wights that I hope for little more of them. So home to supper and to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up and to church all of us. At noon comes Anthony and W. Joyce (their wives being in the country with my father) and dined with me very merry as I can be in such company. After dinner walked to Westminster (tiring them by the way, and so left them, Anthony in Cheapside and the other in the Strand), and there spent all the afternoon in the Cloysters as I had agreed with Jane Welsh, but she came not, which vexed me, staying till 5 o'clock, and then walked homeward, and by coach to the old Exchange, and thence to my aunt Wight's, and invited her and my uncle to supper, and so home, and by and by they came, and we eat a brave barrel of oysters Mr. Povy sent me this morning, and very merry at supper, and so to prayers and to bed. Last night it seems my aunt Wight did send my wife a new scarfe, laced, as a token for her many givings to her. It is true now and then we give them some toys, as oranges, &c., but my

aime is to get myself something more from my uncle's favour than this.

19th. Up, my wife and I having a little anger about her woman already, she thinking that I take too much care of her at table to mind her (my wife) of cutting for her, but it soon over, and so up and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's, and there did our business with the Duke, and thence homeward straight, calling at the Coffee-house, and there had very good discourse with Sir — Blunt and Dr. Whistler about Ægypt and other things. So home to dinner, my wife having put on to-day her winter new suit of moyre, which is handsome, and so after dinner I did give her £15 to lay out in linen and necessaries for the house and to buy a suit for Pall, and I myself to White Hall to a Tangier Committee, where Colonell Reames hath brought us so full and methodical an account of all matters there, that I never have nor hope to see the like of any publique business while I live again. The Committee up, I to Westminster to Jervas's, and spoke with Jane, who I find cold and not so desirous of a meeting as before, and it is no matter, I shall be the freer from the inconvenience that might follow thereof, besides offending God Almighty and neglecting my business. So by coach home and to my office, where late, and so to supper and to bed. I met with Dr. Pierce to-day, who, speaking of Dr. Frazier's [1] being so earnest to have such a one (one Collins) go chyrurgeon to the Prince's person will have him go in his terms and with so much money put into his hands, he tells me (when I was wondering that Frazier should order things with the Prince in that confident manner) that Frazier is so great with my Lady Castlemayne, and Stewart, and all the ladies at Court, in helping to slip their calfes when there is occasion, and with the great men in curing of their claps that he can do what he please with the King, in spite of any man, and upon the same score with the Prince; they all having more or less occasion to make use of him. Sir G. Carteret tells me this afternoon that the Dutch are not yet ready to set out, and by that

[1] Sir Alexander Fraizer (see note, vol. i., p. 311).

means do lose a good wind which would carry them out and keep us in, and moreover he says that they begin to boggle in the business, and he thinks may offer terms of peace for all this, and seems to argue that it will be well for the King too, and I pray God send it. Colonell Reames did, among other things, this day tell me how it is clear that, if my Lord Tiviott had lived, he would have quite undone Tangier, or designed himself to be master of it. He did put the King upon most great, chargeable, and unnecessary works there, and took the course industriously to deter all other merchants but himself to deal there, and to make both King and all others pay what he pleased for all that was brought thither.

20th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, at noon to the 'Change, and there met by appointment with Captain Poyntz, who hath some place, or title to a place, belonging to gameing, and so I discoursed with him about the business of our improving of the Lotterys, to the King's benefit, and that of the Fishery, and had some light from him in the business, and shall, he says, have more in writing from him. So home to dinner and then abroad to the Fishing Committee at Fishmongers' Hall, and there sat and did some business considerable, and so up and home, and there late at my office doing much business, and I find with great delight that I am come to my good temper of business again. God continue me in it. So home to supper, it being washing day, and to bed.

21st. Up, and by coach to Mr. Povy's, and there got him to signe the payment of Captain Tayler's bills for the remainder of freight for the Eagle, wherein I shall be gainer about £30, thence with him to Westminster by coach to Houseman's [Huysman] the great picture drawer, and saw again very fine pictures, and have his promise, for Mr. Povy's sake, to take pains in what picture I shall set him about, and I think to have my wife's. But it is a strange thing to observe and fit for me to remember that I am at no time so unwilling to part with money as when I am concerned in the getting of it most, as I thank God of late I

have got more in this month, viz., near £250, than ever I did in half a year before in my life, I think. Thence to White Hall with him, and so walked to the old Exchange and back to Povy's to dinner, where great and good company; among others Sir John Skeffington,[1] whom I knew at Magdalen College, a fellow-commoner, my fellow-pupil, but one with whom I had no great acquaintance, he being then, God knows, much above me. Here I was afresh delighted with Mr. Povy's house and pictures of perspective, being strange things to think how they do delude one's eye, that methinks it would make a man doubtful of swearing that ever he saw any thing. Thence with him to St. James's, and so to White Hall to a Tangier Committee, and hope I have light of another opportunity of getting a little money if Sir W. Warren will use me kindly for deales to Tangier, and with the hopes went joyfully home, and there received Captain Tayler's money, received by Will to-day, out of which (as I said above) I shall get above £30. So with great comfort to bed, after supper. By discourse this day I have great hopes from Mr. Coventry that the Dutch and we shall not fall out.

22nd. Up and at the office all the morning. To the 'Change at noon, and among other things discoursed with Sir William Warren what I might do to get a little money by carrying of deales to Tangier, and told him the opportunity I have there of doing it, and he did give me some advice, though not so good as he would have done at any other time of the year, but such as I hope to make good use of, and get a little

[1] Mem: eū in ordinem cõmensaliū cooptatū fuisse Apr: 17° 1651, Tutore hoc tempore Dⁿᵒ Morland.

Magd: Coll: Register Book
Septʳ 19° 1649.

Joannes Skeffington filius Ricardi Skeffington, equitis, de coventriâ, annum agens decimum septimum, admissus est Pensionarius, Tutore Mʳᵒ Merryweather.—M. B.

Sir John Skeffington married Mary, only daughter and heir of Sir John Clotworthy, who was in 1660 created Viscount Massareene of Ireland, with remainder to his son-in-law, Sir John Skeffington, who succeeded as second Viscount in 1665, and died in 1695.—B.

money by. So to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, and he and I and Captain Cocke all alone, and good discourse, and thence to a Committee of Tangier at White Hall, and so home, where I found my wife not well, and she tells me she thinks she is with child, but I neither believe nor desire it. But God's will be done! So to my office late, and home to supper and to bed; having got a strange cold in my head, by flinging off my hat[1] at dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck.

23rd. My cold and pain in my head increasing, and the palate of my mouth falling, I was in great pain all night. My wife also was not well, so that a mayd was fain to sit up by her all night. Lay long in the morning, at last up, and amongst others comes Mr. Fuller, that was the wit of Cambridge, and Prævaricator[2] in my time, and staid all the morning with me discoursing, and his business to get a man discharged, which I did do for him. Dined with little heart at noon, in the afternoon against my will to the office, where Sir G. Carteret and we met about an order of the Council for the hiring him a house, giving him £1,000 fine, and £70 per annum for it. Here Sir J. Minnes took occasion, in the most childish and most unbeseeming manner, to reproach us all, but most himself, that he was not valued as Comptroller

[1] In Lord Clarendon's Essay, "On the decay of respect paid to Age," he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner.—B.

[2] At the Commencement (Comitia Majora) in July, the Prævaricator, or Varier, held a similar position to the Tripos at the Comitia Minora. He was so named from *varying* the question which he proposed, either by a play upon the words or by the transposition of the terms in which it was expressed. Under the pretence of maintaining some philosophical question, he poured out a medley of absurd jokes aud personal ridicule, which gradually led to the abolition of the office. In Thoresby's "Diary" we read, "Tuesday, July 6th. The Prævaricator's speech was smart and ingenious, attended with vollies of hurras" (see Wordsworth's "University Life in the Eighteenth Century").—M. B.

In Dean Peacock's work on the "Statutes of the University of Cambridge," Appendix A, p. xxvi, there is an interesting account of the Varier or Prævaricator.—B.

among us, nor did anything but only set his hand to paper, which is but too true; and every body had a palace, and he no house to lie in, and wished he had but as much to build him a house with, as we have laid out in carved worke. It was to no end to oppose, but all bore it, and after laughed at him for it. So home, and late reading "The Siege of Rhodes" to my wife, and then to bed, my head being in great pain and my palate still down.

24th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy, then home to dinner, and so after dinner comes one Phillips, who is concerned in the Lottery, and from him I collected much concerning that business. I carried him in my way to White Hall and set him down at Somersett House. Among other things he told me that Monsieur Du Puy,[1] that is so great a man at the Duke of Yorke's, and this man's great opponent, is a knave and by quality but a tailor. To the Tangier Committee, and there I opposed Colonell Legg's estimate of supplies of provisions to be sent to Tangier till all were ashamed of it, and he fain after all his good husbandry and seeming ignorance and joy to have the King's money saved, yet afterwards he discovered all his design to be to keep the furnishing of these things to the officers of the Ordnance, but Mr. Coventry seconded me, and between us we shall save the King some money in the year. In one business of deales in £520, I offer to save £172, and yet purpose getting money to myself by it. So home and to my office, and business being done home to supper and so to bed, my head and throat being still out of order mightily. This night Prior of Brampton came and paid me £40, and I find this poor painful man is the only thriving and purchasing man in the town almost. We were told to-day of a Dutch ship of 3 or 400 tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore at Gottenburgh.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and my throat being yet very sore, and my head out of order, we went not to church, but I spent

[1] Apparently Lawrence Dupuy, who was associated with other projectors in the promotion of lotteries.

all the morning reading of "The Madd Lovers,"[1] a very good play, and at noon comes Harman and his wife, whom I sent for to meet the Joyces, but they came not. It seems Will has got a fall off his horse and broke his face. However, we were as merry as I could in their company, and we had a good chine of beef, but I had no taste nor stomach through my cold, and therefore little pleased with my dinner. It raining, they sat talking with us all the afternoon. So anon they went away, and then I to read another play, "The Custome of the Country,"[1] which is a very poor one, methinks. Then to supper, prayers, and bed.

26th. Up pretty well again, but my mouth very scabby, my cold being going away, so that I was forced to wear a great black patch, but that would not do much good, but it happens we did not go to the Duke to-day, and so I staid at home busy all the morning. At noon, after dinner, to the 'Change, and thence home to my office again, where busy, well employed till 10 at night, and so home to supper and to bed, my mind a little troubled that I have not of late kept up myself so briske in business, but mind my ease a little too much and my family upon the coming of Mercer and Tom. So that I have not kept company, nor appeared very active with Mr. Coventry, but now I resolve to settle to it again, not that I have idled all my time, but as to my ease something. So I have looked a little too much after Tangier and the Fishery, and that in the sight of Mr. Coventry, but I have good reason to love myself for serving Tangier, for it is one of the best flowers in my garden.

27th. Lay long, sleeping, it raining and blowing very hard. Then up and to the office, my mouth still being scabby and a patch on it. At the office all the morning. At noon dined at home, and so after dinner (Lewellin dining with me and in my way talking about Deering) to the Fishing Committee, and had there very many fine things argued, and I hope some good will come of it. So home, where my wife having (after all her

[1] Both these plays were by Beaumont and Fletcher, or probably by Fletcher alone.

merry discourse of being with child) her months upon her is gone to bed. I to my office very late doing business, then home to supper and to bed. To-night Mr. T. Trice and Piggot came to see me, and desire my going down to Brampton Court, where for Piggot's sake, for whom it is necessary, I should go, I would be glad to go, and will, contrary to my purpose, endeavour it, but having now almost £1,000, if not above, in my house, I know not what to do with it, and that will trouble my mind to leave in the house, and I not at home.

28th. Up and by water with Mr. Tucker down to Woolwich, first to do several businesses of the King's, then on board Captain Fisher's ship, which we hire to carry goods to Tangier. All the way going and coming I reading and discoursing over some papers of his which he, poor man, having some experience, but greater conceit of it than is fit, did at the King's first coming over make proposals of, ordering in a new manner the whole revenue of the kingdom, but, God knows, a most weak thing; however, one paper I keep wherein he do state the main branches of the publick revenue fit to consider and remember. So home, very cold, and fearfull of having got some pain, but, thanks be to God! I was well after it. So to dinner, and after dinner by coach to White Hall, thinking to have met at a Committee of Tangier, but nobody being there but my Lord Rutherford, he would needs carry me and another Scotch Lord to a play, and so we saw, coming late, part of "The Generall," my Lord Orrery's (Broghill)[1] second play; but,

[1] Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, created Earl of Orrery, 1660. Died October 16th, 1679. A tragi-comedy with the same title has been attributed to Shirley. The Rev. T. Morrice, n his memoirs of Lord Orrery, says that Charles II. "was the first to put my Lord upon writing plays, which his Majesty did on occasion of a dispute that arose in his royal presence about writing plays in rhyme; some affirmed it was not to be done, others said it would spoil the fancy to be so confined, but Lord Orrery was of another opinion, and his Majesty being willing a trial should be made, commanded his Lordship to employ some of his leisure that way, which my Lord readily did, and upon that occasion composed the 'Black Prince'" (Orrery's "State Letters," vol. i., p. 81).

Lord! to see how no more either in words, sense, or design, it is to his "Harry the 5th" is not imaginable, and so poorly acted, though in finer clothes, is strange. And here I must confess breach of a vowe in appearance, but I not desiring it, but against my will, and my oathe being to go neither at my own charge nor at another's, as I had done by becoming liable to give them another, as I am to Sir W. Pen and Mr. Creed; but here I neither know which of them paid for me, nor, if I did, am I obliged ever to return the like, or did it by desire or with any willingness. So that with a safe conscience I do think my oathe is not broke and judge God Almighty will not think it other wise. Thence to W. Joyce's, and there found my aunt and cozen Mary come home from my father's with great pleasure and content, and thence to Kate's and found her also mighty pleased with her journey and their good usage of them, and so home, troubled in my conscience at my being at a play. But at home I found Mercer playing on her Vyall, which is a pretty instrument, and so I to the Vyall and singing till late, and so to bed. My mind at a great losse how to go down to Brampton this weeke, to satisfy Piggott; but what with the fears of my house, my money, my wife, and my office, I know not how in the world to think of it, Tom Hater being out of towne, and I having near £1,000 in my house.

29th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, dined at home and Creed with me; after dinner I to Sir G. Carteret, and with him to his new house he is taking in Broad Streete, and there surveyed all the rooms and bounds, in order to the drawing up a lease thereof; and that done, Mr. Cutler, his landlord, took me up and down, and showed me all his ground and house, which is extraordinary great, he having bought all the Augustine Fryers,[1] and many, many a £1,000 he hath and

[1] Austin Friars, Old Broad Street. At the dissolution of the monasteries the house and grounds of the Augustine Friars were bestowed on William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester. In 1602 the necessities of William, fourth marquis, compelled him to sell his property to John Swinnerton, afterwards Lord Mayor.

will bury there. So home to my business, clearing my papers and preparing my accounts against to-morrow for a monthly and a great auditt. So to supper and to bed. Fresh newes come of our beating the Dutch at Guinny quite out of all their castles almost, which will make them quite mad here at home sure. And Sir G. Carteret did tell me, that the King do joy mightily at it; but asked him laughing, "But," says he, "how shall I do to answer this to the Embassador when he comes?" Nay they say that we have beat them out of the New Netherlands[1] too; so that we have been doing them mischief for a great while in several parts of the world, without publique knowledge or reason. Their fleete for Guinny is now, they say, ready, and abroad, and will be going this week. Coming home to-night, I did go to examine my wife's house accounts, and finding things that seemed somewhat doubtful, I was angry though she did make it pretty plain, but confessed that when she do misse a sum, she do add something to other things to make it, and, upon my being very angry, she do protest she will here lay up something for herself to buy her a necklace with, which madded me and do still trouble me, for I fear

[1] Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Holmes' expedition to attack the Dutch settlements in Africa eventuated in an important exploit. Holmes suddenly left the coast of Africa, sailed across the Atlantic, and reduced the Dutch settlement of New Netherlands to English rule, under the title of New York. "The short and true state of the matter is this: the country mentioned was part of the province of Virginia, and, as there is no settling an extensive country at once, a few Swedes crept in there, who surrendered the plantations they could not defend to the Dutch, who, having bought the charts and papers of one Hudson, a seaman, who, by the commission from the crown of England, discovered a river, to which he gave his name, conceited they had purchased a province. Sometimes, when we had strength in those parts, they were English subjects; at others, when that strength declined, they were subjects of the United Provinces. However, upon King Charles's claim the States disowned the title, but resumed it during our confusions. On March 12th, 1663-64, Charles II. granted it to the Duke of York. . . . The King sent Holmes, when he returned, to the Tower, and did not discharge him, till he made it evidently appear that he had not infringed the law of nations" (Campbell's "Naval History," vol. ii., p. 89). How little did the King or Holmes himself foresee the effects of the capture.—B.

she will forget by degrees the way of living cheap and under a sense of want.

30th. Up, and all day, both morning and afternoon, at my accounts, it being a great month, both for profit and layings out, the last being £89 for kitchen and clothes for myself and wife, and a few extraordinaries for the house; and my profits, besides salary, £239; so that I have this weeke, notwithstanding great layings out, and preparations for laying out, which I make as paid this month, my balance to come to £1,203, for which the Lord's name be praised! Dined at home at noon, staying long looking for Kate Joyce and my aunt James and Mary, but they came not. So my wife abroad to see them, and took Mary Joyce to a play. Then in the evening came and sat working by me at the office, and late home to supper and to bed, with my heart in good rest for this day's work, though troubled to think that my last month's negligence besides the making me neglect business and spend money, and lessen myself both as to business and the world and myself, I am fain to preserve my vowe by paying 20*s.* dry[1] money into the poor's box, because I had not fulfilled all my memorandums and paid all my petty debts and received all my petty credits, of the last month, but I trust in God I shall do so no more.

October 1st. Up and at the office both forenoon and afternoon very busy, and with great pleasure in being so. This morning Mrs. Lane (now Martin) like a foolish woman came to the Horseshoe[2] hard by, and sent for me while I was at the office, to come to speak with her by a note sealed up, I know to get me to do something for her husband, but I sent her an answer that I would see her at Westminster, and so I did not go, and she went away, poor soul. At night home to supper, weary, and my eyes sore with writing and reading, and to bed. We go now on with great vigour in preparing

[1] Dry = hard, as "hard cash."

[2] There were several houses in the neighbourhood of the Navy House with the sign of the Horseshoe; one was in St. Dunstan's in the East and another on Great Tower Hill.

against the Dutch, who, they say, will now fall upon us without doubt upon this high newes come of our beating them so wholly in Guinny.[1]

2nd (Lord's day). My wife not being well to go to church I walked with my boy through the City, putting in at several churches, among others at Bishopsgate, and there saw the picture[2] usually put before the King's book, put up in the church, but very ill painted, though it were a pretty piece to set up in a church. I intended to have seen the Quakers, who, they say, do meet every Lord's day at the Mouth[3] at Bishopsgate; but I could see none stirring, nor was it fit to aske for the place, so I walked over Moorefields, and thence to Clerkenwell church, and there, as I wished, sat next pew to the fair Butler, who indeed is a most perfect beauty still; and one I do very much admire myself for my choice of her for a beauty, she having the best lower part of her face that ever I saw all days of my life. After church I walked to my Lady Sandwich's, through my Lord Southampton's new buildings[4] in the fields behind Gray's Inn; and, indeed, they are a very great and a noble work. So I dined with my Lady, and

[1] See "Poems on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 32.—B.

[2] "The picture usually placed before the king's book, which Pepys says he saw 'put up in Bishopsgate church,' was not engraved for the Εἰκὼν Βασιλική, but relates to the frontispiece of the large folio Common Prayer Book of 1661, which consists of a sort of pattern altar-piece, which it was intended should generally be placed in the churches. The design is a sort of classical affair, derived in type from the ciborium of the ancient and continental churches; a composition of two Corinthian columns, engaged or disengaged, with a pediment. It occurs very frequently in the London churches, and may be occasionally remarked in country-town churches, especially those restored at the king's coming in. Anyone who has ever seen the great Prayer Book of 1661, will at once recognize the allusion; and it is a well-known fact that the frontispiece was drawn and engraved for the purpose mentioned above" ("Gentleman's Magazine," March, 1849, p. 226).—B.

[3] There is a token, "At the Mouth Tavern without Bishop Gate. R.K.S." ("Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 540).

[4] This refers to the buildings erected by Lord Treasurer Southampton in what is now Bloomsbury Square. His mansion, afterwards known as Bedford House, occupied the whole north side of that square.

the same innocent discourse that we used to have, only after dinner, being alone, she asked me my opinion about Creed, whether he would have a wife or no, and what he was worth, and proposed Mrs. Wright[1] for him, which, she says, she heard he was once inquiring after. She desired I would take a good time and manner of proposing it, and I said I would, though I believed he would love nothing but money, and much was not to be expected there, she said. So away back to Clerkenwell Church, thinking to have got sight of la belle Boteler again, but failed, and so after church walked all over the fields home, and there my wife was angry with me for not coming home, and for gadding abroad to look after beauties, she told me plainly, so I made all peace, and to supper. This evening came Mrs. Lane (now Martin) with her husband to desire my helpe about a place for him. It seems poor Mr. Daniel is dead of the Victualling Office, a place too good for this puppy to follow him in. But I did give him the best words I could, and so after drinking a glasse of wine sent them going, but with great kindnesse. Go to supper, prayers, and to bed.

3rd. Up with Sir J. Minnes, by coach, to St. James's; and there all the newes now of very hot preparations for the Dutch: and being with the Duke, he told us he was resolved to make a tripp himself, and that Sir W. Pen should go in the same ship with him. Which honour, God forgive me! I could grudge him, for his knavery and dissimulation, though I do not envy much the having the same place myself. Talke also of great haste in the getting out another fleete, and building some ships; and now it is likely we have put one another by each other's dalliance past a retreate. Thence with our heads full of business we broke up, and I to my barber's, and there only saw Jane and stroked her under the chin, and away to the Exchange, and there long about several businesses, hoping to get money by them, and thence home to dinner and there found Hawly. But meeting Bag-

[1] Nan Wright, afterwards Mrs. Markham (see August 16th, 1666).

well's wife at the office before I went home I took her into the office and there kissed her only. She rebuked me for doing it, saying that did I do so much to many bodies else it would be a stain to me. But I do not see but she takes it well enough, though in the main I believe she is very honest. So after some kind discourse we parted, and I home to dinner, and after dinner down to Deptford, where I found Mr. Coventry, and there we made an experiment of Holland's and our cordage, and ours outdid it a great deale, as my book of observations tells particularly. Here we were late, and so home together by water, and I to my office, where late, putting things in order. Mr. Bland came this night to me to take his leave of me, he going to Tangier, wherein I wish him good successe. So home to supper and to bed, my mind troubled at the businesses I have to do, that I cannot mind them as I ought to do and get money, and more that I have neglected my frequenting and seeming more busy publicly than I have done of late in this hurry of business, but there is time left to recover it, and I trust in God I shall.

4th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and this morning Sir W. Pen went to Chatham to look after the ships now going out thence, and particularly that wherein the Duke and himself go. He took Sir G. Ascue with him, whom, I believe, he hath brought into play. At noon to the 'Change and thence home, where I found my aunt James and the two she Joyces. They dined and were merry with us. Thence after dinner to a play, to see "The Generall;" which is so dull and so ill-acted, that I think it is the worst I ever saw or heard in all my days. I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sidly;[1] who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dullness of the poet and badness of the action, that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with; and among others where by Altemire's command Clarimont, the Generall, is commanded to rescue his Rivall, whom she loved, Lucidor, he, after a great deal of

[1] The witty Sir Charles Sedley is frequently referred to by Pepys in the Diary.

demurre, broke out, "Well, I'le save my Rivall and make her confess, that I deserve, while he do but possesse." "Why, what, pox," says Sir Charles Sydly, "would he have him have more, or what is there more to be had of a woman than the possessing her?" Thence setting all them at home, I home with my wife and Mercer, vexed at my losing my time and above 20*s.* in money, and neglecting my business to see so bad a play. To-morrow they told us should be acted, or the day after, a new play, called "The Parson's Dreame,"[1] acted all by women. So to my office, and there did business, and so home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up betimes and to my office, and thence by coach to New Bridewell to meet with Mr. Poyntz to discourse with him (being Master of the Workhouse there) about making of Bewpers for us. But he was not within; however his clerke did lead me up and down through all the house, and there I did with great pleasure see the many pretty works, and the little children employed, every one to do something, which was a very fine sight, and worthy encouragement. I cast away a crowne among them, and so to the 'Change and among the Linnen Wholesale Drapers to enquire about Callicos, to see what can be done with them for the supplying our want of Bewpers for flaggs, and I think I shall do something therein to good purpose for the King. So to the Coffee-house, and there fell in discourse with the Secretary of the Virtuosi of Gresham College,[2] and had very fine discourse with him. He tells me of a new invented instrument to be tried before the College anon, and I intend to see it. So to Trinity House, and there I dined among the old dull fellows, and so home and to my office a while, and then comes Mr. Cocker to see me, and I discoursed with him about his writing and

[1] There does not appear to have been any play with this title. It evidently was the "Parson's Wedding," referred to October 11th.

[2] Henry Oldenburg was secretary of the Royal Society from 1663 to 1677. Mr. Herbert Rix, assistant-secretary to the Royal Society, has contributed to "Nature," November 2nd, 1893 (vol. xlix., p. 9), an interesting account of Oldenburg.

ability of sight, and how I shall do to get some glasse or other to helpe my eyes by candlelight; and he tells me he will bring me the helps he hath within a day or two, and shew me what he do. Thence to the Musique-meeting at the Post-office, where I was once before. And thither anon come all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company: and the new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall,[1] where being tuned with lute-strings, and played on with kees like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings, which by the kees are pressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and harshly, that it will never do. But after three hours' stay it could not be fixed in tune; and so they were fain to go to some other musique of instruments, which I am grown quite out of love with, and so I, after some good discourse with Mr. Spong, Hill, Grant, and Dr. Whistler, and others by turns, I home to my office and there late, and so home, where I understand my wife has spoke to Jane and ended matters of difference between her and her, and she stays with us, which I am glad of; for her fault is nothing but sleepiness and forgetfulness, otherwise a good-natured, quiet, well-meaning, honest servant, and one that will do as she is bid, so one called upon her and will see her do it. This morning, by three o'clock, the Prince[2] and King, and Duke with him, went down the River, and the Prince under sail the next tide after, and so is gone from the Hope. God give him better successe than he used to have! This day Mr.

[1] "There seems to be a curious fate reigning over the instruments which have the word 'arch' prefixed to their name. They have no vitality, and somehow or other come to grief. Even the famous arch-lute, which was still a living thing in the time of Handel, has now disappeared from the concert room and joined Mr. Pepys's 'Arched Viall' in the limbo of things forgotten. . . . Mr. Pepys's verdict that it would never do . . . has been fully confirmed by the event, as his predictions usually were, being indeed always founded on calm judgment and close observation."—F. Hueffer's *Italian and other Studies*, 1883, p. 263.

[2] Rupert.

Bland went away hence towards his voyage to Tangier. This day also I had a letter from an unknown hand that tells me that Jacke Angier, he believes, is dead at Lisbon, for he left him there ill.

6th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning, among other things about this of the flags and my bringing in of callicos to oppose Young and Whistler. At noon by promise Mr. Pierce and his wife and Madam Clerke and her niece came and dined with me to a rare chine of beefe and spent the afternoon very pleasantly all the afternoon, and then to my office in the evening, they being gone, and late at business, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind coming to itself in following of my business.

7th. Lay pretty while with some discontent abed, even to the having bad words with my wife, and blows too, about the ill-serving up of our victuals yesterday; but all ended in love, and so I rose and to my office busy all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then to my office again, and then abroad to look after callicos for flags, and hope to get a small matter by my pains therein and yet save the King a great deal of money, and so home to my office, and there came Mr. Cocker, and brought me a globe of glasse, and a frame of oyled paper, as I desired, to show me the manner of his gaining light to grave by, and to lessen the glaringnesse of it at pleasure by an oyled paper. This I bought of him, giving him a crowne for it; and so, well satisfied, he went away, and I to my business again, and so home to supper, prayers, and to bed.

8th. All the morning at the office, and after dinner abroad, and among other things contracted with one Mr. Bridges, at the White Bear[1] on Cornhill, for 100 pieces of Callico to make flaggs; and as I know I shall save the King money, so I hope to get a little for my pains and venture of my own money myself. Late in the evening doing business, and then comes Captain Tayler, and he and I till 12 o'clock at night arguing about the

[1] There is a token of the "Beare tavern in Cornhill, 1656. R.W.D." ("Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 573).

freight of his ship Eagle, hired formerly by me to Tangier, and at last we made an end, and I hope to get a little money, some small matter by it. So home to bed, being weary and cold, but contented that I have made an end of that business.

9th (Lord's day). Lay pretty long, but however up time enough with my wife to go to church. Then home to dinner, and Mr. Fuller, my Cambridge acquaintance, coming to me about what he was with me lately, to release a waterman, he told me he was to preach at Barking Church;[1] and so I to heare him, and he preached well and neatly. Thence, it being time enough, to our owne church, and there staid wholly privately at the great doore to gaze upon a pretty lady, and from church dogged her home, whither she went to a house near Tower hill, and I think her to be one of the prettiest women I ever saw. So home, and at my office a while busy, then to my uncle Wight's, whither it seems my wife went after sermon and there supped, but my aunt and uncle in a very ill humour one with another, but I made shift with much ado to keep them from scolding, and so after supper home and to bed without prayers, it being cold, and to-morrow washing day.

10th. Up and, it being rainy, in Sir W. Pen's coach to St. James's, and there did our usual business with the Duke, and more and more preparations every day appear against the Dutch, and (which I must confess do a little move my envy) Sir W. Pen do grow every day more and more regarded by the Duke,[2] because of his service heretofore in the Dutch

[1] The church of Allhallows Barking, situated at the east end of Great Tower Street.

[2] "The duke had decided that the English fleet should consist of three squadrons to be commanded by himself, Prince Rupert, and Lord Sandwich, from which arrangement the two last, who were land admirals, had concluded that Penn would have no concern in this fleet. Neither the duke, Rupert, nor Sandwich had ever been engaged in an encounter of fleets. . . . Penn alone of the four was familiar with all these things. By the duke's unexpected announcement that he should take Penn with him into his own ship, Rupert and Sandwich at once discovered that they would be really and practically under Penn's command in everything

warr, which I am confident is by some strong obligations he hath laid upon Mr. Coventry; for Mr. Coventry must needs know that he is a man of very mean parts, but only a bred seaman. Going home in coach with Sir W. Batten he told me how Sir J. Minnes by the means of Sir R. Ford was the last night brought to his house and did discover the reason of his so long discontent with him, and now they are friends again, which I am sorry for, but he told it me so plainly that I see there is no thorough understanding between them, nor love, and so I hope there will be no great combination in any thing, nor do I see Sir J. Minnes very fond as he used to be. But Sir W. Batten do raile still against Mr. Turner and his wife, telling me he is a false fellow, and his wife a false woman, and has rotten teeth and false, set in with wire, and as I know they are so, so I am glad he finds it so. To the Coffee-house, and thence to the 'Change, and there with Sir W. Warren to the Coffee-house behind the 'Change, and sat alone with him till 4 o'clock talking of his businesses first and then of business in general, and discourse how I might get money and how to carry myself to advantage to contract no envy and yet make the world see my pains; which was with great content to me, and a good friend and helpe I am like to find him, for which God be thanked! So home to dinner at 4 o'clock, and then to the office, and there late, and so home to supper and to bed, having sat up till past twelve at night to look over the account of the collections for the Fishery, and the loose and base manner that monies so collected are disposed of in, would make a man never part with a penny in that manner, and, above all, the inconvenience of having a great man, though never so seeming pious as my Lord Pembroke[1] is. He is too great to be called to an account, and is abused by his servants, and yet obliged to defend them for his owne sake. This day, by the blessing of God, my wife

that regarded the conduct of the fleet in an encounter with the enemy." —Granville Penn's *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, vol. ii., p. 295.

[1] Philip Herbert, who succeeded as fifth Earl of Pembroke in 1650. He died December 11th, 1669.

and I have been married nine years: but my head being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner. But bless God for our long lives and loves and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish, from my very heart!

11th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. My wife this morning went, being invited, to my Lady Sandwich, and I alone at home at dinner, till by and by Luellin comes and dines with me. He tells me what a bawdy loose play this "Parson's Wedding"[1] is, that is acted by nothing but women at the King's house, and I am glad of it. Thence to the Fishery in Thames Street, and there several good discourses about the letting of the Lotterys, and, among others, one Sir Thomas Clifford,[2] whom yet I knew not, do speak very well and neatly. Thence I to my cozen Will Joyce to get him to go to Brampton with me this week, but I think he will not, and I am not a whit sorry for it, for his company both chargeable and troublesome. So home and to my office, and then to supper and then to my office again till late, and so home, with my head and heart full of business, and so to bed. My wife tells me the sad news of my Lady Castlemayne's being now become so decayed, that one would not know her; at least far from a beauty, which I am sorry for. This day with great joy Captain Titus told us the particulars

[1] A comedy written by Thomas Killigrew in Switzerland, published in 1663. It is included in Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, vol. xiv.

[2] Thomas Clifford, born at Ugbrooke, Devon, August 1st, 1630, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He attended Charles II. in exile, and represented Totnes in the Convention Parliament and in that of 1661. He was knighted as a reward for the delivery of several speeches on behalf of the royal prerogative. After having distinguished himself at sea and acting as Envoy Extraordinary to the courts of Denmark and Sweden, he was, on November 8th, 1666, made Comptroller of the Household, and on December 5th he was sworn of the Privy Council. In 1672 he was made Secretary of State, on April 22nd created Baron Clifford, and in November raised to the post of Lord High Treasurer, which he held till June, 1673. Died September, 1673, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

of the French's expedition against Gigery upon the Barbary Coast,[1] in the Straights, with 6,000 chosen men. They have taken the Fort of Gigery, wherein were five men and three guns, which makes the whole story of the King of France's policy and power to be laughed at.

12th. This morning all the morning at my office ordering things against my journey to-morrow. At noon to the Coffee-house, where very good discourse. For newes, all say De Ruyter is gone to Guinny before us. Sir J. Lawson is come to Portsmouth; and our fleete is hastening all speed: I mean this new fleete. Prince Rupert with his is got into the Downes. At home dined with me W. Joyce and a friend of his. W. Joyce will go with me to Brampton. After dinner I out to Mr. Bridges, the linnen draper, and evened with [him] for 100 pieces of callico, and did give him £208 18*s.*, which I now trust the King for, but hope both to save the King money and to get a little by it to boot. Thence by water up and down all the timber yards to look out some Dram timber, but can find none for our turne at the price I would have, and so I home, and there at my office late doing business against my journey to clear my hands of every thing for two days. So home and to supper and bed.

13th. After being at the office all the morning, I home and dined, and taking leave of my wife with my mind not a little troubled how she would look after herself or house in my absence, especially, too, leaving a considerable sum of money in the office, I by coach to the Red Lyon in Aldersgate Street, and there, by agreement, met W. Joyce and Tom

[1] Colbert, in his desire to establish French colonies, wished to found one on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. For this purpose the Duc de Beaufort, High Admiral of France, took possession, on July 22nd, 1664, of Gigeri, in the province of Bugia, and he placed a garrison there under the command of Lieutenant-General Guadagni. The duke had scarcely retired before the Moors attacked the place in great force, and with such success, that Guadagni thought himself happy in evacuating it with safety. He embarked on the night of the 29th October, abandoning his artillery and stores. The regiment of Picardy perished by ship-wreck.—B.

Trice, and mounted, I upon a very fine mare that Sir W. Warren helps me to, and so very merrily rode till it was very darke, I leading the way through the darke to Welling,[1] and there, not being very weary, to supper and to bed. But very bad accommodation at the Swan. In this day's journey I met with Mr. White,[2] Cromwell's chaplin that was, and had a great deale of discourse with him. Among others, he tells me that Richard is, and hath long been, in France, and is now going into Italy. He owns publiquely that he do correspond, and return him all his money. That Richard hath been in some straits at the beginning; but relieved by his friends. That he goes by another name, but do not disguise himself, nor deny himself to any man that challenges him. He tells me, for certain, that offers had been made to the old man, of marriage between the King and his daughter, to have obliged him, but he would not.[3] He thinks (with me) that it never was in his power to bring in the King

[1] Welwyn.

[2] Jeremiah White, see note, vol. i., p. 243.

[3] The Protector wished the Duke of Buckingham to marry his daughter Frances. She married, 1. Robert Rich, grandson and heir to Robert, Earl of Warwick, on November 11th, 1657, who died in the following February; 2. Sir John Russell, Bart. She died January 27th, 1721-22, aged eighty-four.

In T. Morrice's life of Roger, Earl of Orrery, prefixed to Orrery's "State Letters" (Dublin, 1743, vol. i., p. 40), there is a circumstantial account of an interview between Orrery (then Lord Broghill) and Cromwell, in which the former suggested to the latter that Charles II. should marry Frances Cromwell. Cromwell gave great attention to the reasons urged, "but walking two or three turns, and pondering with himself, he told Lord Broghill the king would never forgive him the death of his father. His lordship desired him to employ somebody to sound the king in this matter, to see how he would take it, and offered himself to mediate in it for him. But Cromwell would not consent, but again repeated, 'The king cannot and will not forgive the death of his father;' and so he left his lordship, who durst not tell him he had already dealt with his majesty in that affair. Upon this my lord withdrew, and meeting Cromwell's wife and daughter, they inquired how he had succeeded; of which having given them an account, he added they must try their interest in him, but none could prevail."

with the consent of any of his officers about him; and that he scorned to bring him in as Monk did, to secure himself and deliver every body else. When I told him of what I found writ in a French book of one Monsieur Sorbiere,[1] that gives an account of his observations here in England; among other things he says, that it is reported that Cromwell did, in his life-time, transpose many of the bodies of the Kings of England from one grave to another, and that by that means it is not known certainly whether the head that is now set up upon a post be that of Cromwell, or of one of the Kings; Mr. White tells me that he believes he never had so poor a low thought in him to trouble himself about it. He says the hand of God is much to be seen; that all his children are in good condition enough as to estate, and that their relations that betrayed their family are all now either hanged or very miserable.

14th. Up by break of day, and got to Brampton by three o'clock, where my father and mother overjoyed to see me, my mother ready to weepe every time she looked upon me. After dinner my father and I to the Court, and there did all our business to my mind, as I have set down in a paper particularly expressing our proceedings at this court. So home, where W. Joyce full of talk and pleased with his journey, and

[1] Samuel Sorbière published his "Voyage to England" at Paris in 1664, but a translation into English does not appear to have been published until 1709. The work created a great sensation, and Louis XIV. showed his displeasure by a temporary banishment of the author. It is, however, entertaining, and can be read with advantage as a picture of the time. Sorbière died in 1670. It is not clear whether Sorbière invented or only repeated the story here related, which has been disposed of by the discovery of Charles I.'s coffin in 1813; and, indeed, how any doubt upon this subject could have arisen, seems extraordinary, considering that several persons were present at the interment, and that we have Sir T. Herbert's testimony as to the fact in his published "Memoirs." See also Diary, February 26th, 1665-66, when Pepys was shown the place where the late king was buried in St. George's Chapel, and Fuller's "Church History," book xi., p. 327. Sir Henry Halford published, in 1813, "An Account of what appeared on opening the Coffin of K. Charles I. at Windsor," which was reprinted in "Essays and Orations," 1831, 1842.

after supper I to bed and left my father, mother, and him laughing.

15th. My father and I up and walked alone to Hinchingbroke; and among the other late chargeable works that my Lord hath done there, we saw his water-works and the Ora,[1] which is very fine; and so is the house all over, but I am sorry to think of the money at this time spent therein. Back to my father's (Mr. Sheply being out of town) and there breakfasted, after making an end with Barton about his businesses, and then my mother called me into the garden, and there but all to no purpose desiring me to be friends with John, but I told her I cannot, nor indeed easily shall, which afflicted the poor woman, but I cannot help it. Then taking leave, W. Joyce and I set out, calling T. Trice at Bugden, and thence got by night to Stevenage, and there mighty merry, though I in bed more weary than the other two days, which, I think, proceeded from our galloping so much, my other weariness being almost all over; but I find that a coney skin in my breeches preserves me perfectly from galling, and that eating after I come to my Inne, without drinking, do keep me from being stomach sick, which drink do presently make me. We lay all in several beds in the same room, and W. Joyce full of his impertinent tricks and talk, which then made us merry, as any other fool would have done. So to sleep.

16th (Lord's day). It raining, we set out, and about nine o'clock got to Hatfield in church-time; and I 'light and saw my simple Lord Salsbury[2] sit there in his gallery. Staid not in the Church, but thence mounted again and to Barnett by the end of sermon, and there dined at the Red Lyon very weary again, but all my weariness yesterday night and to-day

[1] No clue to the meaning of the word *ora* in this position has been found.

[2] William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, K.G., who took the side of the Parliament during the Civil Wars. He died December 3rd, 1668, aged seventy-seven. See his character, "despicable to all men," drawn by Lord Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," book vi., ed. Macray, 1888, vol. ii., p. 542.

in my thighs only, the rest of my weariness in my shoulders and arms being quite gone. Thence home, parting company at my cozen Anth. Joyce's, by four o'clock, weary, but very well, to bed at home, where I find all well. Anon my wife came to bed, but for my ease rose again and lay with her woman.

17th. Rose very well and not weary, and with Sir W. Batten to St. James's; there did our business. I saw Sir J. Lawson since his return from sea first this morning, and hear that my Lord Sandwich is come from Portsmouth to town. Thence I to him, and finding him at my Lord Crew's, I went with him home to his house and much kind discourse. Thence my Lord to Court, and I with Creed to the 'Change, and thence with Sir W. Warren to a cook's shop and dined, discoursing and advising him about his great contract he is to make to-morrow, and do every day receive great satisfaction in his company, and a prospect of a just advantage by his friendship. Thence to my office doing some business, but it being very cold, I, for fear of getting cold, went early home to bed, my wife not being come home from my Lady Jemimah, with whom she hath been at a play and at Court to-day.

18th. Up and to the office, where among other things we made a very great contract with Sir W. Warren for 3,000 loade of timber. At noon dined at home. In the afternoon to the Fishery, where, very confused and very ridiculous, my Lord Craven's proceedings, especially his finding fault with Sir J. Collaton[1] and Colonell Griffin's[2] report in the accounts of the

[1] Sir John Colladon, M.D., of St. Martin's in the Fields, see note, vol. iii., p. 286.

[2] Edward Griffin, of Braybrooke, in Northamptonshire, at this time Lieutenant-Colonel in the Duke of York's Regiment of Foot Guards, now called the Coldstream; he was raised to the peerage in 1688 by the title of Lord Griffin, and followed the fortunes of his royal master after the Revolution, and was outlawed. Being taken prisoner in the attempted invasion of Scotland in 1708, he was committed to the Tower, and died there in confinement in November, 1710. He married Lady Essex Howard, eldest daughter, and one of the two co-heirs of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. Their grandson, Edward, third Lord Griffin, dying s. p. m., in 1742, the barony became extinct.—B.

lottery-men. Thence I with Mr. Gray in his coach to White Hall, but the King and Duke being abroad, we returned to Somersett House. In discourse I find him a very worthy and studious gentleman in the business of trade, and among other things he observed well to me, how it is not the greatest wits, but the steady man, that is a good merchant: he instanced in Ford and Cocke, the last of whom he values above all men as his oracle, as Mr. Coventry do Mr. Jolliffe. He says that it is concluded among merchants, that where a trade hath once been and do decay, it never recovers again, and therefore that the manufacture of cloath of England will never come to esteem again; that, among other faults, Sir Richard Ford cannot keepe a secret, and that it is so much the part of a merchant to be guilty of that fault that the Duke of Yorke is resolved to commit no more secrets to the merchants of the Royall Company; that Sir Ellis Layton is, for a speech of forty words, the wittiest man that ever he knew in his life, but longer he is nothing, his judgment being nothing at all, but his wit most absolute. At Somersett House he carried me in, and there I saw the Queene's new rooms, which are most stately and nobly furnished; and there I saw her, and the Duke of Yorke and Duchesse were there. The Duke espied me, and came to me, and talked with me a very great while about our contract this day with Sir W. Warren, and among other things did with some contempt ask whether we did except Polliards, which Sir W. Batten did yesterday (in spite, as the Duke I believe by my Lord Barkely do well enough know) among other things in writing propose. Thence home by coach, it raining hard, and to my office, where late, then home to supper and to bed. This night the Dutch Embassador desired and had an audience of the King. What the issue of it was I know not. Both sides I believe desire peace, but neither will begin, and so I believe a warr will follow. The Prince is with his fleet at Portsmouth, and the Dutch are making all preparations for warr.

19th. Up and to my office all the morning. At noon dined at home; then abroad by coach to buy for the office

"Herne upon the Statute of Charitable Uses,"[1] in order to the doing something better in the Chest than we have done, for I am ashamed to see Sir W. Batten possess himself so long of so much money as he hath done. Coming home, weighed my two silver flaggons at Stevens's. They weigh 212 oz. 27 dwt., which is about £50, at 5*s.* per oz., and then they judge the fashion to be worth above 5*s.* per oz. more—nay, some say 10*s.* an ounce the fashion. But I do not believe, but yet am sorry to see that the fashion is worth so much, and the silver come to no more. So home and to my office, where very busy late. My wife at Mercer's mother's, I believe, W. Hewer with them, which I do not like, that he should ask my leave to go about business, and then to go and spend his time in sport, and leave me here busy. To supper and to bed, my wife coming in by and by, which though I know there was no hurt in it, I do not like.

20th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon my uncle Thomas came, dined with me, and received some money of me. Then I to my office, where I took in with me Bagwell's wife, and there I caressed her, and find her every day more and more coming with good words and promises of getting her husband a place, which I will do. So we parted, and I to my Lord Sandwich at his lodgings, and after a little stay away with Mr. Cholmely to Fleete Streete, in the way he telling me that Tangier is like to be in a bad condition with this same Fitzgerald, he being a man of no honour, nor presence, nor little honesty, and endeavours to raise the Irish and suppress the English interest there, and offend every body, and do nothing that I hear of well, which I am sorry for. Thence home, by the way taking two silver tumblers home, which I have bought, and so home, and there late busy at my office, and then home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up and by coach to Mr. Cole's, and there conferred with him about some law business, and so to Sir W. Turner's,

[1] "The Law of Charitable Uses: wherein the Statute of 43 Eliz. chap. 4, is set forth and explained. . . . London, 1660," by John Herne. A second edition, "much enlarged," was published in 1663.

and there bought my cloth, coloured, for a suit and cloake, to line with plush the cloake, which will cost me money, but I find that I must go handsomely, whatever it costs me, and the charge will be made up in the fruit it brings. Thence to the Coffee-house and 'Change, and so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon, whither comes W. Howe to see me, being come from, and going presently back to sea with my Lord. Among other things he tells me Mr. Creed is much out of favour with my Lord from his freedom of talke and bold carriage, and other things with which my Lord is not pleased, but most I doubt his not lending my Lord money, and Mr. Moore's reporting what his answer was I doubt in the worst manner. But, however, a very unworthy rogue he is, and, therefore, let him go for one good for nothing, though wise to the height above most men I converse with. In the evening (W. Howe being gone) comes Mr. Martin, to trouble me again to get him a Lieutenant's place, for which he is as fit as a foole can be. But I put him off like an asse, as he is, and so setting my papers and books in order I home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon comes my uncle Thomas and his daughter Mary[1] about getting me to pay them the £30 due now, but payable in law to her husband. I did give them the best answer I could, and so parted, they not desiring to stay to dinner. After dinner I down to Deptford, and there did business, and so back to my office, where very late busy, and so home to supper and to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up and to church. At noon comes unexpected Mr. Fuller, the minister, and dines with me, and also I had invited Mr. Cooper with one I judge come from sea, and he and I spent the whole afternoon together, he teaching me some things in understanding of plates. At night to the office, doing business, and then home to supper. Then a psalm, to prayers, and to bed.

[1] Mary Pepys's husband is mentioned again on December 11th of this year, but his name is not given. She died in December, 1667.

24th. Up and in Sir J. Minnes' coach (alone with Mrs. Turner as far as Paternoster Row, where I set her down) to St. James's, and there did our business, and I had the good lucke to speak what pleased the Duke about our great contract in hand with Sir W. Warren against Sir W. Batten, wherein the Duke is very earnest for our contracting. Thence home to the office till noon, and then dined and to the 'Change and off with Sir W. Warren for a while, consulting about managing his contract. Thence to a Committee at White Hall of Tangier, where I had the good lucke to speak something to very good purpose about the Mole at Tangier, which was well received even by Sir J. Lawson and Mr. Cholmely, the undertakers, against whose interest I spoke ; that I believe I shall be valued for it. Thence into the galleries to talk with my Lord Sandwich ; among other things, about the Prince's writing up to tell us of the danger he and his fleete lie in at Portsmouth, of receiving affronts from the Dutch ; which, my Lord said, he would never have done, had he lain there with one ship alone : nor is there any great reason for it, because of the sands. However, the fleete will be ordered to go and lay themselves up at the Cowes. Much beneath the prowesse of the Prince, I think, and the honour of the nation, at the first to be found to secure themselves. My Lord is well pleased to think, that, if the Duke and the Prince go, all the blame of any miscarriage will not light on him ; and that if any thing goes well, he hopes he shall have the share of the glory, for the Prince is by no means well esteemed of by any body. Thence home, and though not very well yet up late about the Fishery business, wherein I hope to give an account how I find the Collections to have been managed, which I did finish to my great content, and so home to supper and to bed. This day the great O'Neale[1] died ; I

[1] Daniel O'Neale, third husband of Lady Catherine Stanhope, created Countess of Chesterfield after her first husband's death. "Mr. O'Neale, of the Bedchamber, dyed yesterday, very rich, and left his old lady all" (Ed. Savage to Dr. Sancroft, October 25th, 1664, Harl. MS. 3785, fol. 19). See note, vol. ii., p. 274, where the monumental inscription

believe, to the content of all the Protestant pretenders in Ireland.

25th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and finished Sir W. Warren's great contract for timber, with great content to me, because just in the terms I wrote last night to Sir W. Warren and against the terms proposed by Sir W. Batten. At noon home to dinner, and there found Creed and Hawley. After dinner comes in Mrs. Ingram, the first time to make a visit to my wife. After a little stay I left them and to the Committee of the Fishery, and there did make my report of the late public collections for the Fishery, much to the satisfaction of the Committee, and I think much to my reputation, for good notice was taken of it and much it was commended. So home, in my way taking care of a piece of plate for Mr. Christopher Pett, against the launching of his new great ship to-morrow at Woolwich, which I singly did move to His Royall Highness, and did obtain it for him, to the value of twenty pieces. And he, under his hand, do acknowledge to me that he did never receive so great a kindness from any man in the world as from me herein. So to my office, and then to supper, and then to my office again, where busy late, being very full now a days of business to my great content, I thank God, and so home to bed, my house being full of a design, to go to-morrow, my wife and all her servants, to see the new ship launched.

26th. Up, my people rising mighty betimes, to fit themselves to go by water; and my boy, he could not sleep, but wakes about four o'clock, and in bed lay playing on his lute till daylight, and, it seems, did the like last night till twelve o'clock. About eight o'clock, my wife, she and her woman,

quoted must be incorrect as to date. It is impossible to verify this, as the Rev. Howard A. Watson, rector of Boughton Malherbe, informs the editor that the monument no longer exists in the church. It appears, from a description in Hasted's "Kent," that the monument was injudiciously placed within the altar rails, where it was found so inconvenient that it was removed in the last century to allow room for the service of the altar. The Countess of Chesterfield died in 1666 (see "Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield," p. 33).

and Besse and Jane, and W. Hewer and the boy, to the water-side, and there took boat, and by and by I out of doors, to look after the flaggon, to get it ready to carry to Woolwich. That being not ready, I stepped aside and found out Nellson, he that Whistler buys his bewpers of, and did there buy 5 pieces at their price, and am in hopes thereby to bring them down or buy ourselves all we spend of Nellson at the first hand. This jobb was greatly to my content, and by and by the flaggon being finished at the burnisher's, I home, and there fitted myself, and took a hackney-coach I hired, it being a very cold and foule day, to Woolwich, all the way reading in a good book touching the fishery, and that being done, in the book upon the statute of charitable uses, mightily to my satisfaction. At Woolwich; I there up to the King and Duke, and they liked the plate well. Here I staid above with them while the ship[1] was launched, which was done with great success, and the King did very much like the ship, saying, she had the best bow that ever he saw. But, Lord! the sorry talke and discourse among the great courtiers round about him, without any reverence in the world, but with so much disorder. By and by the Queene comes and her Mayds of Honour; one whereof, Mrs. Boynton,[2] and the Duchesse of Buckingham,[3] had been very sicke coming by water in the

[1] "The Royal Catharine, of eighty-two guns. It was observed, that just upon her launching there appeared a fair rainbow, once the sign of a covenant betwixt God and the world, that it should never perish by water; and we hope it will prove as auspicious to this vessel" ("The Newes," October 27th, 1664). See also Appendix, vol. ix., for the French ambassador's letter describing the launch.—B.

On this day there was a meeting of the Royal Society, but the "greatest part of the members were absent, being gone to Woolwich, together with the King and Council and most of the Court, to see the great ship St. Catharine launched" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 477, note).

[2] Katharine Boynton, daughter of Matthew, second son to Sir Matthew Boynton, Bart., of Barnston, Yorkshire. She became the first wife of Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel.

[3] Mary, daughter of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, born 1639; married to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, September 6th, 1657. She has

barge (the water being very rough); but what silly sport they made with them in very common terms, methought, was very poor, and below what people think these great people say and do. The launching being done, the King and company went down to take barge; and I sent for Mr. Pett,[1] and put the flaggon into the Duke's hand, and he, in the presence of the King, did give it, Mr. Pett taking it upon his knee. This Mr. Pett is wholly beholding to me for, and he do know and I believe will acknowledge it. Thence I to Mr. Ackworth, and there eat and drank with Commissioner Pett and his wife, and thence to Shelden's, where Sir W. Batten and his Lady were. By and by I took coach after I had enquired for my wife or her boat, but found none. Going out of the gate, an ordinary woman prayed me to give her room to London, which I did, but spoke not to her all the way, but read, as long as I could see, my book again. Dark when we came to London, and a stop of coaches in Southwarke. I staid above half an houre and then 'light, and finding Sir W. Batten's coach, heard they were gone into the Beare at the Bridge foot, and thither I to them. Presently the stop is removed, and then going out to find my coach, I could not find it, for it was gone with the rest; so I fain to go through the darke and dirt over the bridge, and my leg fell in a hole broke on the bridge, but, the constable standing there to keep people from it, I was catched up, otherwise I had broke my leg; for which mercy the Lord be praised! So at Fanchurch I found my coach staying for me, and so home, where the little girle hath looked to the house well, but no wife come home, which made me begin to fear [for] her, the water being very rough, and cold and darke. But by and by she and her company come in all well, at which I was glad, though angry. Thence I to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat late with him, Sir R. Ford, and Sir John Robinson; the last of whom continues still the same foole he was, crying up what power he has in the City,

been described as "a most virtuous and pious lady in a vicious age and court." Died 1705.

[1] He had built the ship.

in knowing their temper, and being able to do what he will with them. It seems the City did last night very freely lend the King £100,000 without any security but the King's word, which was very noble. But this loggerhead and Sir R. Ford would make us believe that they did it. Now Sir R. Ford is a cunning man, and makes a foole of the other, and the other believes whatever the other tells him. But, Lord! to think that such a man should be Lieutenant of the Tower, and so great a man as he is, is a strange thing to me. With them late and then home and with my wife to bed, after supper.

27th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy. At noon, Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself, were treated at the Dolphin by Mr. Foly,[1] the ironmonger, where a good plain dinner, but I expected musique, the missing of which spoiled my dinner, only very good merry discourse at dinner. Thence with Sir G. Carteret by coach to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, and thence back to London, and 'light in Cheapside and I to Nellson's, and there met with a rub at first, but took him out to drink, and there discoursed to my great content so far with him that I think I shall agree with him for Bewpers to serve the Navy with. So with great content home and to my office, where late, and having got a great cold in my head yesterday home to supper and to bed.

28th. Slept ill all night, having got a very great cold the other day at Woolwich in [my] head, which makes me full of snot. Up in the morning, and my tailor brings me home my fine, new, coloured cloth suit, my cloake lined with plush, as good a suit as ever I wore in my life, and mighty neat, to my great content. To my office, and there all the morning. At noon to Nellson's, and there bought 20 pieces more of Bewpers, and hope to go on with him to a contract. Thence to the 'Change a little, and thence home with Luellin to dinner, where Mr. Deane met me by appointment, and after dinner

[1] Thomas Foley, afterwards of Witley Court. He was the grandfather of the first Lord Foley, and died October 1st, 1677, aged fifty-nine. His portrait is engraved in Nash's "History of Worcestershire."—B.

he and I up to my chamber, and there hard at discourse, and advising him what to do in his business at Harwich, and then to discourse of our old business of ships and taking new rules of him to my great pleasure, and he being gone I to my office a little, and then to see Sir W. Batten, who is sick of a greater cold than I, and thither comes to me Mr. Holliard, and into the chamber to me, and, poor man (beyond all I ever saw of him), was a little drunk, and there sat talking and finding acquaintance with Sir W. Batten and my Lady by relations on both sides, that there we staid very long. At last broke up, and he home much overcome with drink, but well enough to get well home. So I home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and it being my Lord Mayor's show,[1] my boy and three mayds went out; but it being a very foule, rainy day, from morning till night, I was sorry my wife let them go out. All the morning at the office. At dinner at home. In the afternoon to the office again, and about 4 o'clock by appointment to the King's Head tavern upon Fish Street Hill, whither Mr. Wolfe (and Parham by his means) met me to discourse about the Fishery, and great light I had by Parham, who is a little conceited, but a very knowing man in his way, and in the general fishing trade of England. Here I staid three hours, and eat a barrel of very fine oysters of Wolfe's giving me, and so, it raining hard, home and to my office, and then home to bed. All the talke is that De Ruyter is come over-land home with six or eight of his captaines to command here at home, and their ships kept abroad in the Straights; which sounds as if they had a mind to do something with us.

30th (Lord's day). Up, and this morning put on my new, fine, coloured cloth suit, with my cloake lined with plush, which is a dear and noble suit, costing me about £17. To church, and then home to dinner, and after dinner to a little musique with my boy, and so to church with my wife, and

[1] Sir John Laurence, afterwards distinguished for his great benevolence during the period of the great plague. The king and queen were present at the banquet ("The Intelligencer," October 31st, 1664).

so home, and with her all the evening reading and at musique with my boy with great pleasure, and so to supper, prayers, and to bed.

31st. Very busy all the morning, at noon Creed to me and dined with me, and then he and I to White Hall, there to a Committee of Tangier, where it is worth remembering when Mr. Coventry proposed the retrenching some of the charge of the horse, the first word asked by the Duke of Albemarle was, "Let us see who commands them," there being three troops. One of them he calls to mind was by Sir Toby Bridges.[1] "Oh!" says he, "there is a very good man. If you must reform[2] two of them, be sure let him command the troop that is left." Thence home, and there came presently to me Mr. Young and Whistler, who find that I have quite overcome them in their business of flags, and now they come to intreat my favour, but I will be even with them. So late to my office and there till past one in the morning making up my month's accounts, and find that my expense this month in clothes has kept me from laying up anything; but I am no worse, but a little better than I was, which is £1,205, a great sum, the Lord be praised for it! So home to bed, with my mind full of content therein, and vexed for my being so angry in bad words to my wife to-night, she not giving me a good account of her layings out to my mind to-night. This day I hear young Mr. Stanly, a brave young [gentleman], that went out with young Jermin, with Prince Rupert, is already dead of the small-pox, at Portsmouth. All preparations against the Dutch; and the Duke of Yorke fitting himself with all speed to go to the fleete which is hastening for him; being now resolved to go in the Charles.

November 1st. Up and to the office, where busy all the

[1] Perhaps we should read Sir Thomas Bridges, who was made a K.B. at the Restoration (Kennett's "Chronicle").—B.

[2] Reform, *i.e.* disband. See "Memoirs of Sir John Reresby," September 2nd, 1651. "A great many younger brothers and reformed officers of the King's army depended upon him for their meat and drink." So *reformado*, a discharged or disbanded officer.—M. B.

morning, at noon (my wife being invited to my Lady Sandwich's) all alone dined at home upon a good goose with Mr. Wayth, discussing of business. Thence I to the Committee of the Fishery, and there we sat with several good discourses and some bad and simple ones, and with great disorder, and yet by the men of businesse of the towne. But my report in the business of the collections is mightily commended and will get me some reputation, and indeed is the only thing looks like a thing well done since we sat. Then with Mr. Parham to the tavern, but I drank no wine, only he did give me another barrel of oysters, and he brought one Major Greene, an able fishmonger, and good discourse to my information. So home and late at business at my office. Then to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up betimes, and down with Mr. Castle to Redriffe, and there walked to Deptford to view a parcel of brave knees[1] of his, which indeed are very good, and so back again home, I seeming very friendly to him, though I know him to be a rogue, and one that hates me with his heart. Home and to dinner, and so to my office all the afternoon, where in some pain in my backe, which troubled me, but I think it comes only with stooping, and from no other matter. At night to Nellson's, and up and down about business, and so home to my office, then home to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up and to the office, where strange to see how Sir W. Pen is flocked to by people of all sorts against his going to sea. At the office did much business, among other an end of that that has troubled me long, the business of the bewpers and flags. At noon to the 'Change, and thence by appointment was met with Bagwell's wife, and she followed me into Moorfields, and there into a drinking house, and all alone eat and drank together. I did there caress her, but though I did make some offer did not receive any compliance from her in what was bad, but very modestly she denied me, which I was glad to see and shall value her the better for it, and I hope never tempt her to any evil more. Thence back to the town, and we parted and I home,

[1] Knees of timber (see note, vol. iii., p. 295).

and then at the office late, where Sir W. Pen came to take his leave of me, being to-morrow, which is very sudden to us, to go on board to lie on board, but I think will come ashore again before the ship, the Charles,[1] can go away. So home to supper and to bed. This night Sir W. Batten did, among other things, tell me strange newes, which troubles me, that my Lord Sandwich will be sent Governor to Tangier, which, in some respects, indeed, I should be glad of, for the good of the place and the safety of his person; but I think his honour will suffer, and, it may be, his interest fail by his distance.

4th. Waked very betimes and lay long awake, my mind being so full of business. Then up and to St. James's, where I find Mr. Coventry full of business, packing up for his going to sea with the Duke. Walked with him, talking, to White Hall, where to the Duke's lodgings, who is gone thither to lodge lately. I appeared to the Duke, and thence Mr. Coventry and I an hour in the Long Gallery, talking about the management of our office, he tells me the weight of dispatch will lie chiefly on me, and told me freely his mind touching Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, the latter of whom, he most aptly said, was like a lapwing; that all he did was to keepe a flutter, to keepe others from the nest that they would find. He told me an old story of the former about the light-houses, how just before he had certified to the Duke against the use of them, and what a burden they are to trade, and presently after, at his being at Harwich, comes to desire that he might have the setting one up there, and gets the usefulness of it certified also by the Trinity House. After long discoursing and considering all our stores and other things, as how the King hath resolved upon Captain Taylor[2] and Colonell Middle-

[1] "The Royal Charles" was the Duke of York's ship, and Sir William Penn, who hoisted his flag in the "Royal James" on November 8th, shifted to the "Royal Charles" on November 30th. The duke gave Penn the command of the fleet immediately under himself. On Penn's monument he is styled "Great Captain Commander under His Royal Highness" (Penn's "Memorials of Sir William Penn," vol. ii., p. 296).

[2] Captain John Taylor was appointed Commissioner for Harwich, March 23rd, 1664-65, and he held the office until 1668. Sir William

ton,[1] the first to be Commissioner for Harwich and the latter for Portsmouth, I away to the 'Change, and there did very much business, so home to dinner, and Mr. Duke, our Secretary for the Fishery, dined with me. After dinner to discourse of our business, much to my content, and then he away, and I by water among the smiths on the other side, and to the alehouse with one and was near buying 4 or 5 anchors, and learned something worth my knowing of them, and so home and to my office, where late, with my head very full of business, and so away home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, at noon to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, and so with my wife to the Duke's house to a play, "Macbeth,"[2] a pretty good play, but admirably acted. Thence home; the coach being forced to go round by London Wall home, because of the bonefires; the day being mightily observed in the City. To my office late at business, and then home to supper, and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church. Dined at home. And I all the afternoon close at my office drawing up some proposals to present to the Committee for the Fishery to-morrow, having a great good intention to be serviceable in the business if I can. At night, to supper with

Coventry, writing to Secretary Bennet (November 14th, 1664), refers to the objections made to Taylor, and adds: "Thinks the King will not easily consent to his rejection, as he is a man of great abilities and dispatch, and was formerly laid aside at Chatham on the Duchess of Albemarle's earnest interposition for another. He is a fanatic, it is true, but all hands will be needed for the work cut out; there is less danger of them in harbour than at sea, and profit will convert most of them" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 68).

[1] Thomas Middleton, whose title of Colonel appears to be due to his having held office in the Parliamentary army. He was appointed Commissioner for Portsmouth, January 3rd, 1664-65, which office he held until 1667, when he became Surveyor of the Navy. He retired in 1672.

[2] This was Sir William Davenant's alteration of Shakespeare's play, which was described by Downes "as being in the nature of an opera." Malone says that it was first acted in 1663. It was not printed until 1673.

my uncle Wight, where very merry, and so home. To prayers and to bed.

7th. Up and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, where mighty thrusting about the Duke now upon his going. We were with him long. He advised us to follow our business close, and to be directed in his absence by the Committee of the Councell for the Navy.[1] By and by a meeting of the Fishery, where the Duke was, but in such haste, and things looked so superficially over, that I had not a fit opportunity to propose my paper that I wrote yesterday, but I had shewed it to Mr. Gray and Wren before, who did like it most highly, as they said, and I think they would not dissemble in that manner in a business of this nature, but I see the greatest businesses are done so superficially that I wonder anything succeeds at all among us, that is publique. Thence somewhat vexed to see myself frustrated in the good I hoped to have done and a little reputation to have gained, and thence to my barber's, but Jane not being in the way I to my Lady Sandwich's, and there met my wife and dined, but I find that I dine as well myself, that is, as neatly, and my meat as good and well-dressed, as my good Lady do, in the absence of my Lord. Thence by water I to my barber's again, and did meet in the street my Jane, but could not talk with her, but only a word or two, and so by coach called my wife, and home, where at my office late, and then, it being washing day, to supper and to bed.

8th. Up and to the office, where by and by Mr. Coventry come, and after doing a little business, took his leave of us, being to go to sea with the Duke to-morrow. At noon, I and Sir J. Minnes and Lord Barkeley (who with Sir J. Duncum,[2]

[1] This was a Committee of the Privy Council appointed to superintend navy affairs.

[2] The warrant for a commission appointing John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Sir John Duncombe, and Thomas Chicheley to execute the office of Master of Ordnance, void by death of Sir William Compton, is dated October 24th, 1664 ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 41). Sir John Duncombe was the son of Sir Edward Duncombe of Battlesden. He was knighted by Charles I. while the king was a prisoner

and Mr. Chichly, are made Masters of the Ordnance), to the office of the Ordnance, to discourse about wadding for guns. Thence to dinner, all of us to the Lieutenant's of the Tower; where a good dinner, but disturbed in the middle of it by the King's coming into the Tower: and so we broke up, and to him, and went up and down the store-houses and magazines; which are, with the addition of the new great store-house, a noble sight. He gone, I to my office, where Bagwell's wife staid for me, and together with her a good while, to meet again shortly. So all the afternoon at my office till late, and then to bed, joyed in my love and ability to follow my business. This day, Mr. Lever sent my wife a pair of silver candlesticks, very pretty ones. The first man that ever presented me, to whom I have not only done little service, but apparently did him the greatest disservice in his business of accounts, as Purser-Generall, of any man at the board.

9th. Called up, as I had appointed, by H. Russell, between two and three o'clock, and I and my boy Tom by water with a gally down to the Hope, it being a fine starry night. Got thither by eight o'clock, and there, as expected, found the Charles, her mainmast setting. Commissioner Pett aboard. I up and down to see the ship I was so well acquainted with, and a great worke it is, the setting so great a mast. Thence the Commissioner and I on board Sir G. Ascue, in the Henery,[1] who lacks men mightily, which makes me think that there is more believed to be in a man that hath heretofore been employed than truly there is; for one would never have thought, a month ago, that he would have wanted 1,000 men at his

at Carisbrooke Castle. He was M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds in the parliaments of 1660 and 1661, and was appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury in 1667. In 1672 he became, on the resignation of Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Burnet describes him as "a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies. He was an able Parliament man, but could not go into all the designs of the Court: for he had a sense of religion and a zeal for the liberty of his country" ("Own Time," vol. i., p. 437, ed. 1833).

[1] Sir William Penn, writing to Coventry, November 16th, 1664, says that one hundred and six men were put on board the "Henry."

heels. Nor do I think he hath much of a seaman in him: for he told me, says he, "Heretofore, we used to find our ships clear and ready, everything to our hands in the Downes. Now I come, and must look to see things done like a slave, things that I never minded, nor cannot look after." And by his discourse I find that he hath not minded anything in her at all. Thence not staying, the wind blowing hard, I made use of the Jemmy yacht and returned to the Tower in her, my boy being a very droll boy and good company. Home and eat something, and then shifted myself, and to White Hall, and there the King being in his Cabinet Council (I desiring to speak with Sir G. Carteret), I was called in, and demanded by the King himself many questions, to which I did give him full answers. There were at this Council my Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer, the two Secretarys, and Sir G. Carteret. Not a little contented at this chance of being made known to these persons, and called often by my name by the King, I to Mr. Pierce's to take leave of him, but he not within, but saw her and made very little stay, but straight home to my office, where I did business, and then to supper and to bed. The Duke of York is this day gone away to Portsmouth.

10th. Up, and not finding my things ready, I was so angry with Besse as to bid my wife for good and all to bid her provide herself a place, for though she be very good-natured, she hath no care nor memory of her business at all. So to the office, where vexed at the malice of Sir W. Batten and folly of Sir J. Minnes against Sir W. Warren, but I prevented, and shall do, though to my own disquiet and trouble. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and the Auditors of the Exchequer at the Dolphin by Mr. Wayth's desire, and after dinner fell to business relating to Sir G. Carteret's account, and so home to the office, where Sir W. Batten begins, too fast, to shew his knavish tricks in giving what price he pleases for commodities. So abroad, intending to have spoke with my Lord Chancellor about the old business of his wood at Clarendon, but could not, and so home again, and late at my office, and then home

to supper and bed. My little girle Susan is fallen sicke of the meazles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlett feavour.

11th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to the Council Chamber at White Hall, to the Committee of the Lords for the Navy, where we were made to wait an houre or two before called in.[1] In that time looking upon some books of heraldry of Sir Edward Walker's making, which are very fine, there I observed the Duke of Monmouth's armes are neatly done, and his title, "The most noble and high-born Prince, James Scott, Duke of Monmouth, &c.;" nor could Sir J. Minnes, nor any body there, tell whence he should take the name of Scott.[2] And then I found my Lord Sandwich, his title under his armes is, "The most noble and mighty Lord, Edward, Earl of Sandwich, &c." Sir Edward Walker afterwards coming in, in discourse did say that there was none of the families of princes in Christendom that do derive themselves so high as Julius Cæsar, nor so far by 1,000 years, that can directly prove their rise; only some in Germany do derive themselves from the patrician familys of Rome, but that uncertainly; and, among other things, did much inveigh against the writing of romances, that 500 years hence being wrote of matters in general, true as the romance of Cleopatra,[3] the world will not know which is the true and which the false. Here was a gentleman attending here that told us he saw the other day (and did bring the draught of it to Sir Francis Prigeon) of a monster born of an hostler's wife at Salisbury, two women children perfectly made, joyned at the lower part of their bellies, and every part perfect as two bodies, and only one payre of legs coming forth on one side from the middle where they were joined. It was alive 24 hours, and cried and

[1] See *ante*, p. 283.

[2] The Duke of Monmouth took the name of Scott in 1663 on his marriage to Lady Anne Scott, daughter and sole heir of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch.

[3] The publication of the romance of "Cleopatra," by Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenede, was commenced in 1646. Dunlop says of it: "The basis is historical, but few of the incidents are consistent with historical truth."

did as all hopefull children do; but, being showed too much to people, was killed. By and by we were called in, where a great many lords: Annesly[1] in the chair. But, Lord! to see what work they will make us, and what trouble we shall have to inform men in a business they are to begin to know, when the greatest of our hurry is, is a thing to be lamented; and I fear the consequence will be bad to us. Thence I by coach to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, my head akeing mightily with much business. Our little girl better than she was yesterday. After dinner out again by coach to my Lord Chancellor's, but could not speak with him, then up and down to seek Sir Ph. Warwicke, Sir G. Carteret, and my Lord Berkely, but failed in all, and so home and there late at business. Among other things Mr. Turner making his complaint to me how my clerks do all the worke and get all the profit, and he hath no comfort, nor cannot subsist, I did make him apprehend how he is beholding to me more than to any body for my suffering him to act as Pourveyour of petty provisions, and told him so largely my little value of any body's favour, that I believe he will make no complaints again a good while. So home to supper and to bed, after prayers, and having my boy and Mercer give me some, each of them some, musique.

12th. Up, being frighted that Mr. Coventry was come to towne and now at the office, so I run down without eating or drinking or washing to the office and it proved my Lord Berkeley. There all the morning, at noon to the 'Change, and so home to dinner, Mr. Wayth with me, and then to the office, where mighty busy till very late, but I bless God I go through with it very well and hope I shall.

13th (Lord's day). This morning to church, where mighty sport, to hear our clerke sing out of tune, though his master sits by him that begins and keeps the tune aloud for the parish. Dined at home very well, and spent all the afternoon with my wife within doors, and getting a speech out of Hamlett,

[1] Arthur Annesley (1614-86) succeeded his father as second Viscount Valentia in November, 1660, and was created Baron Annesley and Earl of Anglesey in April, 1661.

"To bee or not to bee,"[1] without book. In the evening to sing psalms, and in come Mr. Hill to see me, and then he and I and the boy finely to sing, and so anon broke up after much pleasure, he gone I to supper, and so prayers and to bed.

14th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, to the Lords of the Admiralty, and there did our business betimes. Thence to Sir Philip Warwicke about Navy business: and my Lord Ashly; and afterwards to my Lord Chancellor, who is very well pleased with me, and my carrying of his business. And so to the 'Change, where mighty busy; and so home to dinner, where Mr. Creed and Moore: and after dinner I to my Lord Treasurer's, to Sir Philip Warwicke there, and then to White Hall, to the Duke of Albemarle, about Tangier; and then homeward to the Coffee-house to hear newes. And it seems the Dutch, as I afterwards found by Mr. Coventry's letters, have stopped a ship of masts of Sir W. Warren's, coming for us in a Swede's ship, which they will not release upon Sir G. Downing's claiming her: which appears as the first act of hostility; and is looked upon as so by Mr. Coventry. The Elias,[2] coming from New England (Captain Hill, commander), is sunk; only the captain and a few men saved. She foundered in the sea. So home, where infinite busy till 12 at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th. That I might not be too fine for the business I intend this day, I did leave off my fine new cloth suit lined with plush and put on my poor black suit, and after office done (where much business, but little done), I to the 'Change, and thence Bagwell's wife with much ado followed me through Moorfields to a blind alehouse, and there I did caress her and eat and drink, and many hard looks and sooth the poor wretch did give me, and I think verily was troubled at what I did, but at last after

[1] Pepys had "To be or not to be" set to music, and it will be found in his collection of "Songs and other Compositions" (No. 2591), in the volume devoted to "Compositions, Grave."

[2] The "Elias" frigate foundered one hundred and forty leagues from shore on the coast of New England. One hundred and twenty men were lost, and only twenty-one saved by the "Martin."

many protestings by degrees I did arrive at what I would, with great pleasure, and then in the evening, it raining, walked into town to where she knew where she was, and then I took coach and to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where, and every where else, I thank God, I find myself growing in repute; and so home, and late, very late, at business, nobody minding it but myself, and so home to bed, weary and full of thoughts. Businesses grow high between the Dutch and us on every side.

16th. My wife not being well, waked in the night, and strange to see how dead sleep our people sleep that she was fain to ring an hour before any body would wake. At last one rose and helped my wife, and so to sleep again. Up and to my business, and then to White Hall, there to attend the Lords Commissioners, and so directly home and dined with Sir W. Batten and my Lady, and after dinner had much discourse tending to profit with Sir W. Batten, how to get ourselves into the prize office[1] or some other fair way of obliging the King to consider us in our extraordinary pains. Then to the office, and there all the afternoon very busy, and so till past 12 at night, and so home to bed. This day my wife went to the burial of a little boy of W. Joyce's.

17th. Up and to my office, and there all the morning mighty busy, and taking upon me to tell the Comptroller how ill his matters were done, and I think indeed if I continue thus all the business of the office will come upon me whether I will or no. At noon to the 'Change, and then home with Creed to dinner, and thence I to the office, where close at it all the afternoon till 12 at night, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I received from Mr. Foley,[2] but for me to pay for it, if I like it, an iron chest, having now received back some money I had laid out for the King, and I hope to have

[1] The Calendars of State Papers are full of references to applications for Commissionerships of the Prize Office. In December, 1664, the Navy Committee appointed themselves the Commissioners for Prize Goods, Sir Henry Bennet being appointed comptroller, and Lord Ashley treasurer.

[2] Thomas Foley, the ironmonger (see *ante*, p. 277).

a good sum of money by me, thereby, in a few days, I think above £800. But when I come home at night, I could not find the way to open it; but, which is a strange thing, my little girle Susan could carry it alone from one table clear from the ground and set upon another, when neither I nor anyone in my house but Jane the cook-mayde could do it.

18th. Up and to the office, and thence to the Committee of the Fishery at White Hall, where so poor simple doings about the business of the Lottery, that I was ashamed to see it, that a thing so low and base should have any thing to do with so noble an undertaking. But I had the advantage this day to hear Mr. Williamson discourse, who come to be a contractor with others for the Lotterys, and indeed I find he is a very logicall man and a good speaker. But it was so pleasant to see my Lord Craven, the chaireman, before many persons of worth and grave, use this comparison in saying that certainly these that would contract for all the lotteries would not suffer us to set up the Virginia lottery for plate before them, "For," says he, "if I occupy a wench first, you may occupy her again your heart out you can never have her maidenhead after I have once had it," which he did more loosely, and yet as if he had fetched a most grave and worthy instance. They made mirth, but I and others were ashamed of it. Thence to the 'Change and thence home to dinner, and thence to the office a good while, and thence to the Council chamber at White Hall to speake with Sir G. Carteret, and here by accident heard a great and famous cause between Sir G. Lane[1] and one Mr. Phill. Whore, an Irish business about Sir G. Lane's endeavouring to reverse a decree of the late Commissioners of Ireland in a Rebells case for his land, which the King had given as forfeited to Sir G. Lane, for whom the Sollicitor did argue most angell like, and one of the Commissioners, Baron ——, did argue for the other and for himself and his brethren who had decreed it. But the Sollicitor do so pay the Commissioners, how four

[1] Sir George Lane was secretary to the Duke of Ormonde, and his name frequently appears in the Carte Papers. He was created Viscount Lanesborough in the peerage of Ireland in 1676.

all along did act for the Papists, and three only for the Protestants, by which they were overvoted, but at last one word (which was omitted in the Sollicitor's repeating of an Act of Parliament in the case) being insisted on by the other part, the Sollicitor was put to a great stop, and I could discern he could not tell what to say, but was quite out. Thence home well pleased with this accident, and so home to my office, where late, and then to supper and to bed. This day I had a letter from Mr. Coventry, that tells me that my Lord Brunkard[1] is to be one of our Commissioners, of which I am very glad, if any more must be.

19th. All the morning at the office, and without dinner down by galley up and down the river to visit the yards and ships now ordered forth with great delight, and so home to supper, and then to office late to write letters, then home to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, where Pegg Pen very fine in her new coloured silk suit laced with silver lace. Dined at home, and Mr. Sheply, lately come to town, with me. A great deal of ordinary discourse with him. Among other things praying him to speak to Stankes to look after our business. With him and in private with Mr. Bodham talking of our ropeyarde stores at Woolwich, which are mighty low, even to admiration. They gone, in the evening comes Mr. Andrews and sings with us, and he gone, I to Sir W. Batten's, where Sir J. Minnes and he and I to talk about our letter to my Lord Treasurer, where his folly and simple confidence so great in a report so ridiculous that he hath drawn up to present to my Lord, nothing of it being true, that I was ashamed, and did roundly and in many words for an houre together talk boldly to him, which pleased Sir W. Batten and my Lady, but I was in the right, and was the willinger to do so before them, that they might see that I am somebody, and shall serve him so in his way another time. So home vexed

[1] William, second Viscount Brouncker of Castle Lyons in the peerage of Ireland, was appointed an extra Commissioner of the Navy on December 7th, 1664.

at this night's passage, for I had been very hot with him, so to supper and to bed, out of order with this night's vexation.

21st. Up, and with them to the Lords at White Hall, where they do single me out to speake to and to hear, much to my content, and received their commands, particularly in several businesses. Thence by their order to the Attorney General's about a new warrant for Captain Taylor[1] which I shall carry for him to be Commissioner in spite of Sir W. Batten, and yet indeed it is not I, but the ability of the man, that makes the Duke and Mr. Coventry stand by their choice. I to the 'Change and there staid long doing business, and this day for certain newes is come that Teddiman[2] hath brought in eighteen or twenty Dutchmen, merchants, their Bourdeaux fleete, and two men of warr to Portsmouth. And I had letters this afternoon, that three are brought into the Downes and Dover; so that the warr is begun: God give a good end to it! After dinner at home all the afternoon busy, and at night with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes looking over the business of stating the accounts of the navy charge to my Lord Treasurer, where Sir J. Minnes's paper served us in no stead almost, but was all false, and after I had done it with great pains, he being by, I am confident he understands not one word in it. At it till 10 at night almost. Thence by coach to Sir Philip Warwicke's, by his desire to have conferred with him, but he being in bed, I to White Hall to the Secretaries, and there wrote to Mr. Coventry, and so home by coach again, a fine clear moonshine night, but very cold. Home to my office a while, it being past 12 at night, and so to supper and to bed.

22nd. At the office all the morning. Sir G. Carteret, upon

[1] See *ante*, p. 282, for Coventry's opinion of the objection to Taylor.

[2] Captain Sir Thomas Teddiman (or Tyddiman) had been appointed Rear-Admiral of Lord Sandwich's squadron of the English fleet. In a letter from Sir William Coventry to Secretary Bennet, dated November 13th, 1664, we read, "Rear Admiral Teddeman with four or five ships has gone to course in the Channel, and if he meet any refractory Dutchmen will teach them their duty" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 66).

a motion of Sir W. Batten's, did promise, if we would write a letter to him, to shew it to the King on our behalf touching our desire of being Commissioners of the Prize office.[1] I wrote a letter to my mind and, after eating a bit at home (Mr. Sheply dining and taking his leave of me), abroad and to Sir G. Carteret with the letter and thence to my Lord Treasurer's; where with Sir Philip Warwicke long studying all we could to make the last year swell as high as we could. And it is much to see how he do study for the King, to do it to get all the money from the Parliament all he can: and I shall be serviceable to him therein, to help him to heads upon which to enlarge the report of the expense. He did observe to me how obedient this Parliament was for awhile, and the last sitting how they begun to differ, and to carp at the King's officers; and what they will do now, he says, is to make agreement for the money, for there is no guess to be made of it. He told me he was prepared to convince the Parliament that the Subsidys are a most ridiculous tax (the four last not rising to £40,000), and unequall. He talks of a tax of Assessment of £70,000 for five years; the people to be secured that it shall continue no longer than there is really a warr; and the charges thereof to be paid. He told me, that one year of the late Dutch warr cost £1,623,000. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there staid long with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, to speak with my lord about our Prize Office business; but, being sicke and full of visitants, we could not speak with him, and so away home. Where Sir Richard Ford did meet us with letters from Holland this day, that it is likely the Dutch fleete will not come out this year; they have not victuals to keep them out, and it is likely they will be frozen before they can get back.[2] Captain Cocke[3] is made Steward for sick and wounded seamen. So home to supper, where troubled to hear my poor boy Tom

[1] See *ante*, p. 289.

[2] If they made the attempt to put to sea.—B.

[3] Captain George Cocke was officially styled Receiver for Sick and Wounded and Prisoners. Evelyn refers to him as "our Treasurer."

has a fit of the stone, or some other pain like it. I must consult Mr. Holliard for him. So at one in the morning home to bed.

23rd. Up and to my office, where close all the morning about my Lord Treasurer's accounts, and at noon home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon very busy till very late at night, and then to supper and to bed. This evening Mr. Hollyard came to me and told me that he hath searched my boy, and he finds he hath a stone in his bladder, which grieves me to the heart, he being a good-natured and well-disposed boy, and more that it should be my misfortune to have him come to my house. Sir G. Carteret was here this afternoon; and strange to see how we plot to make the charge of this warr to appear greater than it is, because of getting money.

24th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy answering of people. About noon out with Commissioner Pett, and he and I to a Coffee-house, to drink jocolatte,[1] very good; and so by coach to Westminster, being the first day of the Parliament's meeting. After the House had received the King's speech, and what more he had to say, delivered in writing, the Chancellor being sicke, it rose, and I with Sir Philip Warwicke home and conferred our matters about the charge of the Navy, and have more to give him in the excessive charge of this year's expense. I dined with him, and Mr. Povy with us and Sir Edmund Pooly, a fine gentleman, and Mr. Chichly, and fine discourse we had and fine talke, being proud to see myself accepted in such company and thought better than I am. After dinner Sir Philip and I to talk again, and then away home to the office, where sat late; beginning our sittings now in the afternoon, because of the Parliament; and they being rose, I to my office, where late till almost one o'clock, and then home to bed.

25th. Up and at my office all the morning, to prepare an account of the charge we have been put to extraordinary by the Dutch already; and I have brought it to appear £852,700;

[1] Chocolate (see note, vol. i., p. 26).

but God knows this is only a scare to the Parliament, to make them give the more money. Thence to the Parliament House, and there did give it to Sir Philip Warwicke; the House being hot upon giving the King a supply of money, and I by coach to the 'Change and took up Mr. Jenings along with me (my old acquaintance), he telling me the mean manner that Sir Samuel Morland lives near him,[1] in a house he hath bought and laid out money upon, in all to the value of £1,200, but is believed to be a beggar; and so I ever thought he would be. From the 'Change with Mr. Deering and Luellin to the White Horse tavern in Lombard Street, and there dined with them, he giving me a dish of meat to discourse in order to my serving Deering, which I am already obliged to do, and shall do it, and would be glad he were a man trusty that I might venture something along with him. Thence home, and by and by in the evening took my wife out by coach, leaving her at Unthanke's while I to White Hall and to Westminster Hall, where I have not been to talk a great while, and there hear that Mrs. Lane and her husband live a sad life together, and he is gone to be a paymaster to a company to Portsmouth to serve at sea. She big with child. Thence I home, calling my wife, and at Sir W. Batten's hear that the House have given the King £2,500,000 to be paid for this warr, only for the Navy, in three years' time; which is a joyfull thing to all the King's party I see, but was much opposed by Mr. Vaughan[2] and others, that it should be so much. So home and to supper and to bed.

26th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning. Home a while to dinner and then to the office, where very late busy till quite weary, but contented well with my dispatch of business, and so home to supper and to bed.

27th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, then dined at home, and to my office, and there all the afternoon setting right my business of flaggs, and after all my pains find reason

[1] This was probably at Vauxhall, where Morland lived for several years.

[2] John Vaughan, M.P. (see *ante*, p. 91).

not to be sorry, because I think it will bring me considerable profit. In the evening come Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we sung, with my boy, Ravenscroft's 4-part psalms,[1] most admirable musique. Then (Andrews not staying) we to supper, and after supper fell into the rarest discourse with Mr. Hill[2] about Rome and Italy; but most pleasant that I ever had in my life. At it very late and then to bed.

28th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes and W. Batten to White Hall, but no Committee of Lords (which is like to do the King's business well). So to Westminster, and there to Jervas's and was a little while with Jane, and so to London by coach and to the Coffee-house, where certain news of our peace made by Captain Allen with Argier, which is good news; and that the Dutch have sent part of their fleete round by Scotland; and resolve to pay off the rest half-pay, promising the rest in the Spring, hereby keeping their men. But how true this, I know not. Home to dinner, then come Dr. Clerke to speak with me about sick and wounded men, wherein he is like to be concerned. After him Mr. Cutler, and much talk with him, and with him to White Hall, to have waited on the Lords by order, but no meeting, neither to-night, which will spoil all. I think I shall get something by my discourse with Cutler. So home, and after being at my office an hour with Mr. Povy talking about his business of Tangier, getting him some money allowed him for freight of ships, wherein I hope to get something too. He gone, home hungry and almost sick for want of eating, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to the Committee of Lords at the Council Chamber, where Sir G. Carteret told us what he had said to the King, and how the King inclines to our request of making us Commissioners of the Prize office, but meeting him anon in the gallery, he tells me that my Lord Barkely is angry we should not acquaint him with it, so I found

[1] "Psalms and Hymns, with the music in iv. Parts by Tho. Ravenscroft," was published at London in 1621.

[2] Thomas Hill, a merchant, whom Pepys describes, in his "Collection of Signs Manual," as "my friend, who died at Lisbon in 1675."—B.

out my Lord and pacified him, but I know not whether he was so in earnest or no, for he looked very frowardly. Thence to the Parliament House, and with Sir W. Batten home and dined with him, my wife being gone to my Lady Sandwich's, and then to the office, where we sat all the afternoon, and I at my office till past 12 at night, and so home to bed. This day I hear that the King should say that the Dutch do begin to comply with him. Sir John Robinson told Sir W. Batten that he heard the King say so. I pray God it may be so.

30th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to the Committee of the Lords, and there did our business; but, Lord! what a sorry dispatch these great persons give to business. Thence to the 'Change, and there hear the certainty and circumstances of the Dutch having called in their fleete and paid their men half-pay, the other to be paid them upon their being ready upon beat of drum to come to serve them again, and in the meantime to have half-pay. This is said. Thence home to dinner, and so to my office all the afternoon. In the evening my wife and Sir W. Warren with me to White Hall, sending her with the coach to see her father and mother. He and I up to Sir G. Carteret, and first I alone and then both had discourse with him about things of the Navy, and so I and he calling my wife at Unthanke's, home again, and long together talking how to order things in a new contract for Norway goods, as well to the King's as to his advantage. He gone, I to my monthly accounts, and, bless God! I find I have increased my last balance, though but little; but I hope ere long to get more. In the meantime praise God for what I have, which is £1,209. So, with my heart glad to see my accounts fall so right in this time of mixing of monies and confusion, I home to bed.

December 1st. Up betimes and to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, and so straight home and hard to my business at my office till noon, then to dinner, and so to my office, and by and by we sat all the afternoon, then to my office again till past one in the morning, and so home to supper and to bed.

2nd. Lay long in bed. Then up and to the office, where

busy all the morning. At home dined. After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Duke's House, and there saw "The Rivalls,"[1] which I had seen before; but the play not good, nor anything but the good actings of Betterton and his wife and Harris. Thence homeward, and the coach broke with us in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and so walked to Fleete Streete, and there took coach and home, and to my office, whither by and by comes Captain Cocke, and then Sir W. Batten, and we all to Sir J. Minnes, and I did give them a barrel of oysters I had given to me, and so there sat and talked, where good discourse of the late troubles, they knowing things, all of them, very well; and Cocke, from the King's own mouth, being then entrusted himself much, do know particularly that the King's credulity to Cromwell's promises, private to him, against the advice of his friends and the certain discovery of the practices and discourses of Cromwell in council (by Major Huntington[2]) did take away his life and nothing else. Then to some loose atheisticall discourse of Cocke's, when he was almost drunk, and then about 11 o'clock broke up, and I to my office, to fit up an account for Povy, wherein I hope to get something. At it till almost two o'clock, then to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and at the office all the morning, and at noon to Mr. Cutler's, and there dined with Sir W. Rider and him, and thence Sir W. Rider and I by coach to White Hall to a Committee of the Fishery; there only to hear Sir Edward Ford's proposal about farthings, wherein, O God! to see almost every body interested for him; only my Lord Annesly,[3] who is a

[1] See *ante*, September 10th, 1664, p. 240.

[2] According to Clarendon the officer here alluded to was a major in Cromwell's own regiment of horse, and employed by him to treat with Charles I. whilst at Hampton Court; but being convinced of the insincerity of the proceeding, communicated his suspicions to that monarch, and immediately gave up his commission. We hear no more of Huntington till the Restoration, when his name occurs with those of many other officers, who tendered their services to the king. His reasons for laying down his commission are printed in Thurloe's "State Papers" and Maseres's "Tracts."—B.

[3] Lord Annesly is an incorrect description of Arthur Annesley, first

grave, serious man. My Lord Barkeley was there, but is the most hot, fiery man in discourse, without any cause, that ever I saw, even to breach of civility to my Lord Anglesey, in his discourse opposing to my Lord's. At last, though without much satisfaction to me, it was voted that it should be requested of the King, and that Sir Edward Ford's proposal is the best yet made. Thence by coach home. The Duke of Yorke being expected to-night with great joy from Portsmouth, after his having been abroad at sea three or four days with the fleete; and the Dutch are all drawn into their harbours. But it seems like a victory: and a matter of some reputation to us it is, and blemish to them; but in no degree like what it is esteemed at, the weather requiring them to do so. Home and at my office late, and then to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, and then up and to my office, there to dispatch a business in order to the getting something out of the Tangier business, wherein I have an opportunity to get myself paid upon the score of freight. I hope a good sum. At noon home to dinner, and then in the afternoon to church. So home, and by and by comes Mr. Hill and Andrews, and sung together long and with great content. Then to supper and broke up. Pretty discourse, very pleasant and ingenious, and so to my office a little, and then home (after prayers) to bed. This day I hear the Duke of Yorke is come to towne, though expected last night, as I observed, but by what hindrance stopped I can't tell.

5th. Up, and to White Hall with Sir J. Minnes; and there, among an infinite crowd of great persons, did kiss the Duke's hand; but had no time to discourse. Thence up and down the gallery, and got my Lord of Albemarle's hand to my bill for Povy, but afterwards was asked some scurvy questions by Povy about my demands, which troubled [me], but will do no great hurt I think. Thence vexed home, and there by appointment comes my cozen Roger Pepys and Mrs. Turner, and dined with me, and very merry we were. They staid all the afternoon till night,

Earl of Anglesey, although in addition to his earldom he bore the title of Baron Annesley of Newport Paganel (see *ante*, p. 287).

and then after I had discoursed an hour with Sir W. Warren plainly declaring my resolution to desert him if he goes on to join with Castle, who and his family I, for great provocation, love not, which he takes with some trouble, but will concur in every thing with me, he says. Now I am loth, I confess, to lose him, he having been the best friend I have had ever in this office. So he being gone, we all, it being night, in Madam Turner's coach to her house, there to see, as she tells us, how fat Mrs. The. is grown, and so I find her, but not as I expected, but mightily pleased I am to hear the mother commend her daughter Betty that she is like to be a great beauty, and she sets much by her. Thence I to White Hall, and there saw Mr. Coventry come to towne, and, with all my heart, am glad to see him, but could have no talke with him, he being but just come. Thence back and took up my wife, and home, where a while, and then home to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and in Sir W. Batten's coach to White Hall, but the Duke being gone forth, I to Westminster Hall, and there spent much time till towards noon to and fro with people. So by and by Mrs. Lane comes and plucks me by the cloak to speak to me, and I was fain to go to her shop, and pretending to buy some bands made her go home, and by and by followed her, and there did what I would with her, and so after many discourses and her intreating me to do something for her husband, which I promised to do, and buying a little band of her, which I intend to keep to, I took leave, there coming a couple of footboys to her with a coach to fetch her abroad I know not to whom. She is great with child, and she says I must be godfather, but I do not intend it. Thence by coach to the Old Exchange, and there hear that the Dutch are fitting their ships out again, which puts us to new discourse, and to alter our thoughts of the Dutch, as to their want of courage or force. Thence by appointment to the White Horse Taverne in Lumbard Streete, and there dined with my Lord Rutherford, Povy, Mr. Gauden, Creed, and others, and very merry, and after dinner among other things Povy and I withdrew, and

I plainly told him that I was concerned in profit, but very justly, in this business of the Bill that I have been these two or three days about, and he consents to it, and it shall be paid. He tells me how he believes, and in part knows, Creed to be worth £10,000; nay, that now and then he [Povy] hath three or £4,000 in his hands, for which he gives the interest that the King gives, which is ten per cent., and that Creed do come and demand it every three months the interest to be paid him, which Povy looks upon as a cunning and mean tricke of him; but for all that, he will do and is very rich. Thence to the office, where we sat and where Mr. Coventry came the first time after his return from sea, which I was glad of. So after office to my office, and then home to supper, and to my office again, and then late home to bed.

7th. Lay long, then up, and among others Bagwell's wife coming to speak with me put new thoughts of folly into me which I am troubled at. Thence after doing business at my office, I by coach to my Lady Sandwich's, and there dined with her, and found all well and merry. Thence to White Hall, and we waited on the Duke, who looks better than he did, methinks, before his voyage; and, I think, a little more stern than he used to do. Thence to the Temple to my cozen Roger Pepys, thinking to have met the Doctor to have discoursed our business, but he came not, so I home, and there by agreement came my Lord Rutherford, Povy, Gauden, Creed, Alderman Backewell, about Tangier business of accounts between Rutherford and Gauden. Here they were with me an hour or more, then after drinking away, and Povy and Creed staid and eat with me; but I was sorry I had no better cheer for Povy; for the foole may be useful, and is a cunning fellow in his way, which is a strange one, and that, that I meet not in any other man, nor can describe in him. They late with me, and when gone my boy and I to musique, and then to bed.

8th. Up, and to my office, where all the morning busy. At noon dined at home, and then to the office, where we sat all the afternoon. In the evening comes my aunt and uncle Wight,

Mrs. Norbury,[1] and her daughter, and after them Mr. Norbury, where no great pleasure, my aunt[2] being out of humour in her fine clothes, and it raining hard. Besides, I was a little too bold with her about her doating on Dr. Venner. Anon they went away, and I till past 12 at night at my office, and then home to bed.

9th. Up betimes and walked to Mr. Povy's, and there, not without some few troublesome questions of his, I got a note, and went and received £117 5*s*. of Alderman Viner upon my pretended freight of the "William"[3] for Tangier, which overbears me on one side with joy and on the other to think of my condition if I shall be called into examination about it, and (though in strictness it is due) not be able to give a good account of it. Home with it, and there comes Captain Taylor to me, and he and I did set even the business of the ship Union lately gone for Tangier, wherein I hope to get £50 more, for all which the Lord be praised. At noon home to dinner, Mr. Hunt and his wife with us, and very pleasant. Then in the afternoon I carried them home by coach, and I to Westminster Hall, and thence to Gervas's, and there find I cannot prevail with Jane to go forth with me, but though I took a good occasion of going to the Trumpet she declined coming, which vexed me. *Je avait grande envie envers elle, avec vrai amour et passion.* Thence home and to my office till one in the morning, setting to rights in writing this day's two accounts of Povy and Taylor, and then quietly to bed. This day I had several letters from several places, of our bringing in great numbers of Dutch ships.

10th. Lay long, at which I am ashamed, because of so many people observing it that know not how late I sit up, and for fear of Sir W. Batten's speaking of it to others, he

[1] On May 27th, 1666, Pepys refers to Mr. and Mrs. Norbury as his uncle and aunt.

[2] The word aunt may either refer to Mrs. Wight or to Mrs. Norbury.

[3] The "William" is frequently mentioned in the "Calendar of State Papers," 1664-65. In November, 1664, Captain George Erwin was appointed commander of the ship.

having staid for me a good while. At the office all the morning, where comes my Lord Brunkard with his patent in his hand, and delivered it to Sir J. Minnes and myself, we alone being there all the day, and at noon I in his coach with him to the 'Change, where he set me down ; a modest civil person he seems to be, but wholly ignorant in the business of the Navy as possible, but I hope to make a friend of him, being a worthy man. Thence after hearing the great newes of so many Dutchmen being brought in to Portsmouth and elsewhere, which it is expected will either put them upon present revenge or despair, I with Sir W. Rider and Cutler to dinner all alone to the Great James, where good discourse, and, I hope, occasion of getting something hereafter. After dinner to White Hall to the Fishery, where the Duke was with us. So home, and late at my office, writing many letters, then home to supper and to bed. Yesterday come home, and this night I visited Sir W. Pen, who dissembles great respect and love to me, but I understand him very well. Major Holmes is come from Guinny, and is now at Plymouth with great wealth, they say.

11th (Lord's day). Up and to church alone in the morning. Dined at home, mighty pleasantly. In the afternoon I to the French church,[1] where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson, very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I heard a good sermon of the old man, touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland and his lady very fine, with two footmen in new liverys (the church taking much notice of them), and going into their coach after sermon with great gazeing. So I home, and my cozen, Mary Pepys's husband, comes after me, and told me that out of the money he received some months since he did receive 18*d.* too much, and did now come and give it me, which was very pretty. So home, and there found Mr. Andrews and his lady, a well-bred and a tolerable pretty woman, and by and by Mr. Hill and to singing, and then to supper, then to sing again, and so good

[1] The French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street (originally St. Anthony's Hospital), burnt in the Great Fire.

night. To prayers and to night [bed]. It is a little strange how these Psalms of Ravenscroft [1] after 2 or 3 times singing prove but the same again, though good. No diversity appearing at all almost.

12th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten by coach to White Hall, where all of us with the Duke; Mr. Coventry privately did tell me the reason of his advice against our pretences to the Prize Office (in his letter from Portsmouth), because he knew that the King and the Duke had resolved to put in some Parliament men that have deserved well, and that would needs be obliged, by putting them in. Thence homeward, called at my bookseller's and bespoke some books against the year's out, and then to the 'Change, and so home to dinner, and then to the office, where my Lord Brunkard comes and reads over part of our Instructions in the Navy,[2] and I expounded it to him, so he is become my disciple. He gone, comes Cutler to tell us that the King of France hath forbid any canvass to be carried out of his kingdom, and I to examine went with him to the East India house to see a letter, but came too late. So home again, and there late till 12 at night at my office, and then home to supper and to bed. This day (to see how things are ordered in the world), I had a

[1] See *ante*, November 27th (p. 296). Dr. Hueffer wrote ("Italian and other Studies"), "Ravenscroft belonged to an earlier generation of musicians, and Mr. Pepys might well find his style a trifle monotonous compared with the Italian and French songs he was wont to listen to. But apart from this, and looking upon Ravenscroft in connection with the writers of his own time, the modest censure of the diarist will not be found without some show of reason. Thomas Ravenscroft was a theorist and a pedant of the deepest dye, as the very title of his absurd attempt at reviving obsolete practices of bygone days is sufficient to show. Here it is: 'A Briefe Discourse of the True (but neglected) use of charact'ring the Degrees by their perfection, imperfection, and diminution in measurable Musicke against the common practise and custome of these times; examples whereof are exprest in the Harmony of 4 voyces concerning the Pleasure of 5 usuall recreations, 1 Hunting, 2 Hawking, 3 Dancing, 4 Drinking, 5 Enamouring,' 1614."

[2] The Duke of York's Instructions for the Government of the Navy Office (see note, vol. ii., p. 184).

command from the Earle of Sandwich, at Portsmouth, not to be forward with Mr. Cholmly and Sir J. Lawson about the Mole at Tangier, because that what I do therein will (because of his friendship to me known) redound against him, as if I had done it upon his score. So I wrote to my Lord my mistake, and am contented to promise never to pursue it more, which goes against my mind with all my heart.

13th. Lay long in bed, then up, and many people to speak with me. Then to my office, and dined at noon at home, then to the office again, where we sat all the afternoon, and then home at night to a little supper, and so after my office again at 12 at night home to bed.

14th. Up, and after a while at the office, I abroad in several places, among others to my bookseller's, and there spoke for several books against New Year's day, I resolving to lay out about £7 or £8, God having given me some profit extraordinary of late; and bespoke also some plate, spoons, and forks. I pray God keep me from too great expenses, though these will still be pretty good money. Then to the 'Change, and I home to dinner, where Creed and Mr. Cæsar,[1] my boy's lute master, who plays indeed mighty finely, and after dinner I abroad, parting from Creed, and away to and fro, laying out or preparing for laying out more money, but I hope and resolve not to exceed therein, and to-night spoke for some fruit for the country for my father against Christmas, and where should I do it, but at the pretty woman's, that used to stand at the doore in Fanchurch Streete, I having a mind to know her. So home, and late at my office, evening reckonings with Shergoll, hoping to get money by the business, and so away home to supper and to bed, not being very well through my taking cold of late, and so troubled with some wind.

15th. Called up very betimes by Mr. Cholmly, and with him a good while about some of his Tangier accounts; and, discoursing of the condition of Tangier, he did give me the

[1] William Cæsar, musical composer and teacher of the lute, is frequently mentioned in the Diary. Some of his songs are found in different collections of the time under the name of William Cæsar *alias* Smegergill.

whole account of the differences between Fitzgerald and Norwood, which were very high on both sides, but most imperious and base on Fitzgerald's, and yet through my Lord Fitz-Harding's[1] means, the Duke of York is led rather to blame Norwood and to speake that he should be called home, than be sensible of the other. He is a creature of FitzHarding's, as a fellow that may be done with what he will, and, himself certainly pretending to be Generall of the King's armies, when Monk dyeth, desires to have as few great or wise men in employment as he can now, but such as he can put in and keep under, which he do this coxcomb Fitzgerald. It seems, of all mankind there is no man so led by another as the Duke is by Lord Muskerry[2] and this FitzHarding. Insomuch, as when the King would have him to be Privy-Purse, the Duke wept, and said, "But, Sir, I must have your promise, if you will have my dear Charles from me, that if ever you have occasion for an army again, I may have him with me; believing him to be the best commander of an army in the world." But Mr. Cholmly thinks, as all other men I meet with do, that he is a very ordinary fellow. It is strange how the Duke also do love naturally, and affect the Irish above the English.[3] He, of the company he carried with him to sea, took above two-thirds Irish and French. He tells me the King do hate my Lord Chancellor; and that they, that is the King and my Lord FitzHarding, do laugh at him for a dull fellow; and in all this business of the Dutch war do nothing by his advice, hardly consulting him. Only he is a good

[1] Charles Berkeley, created Baron Berkeley of Rathdown in 1661, Viscount Fitzharding of Bearhaven in 1663, and Earl of Falmouth in 1665. He was appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse to Charles II. in October, 1662.

[2] Eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty and nephew of the Duke of Ormonde. He had served with distinction in Flanders, as colonel of an infantry regiment, and was killed on board the Duke of York's ship in the sea-fight, 1665. Ormonde, writing to his mother to announce the sad news, says, "his death is a great loss to his friends and family, and is as generally lamented here (Whitehall) as anybody's."

[3] Because so many of the Irish were Roman Catholics.—B.

minister in other respects, and the King cannot be without him; but, above all, being the Duke's father-in-law, he is kept in; otherwise FitzHarding were able to fling down two of him. This, all the wise and grave lords see, and cannot help it; but yield to it. But he bemoans what the end of it may be, the King being ruled by these men, as he hath been all along since his coming; to the razing all the strong-holds in Scotland, and giving liberty to the Irish in Ireland, whom Cromwell had settled all in one corner; who are now able, and it is feared every day a massacre again among them. He being gone I abroad to the carrier's, to see some things sent away to my father against Christmas, and thence to Moorfields, and there up and down to several houses to drink to look for a place *pour rencontrer la femme de je sais quoi* against next Monday, but could meet none. So to the Coffee-house, where great talke of the Comet[1] seen in several places; and among our men at sea, and by my Lord Sandwich, to whom I intend to write about it to-night. Thence home to dinner, and then to the office, where all the afternoon, and in the evening home to supper, and then to the office late, and so to bed. This night I begun to burn wax candles in my closett at the office, to try the charge, and to see whether the smoke offends like that of tallow candles.

16th. Up, and by water to Deptford, thinking to have met *la femme de* Bagwell, but failed, and having done some business at the yard, I back again, it being a fine fresh morning to walk. Back again, Mr. Wayth walking with me to Half-Way House talking about Mr. Castle's fine knees[2] lately delivered in. In which I am well informed that they are not as they should be to make them knees, and I hope shall make good use of it to the King's service. Thence home, and having dressed myself, to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, and so abroad by coach with my wife, and bought a looking-

[1] This comet produced a large amount of literature. The eminent astronomer, Mr. J. R. Hind, F.R.S., has a short anonymous article on it in "Nature," February 7th, 1884, p. 345.

[2] See *ante*, p. 280, and note, vol. iii., p. 295.

glasse by the Old Exchange, which costs me £5 5*s*., and 6*s*. for the hooks. A very fair glasse. So toward my cozen Scott's, but meeting my Lady Sandwich's coach, my wife turned back to follow them, thinking they might, as they did, go to visit her, and I 'light and to Mrs. Harman, and there staid and talked in her shop with her, and much pleased I am with her. We talked about Anthony Joyce's giving over trade and that he intends to live in lodgings, which is a very mad, foolish thing. She tells me she hears and believes it is because he, being now begun to be called on offices, resolves not to take the new oathe, he having formerly taken the Covenant or Engagement, but I think he do very simply and will endeavour for his wife's sake to advise him therein. Thence to my cozen Scott's, and there met my cozen Roger Pepys, and Mrs. Turner, and The. and Joyce, and prated all the while, and so with the "corps" to church and heard a very fine sermon of the Parson of the parish, and so homeward with them in their coach, but finding it too late to go home with me, I took another coach and so home, and after a while at my office, home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon I to the 'Change, and there, among others, had my first meeting with Mr. L'Estrange,[1] who hath endeavoured several times to speak with me. It is to get, now and then, some newes of me, which I shall, as I see cause, give him. He is a man of fine conversation, I think, but I am sure most courtly and full of compliments. Thence home to dinner, and then come the looking-glass man to set up the looking-glass I bought yesterday, in my dining-room, and very handsome it is. So abroad by coach to White Hall, and there to the Committee of Tangier, and then the Fishing. Mr. Povy did in discourse give me a rub about my late bill for money that I did get of him, which vexed me and stuck in my mind all this evening, though I know very well how to cleare myself at the worst. So home and to my office, where late,

[1] Roger L'Estrange, Licenser of the Press and pamphleteer. See note, vol. iii., p. 269.

and then home to bed. Mighty talke there is of this Comet that is seen a'nights; and the King and Queene did sit up last night to see it, and did, it seems. And to-night I thought to have done so too; but it is cloudy, and so no stars appear. But I will endeavour it. Mr. Gray did tell me to-night, for certain, that the Dutch, as high as they seem, do begin to buckle;[1] and that one man in this Kingdom did tell the King that he is offered £40,000 to make a peace, and others have been offered money also. It seems the taking of their Bourdeaux fleete thus, arose from a printed Gazette of the Dutch's boasting of fighting, and having beaten the English: in confidence whereof (it coming to Bourdeaux), all the fleete comes out, and so falls into our hands.

18th (Lord's day). To church, where, God forgive me! I spent most of my time in looking [on] my new Morena[2] at the other side of the church, an acquaintance of Pegg Pen's. So home to dinner, and then to my chamber to read Ben Johnson's Cataline,[3] a very excellent piece, and so to church again, and thence we met at the office to hire ships, being in great haste and having sent for several masters of ships to come to us. Then home, and there Mr. Andrews and Hill come and we sung finely, and by and by Mr. Fuller, the Parson, and supped with me, he and a friend of his, but my musique friends would not stay supper. At and after supper Mr. Fuller and I [told] many storys of apparitions and delusions thereby, and I out with my storys of Tom Mallard. He gone, I a little to my office, and then to prayers and to bed.

19th. Going to bed betimes last night we waked betimes, and from our people's being forced to take the key to go out to light a candle, I was very angry and begun to find fault with my wife for not commanding her servants as she ought. Thereupon she giving me some cross answer I did strike her

[1] To buckle = to give way or to prepare to give assent.

[2] A brunette. See note, vol. ii., p. 117.

[3] Jonson's "Catiline" was not revived until December 19th, 1668, when it was acted by the King's Company. Hart took the character of Catiline; Mohun, Cathegus; and Burt, Cicero. Mrs. Corey was Sempronia.

over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out and was in great pain, but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch me. But I coying[1] with her made her leave crying, and sent for butter and parsley, and friends presently one with another, and I up, vexed at my heart to think what I had done, for she was forced to lay a poultice or something to her eye all day, and is black, and the people of the house observed it. But I was forced to rise, and up and with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there we waited on the Duke. And among other things Mr. Coventry took occasion to vindicate himself before the Duke and us, being all there, about the choosing of Taylor[2] for Harwich. Upon which the Duke did clear him, and did tell us that he did expect, that, after he had named a man, none of us shall then oppose or find fault with the man; but if we had anything to say, we ought to say it before he had chose him. Sir G. Carteret thought himself concerned, and endeavoured to clear himself: and by and by Sir W. Batten did speak, knowing himself guilty, and did confess, that being pressed by the Council he did say what he did, that he was accounted a fanatique; but did not know that at that time he had been appointed by his Royal Highness. To which the Duke [replied] that it was impossible but he must know that he had appointed him; and so it did appear that the Duke did mean all this while Sir W. Batten. So by and by we parted, and Mr. Coventry did privately tell me that he did this day take this occasion to mention the business to give the Duke an opportunity of speaking his mind to Sir W. Batten in this business, of which I was heartily glad. Thence home, and not finding Bagwell's wife as I expected, I to the 'Change and there walked up and down, and then home, and she being come I bid her go and stay at Mooregate for me, and after going up to my wife (whose eye is very bad, but she is in very good temper to me), and after dinner I to the place and walked round the fields again and again, but not finding

[1] Coying = stroking or caressing with the hand.

[2] Captain John Taylor, see *ante*, p. 281.

her I to the 'Change, and there found her waiting for me and took her away, and to an alehouse, and there I made much of her, and then away thence and to another and endeavoured to caress her, but *elle ne voulait pas*, which did vex me, but I think it was chiefly not having a good easy place to do it upon. So we broke up and parted and I to the office, where we sat hiring of ships an hour or two, and then to my office, and thence (with Captain Taylor home to my house) to give him instructions and some notice of what to his great satisfaction had happened to-day. Which I do because I hope his coming into this office will a little cross Sir W. Batten and may do me good. He gone, I to supper with my wife, very pleasant, and then a little to my office and to bed. My mind, God forgive me, too much running upon what I can *ferais avec la femme de Bagwell demain*, having promised to go to Deptford and *a aller a sa maison avec son mari* when I come thither.

20th. Up and walked to Deptford, where after doing something at the yard I walked, without being observed, with Bagwell home to his house, and there was very kindly used, and the poor people did get a dinner for me in their fashion, of which I also eat very well. After dinner I found occasion of sending him abroad, and then alone *avec elle je tentais a faire ce que je voudrais et contre sa force je le faisais bien que passe a mon contentment.* By and by he coming back again I took leave and walked home, and then there to dinner, where Dr. Fayrebrother come to see me and Luellin. We dined, and I to the office, leaving them, where we sat all the afternoon, and I late at the office. To supper and to the office again very late, then home to bed.

21st. Up, and after evening reckonings to this day with Mr. Bridges, the linnen draper, for callicos, I out to Doctors' Commons, where by agreement my cozen Roger and I did meet my cozen Dr. Tom Pepys, and there a great many and some high words on both sides, but I must confess I was troubled; first, to find my cozen Roger such a simple but well-meaning man as he is; next to think that my father, out of folly and vain glory, should now and then (as by their

words I gather) be speaking how he had set up his son Tom with his goods and house, and now these words are brought against him—I fear to the depriving him of all the profit the poor man intended to make of the lease of his house and sale of his owne goods. I intend to make a quiet end if I can with the Doctor, being a very foul-tounged fool and of great inconvenience to be at difference with such a one that will make the base noise about it that he will. Thence, very much vexed to find myself so much troubled about other men's matters, I to Mrs. Turner's, in Salsbury Court, and with her a little, and carried her, the porter staying for me, our eagle, which she desired the other day, and we were glad to be rid of her, she fouling our house of office mightily. They are much pleased with her. And thence I home and after dinner to the office, where Sir W. Rider and Cutler come, and in dispute I very high with them against their demands, I hope to no hurt to myself, for I was very plain with them to the best of my reason. So they gone I home to supper, then to the office again and so home to bed. My Lord Sandwich this day writes me word that he hath seen (at Portsmouth) the Comet, and says it is the most extraordinary thing that ever he saw.

22nd. Up and betimes to my office, and then out to several places, among others to Holborne to have spoke with one Mr. Underwood about some English hemp, he lies against Gray's Inn. Thereabouts I to a barber's shop to have my hair cut, and there met with a copy of verses, mightily commended by some gentlemen there, of my Lord Mordaunt's,[1] in excuse of his going to sea this late expedition, with the Duke of Yorke. But, Lord! they are but sorry things; only a Lord made them. Thence to the 'Change; and there, among the merchants, I hear fully the news of our being beaten to dirt at Guinny, by De Ruyter with his fleete. The particulars, as much as by Sir G. Carteret afterwards I heard, I have said in

[1] John Mordaunt, second son of John, first Earl of Peterborough, born June 18th, 1626; created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, July 10th, 1659. Died June 5th, 1675.

a letter to my Lord Sandwich this day at Portsmouth; it being most wholly to the utter ruine of our Royall Company, and reproach and shame to the whole nation, as well as justification to them in their doing wrong to no man as to his private [property], only takeing whatever is found to belong to the Company, and nothing else. Dined at the Dolphin, Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, with Sir W. Boreman and Sir Theophilus Biddulph[1] and others, Commissioners of the Sewers, about our place below to lay masts in. But coming a little too soon, I out again, and tooke boat down to Redriffe; and just in time within two minutes, and saw the new vessel of Sir William Petty's launched,[2] the King and Duke being there. It swims and looks finely, and I believe will do well. The name I think is Twilight, but I do not know certainly. Coming away back immediately to dinner, where a great deal of good discourse, and Sir G. Carteret's discourse of this Guinny business, with great displeasure at the losse of our honour there, and do now confess that the trade brought all these troubles upon us between the Dutch and us. Thence to the office and there sat late, then I to my office and there till 12 at night, and so home to bed weary.

23rd. Up and to my office, then come by appointment cozen Tom Trice to me, and I paid him the £20 remaining due to him upon the bond of £100 given him by agreement November, 1663, to end the difference between us about my aunt's, his mother's, money. And here, being willing to know the worst, I told him, "I hope now there is nothing remaining between you and I of future dispute." "No," says he, "nothing at all that I know of, but only a small matter of about 20 or 30*s.* that my father Pepys received for me of rent due to me

[1] Sir Theophilus Biddulph, of Westcombe, Kent, who had been previously knighted, was made a baronet, November 2nd, 1664. He was then serving in parliament for Lichfield.—B.

[2] Pepys was wrong as to the name of Sir William Petty's new double-keeled boat. On February 13th, 1664-65, he gives the correct title, which was "The Experiment."

in the country, which I will in a day or two bring you an account of," and so we parted. Dined at home upon a good turkey which Mr. Sheply sent us, then to the office all the afternoon, Mr. Cutler and others coming to me about business. I hear that the Dutch have prepared a fleete to go the backway to the Streights, where without doubt they will master our fleete. This put to that of Guinny makes me fear them mightily, and certainly they are a most wise people, and careful of their business. The King of France, they say, do declare himself obliged to defend them, and lays claim by his Embassador to the wines we have taken from the Dutch Bourdeaux men, and more, it is doubted whether the Swede will be our friend or no. Pray God deliver us out of these troubles! This day Sir W. Batten sent and afterwards spoke to me, to have me and my wife come and dine with them on Monday next: which is a mighty condescension in them, and for some great reason I am sure, or else it pleases God by my late care of business to make me more considerable even with them than I am sure they would willingly owne me to be. God make me thankfull and carefull to preserve myself so, for I am sure they hate me and it is hope or fear that makes them flatter me. It being a bright night, which it has not been a great while, I purpose to endeavour to be called in the morning to see the Comet, though I fear we shall not see it, because it rises in the east but 16 degrees, and then the houses will hinder us.

24th. Having sat up all night to past two o'clock this morning, our porter, being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the star is seen upon Tower Hill; so I, that had been all night setting in order all my old papers in my chamber, did leave off all, and my boy and I to Tower Hill, it being a most fine, bright moonshine night, and a great frost; but no Comet to be seen. So after running once round the Hill, I and Tom, we home and then to bed. Rose about 9 o'clock and then to the office, where sitting all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, to the Coffee-house; and there heard Sir Richard Ford tell the whole story of our defeat at

Guinny.[1] Wherein our men are guilty of the most horrid cowardice and perfidiousness, as he says and tells it, that ever Englishmen were. Captain Raynolds, that was the only commander of any of the King's ships there, was shot at by De Ruyter, with a bloody flag flying. He, instead of opposing (which, indeed, had been to no purpose, but only to maintain honour), did poorly go on board himself, to ask what De Ruyter would have; and so yielded to whatever Ruyter would desire. The King and Duke are highly vexed at it, it seems, and the business deserves it. Thence home to dinner, and then abroad to buy some things, and among others to my bookseller's, and there saw several books I spoke for, which are finely bound and good books to my great content. So home and to my office, where late. This evening I being informed did look and saw the Comet,[2] which is now, whether worn away or no I know not, but appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star, and is come to rise betimes, and to make a great arch, and is gone quite to a new place in the heavens than it was before: but I hope in a clearer night something more will be seen. So home to bed.

25th (Lord's day and Christmas day). Up (my wife's eye being ill still of the blow I did in a passion give her on Monday last) to church alone, where Mr. Mills, a good sermon. To dinner at home, where very pleasant with my wife and family. After dinner I to Sir W. Batten's, and there received so much good usage (as I have of late done) from him and my Lady, obliging me and my wife, according to promise, to come and dine with them to-morrow with our neighbours, that I was

[1] Sir George Downing wrote to Lord Chancellor Clarendon from the Hague on the 29th December, "I need not tell your Lordshipp what a noise the business of De Ruyter's success in Guiny hath made here, and how much it hath putt life into ye co̅mon people; on the other hand, those that looke higher and neerer into businesse say that this doth justifie, beyond all dispute, what his Majestie hath done here in ye Channell" (Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. iii., p. 358).

[2] It is one of the twenty-four comets of which the observations have been collected in Halley's "Astronomiæ Cometicæ Synopsis."—B.

in pain all the day, and night too after, to know how to order the business of my wife's not going, and by discourse receive fresh instances of Sir J. Minnes's folly in complaining to Sir G. Carteret of Sir W. Batten and me for some family offences, such as my having of a stopcock to keepe the water from them, which vexes me, but it would more but that Sir G. Carteret knows him very well. Thence to the French church, but coming too late I returned and to Mr. Rawlinson's church, where I heard a good sermon of one that I remember was at Paul's with me, his name Maggett;[1] and very great store of fine women there is in this church, more than I know anywhere else about us. So home and to my chamber, looking over and setting in order my papers and books, and so to supper, and then to prayers and to bed.

26th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there with the rest did our usual business before the Duke, and then with Sir W. Batten back and to his house, where I by sicknesse excused my wife's coming to them to-day. Thence I to the Coffee-house, where much good discourse, and all the opinion now is that the Dutch will avoid fighting with us at home, but do all the hurte they can to us abroad; which it may be they may for a while, but that, I think, cannot support them long. Thence to Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Coventry and all our families here, women and all, and Sir R. Ford and his, and a great feast and good discourse and merry, there all the afternoon and evening till late, only stepped in to see my wife, then to my office to enter my day's work, and so home to bed, where my people and wife innocently at cards very merry, and I to bed, leaving them to their sport and blindman's buff.

27th. My people came to bed, after their sporting, at four o'clock in the morning; I up at seven, and to Deptford and Woolwich in a gally; the Duke calling to me out of the barge

[1] St. Dionis Backchurch. The rector in 1664 was John Castilion, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Exeter. The preacher may have been Richard Meggot, D.D., who was appointed Canon of Windsor in 1677 and Dean of Winchester in 1679. He died December 7th, 1692, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

in which the King was with him going down the river, to know whither I was going. I told him to Woolwich, but was troubled afterward I should say no farther, being in a gally, lest he think me too profuse in my journeys. Did several businesses, and then back again by two o'clock to Sir J. Minnes's to dinner by appointment, where all yesterday's company but Mr. Coventry, who could not come. Here merry, and after an hour's chat I down to the office, where busy late, and then home to supper and to bed. The Comet appeared again to-night, but duskishly. I went to bed, leaving my wife and all her folks, and Will also, too, come to make Christmas gambolls to-night.

28th. I waked in the morning about 6 o'clock and my wife not come to bed ; I lacked a pot, but there was none, and bitter cold, so was forced to rise and piss in the chimney, and to bed again. Slept a little longer, and then hear my people coming up, and so I rose, and my wife to bed at eight o'clock in the morning, which vexed me a little, but I believe there was no hurt in it all, but only mirthe, therefore took no notice. I abroad with Sir W. Batten to the Council Chamber, where all of us to discourse about the way of measuring ships and the freight fit to give for them by the tun, where it was strange methought to hear so poor discourses among the Lords themselves, and most of all to see how a little empty matter delivered gravely by Sir W. Pen was taken mighty well, though nothing in the earth to the purpose. But clothes, I perceive more and more every day, is a great matter. Thence home with Sir W. Batten by coach, and I home to dinner, finding my wife still in bed. After dinner abroad, and among other things visited my Lady Sandwich, and was there, with her and the young ladies, playing at cards till night. Then home and to my office late, then home to bed, leaving my wife and people up to more sports, but without any great satisfaction to myself therein.

29th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. Then whereas I should have gone and dined with Sir W. Pen (and the rest of the officers at his house), I pretended to dine

with my Lady Sandwich and so home, where I dined well, and began to wipe and clean my books in my chamber in order to the settling of my papers and things there thoroughly, and then to the office, where all the afternoon sitting, and in the evening home to supper, and then to my work again.

30th. Lay very long in bed with my wife, it being very cold, and my wife very full of a resolution to keepe within doors, not so much as to go to church or see my Lady Sandwich before Easter next, which I am willing enough to, though I seem the contrary. This and other talke kept me a-bed till almost 10 a'clock. Then up and made an end of looking over all my papers and books and taking everything out of my chamber to have all made clean. At noon dined, and after dinner forth to several places to pay away money, to clear myself in all the world, and, among others, paid my bookseller £6 for books I had from him this day, and the silversmith £22 18*s.* for spoons, forks, and sugar box, and being well pleased with seeing my business done to my mind as to my meeting with people and having my books ready for me, I home and to my office, and there did business late, and then home to supper, prayers, and to bed.

31st. At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole yeare also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my worke, and, above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to eat a little and so to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

So ends the old yeare, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a yeare of profit, as

having spent £420 and laid up £540 and upwards ; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be my hare's foote,[1] or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is, my wife, in good health, and happy with her ; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiett mayde ; her chamber-mayde Besse, her cook mayde Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy, which I have had about half a yeare, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's chappell, and a pretty and loving quiett family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteeme with everybody, I think. My troubles of my uncle's estate pretty well over ; but it comes to be but of little profit to us, my father being much supported by my purse. But great vexations remain upon my father and me from my brother Tom's death and ill condition, both to our disgrace and discontent, though no great reason for either. Publique matters are all in a hurry about a Dutch warr. Our preparations great ; our provocations against them great ; and, after all our presumption, we are now afeard as much of them, as we lately contemned them. Every thing else in the State quiett, blessed be God ! My Lord Sandwich at sea with the fleete at Portsmouth ; sending some about to cruise for taking of ships, which we have done to a great number. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books ; and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly. Among others, I found these two or three notes, which I thought fit to keep—

[1] As a charm against the colic, see *post*, January 20th, 1664-65.

AGE OF MY GRANDFATHER'S CHILDREN.[1]

Thomas, 1595.
Mary, March 16, 1597.
Edith, October 11, 1599.
John (my Father), January 14, 1601.
My father and mother marryed at Newington, in Surry, Octob. 15, 1626.

THEYR CHILDREN'S AGES.

Mary, July 24, 1627. *mort.*[2]
Paulina, Sept. 18, 1628. *mort.*
Esther, March 27, 1630. *mort.*
John, January 10, 1631. *mort.*
Samuel,[3] Febr. 23, 1632.
Thomas, June 18, 1634. *mort.*
Sarah, August 25, 1635. *mort.*
Jacob, May 1, 1637. *mort.*
Robert, Nov. 18, 1638. *mort.*
Paulina, Oct. 18, 1640.
John, Novemb. 26, 1641. *mort.*
December 31, 1664.

CHARMES.[4]

1. FOR STENCHING OF BLOOD.

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus fuit in se ;
Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
Sicut Christus in suâ pœnâ ;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

[1] This family register is written in long-hand.

[2] The word "mort" must have been in some instances added long after the entry was first made.—B.

[3] To this name is affixed in shorthand the following note : "Went to reside in Magd. Coll. Camb. and did put on my gown first, March 5, 1650-51."—B.

[4] The first of these charms is written in long-hand, but the remainder are in shorthand.

2. A THORNE.

Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
Was pricked both with nail and thorn ;
It neither wealed, nor belled, rankled, nor boned ;
In the name of Jesus no more shall this.

Or, thus :—

Christ was of a Virgin born,
And he was pricked with a thorn ;
And it did neither bell, nor swell ;
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

3. A CRAMP.

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

4. A BURNING.

There came three Angells out of the East ;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire ; in frost.
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.
AMEN.

1664-65.

January 1st (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, having been busy late last night, then up and to my office, where upon ordering my accounts and papers with respect to my understanding my last year's gains and expense, which I find very great, as I have already set down yesterday. Now this day I am dividing my expense, to see what my clothes and every particular hath stood me in : I mean all the branches of my expense. At noon a good venison pasty and a turkey to ourselves without any body so much as invited by us, a thing unusuall for so small a family of my condition : but we did it and were very merry. After dinner to my office again, where very late alone upon my accounts, but have not brought them to order yet, and very intricate I find it, notwithstanding my

care all the year to keep things in as good method as any man can do. Past 11 o'clock home to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and it being a most fine hard frost I walked a good way toward White Hall, and then being overtaken with Sir W. Pen's coach, went into it, and with him thither, and there did our usual business with the Duke. Thence, being forced to pay a great deale of money away in boxes (that is, basins at White Hall), I to my barber's, Gervas, and there had a little opportunity of speaking with my Jane alone, and did give her something, and of herself she did tell me a place where I might come to her on Sunday next, which I will not fail, but to see how modestly and harmlessly she brought it out was very pretty. Thence to the Swan, and there did sport a good while with Herbert's young kinswoman without hurt, though they being abroad, the old people. Then to the Hall, and there agreed with Mrs. Martin, and to her lodgings which she has now taken to lie in, in Bow Streete, pitiful poor things, yet she thinks them pretty, and so they are for her condition I believe good enough. Here I did *ce que je voudrais avec* her most freely, and it having cost 2*s.* in wine and cake upon her, I away sick of her impudence, and by coach to my Lord Brunker's, by appointment, in the Piazza, in Covent-Guarding; where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet[1] I

[1] There can be no reasonable cause for doubting this to refer to the famous song, "To all you ladies now at land," written by Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset), and the reference has therefore a very distinct literary value, because it proves that the song was not "made the night before the engagement" of June 3rd, 1665, an opinion which was universally held until this passage was printed. There is nothing in the song itself to indicate any particular time when it was written, and it appears that the first to fix the exact period was Prior the poet (who was born in 1664). In the dedication of his poems to Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Prior states that the earl's father wrote the celebrated sea song "the night before the engagement with the Dutch in 1665." Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says, "seldom any splendid story is wholly true," and adds that Lord Orrery told him that Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. Lord Braybrooke was criticised for supposing that Pepys referred to Buckhurst's song, and therefore he entered fully

brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town; saying Sir W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir J. Lawson made them. Here a most noble French dinner and banquet, the best I have seen this many a day and good discourse. Thence to my bookseller's and at his binder's saw Hooke's book of the Microscope,[1] which is so pretty that I presently bespoke it, and away home to the office, where we met to do something, and then though very late by coach to Sir Ph. Warwicke's, but having company with him could not speak with him. So back again home, where thinking to be merry was vexed with my wife's having looked out a letter in Sir Philip Sidney about jealousy for me to read, which she industriously and maliciously caused me to

into his own defence, summing up as follows: "In the absence of certain evidence, we cannot decide upon the fact; but all accounts agree in representing Buckhurst as having served as a volunteer under the Duke of York, whose *first cruise took place* in *November*, 1664. Perhaps, then, the ballad was written at this time, when an action between the two fleets was only delayed by the Dutch retiring to port. Thus Pepys might well have seen the song in January, 1664-65; and it still may have been retouched, and brought out with *éclat* during the excitement consequent upon the victory of June 3rd following. Nor is it, indeed, easy to imagine that anyone ever wrote a ballad when about to take part in a great naval conflict; or that, if two songs had been contemporaneously composed on the same subject, with titles so nearly identical, one only should be known to exist." The song became popular immediately, and has never lost its popularity. An immense number of imitations have appeared, and reference to some of these is made by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth in his valuable edition of the "Bagford Ballads" (p. 615).

[1] "Micrographia: or some physiological descriptions of minute bodies made by Magnifying Glasses. London, 1665," a very remarkable work with elaborate plates, some of which have been used for lecture illustrations almost to our own day. On November 23rd, 1664, the President of the Royal Society was "desired to sign a licence for printing of Mr. Hooke's microscopical book." At this time the book was mostly printed, but it was delayed, much to Hooke's disgust, by the examination of several Fellows of the Society. In spite of this examination the council were anxious that the author should make it clear that he alone was responsible for any theory put forward, and they gave him notice to that effect. Hooke made this clear in his dedication (see Birch's "History," vol. i., pp. 490-491).

do, and the truth is my conscience told me it was most proper for me, and therefore was touched at it, but tooke no notice of it, but read it out most frankly, but it stucke in my stomach, and moreover I was vexed to have a dog brought to my house to line our little bitch, which they make him do in all their sights, which, God forgive me, do stir my jealousy again, though of itself the thing is a very immodest sight. However, to cards with my wife a good while, and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by coach to Sir Ph. Warwicke's,[1] the streete being full of footballs, it being a great frost, and found him and Mr. Coventry walking in St. James's Parke. I did my errand to him about the felling of the King's timber in the forests, and then to my Lord of Oxford,[2] Justice in Eyre, for his consent thereto, for want whereof my Lord Privy Seale stops the whole business. I found him in his lodgings, in but an ordinary furnished house and roome where he was, but I find him to be a man of good discreet replys. Thence to the Coffee-house, where certain newes that the Dutch have taken some of our colliers to the North; some say four, some say seven. Thence to the 'Change a while, and so home to dinner and to the office, where we sat late, and then I to write my letters, and then to Sir W. Batten's, who is going out of towne to Harwich to-morrow to set up a light-house there, which he hath lately got a patent from the King to set up, that will turne much to his profit. Here very merry, and so to my office again, where very late, and then home to supper and to bed, but sat up with my wife at cards till past two in the morning.

4th. Lay long, and then up and to my Lord of Oxford's, but his Lordshipp was in bed at past ten o'clock: and, Lord helpe us! so rude a dirty family I never saw in my life. He sent

[1] Sir Philip Warwick lived in the Outer Spring Garden, and the site of his house is marked by Warwick Street, Cockspur Street. Warwick House was the residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales at the beginning of the present century.

[2] Aubrey, Earl of Oxford, was Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of the Royal Forests, Parks, Chaces, and Warrens, South of Trent, from 1660 to 1673. He was then living in the Piazza, Covent Garden.

me out word my business was not done, but should against the afternoon. I thence to the Coffee-house, there but little company, and so home to the 'Change, where I hear of some more of our ships lost to the Northward. So to Sir W. Batten's, but he was set out before I got thither. I sat long talking with my lady, and then home to dinner. Then come Mr. Moore to see me, and he and I to my Lord of Oxford's, but not finding him within Mr. Moore and I to "Love in a Tubb,"[1] which is very merry, but only so by gesture, not wit at all, which methinks is beneath the House. So walked home, it being a very hard frost, and I find myself as heretofore in cold weather to begin to burn within and pimples and pricks all over my body, my pores with cold being shut up. So home to supper and to cards and to bed.

5th. Up, it being very cold and a great snow and frost to-night. To the office, and there all the morning. At noon dined at home, troubled at my wife's being simply angry with Jane, our cook mayde (a good servant, though perhaps hath faults and is cunning), and given her warning to be gone. So to the office again, where we sat late, and then I to my office, and there very late doing business. Home to supper and to the office again, and then late home to bed.

6th. Lay long in bed, but most of it angry and scolding with my wife about her warning Jane our cooke-mayde to be gone and upon that she desires to go abroad to-day to look a place. A very good mayde she is and fully to my mind, being neat, only they say a little apt to scold, but I hear her not. To my office all the morning busy. Dined at home. To my office again, being pretty well reconciled to my wife, which I did desire to be, because she had designed much mirthe to-day to end Christmas with among her servants. At night home, being twelfenight, and there chose my piece of cake, but went up to my viall, and then to bed, leaving my wife and people up

[1] "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub," a comedy by Sir George Etherege; licensed for printing, July 8th, 1664, but not published till 1669. It was acted by the Duke's Company, and the Bettertons and Harris were in it.

at their sports, which they continue till morning, not coming to bed at all.

7th. Up and to the office all the morning. At noon dined alone, my wife and family most of them a-bed. Then to see my Lady Batten and sit with her a while, Sir W. Batten being out of town, and then to my office doing very much business very late, and then home to supper and to bed.

8th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and it being a very fine frosty day, I and my boy walked to White Hall, and there to the Chappell, where one Dr. Beaumont[1] preached a good sermon, and afterwards a brave anthem upon the 150 Psalm, where upon the word "trumpet" very good musique was made. So walked to my Lady's and there dined with her (my boy going home), where much pretty discourse, and after dinner walked to Westminster, and there to the house where Jane Welsh had appointed me, but it being sermon time they would not let me in, and said nobody was there to speak with me. I spent the whole afternoon walking into the Church and Abbey, and up and down, but could not find her, and so in the evening took a coach and home, and there sat discoursing with my wife, and by and by at supper, drinking some cold drink I think it was, I was forced to go make water, and had very great pain after it, but was well by and by and continued so, it being only I think from the drink, or from my straining at stool to do more than my body would. So after prayers to bed.

9th. Up and walked to White Hall, it being still a brave frost, and I in perfect good health, blessed be God! In my way saw a woman that broke her thigh, in her heels slipping up upon the frosty streete. To the Duke, and there did our usual worke. Here I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter[2] and laws, and comes

[1] Joseph Beaumont, D.D., Prebendary of Ely, 1651, but not installed until 1660; Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, 1662-63, and of Peterhouse, 1663-1699, Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, 1674. He died November 23rd, 1699.

[2] The Charter-book of the Royal Society, which contains the signatures

to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows' hands are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his with the word Founder. Thence I to Westminster, to my barber's, and found occasion to see Jane, but in presence of her mistress, and so could not speak to her of her failing me yesterday, and then to the Swan to Herbert's girl, and lost time a little with her, and so took coach, and to my Lord Crew's and dined with him, who receives me with the greatest respect that could be, telling me that he do much doubt of the successe of this warr with Holland, we going about it, he doubts, by the instigation of persons that do not enough apprehend the consequences of the danger of it, and therein I do think with him. Holmes was this day sent to the Tower,[1] but I perceive it is made matter of jest only; but if the Dutch should be our masters, it may come to be of earnest to him, to be given over to them for a sacrifice, as Sir W. Rawly [Raleigh] was. Thence to White Hall to a Tangier Committee, where I was accosted and most highly complimented by my Lord Bellasses,[2] our new governor, beyond my expectation, or measure I could imagine he would have given any man, as if I were the only person of business that he intended to rely on, and desires my correspondence with him. This I was not only surprized at, but am well pleased with, and may make good use of it. Our patent

of the Fellows of the Society from the foundation, is a volume of the greatest interest. At the meeting on January 11th, 1664-65, "The Charter-book of the Society was produced, wherein his Majesty, on the 9th of January, had written himself CHARLES R., FOUNDER, and his Highness the Duke of York, JAMES, Fellow; the Duke of Albemarle also having entered his name at the same time. The President was desired to kiss his Majesty's hand for this honour" (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 4).

[1] For taking New York from the Dutch, see note, p. 254.

[2] John Belasyse, second son of Thomas, first Viscount Fauconberg, created Baron Belasyse of Worlaby, January 27th, 1644, Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and Governor of Hull. He was appointed Governor of Tangier, and Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. He was a Roman Catholic, and therefore was deprived of all his appointments in 1672 by the provisions of the Test Act, but in 1684 James II. made him First Commissioner of the Treasury. He died 1689.

is renewed, and he and my Lord Barkeley, and Sir Thomas Ingram[1] put in as commissioners. Here some business happened which may bring me some profit. Thence took coach and calling my wife at her tailor's (she being come this afternoon to bring her mother some apples, neat's tongues, and wine); I home, and there at my office late with Sir W. Warren, and had a great deal of good discourse and counsel from him, which I hope I shall take, being all for my good in my deportment in my office, yet with all honesty. He gone I home to supper and to bed.

10th. Lay long, it being still very cold, and then to the office, where till dinner, and then home, and by and by to the office, where we sat and were very late, and I writing letters till twelve at night, and then after supper to bed.

11th. Up, and very angry with my boy for lying long a bed and forgetting his lute. To my office all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and so home to dinner. After dinner to Gresham College to my Lord Brunker[2] and Commissioner Pett, taking Mr. Castle with me there to discourse over his draught of a ship he is to build for us. Where I first found reason to apprehend Commissioner Pett to be a man of an ability extraordinary in any thing, for I found he did turn and wind Castle like a chicken in his business, and that most pertinently and master-like, and great pleasure it was to me to hear them discourse, I of late having studied something thereof, and my Lord Brunker is a very able person also himself in this sort of business, as owning himself to be a master in the business of all lines and Conicall Sections. Thence home, where very late at my office doing business to my content, though [God] knows with what ado it was that when I was out I could get myself to come

[1] Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a Privy Councillor. Died 1671.—B.

[2] These consultations must have been extra-official, as they are not mentioned in Birch's "History of the Royal Society." The spelling of the name Brouncker appears to have offered great difficulty to Pepys, for he sometimes writes it Brunker and sometimes Brunkard.

home to my business, or when I was there though late would stay there from going abroad again. To supper and to bed. This evening, by a letter from Plymouth, I hear that two of our ships, the Leopard and another,[1] in the Straights, are lost by running aground; and that three more had like to have been so, but got off, whereof Captain Allen one: and that a Dutch fleete are gone thither; which if they should meet with our lame ships, God knows what would become of them. This I reckon most sad newes; God make us sensible of it! This night, when I come home, I was much troubled to hear my poor canary bird, that I have kept these three or four years, is dead.

12th. Up, and to White Hall about getting a privy seal for felling of the King's timber for the navy, and to the Lords' House to speak with my Lord Privy Seale about it, and so to the 'Change, where to my last night's ill news I met more. Spoke with a Frenchman who was taken, but released, by a Dutch man-of-war of thirty-six guns (with seven more of the like or greater ships), off the North Foreland, by Margett. Which is a strange attempt, that they should come to our teeth; but the wind being easterly, the wind that should bring our force from Portsmouth, will carry them away home. God preserve us against them, and pardon our making them in our discourse so contemptible an enemy! So home and to dinner, where Mr. Hollyard with us dined. So to the office, and there late till 11 at night and more, and then home to supper and to bed.

13th. Up betimes and walked to my Lord Bellasses's lodgings in Lincolne's Inne Fieldes, and there he received and discoursed with me in the most respectfull manner that could be, telling me what a character of my judgment, and care, and love to Tangier he had received of me, that he desired my advice and my constant correspondence, which he much valued, and in my courtship, in which, though I understand his

[1] See entry on January 14th (p. 330), where the names of the ships are given as "Phœnix" and "Nonsuch." The "Phœnix" was a fourth-rate, of thirty-eight guns, built at Woolwich in 1647 by Peter Pett, Jun.

designe very well, and that it is only a piece of courtship, yet it is a comfort to me that I am become so considerable as to have him need to say that to me, which, if I did not do something in the world, would never have been. Here well satisfied I to Sir Ph. Warwicke, and there did some business with him ; thence to Jervas's and there spent a little idle time with him, his wife, Jane, and a sweetheart of hers. So to the Hall awhile and thence to the Exchange, where yesterday's newes confirmed, though in a little different manner ; but a couple of ships in the Straights we have lost, and the Dutch have been in Margaret [Margate] Road. Thence home to dinner and so abroad and alone to the King's house, to a play, " The Traytor," [1] where, unfortunately, I met with Sir W. Pen, so that I must be forced to confess it to my wife, which troubles me. Thence walked home, being ill-satisfied with the present actings of the House, and prefer the other House before this infinitely. To my Lady Batten's, where I find Pegg Pen, the first time that ever I saw her to wear spots. Here very merry, Sir W. Batten being looked for to-night, but is not yet come from Harwich. So home to supper and to bed.

14th. Up and to White Hall, where long waited in the Duke's chamber for a Committee intended for Tangier, but none met, and so I home and to the office, where we met a little, and then to the 'Change, where our late ill newes confirmed in loss of two ships in the Straights, but are now the Phœnix and Nonsuch.[2] Home to dinner, thence with my wife to the King's house, there to see " Vulpone," [3] a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted. So with Sir W. Pen home in his coach, and then to the office. So home, to supper, and bed, resolving by the grace of God from this day to fall hard to my business again, after some weeke or fortnight's neglect.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and after a little at my office to

[1] A tragedy by Shirley, licensed May 4th, 1631, and published 1635. Genest does not mention the acting of this play till 1692.

[2] See entry on previous page (January 11th).

[3] Ben Jonson's comedy, " Volpone, or the Fox," published 1605.

prepare a fresh draught of my vowes for the next yeare, I to church, where a most insipid young coxcomb preached. Then home to dinner, and after dinner to read in "Rushworth's Collections"[1] about the charge against the late Duke of Buckingham, in order to the fitting me to speak and understand the discourse anon before the King about the suffering the Turkey merchants to send out their fleete at this dangerous time, when we can neither spare them ships to go, nor men, nor King's ships to convoy them. At four o'clock with Sir W. Pen in his coach to my Lord Chancellor's, where by and by Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen, Sir J. Lawson, Sir G. Ascue, and myself were called in to the King, there being several of the Privy Council, and my Lord Chancellor lying at length upon a couch (of the goute I suppose); and there Sir W. Pen begun, and he had prepared heads in a paper, and spoke pretty well to purpose, but with so much leisure and gravity as was tiresome; besides, the things he said were but very poor to a man in his trade after a great consideration, but it was to purpose, indeed to dissuade the King from letting these Turkey ships to go out: saying (in short) the King having resolved to have 130 ships out by the spring, he must have above 20 of them merchantmen. Towards which, he in the whole River could find but 12 or 14, and of them the five ships taken up by these merchants were a part, and so could not be spared. That we should need 30,000 [sailors] to man these 130 ships, and of them in service we have not above 16,000; so we shall need 14,000 more. That these ships will with their convoys carry above 2,000 men, and those the best men that could be got; it being the men used to the Southward that are the best men for warr, though those bred in the North among the colliers are good for labour. That it will not be safe for the merchants, nor honourable for the King, to expose these rich ships with his convoy of six ships to go, it not being enough to secure them against the Dutch, who,

[1] Rushworth's "Historical Collections of private passages in state," &c., first appeared in 1659. Rushworth was born 1607, and died 1690 The reference is to the duke's expedition to the Isle of Rhé.

without doubt, will have a great fleete in the Straights. This, Sir J. Lawson enlarged upon. Sir G. Ascue he chiefly spoke that the warr and trade could not be supported together, and, therefore, that trade must stand still to give way to them. This Mr. Coventry seconded, and showed how the medium of the men the King hath one year with another employed in his Navy since his coming, hath not been above 3,000 men, or at most 4,000 men; and now having occasion of 30,000, the remaining 26,000 must be found out of the trade of the nation. He showed how the cloaths, sending by these merchants to Turkey, are already bought and paid for to the workmen, and are as many as they would send these twelve months or more; so the poor do not suffer by their not going, but only the merchant, upon whose hands they lie dead; and so the inconvenience is the less. And yet for them he propounded, either the King should, if his Treasure would suffer it, buy them, and showed the losse would not be so great to him: or, dispense with the Act of Navigation, and let them be carried out by strangers; and ending that he doubted not but when the merchants saw there was no remedy, they would and could find ways of sending them abroad to their profit. All ended with a conviction (unless future discourse with the merchants should alter it) that it was not fit for them to go out, though the ships be loaded. The King in discourse did ask me two or three questions about my newes of Allen's loss in the Streights, but I said nothing as to the business, nor am not much sorry for it, unless the King had spoke to me as he did to them, and then I could have said something to the purpose I think. So we withdrew, and the merchants were called in. Staying without, my Lord FitzHarding come thither, and fell to discourse of Prince Rupert, and made nothing to say that his disease was the pox and that he must be fluxed, telling the horrible degree of the disease upon him with its breaking out on his head. But above all I observed how he observed from the Prince, that courage is not what men take it to be, a contempt of death; for, says he, how chagrined the Prince was the other day when he thought he should die, having no more

mind to it than another man. But, says he, some men are more apt to think they shall escape than another man in fight, while another is doubtfull he shall be hit. But when the first man is sure he shall die, as now the Prince is, he is as much troubled and apprehensive of it as any man else ; for, says he, since we told [him] that we believe he would overcome his disease, he is as merry, and swears and laughs and curses, and do all the things of a [man] in health, as ever he did in his life ; which, methought, was a most extraordinary saying before a great many persons there of quality. So by and by with Sir W. Pen home again, and after supper to the office to finish my vows, and so to bed.

16th. Up and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to White Hall, where we did our business with the Duke. Thence I to Westminster Hall and walked up and down. Among others Ned Pickering met me and tells me how active my Lord is at sea, and that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now at Rome, and, by all report, a very noble and hopefull gentleman. Thence to Mr. Povy's, and there met Creed, and dined well after his old manner of plenty and curiosity. But I sat in pain to think whether he would begin with me again after dinner with his enquiry after my bill, but he did not, but fell into other discourse, at which I was glad, but was vexed this morning meeting of Creed at some bye questions that he demanded of me about some such thing, which made me fear he meant that very matter, but I perceive he did not. Thence to visit my Lady Sandwich and so to a Tangier Committee, where a great company of the new Commissioners, Lords, that in behalfe of my Lord Bellasses are very loud and busy and call for Povy's accounts, but it was a most sorrowful thing to see how he answered to questions so little to the purpose, but to his owne wrong. All the while I sensible how I am concerned in my bill of £100 and somewhat more. So great a trouble is fear, though in a case that at the worst will bear enquiry. My Lord Barkeley was very violent against Povy. But my Lord Ashly, I observe, is a most clear man in matters of accounts, and most ingeniously

did discourse and explain all matters. We broke up, leaving the thing to a Committee of which I am one. Povy, Creed, and I staid discoursing, I much troubled in mind seemingly for the business, but indeed only on my own behalf, though I have no great reason for it, but so painfull a thing is fear. So after considering how to order business, Povy and I walked together as far as the New Exchange and so parted, and I by coach home. To the office a while, then to supper and to bed. This afternoon Secretary Bennet read to the Duke of Yorke his letters, which say that Allen[1] has met with the Dutch Smyrna fleet at Cales,[2] and sunk one and taken three. How true or what these ships are time will show, but it is good newes and the newes of our ships being lost is doubted at Cales[2] and Malaga. God send it false!

17th. Up and walked to Mr. Povy's by appointment, where I found him and Creed busy about fitting things for the Committee, and thence we to my Lord Ashly's, where to see how simply, beyond all patience, Povy did again, by his many words and no understanding, confound himself and his business, to his disgrace, and rendering every body doubtfull of his being either a foole or knave, is very wonderfull. We broke up all dissatisfied, and referred the business to a meeting of Mr. Sherwin and others to settle, but here it was mighty strange methought to find myself sit here in Committee with my hat on, while Mr. Sherwin stood bare as a clerke, with his hat off to his Lord Ashly and the rest, but I thank God I think myself never a whit the better man for all that. Thence with Creed to the 'Change and Coffee-house, and so home, where a brave dinner, by having a brace of pheasants and very merry about Povy's folly. So anon to the

[1] Among the State Papers is a letter from Captain Thomas Allin to Sir Richard Fanshaw, dated from "The Plymouth, Cadiz Bay," December 25th, 1664, in which he writes: "On the 19th attacked with his seven ships left, a Dutch fleet of fourteen, three of which were men-of-war; sunk two vessels and took two others, one a rich prize from Smyrna; the others retired much battered. Has also taken a Dutch prize laden with iron and planks, coming from Lisbon" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 122).

[2] The old form of the name Cadiz.

office, and there sitting very late, and then after a little time at Sir W. Batten's, where I am mighty great and could if I thought it fit continue so, I to the office again, and there very late, and so home to the sorting of some of my books, and so to bed, the weather becoming pretty warm, and I think and hope the frost will break.

18th. Up and by and by to my bookseller's, and there did give thorough direction for the new binding of a great many of my old books, to make my whole study of the same binding, within very few. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, who sent for me this morning. Dined with her, and it was to get a letter of hers conveyed by a safe hand to my Lord's owne hand at Portsmouth, which I did undertake. Here my Lady did begin to talk of what she had heard concerning Creed, of his being suspected to be a fanatique and a false fellow. I told her I thought he was as shrewd and cunning a man as any in England, and one that I would feare first should outwit me in any thing. To which she readily concurred. Thence to Mr. Povy's by agreement, and there with Mr. Sherwin, Auditor Beale, and Creed and I hard at it very late about Mr. Povy's accounts, but such accounts I never did see, or hope again to see in my days. At night, late, they gone, I did get him to put out of this account our sums that are in posse only yet, which he approved of when told, but would never have stayed it if I had been gone. Thence at 9 at night home, and so to supper vexed and my head akeing and to bed.

19th. Up, and it being yesterday and to-day a great thaw it is not for a man to walk the streets, but took coach and to Mr. Povy's, and there meeting all of us again agreed upon an answer to the Lords by and by, and thence we did come to Exeter House,[1] and there was a witness of most [base] language against Mr. Povy, from my Lord Peterborough, who is most furiously angry with him, because the other, as a foole, would needs say that the £26,000 was my Lord Peterborough's account, and that he had nothing to do with it. The Lords

[1] Lord Ashley lived for several years at Exeter House (on the north side of the Strand), on the site of the present Burleigh and Exeter Streets.

did find fault also with our answer, but I think really my Lord Ashly would fain have the outside of an Exchequer,[1] but when we come better to be examined. So home by coach, with my Lord Barkeley, who, by his discourse, I find do look upon Mr. Coventry as an enemy, but yet professes great justice and pains. I at home after dinner to the office, and there sat all the afternoon and evening, and then home to supper and to bed. *Memorandum.* This day and yesterday, I think it is the change of the weather, I have a great deal of pain, but nothing like what I use to have. I can hardly keep myself loose, but on the contrary am forced to drive away my pain. Here I am so sleepy I cannot hold open my eyes, and therefore must be forced to break off this day's passages more shortly than I would and should have done. This day was buried (but I could not be there) my cozen Percivall Angier; and yesterday I received the newes that Dr. Tom Pepys is dead, at Impington, for which I am but little sorry, not only because he would have been troublesome to us, but a shame to his family and profession; he was such a coxcomb.

20th. Up and to Westminster, where having spoke with Sir Ph. Warwicke, I to Jervas', and there I find them all in great disorder about Jane, her mistress telling me secretly that she was sworn not to reveal anything, but she was undone. At last for all her oath she told me that she had made herself sure to a fellow that comes to their house that can only fiddle for his living, and did keep him company, and had plainly told her that she was sure to him never to leave him for any body else. Now they were this day contriving to get her presently to marry one Hayes that was there, and I did seem to persuade her to it. And at last got them to suffer me to advise privately, and by that means had her company and think I shall meet her next Sunday, but I do really doubt she will be undone in marrying this fellow. But I did give her my advice, and so let her do her pleasure, so I have now and then her company. Thence to the Swan at

[1] This word is blotted, and the whole sentence is confused.

noon, and there sent for a bit of meat and dined, and had my *baiser* of the *fille* of the house there, but nothing *plus*. So took coach and to my Lady Sandwich's, and so to my bookseller's, and there took home Hooke's book of microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. So home, and by and by again abroad with my wife about several businesses, and met at the New Exchange, and there to our trouble found our pretty Doll is gone away to live they say with her father in the country, but I doubt something worse. So homeward, in my way buying a hare and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foote hath not the joynt to it ; and assures me he never had his cholique since he carried it about him : and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner almost handled his foote but my belly began to be loose and to break wind, and whereas I was in some pain yesterday and tother day and in fear of more to-day, I became very well, and so continue. At home to my office a while, and so to supper, read, and to cards, and to bed.

21st. At the office all the morning. Thence my Lord Brunker carried me as far as Mr. Povy's, and there I 'light and dined, meeting Mr. Sherwin, Creed, &c., there upon his accounts. After dinner they parted and Mr. Povy carried me to Somersett House, and there showed me the Queene-Mother's chamber and closett, most beautiful places for furniture and pictures ; and so down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs ; which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in consort together a good while most pleasantly. Thence to a Tangier Committee at White Hall, where I saw nothing ordered by judgment, but great heat and passion and faction now in behalf of my Lord Bellasses, and to the reproach of my Lord Tiviott, and dislike as it were of former proceedings. So away with Mr. Povy, he carrying me homeward to Mark Lane in his coach, a simple fellow I now find him, to his utter shame in his business of accounts, as none but a sorry foole

would have discovered himself; and yet, in little, light, sorry things very cunning; yet, in the principal, the most ignorant man I ever met with in so great trust as he is. To my office till past 12, and then home to supper and to bed, being now mighty well, and truly I cannot but impute it to my fresh hare's foote. Before I went to bed I sat up till two o'clock in my chamber reading of Mr. Hooke's Microscopicall Observations, the most ingenious book that ever I read in my life.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, leaving my wife in bed, being sick of her months, and to church. Thence home, and in my wife's chamber dined very merry, discoursing, among other things, of a design I have come in my head this morning at church of making a match between Mrs. Betty Pickering and Mr. Hill,[1] my friend the merchant, that loves musique and comes to me a' Sundays, a most ingenious and sweet-natured and highly accomplished person. I know not how their fortunes may agree, but their disposition and merits are much of a sort, and persons, though different, yet equally, I think, acceptable. After dinner walked to Westminster, and after being at the Abbey and heard a good anthem well sung there, I as I had appointed to the Trumpett, there expecting when Jane Welsh should come, but anon comes a maid of the house to tell me that her mistress and master would not let her go forth, not knowing of my being here, but to keep her from her sweetheart. So being defeated, away by coach home, and there spent the evening prettily in discourse with my wife and Mercer, and so to supper, prayers, and to bed.

23rd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to White Hall; but there finding the Duke gone to his lodgings at St. James's for alltogether, his Duchesse being ready to lie in, we to him, and there did our usual business. And here I met the great newes confirmed by the Duke's own relation, by a letter from Captain Allen. First, of our own loss of two ships, the Phœnix and Nonesuch, in the Bay of Gibraltar: then of his, and his seven ships with him, in the Bay of Cales, or there-

[1] Thomas Hill married in the following year, and on July 14th, 1666, Pepys refers to the "young wife, and a blithe young woman she is."

abouts, fighting with the 34 Dutch Smyrna fleete; sinking the King Salamon, a ship worth a £150,000 or more, some say £200,000, and another; and taking of three merchant-ships. Two of our ships were disabled, by the Dutch unfortunately falling against their will against them; the Advice, Captain W. Poole, and Antelope, Captain Clerke. The Dutch men-of-war did little service. Captain Allen did receive many shots at distance before he would fire one gun, which he did not do till he come within pistol-shot of his enemy. The Spaniards on shore at Cales did stand laughing at the Dutch, to see them run away and flee to the shore, 34 or thereabouts, against eight Englishmen at most. I do purpose to get the whole relation, if I live, of Captain Allen himself. In our loss of the two ships in the Bay of Gibraltar, it is observable how the world do comment upon the misfortune of Captain Moone[1] of the Nonesuch (who did lose, in the same manner, the Satisfaction), as a person that hath ill-luck attending him; without considering that the whole fleete was ashore. Captain Allen led the way, and Captain Allen himself writes that all the masters of the fleete, old and young, were mistaken, and did carry their ships aground. But I think I heard the Duke say that Moone, being put into the Oxford, had in this conflict regained his credit, by sinking one and taking another. Captain Seale of the Milford hath done his part very well, in boarding the King Salamon, which held out half an hour after she was boarded; and his men kept her an hour after they did master her, and then she sunk, and drowned about 17 of her men. Thence to Jervas's, my mind, God forgive me, running too much after some folly, but *elle* not being within I away by coach to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner. And finding Mrs. Bagwell waiting at the office after dinner, away she and I to a cabaret where she and I have eat before, and there I had her company *tout* and had *mon plaisir* of *elle*. But strange to see how a woman, notwithstanding her greatest pretences of love *a son mari* and religion,

[1] Captain Robert Mohun, who eminently distinguished himself in the Dutch war, 1666.

may be *vaincue*. Thence to the Court of the Turkey Company at Sir Andrew Rickard's to treat about carrying some men of ours to Tangier, and had there a very civil reception, though a denial of the thing as not practicable with them, and I think so too. So to my office a little and to Jervas's again, thinking *avoir rencontrais* Jane, *mais elle n'etait pas dedans*. So I back again and to my office, where I did with great content *ferais* a vow to mind my business, and *laisser aller les femmes* for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution, that thereby I may follow my business, which and my honour thereby lies a bleeding. So home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and by coach to Westminster Hall and the Parliament House, and there spoke with Mr. Coventry and others about business and so back to the 'Change, where no news more than that the Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, voted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that they apply themselves wholly to the warr.[1] And they say it is very true, but very strange, for we use to believe they cannot support themselves without trade. Thence home to dinner and then to the office, where all the afternoon, and at night till very late, and then home to supper and bed, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb my hair and wash my eares.

25th. Up, and busy all the morning, dined at home upon a hare pye, very good meat, and so to my office again, and in the afternoon by coach to attend the Council at White Hall,

[1] This statement of a total prohibition of all trade, and for so long a period as eighteen months, by a government so essentially commercial as that of the United Provinces, seems extraordinary. The fact was, that when in the beginning of the year 1665 the States General saw that the war with England was become inevitable, they took several vigorous measures, and determined to equip a formidable fleet, and with a view to obtain a sufficient number of men to man it, prohibited all navigation, especially in the great and small fisheries as they were then called, and in the whale fishery. This measure appears to have resembled the embargoes so commonly resorted to in this country on similar occasions, rather than a total prohibition of trade.—B.

but come too late, so back with Mr. Gifford, a merchant, and he and I to the Coffee-house, where I met Mr. Hill, and there he tells me that he is to be Assistant to the Secretary of the Prize Office (Sir Ellis Layton), which is to be held at Sir Richard Ford's, which, methinks, is but something low, but perhaps may bring him something considerable; but it makes me alter my opinion of his being so rich as to make a fortune for Mrs. Pickering. Thence home and visited Sir J. Minnes, who continues ill, but is something better; there he told me what a mad freaking fellow Sir Ellis Layton hath been, and is, and once at Antwerp was really mad. Thence to my office late, my cold troubling me, and having by squeezing myself in a coach hurt my testicles, but I hope will cease its pain without swelling. So home out of order, to supper and to bed.

26th. Lay, being in some pain, but not much, with my last night's bruise, but up and to my office, where busy all the morning, the like after dinner till very late, then home to supper and to bed. My wife mightily troubled with the tooth ake, and my cold not being gone yet, but my bruise yesterday goes away again, and it chiefly occasioned I think now from the sudden change of the weather from a frost to a great rayne on a sudden.

27th. Called up by Mr. Creed to discourse about some Tangier business, and he gone I made me ready and found Jane Welsh, Mr. Jervas his mayde, come to tell me that she was gone from her master, and is resolved to stick to this sweetheart of hers, one Harbing (a very sorry little fellow, and poor), which I did in a word or two endeavour to dissuade her from, but being unwilling to keep her long at my house, I sent her away and by and by followed her to the Exchange, and thence led her about down to the 3 Cranes, and there took boat for the Falcon, and at a house looking into the fields there took up and sat an hour or two talking and discoursing. . . . Thence having endeavoured to make her think of making herself happy by staying out her time with her master and other counsels, but she told me she could not do it, for it was her fortune to have this man, though she did believe it would be to her ruine, which is a strange, stupid

thing, to a fellow of no kind of worth in the world and a beggar to boot. Thence away to boat again and landed her at the Three Cranes again, and I to the Bridge, and so home, and after shifting myself, being dirty, I to the 'Change, and thence to Mr. Povy's and there dined, and thence with him and Creed to my Lord Bellasses', and there debated a great while how to put things in order against his going, and so with my Lord in his coach to White Hall, and with him to my Lord Duke of Albemarle, finding him at cards. After a few dull words or two, I away to White Hall again, and there delivered a letter to the Duke of Yorke about our Navy business, and thence walked up and down in the gallery, talking with Mr. Slingsby, who is a very ingenious person, about the Mint and coynage of money. Among other things, he argues that there being £700,000 coined in the Rump time, and by all the Treasurers of that time, it being their opinion that the Rump money was in all payments, one with another, about a tenth part of all their money. Then, says he, to my question, the nearest guess we can make is, that the money passing up and down in business is £7,000,000. To another question of mine he made me fully understand that the old law of prohibiting bullion to be exported, is, and ever was a folly and an injury, rather than good. Arguing thus, that if the exportations exceed importations, then the balance must be brought home in money, which, when our merchants know cannot be carried out again, they will forbear to bring home in money, but let it lie abroad for trade, or keepe in foreign banks: or if our importations exceed our exportations, then, to keepe credit, the merchants will and must find ways of carrying out money by stealth, which is a most easy thing to do, and is every where done; and therefore the law against it signifies nothing in the world. Besides, that it is seen, that where money is free, there is great plenty; where it is restrained, as here, there is a great want, as in Spayne. These and many other fine discourses I had from him. Thence by coach home (to see Sir J. Minnes first), who is still sick, and I doubt worse than he seems to be. Mrs.

Turner here took me into her closet, and there did give me a glass of most pure water, and shewed me her Rocke, which indeed is a very noble thing but a very bawble. So away to my office, where late, busy, and then home to supper and to bed.

28th. Up and to my office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, and after dinner abroad, walked to Paul's Churchyard, but my books not bound, which vexed me. So home to my office again, where very late about business, and so home to supper and to bed, my cold continuing in a great degree upon me still. This day I received a good sum of money due to me upon one score or another from Sir G. Carteret, among others to clear all my matters about Colours,[1] wherein a month or two since I was so embarrassed and I thank God I find myself to have got clear, by that commodity, £50 and something more; and earned it with dear pains and care and issuing of my owne money, and saved the King near £100 in it.

29th (Lord's day). Up and to my office, where all the morning, putting papers to rights which now grow upon my hands. At noon dined at home. All the afternoon at my business again. In the evening come Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we up to my chamber and there good musique, though my great cold made it the less pleasing to me. Then Mr. Hill (the other going away) and I to supper alone, my wife not appearing, our discourse upon the particular vain humours of Mr. Povy, which are very extraordinary indeed. After supper I to Sir W. Batten's, where I found him, Sir W. Pen, Sir J. Robinson, Sir R. Ford and Captain Cocke and Mr. Pen junior. Here a great deal of sorry disordered talk about the Trinity House men, their being exempted from land service. But, Lord! to see how void of method and sense their discourse was, and in what heat, insomuch as Sir R. Ford (who we judged, some of us, to be a little foxed) fell into very high terms with Sir W. Batten, and then with Captain Cocke. So that I see that no man is wise at all times. Thence home to prayers and to bed.

[1] Flags.

30th. This is solemnly kept as a Fast [1] all over the City, but I kept my house, putting my closett to rights again, having lately put it out of order in removing my books and things in order to being made clean. At this all day, and at night to my office, there to do some business, and being late at it, comes Mercer to me, to tell me that my wife was in bed, and desired me to come home; for they hear, and have, night after night, lately heard noises over their head upon the leads. Now it is strange to think how, knowing that I have a great sum of money in my house, this puts me into a most mighty affright, that for more than two hours, I could not almost tell what to do or say, but feared this and that, and remembered that this evening I saw a woman and two men stand suspiciously in the entry, in the darke; I calling to them, they made me only this answer, the woman said that the men came to see her; but who she was I could not tell. The truth is, my house is mighty dangerous, having so many ways to be come to; and at my windows, over the stairs, to see who goes up and down; but, if I escape to-night, I will remedy it. God preserve us this night safe! So at almost two o'clock, I home to my house, and, in great fear, to bed, thinking every running of a mouse really a thiefe; and so to sleep, very brokenly, all night long, and found all safe in the morning.

31st. Up and with Sir W. Batten to Westminster, where to speak at the House with my Lord Bellasses, and am cruelly vexed to see myself put upon businesses so uncertainly about getting ships for Tangier being ordered, a servile thing, almost every day. So to the 'Change, back by coach with Sir W. Batten, and thence to the Crowne, a taverne hard by, with Sir W. Rider and Cutler, where we alone, a very good dinner. Thence home to the office, and there all the afternoon late. The office being up, my wife sent for me, and what was it but to tell me how Jane carries herself, and I must put her away presently. But I did hear both sides and find my wife much in fault, and the grounds of all the difference is

[1] Kept in commemoration of the martyrdom of Charles I.

my wife's fondness of Tom, to the being displeased with all the house beside to defend the boy, which vexes me, but I will cure it. Many high words between my wife and I, but the wench shall go, but I will take a course with the boy, for I fear I have spoiled him already. Thence to the office, to my accounts, and there at once to ease my mind I have made myself debtor to Mr. Povy for the £117 5*s.* got with so much joy the last month, but seeing that it is not like to be kept without some trouble and question, I do even discharge my mind of it, and so if I come now to refund it, as I fear I shall, I shall now be ne'er a whit the poorer for it, though yet it is some trouble to me to be poorer by such a sum than I thought myself a month since. But, however, a quiet mind and to be sure of my owne is worth all. The Lord be praised for what I have, which is this month come down to £1,257. I staid up about my accounts till almost two in the morning.

February 1st. Lay long in bed, which made me, going by coach to St. James's by appointment to have attended the Duke of Yorke and my Lord Bellasses, lose the hopes of my getting something by the hire of a ship to carry men to Tangier. But, however, according to the order of the Duke this morning, I did go to the 'Change, and there after great pains did light of a business with Mr. Gifford and Hubland[1] [Houblon]

[1] James Houblon, an eminent London merchant, remarkable for his piety and plainness. Two of his sons rose to great wealth, and became knights and aldermen. Sir James Houblon served in parliament for his native city. Sir John was Lord Mayor in 1695, and at the same time a Lord of the Admiralty and Governor of the Bank. The best account of the father is to be found in the subjoined epitaph, said to be written by Pepys.

Jacobus Houblon,
Londinas Petri filius,
Ob fidem Flandriâ exulantis :
Ex C. Nepotibus habuit LXX superstites :
Filios V. videns mercatores florentissimos :
Ipse Londinensis Bursæ Pater
Piissimè obiit Nonagenarius,
A.D. MDCLXXXII.—B.

for bringing me as much as I hoped for, which I have at large expressed in my stating the case of the "King's Fisher," which is the ship that I have hired, and got the Duke of Yorke's agreement this afternoon after much pains and not eating a bit of bread till about 4 o'clock. Going home I put in to an ordinary by Temple Barr and there with my boy Tom eat a pullet, and thence home to the office, being still angry with my wife for yesterday's foolery. After a good while at the office, I with the boy to the Sun behind the Exchange, by agreement with Mr. Young the flag-maker, and there was met by Mr. Hill, Andrews, and Mr. Hubland, a pretty serious man. Here two very pretty savoury dishes and good discourse. After supper a song, or three or four (I having to that purpose carried Lawes's book), and staying here till 12 o'clock got the watch to light me home, and in a continued discontent to bed. After being in bed, my people come and say there is a great stinke of burning, but no smoake. We called up Sir J. Minnes's and Sir W. Batten's people, and Griffin, and the people at the madhouse, but nothing could be found to give occasion to it. At this trouble we were till past three o'clock, and then the stinke ceasing, I to sleep, and my people to bed, and lay very long in the morning.

2nd. Then up and to my office, where till noon and then to the 'Change, and at the Coffee-house with Gifford, Hubland, the Master of the ship, and I read over and approved a charter-party for carrying goods for Tangier, wherein I hope to get some money. Thence home, my head akeing for want of rest and too much business. So to the office. At night comes Povy, and he and I to Mrs. Bland's to discourse about my serving her to helpe her to a good passage for Tangier. Here I heard her kinswoman sing 3 or 4 very fine songs and in good manner, and then home and to supper. My cook mayd Jane and her mistresse parted, and she went away this day. I vexed to myself, but was resolved to have no more trouble, and so after supper to my office and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and walked with my boy (whom, because of my wife's making him idle, I dare not leave at home) walked first

to Salsbury court, there to excuse my not being at home at dinner to Mrs. Turner, who I perceive is vexed, because I do not serve her in something against the great feasting[1] for her husband's Reading in helping her to some good penn'eths, but I care not. She was dressing herself by the fire in her chamber, and there took occasion to show me her leg, which indeed is the finest I ever saw, and she not a little proud of it. Thence to my Lord Bellasses; thence to Mr. Povy's, and so up and down at that end of the town about several businesses, it being a brave frosty day and good walking. So back again on foot to the 'Change, in my way taking my books from binding from my bookseller's. My bill for the rebinding of some old books to make them suit with my study, cost me, besides other new books in the same bill, £3; but it will be very handsome. At the 'Change did several businesses, and here I hear that newes is come from Deale, that the same day my Lord Sandwich sailed thence with the fleete, that evening some Dutch men of warr were seen on the back side of the Goodwin, and, by all conjecture, must be seen by my Lord's fleete; which, if so, they must engage. Thence, being invited, to my uncle Wight's, where the Wights all dined; and, among the others, pretty Mrs. Margaret, who indeed is a very pretty lady; and though by my vowe it costs me 12*d.* a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple. So home, and among other letters found one from Jane, that is newly gone, telling me how her mistresse won't pay her her Quarter's wages, and withal tells me how her mistress will have the boy sit 3 or 4 hours together in the dark telling of stories, but speaks of nothing but only her indiscretion in undervaluing herself to do it, but I will remedy that, but am vexed she should get some body to write so much because of making it publique. Then took coach and to visit my Lady Sandwich, where she discoursed largely to me her opinion of a match, if it could be thought fit by my Lord, for my Lady Jemimah, with Sir G. Carteret's eldest son; but I doubt he hath yet no settled estate in land. But I will inform myself, and give her

[1] On his appointment as Reader in Law. See March 3rd, 1664-65.

my opinion. Then Mrs. Pickering (after private discourse ended, we going into the other room) did, at my Lady's command, tell me the manner of a masquerade[1] before the King and Court the other day. Where six women (my Lady Castlemayne and Duchesse of Monmouth being two of them) and six men (the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Arran[2] and Monsieur Blanfort,[3] being three of them) in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously. God give us cause to continue the mirthe! So home, and after awhile at my office to supper and to bed.

4th. Lay long in bed discoursing with my wife about her mayds, which by Jane's going away in discontent and against my opinion do make some trouble between my wife and me. But these are but foolish troubles and so not to be set to heart, yet it do disturb me mightily these things. To my office, and there all the morning. At noon being invited, I to the Sun behind the 'Change, to dinner to my Lord Belasses, where a great deal of discourse with him, and some good, among others at table he told us a very handsome passage of the King's sending him his message about holding out the town of Newarke, of which he was then governor for the King. This message he sent in a slugg-bullet, being writ in cypher, and wrapped up in lead and swallowed. So the messenger come to my Lord and told him he had a message from the

[1] The masquerade at Court took place on the 2nd, and is referred to by Evelyn, who was present, in his Diary. Some amusing incidents connected with the entertainment are related in the "Grammont Memoirs" (chapter vii.).

[2] Richard Butler, second surviving son of James, Duke of Ormond, born July 15th, 1639. He was created Earl of Arran in Ireland in 1662, when his father was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Baron Butler of Weston in the peerage of England in 1673. He died January 25th, 1685-86, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[3] Louis de Duras, Marquis de Blanquefort in France, born 1638, naturalized in England, October, 1665, in which year he was a volunteer with the English fleet. Created Baron Duras of Holdenby, January, 1672-73; and succeeded his father-in-law, George Sondes, as Earl of Feversham, in 1677; K.G., July 30th, 1685; Master of St. Catherine's Hospital, 1698; and died April 19th, 1709.

King, but it was yet in his belly; so they did give him some physique, and out it come. This was a month before the King's flying to the Scotts; and therein he told him that at such a day, being the 3d or 6th of May, he should hear of his being come to the Scotts, being assured by the King of France that in coming to them he should be used with all the liberty, honour, and safety, that could be desired. And at the just day he did come to the Scotts. He told us another odd passage: how the King having newly put out Prince Rupert of his generallshipp, upon some miscarriage at Bristoll, and Sir Richard Willis[1] of his governorship of Newarke, at the entreaty of the gentry of the County, and put in my Lord Bellasses, the great officers of the King's army mutinyed, and come in that manner with swords drawn, into the market-place of the towne where the King was; which the King hearing, says, "I must to horse." And there himself personally, when every body expected they should have been opposed, the King come, and cried to the head of the mutineers, which was Prince Rupert, "Nephew, I command you to be gone." So the Prince, in all his fury and discontent, withdrew, and his company scattered, which they say was the greatest piece of mutiny in the world. Thence after dinner home to my office, and in the evening was sent to by Jane that I would give her her wages. So I sent for my wife to my office, and told her that rather than be talked on I would give her all her wages for this Quarter coming on, though two months is behind, which vexed my wife, and we begun to be angry, but I took myself up and sent her away, but was cruelly vexed in my mind that all my trouble in this world almost should arise from my disorders in my family and the indiscretion of a wife that brings me nothing almost (besides a comely person) but only trouble and discontent. She gone I late at my business, and then home to supper and to bed.

[1] Sir Richard Willis, the betrayer of the Royalists, was one of the "Sealed Knot." When the Restoration had become a certainty, he wrote to Clarendon imploring him to intercede for him with the king (see Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. iii., p. 87).

5th (Lord's day). Lay in bed most of the morning, then up and down to my chamber, among my new books, which is now a pleasant sight to me to see my whole study almost of one binding. So to dinner, and all the afternoon with W. Hewer at my office endorsing of papers there, my business having got before me much of late. In the evening comes to see me Mr. Sheply, lately come out of the country, who goes away again to-morrow, a good and a very kind man to me. There come also Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we sang very pleasantly; and so, they being gone, I and my wife to supper, and to prayers and bed.

6th. Up and with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen to St. James's, but the Duke is gone abroad. So to White Hall to him, and there I spoke with him, and so to Westminster, did a little business, and then home to the 'Change, where also I did some business, and went off and ended my contract with the "Kingfisher"[1] hired for Tangier, and I hope to get something by it. Thence home to dinner, and visited Sir W. Batten, who is sick again, worse than he was, and I am apt to think is very ill. So to my office, and among other things with Sir W. Warren 4 hours or more till very late, talking of one thing or another, and have concluded a firm league with him in all just ways to serve him and myself all I can, and I think he will be a most usefull and thankfull man to me. So home to supper and to bed. This being one of the coldest days, all say, they ever felt in England; and I this day, under great apprehensions of getting an ague from my putting a suit on that hath lain by without ayring a great while, and I pray God it do not do me hurte.

7th. Up and to my office, where busy all the morning, and at home to dinner. It being Shrove Tuesday, had some very good fritters. All the afternoon and evening at the office, and at night home to supper and to bed. This day, Sir W. Batten, who hath been sicke four or five days, is now very

[1] On May 10th, 1665, Symond Emison wrote to the Navy Commissioners, sending a list of twelve men on board the "Kingfisher" at Harwich ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 359).

bad, so as people begin to fear his death; and I am at a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die, because he is a bad man, or live, for fear a worse should come.

8th. Up and by coach to my Lord Peterborough's, where anon my Lord Ashly and Sir Thomas Ingram met, and Povy about his accounts, who is one of the most unhappy accountants that ever I knew in all my life, and one that if I were clear in reference to my bill of £117 he should be hanged before I would ever have to do with him, and as he understands nothing of his business himself, so he hath not one about him that do. Here late till I was weary, having business elsewhere, and thence home by coach, and after dinner did several businesses and very late at my office, and so home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up and to my office, where all the morning very busy. At noon home to dinner, and then to my office again, where Sir William Petty come, among other things to tell me that Mr. Barlow[1] is dead; for which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets £100 per annum, he being a worthy, honest man; but after having considered that when I come to consider the providence of God by this means unexpectedly to give me £100 a year more in my estate, I have cause to bless God, and do it from the bottom of my heart. So home late at night, after twelve o'clock, and so to bed.

10th. Up and abroad to Paul's Churchyard, there to see the last of my books new bound: among others, my "Court of King James,"[2] and "The Rise and Fall of the Family of the

[1] Thomas Barlow, Pepys's predecessor as Clerk of the Acts, to whom he paid part of the salary. Barlow held the office jointly with Dennis Fleming.

[2] "The Court and Character of King James, written and taken by Sir Anthony Weldon, being an eye and eare witnesse," was published in 1650, and reprinted in 1651 under the title of "Truth brought to Light." Weldon's book was answered in a work entitled "Aulicus Coquinariæ." Both the original book and the answer were reprinted in "The Secret History of the Court of King James," Edinburgh, 1811, two vols. (edited by Sir Walter Scott).

Stewarts;"[1] and much pleased I am now with my study; it being, methinks, a beautifull sight. Thence (in Mr. Grey's coach, who took me up), to Westminster, where I heard that yesterday the King met the Houses to pass the great bill for the £2,500,000. After doing a little business I home, where Mr. Moore dined with me, and evened our reckonings on my Lord Sandwich's bond to me for principal and interest. So that now on both there is remaining due to me £257 7*s*., and I bless God it is no more. So all the afternoon at my office, and late home to supper, prayers, and to bed.

11th. Up and to my office, where all the morning. At noon to 'Change by coach with my Lord Brunkard, and thence after doing much business home to dinner, and so to my office all the afternoon till past 12 at night very busy. So home to bed.

12th (Lord's day). Up and to church to St. Lawrence[2] to hear Dr. Wilkins, the great scholar, for curiosity, I having never heard him: but was not satisfied with him at all, only a gentleman sat in the pew I by chance sat in, that sang most excellently, and afterward I found by his face that he had been a Paul's scholler, but know not his name, and I was also well pleased with the church, it being a very fine church. So home to dinner, and then to my office all the afternoon doing of business, and in the evening comes Mr. Hill (but no Andrews) and we spent the evening very finely, singing, supping and discoursing. Then to prayers and to bed.

13th. Up and to St. James's, did our usual business before the Duke. Thence I to Westminster and by water (taking

[1] "The Divine Catastrophe of the kingly family of the House of Stuarts; or a short History of the Rise, Reign and Ruine thereof." By Sir Edward Peyton. London, 1652. Reprinted in "The Secret History of the Court of King James," 1811.

[2] St. Lawrence Jewry. Dr. John Wilkins was vicar from 1662 to 1668, when he was appointed Bishop of Chester. He died November 19th, 1672, in Chancery Lane, and was buried, December 12th, in the church of St. Lawrence, under the north wall of the chancel. At this time the great Tillotson was lecturer at this church. Bishop Wilkins died at the house of Tillotson, who married his stepdaughter.

Mr. Stapely the rope-maker by the way), to his rope-ground and to Limehouse, there to see the manner of stoves and did excellently inform myself therein, and coming home did go on board Sir W. Petty's "Experiment," which is a brave roomy vessel, and I hope may do well. So went on shore to a Dutch [house] to drink some mum, and there light upon some Dutchmen, with whom we had good discourse touching stoveing[1] and making of cables. But to see how despicably they speak of us for our using so many hands more to do anything than they do, they closing a cable with 20, that we use 60 men upon. Thence home and eat something, and then to my office, where very late, and then to supper and to bed. Captain Stokes, it seems, is at last dead at Portsmouth.

14th (St. Valentine). This morning comes betimes Dicke Pen,[2] to be my wife's Valentine, and come to our bedside. By the same token, I had him brought to my side, thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me, and would not; so went to his Valentine: a notable, stout, witty boy. I up about business, and, opening the door, there was Bagwell's wife, with whom I talked afterwards, and she had the confidence to say she came with a hope to be time enough to be my Valentine, and so indeed she did, but my oath preserved me from loosing any time with her, and so I and my boy abroad by coach to Westminster, where did two or three businesses, and then home to the 'Change, and did much business there. My Lord Sandwich is, it seems, with his fleete at Alborough Bay. So home to dinner and then to the office, where till 12 almost at night, and then home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up and to my office, where busy all the morning. At noon with Creed to dinner to Trinity-house, where a very good dinner among the old sokers, where an extraordinary dis-

[1] Stoveing, in sail-making, is the heating of the bolt-ropes, so as to make them pliable.—B.

[2] Richard Penn, second son to Sir William Penn, who died in April, 1673, and was buried at Walthamstow.

course of the manner of the loss of the "Royall Oake"[1] coming home from Bantam, upon the rocks of Scilly, many passages therein very extraordinary, and if I can I will get it in writing. Thence with Creed to Gresham College, where I had been by Mr. Povy the last week proposed to be admitted a member;[2] and was this day admitted, by signing a book and being taken by the hand by the President, my Lord Brunkard, and some words of admittance said to me. But it is a most acceptable thing to hear their discourse, and see their experiments; which were this day upon the nature of fire, and how it goes out in a place where the ayre is not free, and sooner out where the ayre is exhausted, which they showed by an engine on purpose. After this being done, they to the Crowne Taverne, behind the 'Change, and there my Lord and most of the company to a club supper; Sir P. Neale,[3] Sir R. Murrey,[4] Dr. Clerke, Dr. Whistler,[5] Dr. Goddard,[6] and others of most eminent worth. Above all, Mr. Boyle to-day was at the meeting, and above him Mr. Hooke,[7] who is the most, and

[1] For relation of the loss of the "Royal Oak," see Rawlinson MSS., A. 195, fol. 180 (Bodleian Library).—B.

[2] According to the minutes of the Royal Society for February 15th, 1664-65, "Mr. Pepys was unanimously elected and admitted." Notes of the experiments shown by Hooke and Boyle are given in Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 15.

[3] Sir Paul Neile, of White Waltham, Berks, eldest son to Richard Neile, Archbishop of York (see vol. i., p. 355).

[4] Sir Robert Moray, one of the founders of the Royal Society, and President before the charter was obtained. He was made a Privy Councillor for Scotland after the Restoration.

[5] Daniel Whistler, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, took the degree of M.D. at Leyden, 1645; and after practising in London, went as physician to the embassy, with Bulstrode Whitlock, into Sweden. On his return he became Fellow, and at length President, of the College of Physicians. He was Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, 1648-57, and died May 11th, 1684.

[6] Jonathan Goddard, M.D., F.R.S., born at Greenwich about 1617. He had been physician to Cromwell, who appointed him one of the Council of State. Professor of Physic at Gresham College, 1655. Member of the first Council of the Royal Society. Died March 24th, 1674-75.

[7] Dr. Robert Hooke, Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, and

promises the least, of any man in the world that ever I saw. Here excellent discourse till ten at night, and then home, and to Sir W. Batten's, where I hear that Sir Thos. Harvy[1] intends to put Mr. Turner out of his house and come in himself, which will be very hard to them, and though I love him not, yet for his family's sake I pity him. So home and to bed.

16th. Up, and with Mr. Andrews to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier, and there I did our victuallers' business for some more money, out of which I hope to get a little, of which I was glad; but, Lord! to see to what a degree of contempt, nay, scorn, Mr. Povy, through his prodigious folly, hath brought himself in his accounts, that if he be not a man of a great interest, he will be kicked out of his employment for a foole, is very strange, and that most deservedly that ever man was, for never any man, that understands accounts so little, ever went through so much, and yet goes through it with the greatest shame and yet with confidence that ever I saw man in my life. God deliver me in my owne business of my bill out of his hands, and if ever I foul my fingers with him again let me suffer for it! Back to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner, where Mrs. Hunt dined with me, and poor Mrs. Batters,[2] who brought her little daughter with her, and a letter from her husband, wherein, as a token, the foole presents me very seriously with his daughter for me to take the charge of bringing up for him, and to make my owne. But I took no notice to her at all of the substance of the letter, but fell to discourse, and so went away to the office, where all the afternoon till almost one in the morning, and then home to bed.

17th. Up, and it being bitter cold, and frost and snow,

Curator of the Experiments to the Royal Society, of which he was one of the earliest and most distinguished members. He died March 3rd, 1702-3.

[1] Sir Thomas Harvey was appointed Extra Commissioner of the Navy in January, 1664-65, and succeeded Lord Berkeley.

[2] Apparently the wife of Christopher Battars, gunner of the "Santa Maria."

which I had thought had quite left us, I by coach to Povy's, where he told me, as I knew already, how he was handled the other day, and is still, by my Lord Barkeley, and among other things tells me, what I did not know, how my Lord Barkeley will say openly, that he hath fought more set fields[1] than any man in England hath done. I did my business with him, which was to get a little sum of money paid, and so home with Mr. Andrews, who met me there, and there to the office. At noon home and there found Lewellin, which vexed me out of my old jealous humour. So to my office, where till 12 at night, being only a little while at noon at Sir W. Batten's to see him, and had some high words with Sir J. Minnes about Sir W. Warren, he calling him cheating knave, but I cooled him, and at night at Sir W. Pen's, he being to go to Chatham to-morrow. So home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning; at noon to the 'Change, and thence to the Royall Oake taverne in Lumbard Streete, where Sir William Petty and the owners of the double-bottomed boat (the Experiment) did entertain my Lord Brunkard, Sir R. Murrey, myself, and others, with marrow bones and a chine of beefe of the victuals they have made for this ship; and excellent company and good discourse: but, above all, I do value Sir William Petty. Thence home; and took my Lord Sandwich's draught of the harbour of Portsmouth down to Ratcliffe, to one Burston, to make a plate for the King, and another for the Duke, and another for himself; which will be very neat. So home, and till almost one o'clock in the morning at my office, and then home to supper and to bed. My Lord Sandwich, and his fleete of twenty-five ships in the Downes, returned from cruising, but could not meet with any Dutchmen.

19th. Lay in bed, it being Lord's day, all the morning talking with my wife, sometimes pleased, sometimes displeased, and then up and to dinner. All the afternoon also at home, and Sir W. Batten's, and in the evening comes

[1] Battles or actions.

Mr. Andrews, and we sung together, and then to supper, he not staying, and at supper hearing by accident of my mayds their letting in a rogueing Scotch woman that haunts the office, to helpe them to washe and scoure in our house, and that very lately, I fell mightily out, and made my wife, to the disturbance of the house and neighbours, to beat our little girle, and then we shut her down into the cellar, and there she lay all night. So we to bed.

20th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to attend the Duke, and then we back again and rode into the beginning of my Lord Chancellor's new house,[1] near St. James's; which common people have already called Dunkirke-house, from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that towne. And very noble I believe it will be. Near that is my Lord Barkeley[2] beginning another on one side, and Sir J. Denham on the other. Thence I to the House of Lords and spoke with my Lord Bellasses, and so to the 'Change, and there did business, and so to the Sun taverne, having in the morning had some high words with Sir J. Lawson about his sending of some bayled goods to Tangier, wherein the truth is I did not favour him, but being conscious that some of my profits may come out by some words that fell from him, and to be quiet, I have accommodated it. Here we dined merry; but my club and the rest come to *7s. 6d.*, which was too much. Thence to the office, and there found Bagwell's wife, whom I directed to go home, and I would do her business, which was to write

[1] "Oct. 8, 1667. The Lord Chancellor's House, called 'Clarendon House,' is now almost finished. The chapel is quite completed, and was consecrated, when His Honour gave a rich Bible, the cover of which was of silver, and the Book of Common Prayer with the same covering, together with bowls and other vessels for the Sacrament, to the value of £1,000. A Sermon was preached that day by a Bishop."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*—B.

[2] Clarendon House was situated where Albemarle Street now stands; on the west side was Berkeley House, where Devonshire House now is. The house on the east side, said to have been built by Sir J. Denham, was Burlington House. These three houses were the first buildings in this part of Piccadilly.

a letter to my Lord Sandwich for her husband's advance into a better ship as there should be occasion. Which I did, and by and by did go down by water to Deptford, and then down further, and so landed at the lower end of the town, and it being dark *entrer en la maison de la femme de Bagwell*, and there had *sa compagnie*, though with a great deal of difficulty, *néanmoins en fin j'avais ma volonté d'elle*, and being sated therewith, I walked home to Redriffe, it being now near nine o'clock, and there I did drink some strong waters and eat some bread and cheese, and so home. Where at my office my wife comes and tells me that she hath hired a chamber mayde, one of the prettiest maydes that ever she saw in her life, and that she is really jealous of me for her, but hath ventured to hire her from month to month, but I think she means merrily. So to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and to the office (having a mighty pain in my forefinger of my left hand, from a strain that it received last night) in struggling *avec la femme que je* mentioned yesterday, where busy till noon, and then my wife being busy in going with her woman to a hot-house to bathe herself, after her long being within doors in the dirt, so that she now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean. How long it will hold I can guess. I dined with Sir W. Batten and my Lady, they being now a'days very fond of me. So to the 'Change, and off of the 'Change with Mr. Wayth to a cook's shop, and there dined again for discourse with him about Hamaccos[1] and the abuse now practised in tickets, and more like every day to be. Also of the great profit Mr. Fen[2] makes of his place, he being, though he demands but ½ per cent. of all he pays, and that is easily computed, but very little pleased with any man that gives him no more. So to the office, and after office my Lord Brunkerd carried me to Lincolne's Inne Fields, and there I with my Lady Sandwich

[1] Or hammock-battens: cleats or battens nailed to the sides of a vessel's beams, from which to suspend the seamen's hammocks.

[2] Paymaster John Fenn, with whom Pepys was afterwards so familiar as to call him Jack.

(good lady) talking of innocent discourse of good housewifery and husbands for her daughters, and the luxury and looseness of the times and other such things till past 10 o'clock at night, and so by coach home, where a little at my office, and so to supper and to bed. My Lady tells me how my Lord Castlemayne is coming over from France, and is believed will be made friends with his Lady again. What mad freaks the Mayds of Honour at Court have: that Mrs. Jenings,[1] one of the Duchesse's mayds, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till falling down, or by such accident, though in the evening, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deale of shame;[2] that such as these tricks being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives: my Lady Castlemayne will in merriment say that her daughter (not above a year old or two) will be the first mayde in the Court that will be married. This day my Lord Sandwich writ me word from the Downes, that he is like to be in towne this week.

22nd. Lay last night alone, my wife after her bathing lying alone in another bed. So cold all night. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon at the 'Change, busy; where great talk of a Dutch ship in the North put on shore, and taken by a troop of horse. Home to dinner and Creed with me. Thence to Gresham College,[3] where very noble discourse, and thence home busy till past 12 at night, and then home to supper and to bed. Mrs. Bland come this night to take leave of me and my wife, going to Tangier.

[1] Frances Jenyns, eldest daughter of Richard Jenyns, of Holywell House, St. Alban's, born in 1648, maid of honour to Anne, Duchess of York, married 1st, George Hamilton, second son of Sir George Hamilton and brother of Count Hamilton (author of the "Memoirs of Grammont"); he was killed in battle, June, 1676; and 2ndly, Colonel Richard Talbot, created Earl of Tyrconnel in 1685. In 1689 the unacknowledged dukedom of Tyrconnel was conferred on him. He died August 14th, 1691. She died at Dublin, March 6th, 1730-31.

[2] This adventure is related in the "Grammont Memoirs," chap. x.

[3] Philip Carteret was elected a Fellow at this meeting. Hooke and Boyle exhibited several experiments.

23rd. This day, by the blessing of Almighty God, I have lived thirty-two years in the world, and am in the best degree of health at this minute that I have been almost in my life time, and at this time in the best condition of estate that ever I was in—the Lord make me thankfull. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, where I hear the most horrid and astonishing newes that ever was yet told in my memory, that De Ruyter with his fleete in Guinny hath proceeded to the taking of whatever we have, forts, goods, ships, and men, and tied our men back to back, and thrown them all into the sea, even women and children also. This a Swede or Hamburgher is come into the River and tells that he saw the thing done.[1] But, Lord! to see the consternation all our merchants are in is observable, and with what fury and revenge they discourse of it. But I fear it will like other things in a few days cool among us. But that which I fear most is the reason why he that was so kind to our men at first should afterward, having let them go, be so cruel when he went further. What I fear is that there he was informed (which he was not before) of some of Holmes's dealings with his countrymen, and so was moved to this fury. God grant it be not so! But a more dishonourable thing was never suffered by Englishmen, nor a more barbarous done by man, as this by them to us. Home to dinner, and then to the office, where we sat all the afternoon, and then at night to take my finall leave of Mrs. Bland, who sets out to-morrow for Tangier, and then I back to my office till past 12, and so home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up, and to my office, where all the morning upon advising again with some fishermen and the water bayliffe of the City, by Mr. Coventry's direction, touching the protections which are desired for the fishermen upon the River, and I am glad of the occasion to make me understand something of it.

[1] Similar reports of the cruelty of the English to the Dutch in Guinea were credited in Holland, and were related by Downing in a letter to Clarendon from the Hague, dated April 14th, 1665 (Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. iii., p. 374).

At noon home to dinner, and all the afternoon till 9 at night in my chamber, and Mr. Hater with me (to prevent being disturbed at the office), to perfect my contract book, which, for want of time, hath a long time lain without being entered in as I used to do from month to month. Then to my office, where till almost 12, and so home to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon to the 'Change; where just before I come, the Swede that had told the King and the Duke so boldly this great lie of the Dutch flinging our men back to back into the sea at Guinny, so particularly, and readily, and confidently, was whipt round the 'Change: he confessing it a lie, and that he did it in hopes to get something. It is said the Judges, upon demand, did give it their opinion that the law would judge him to be whipt, to lose his eares, or to have his nose slit: but I do not hear that anything more is to be done to him. They say he is delivered over to the Dutch Embassador to do what he pleased with him. But the world do think that there is some design on one side or other, either of the Dutch or French, for it is not likely a fellow would invent such a lie to get money whereas he might have hoped for a better reward by telling something in behalf of us to please us. Thence to the Sun taverne, and there dined with Sir W. Warren and Mr. Gifford, the merchant: and I hear how Nich. Colborne, that lately lived and got a great estate there, is gone to live like a prince in the country, and that this Wadlow,[1] that did the like at the Devil by St. Dunstane's, did go into the country, and there spent almost all he had got, and hath now choused this Colborne out of his house, that he might come to his old trade again. But, Lord! to see how full the house is, no room for any company almost to come into it. Thence home to the office, where dispatched much business; at night late home, and to clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me, because she do herself, and so to bed.

26th (Sunday). Up and to church, and so home to dinner,

[1] See note, vol. ii., p. 18.

and after dinner to my office, and there busy all the afternoon, till in the evening comes Mr. Andrews and Hill, and so home and to singing. Hill staid and supped with me, and very good discourse of Italy, where he was, which is always to me very agreeable. After supper, he gone, we to prayers and to bed.

27th. Up and to St. James's, where we attended the Duke as usual. This morning I was much surprized and troubled with a letter from Mrs. Bland, that she is left behind, and much trouble it cost me this day to find out some way to carry her after the ships to Plymouth, but at last I hope I have done it. At noon to the 'Change to inquire what wages the Dutch give in their men-of-warr at this day, and I hear for certain they give but twelve guilders at most, which is not full 24*s.*, a thing I wonder at. At home to dinner, and then in Sir J. Minnes's coach, my wife and I with him, and also Mercer, abroad, he and I to White Hall, and he would have his coach to wait upon my wife on her visits, it being the first time my wife hath been out of doors (but the other day to bathe her) several weeks. We to a Committee of the Council to discourse concerning pressing of men; but, Lord! how they meet; never sit down: one comes, now another goes, then comes another; one complaining that nothing is done, another swearing that he hath been there these two hours and nobody come. At last it come to this, my Lord Annesly, says he, "I think we must be forced to get the King to come to every committee; for I do not see that we do any thing at any time but when he is here." And I believe he said the truth: and very constant he is at the council table on council-days; which his predecessors, it seems, very rarely did; but thus I perceive the greatest affair in the world at this day is likely to be managed by us. But to hear how my Lord Barkeley and others of them do cry up the discipline of the late times here, and in the former Dutch warr is strange, wishing with all their hearts that the business of religion were not so severely carried on as to discourage the sober people to come among us, and wishing that the same law and severity were used against

drunkennesse as there was then, saying that our evil living will call the hand of God upon us again. Thence to walk alone a good while in St. James's Parke with Mr. Coventry, who I perceive is grown a little melancholy and displeased to see things go as they do so carelessly. Thence I by coach to Ratcliffe highway, to the plate-maker's, and he has begun my Lord Sandwich's plate very neatly, and so back again. Coming back I met Colonell Atkins, who in other discourse did offer to give me a piece to receive of me 20 when he proves the late news of the Dutch, their drowning our men, at Guinny, and the truth is I find the generality of the world to fear that there is something of truth in it, and I do fear it too. Thence back by coach to Sir Philip Warwicke's; and there he did contract with me a kind of friendship and freedom of communication, wherein he assures me to make me understand the whole business of the Treasurer's business of the Navy, that I shall know as well as Sir G. Carteret what money he hath; and will needs have me come to him sometimes, or he meet me, to discourse of things tending to the serving the King: and I am mighty proud and happy in becoming so known to such a man. And I hope shall pursue it. Thence back home to the office a little tired and out of order, and then to supper and to bed.

28th. At the office all the morning. At noon dined at home. After dinner my wife and I to my Lady Batten's, it being the first time my wife hath been there, I think, these two years, but I had a mind in part to take away the strangenesse, and so we did, and all very quiett and kind. Come home, I to the taking my wife's kitchen accounts at the latter end of the month, and there find *7s.* wanting, which did occasion a very high falling out between us, I indeed too angrily insisting upon so poor a thing, and did give her very provoking high words, calling her beggar, and reproaching her friends, which she took very stomachfully and reproached me justly with mine, and I confess, being myself, I cannot see what she could have done less. I find she is very cunning, and when she least shews it hath her wit at work; but it is an ill one,

though I think not so bad but with good usage I might well bear with it, and the truth is I do find that my being over-solicitous and jealous and froward and ready to reproach her do make her worse. However, I find that now and then a little difference do no hurte, but too much of it will make her know her force too much. We parted after many high words very angry, and I to my office to my month's accounts, and find myself worth £1,270, for which the Lord God be praised! So at almost 2 o'clock in the morning I home to supper and to bed, and so ends this month, with great expectation of the Hollanders coming forth, who are, it seems, very high and rather more ready than we. God give a good issue to it!

March 1st. Up, and this day being the day that by a promise, a great while ago, made to my wife, I was to give her £20 to lay out in clothes against Easter, she did, notwithstanding last night's falling out, come to peace with me and I with her, but did boggle mightily at the parting with my money, but at last did give it her, and then she abroad to buy her things, and I to my office, where busy all the morning. At noon I to dinner at Trinity House, and thence to Gresham College, where Mr. Hooke[1] read a second very curious lecture about the late Comett; among other things proving very probably that this is the very same Comett that appeared before in the year 1618, and that in such a time probably it will appear again, which is a very new opinion; but all will be in print. Then to the meeting, where Sir G. Carteret's

[1] Hooke's lecture was probably delivered by him as Professor at Gresham College. Mr. J. R. Hind, F.R.S., writes ("Nature," February 7th, 1884, p. 345): "We do not remember to have met with other reference to this opinion of Hooke's, though probably such must exist, and it is not easy to explain upon what grounds he founded the idea. . . . The comet referred to was the third of 1618. It was observed by Harriot at Sion House, Isleworth." At the meeting of the Royal Society, a letter from Huyghens was read, in which that philosopher referred to "his agreement with Dr. Wren about the place of the comet." In reference to this it was resolved, "That Mr. Hooke should extract out of his lecture a discourse upon the late comet, and fit it for the press" (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 19).

two sons, his owne, and Sir N. Slaning,[1] were admitted of the society: and this day I did pay my admission money, 40*s.* to the society. Here was very fine discourses and experiments, but I do lacke philosophy enough to understand them, and so cannot remember them. Among others, a very particular account of the making of the several sorts of bread in France, which is accounted the best place for bread in the world.[2] So home, where very busy getting an answer to some question of Sir Philip Warwicke touching the expense of the navy, and that being done I by coach at 8 at night with my wife and Mercer to Sir Philip's and discoursed with him (leaving them in the coach), and then back with them home and to supper and to bed.

2nd. Begun this day to rise betimes before six o'clock, and, going down to call my people, found Besse and the girle with their clothes on, lying within their bedding upon the ground close by the fireside, and a candle burning all night, pretending they would rise to scoure. This vexed me, but Besse is going and so she will not trouble me long. Up, and by water to Burston about my Lord's plate, and then home to the office, so there all the morning sitting. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten (my wife being gone again to-day to buy things, having bought nothing yesterday for lack of Mrs. Pierce's company), and thence to the office again, where very busy till 12 at night, and vexed at my wife's staying out so late, she not being at home at 9 o'clock, but at last she is come home, but the reason of her stay I know not yet. So shut up my books, and home to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and abroad about several things, among others to see Mr. Peter Honiwood, who was at my house the other day, and I find it was for nothing but to pay me my brother John's

[1] Philip Carteret and Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B., who married a daughter of Sir George Carteret.

[2] At the meeting of the Royal Society on March 1st, "Mr. Evelyn's paper, intitled 'Panificium; or the several manners of making bread in France, &c., where by general consent the best bread is eaten,' was read, and ordered to be registered" (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 19).

Quarterage. Thence to see Mrs. Turner, who takes it mighty ill I did not come to dine with the Reader, her husband, which, she says, was the greatest feast that ever was yet kept by a Reader, and I believe it was well. But I am glad I did not go, which confirms her in an opinion that I am growne proud. Thence to the 'Change, and to several places, and so home to dinner and to my office, where till 12 at night writing over a discourse of mine to Mr. Coventry touching the Fishermen of the Thames upon a reference of the business by him to me concerning their being protected from presse. Then home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up very betimes, and walked, it being bitter cold, to Ratcliffe, to the plate-maker's and back again. To the office, where we sat all the morning, I, with being empty and full of ayre and wind, had some pain to-day. Dined alone at home, my wife being gone abroad to buy some more things. All the afternoon at the office. William Howe come to see me, being come up with my Lord from sea: he is grown a discreet, but very conceited fellow. He tells me how little respectfully Sir W. Pen did carry it to my Lord on board the Duke's ship at sea; and that Captain Minnes, a favourite of Prince Rupert's, do shew my Lord little respect; but that every body else esteems my Lord as they ought. I am sorry for the folly of the latter, and vexed at the dissimulation of the former. At night home to supper and to bed. This day was proclaimed at the 'Change the war with Holland.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and Mr. Burston bringing me by order my Lord's plates, which he has been making this week. I did take coach and to my Lord Sandwich's and dined with my Lord; it being the first time he hath dined at home since his coming from sea: and a pretty odd demand it was of my Lord to my Lady before me: "How do you, sweetheart? How have you done all this week?" himself taking notice of it to me, that he had hardly seen her the week before. At dinner he did use me with the greatest solemnity in the world, in carving for me, and nobody else, and calling often to my Lady to cut for me; and all the respect possible. After

dinner looked over the plates, liked them mightily, and indeed I think he is the most exact man in what he do in the world of that kind. So home again, and there after a song or two in the evening with Mr. Hill, I to my office, and then home to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach, being a most lamentable cold day as any this year, to St. James's, and there did our business with the Duke. Great preparations for his speedy return to sea. I saw him try on his buff coat and hat-piece covered with black velvet. It troubles me more to think of his venture, than of anything else in the whole warr. Thence home to dinner, where I saw Besse go away ; she having of all wenches that ever lived with us received the greatest love and kindnesse and good clothes, besides wages, and gone away with the greatest ingratitude. I then abroad to look after my Hamaccoes, and so home, and there find our new chamber-mayde, Mary, come, which instead of handsome, as my wife spoke and still seems to reckon, is a very ordinary wench, I think, and therein was mightily disappointed. To my office, where busy late, and then home to supper and to bed, and was troubled all this night with a pain in my left testicle, that run up presently into my left kidney and there kept akeing all night. In great pain.

7th. Up, and was pretty well, but going to the office, and I think it was sitting with my back to the fire, it set me in a great rage again, that I could not continue till past noon at the office, but was forced to go home, nor could sit down to dinner, but betook myself to my bed, and being there a while my pain begun to abate and grow less and less. Anon I went to make water, not dreaming of any thing but my testicle that by some accident I might have bruised as I used to do, but in pissing there come from me two stones, I could feel them, and caused my water to be looked into ; but without any pain to me in going out, which makes me think that it was not a fit of the stone at all ; for my pain was asswaged upon my lying down a great while before I went to make water. Anon I made water again very freely and plentifully. I kept

my bed in good ease all the evening, then rose and sat up an hour or two, and then to bed and lay till 8 o'clock, and then,

8th. Though a bitter cold day, yet I rose, and though my pain and tenderness in my testicle remains a little, yet I do verily think that my pain yesterday was nothing else, and therefore I hope my disease of the stone may not return to me, but void itself in pissing, which God grant, but I will consult my physitian. This morning is brought me to the office the sad newes of "The London," in which Sir J. Lawson's men were all bringing her from Chatham to the Hope, and thence he was to go to sea in her; but a little a' this side the buoy of the Nower, she suddenly blew up. About 24 [men] and a woman that were in the round-house and coach saved; the rest, being above 300, drowned: the ship breaking all in pieces, with 80 pieces of brass ordnance. She lies sunk, with her round-house above water. Sir J. Lawson hath a great loss in this of so many good chosen men, and many relations among them. I went to the 'Change, where the news taken very much to heart. So home to dinner, and Mr. Moore with me. Then I to Gresham College, and there saw several pretty experiments, and so home and to my office, and at night about 11 home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the afternoon. At noon to dinner at home, and then abroad with my wife, left her at the New Exchange and I to Westminster, where I hear Mrs. Martin is brought to bed of a boy and christened Charles, which I am very glad of, for I was fearful of being called to be a godfather to it. But it seems it was to be done suddenly, and so I escaped. It is strange to see how a liberty and going abroad without purpose of doing anything do lead a man to what is bad, for I was just upon going to her, where I must of necessity [have] broken my oath or made a forfeit. But I did not, company being (I heard by my porter) with her, and so I home again, taking up my wife, and was set down by her at Paule's Schoole, where I visited Mr. Crumlum at his house; and, Lord! to see how ridiculous

a conceited pedagogue he is, though a learned man, he being so dogmaticall in all he do and says. But among other discourse, we fell to the old discourse of Paule's Schoole; and he did, upon my declaring my value of it, give me one of Lilly's grammars of a very old impression, as it was in the Catholique times, which I shall much set by. And so, after some small discourse, away and called upon my wife at a linen draper's shop buying linen, and so home, and to my office, where late, and home to supper and to bed. This night my wife had a new suit of flowered ash-coloured silke, very noble.

10th. Up, and to the office all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, where very hot, people's proposal of the City giving the King[1] another ship for "The London," that is lately blown up, which would be very handsome, and if well managed, might be done; but I fear if it be put into ill hands, or that the courtiers do solicit it, it will never be done. Home to dinner, and thence to the Committee of Tangier at White Hall, where my Lord Barkely and Craven and others; but, Lord! to see how superficially things are done in the business of the Lottery, which will be the disgrace of the Fishery, and without profit. Home, vexed at my loss of time, and there to my office. Late at night come the two Bellamys, formerly petty warrant Victuallers of the Navy, to take my advice about a navy debt of theirs for the compassing of which they offer a great deal of money, and the thing most just. Perhaps I may undertake it, and get something by it, which will be a good job. So home late to bed.

11th. Up and to the office, at noon home to dinner, and to the office again, where very late, and then home to supper and to bed. This day returned Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes from Lee Roade, where they have been to see the wrecke of "The London," out of which, they say, the guns

[1] In a letter to Secretary Bennet, dated March 9th, reference is made of "a rumour in the City that the aldermen and several companies will build the king a ship to be called the London" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 247).

may be got, but the hull of her will be wholly lost, as not being capable of being weighed.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, to my Lord Sandwich's, but he was gone abroad. I sent the coach back for my wife, my Lord a second time dining at home on purpose to meet me, he having not dined once at home but those times since his coming from sea. I sat down and read over the Bishop of Chichester's[1] sermon upon the anniversary of the King's death, much cried up, but, methinks, but a mean sermon. By and by comes in my Lord, and he and I to talke of many things in the Navy, one from another, in general, to see how the greatest things are committed to very ordinary men, as to parts and experience, to do; among others, my Lord Barkeley. We talked also of getting W. Howe[2] to be put into the Muster-Mastershipp in the roome of Creed, if Creed will give way, but my Lord do it without any great gusto, calling Howe a proud coxcomb in passion. Down to dinner, where my wife in her new lace whiske, which, indeed, is very noble, and I much pleased with it, and so my Lady also. Here very pleasant my Lord was at dinner, and after dinner did look over his plate,[3] which Burston hath brought him to-day, and is the last of the three that he will have made. After satisfied with that, he abroad, and I after much discourse with my Lady about Sir G. Carteret's son, of whom she hath some thoughts for a husband for my Lady Jemimah, we away home by coach again, and there sang a good while very pleasantly with Mr. Andrews and Hill. They gone, we to supper, and betimes to bed.

13th. Up betimes, this being the first morning of my promise upon a forfeite not to lie in bed a quarter of an hour after my first waking. Abroad to St. James's, and there much business, the King also being with us a great while. Thence to the 'Change, and thence with Captain Tayler and Sir W. Warren dined at a house hard by for discourse sake,

[1] Dr. Henry King. See note, vol. i., p. 195.

[2] William Howe obtained the Muster-mastership.

[3] Of the harbour of Portsmouth. See February 18th, 1664-65 (p. 356).

and so I home, and there meeting a letter from Mrs. Martin desiring to speak with me, I (though against my promise of visiting her) did go, and there found her in her child-bed dress desiring my favour to get her husband a place. I staid not long, but taking Sir W. Warren up at White Hall home, and among other discourse fell to a business which he says shall if accomplished bring me £100. He gone, I to supper and to bed. This day my wife begun to wear light-coloured locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet not being natural, vexes me, that I will not have her wear them. This day I saw my Lord Castlemayne at St. James's, lately come from France.

14th. Up before six, to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, at the Tower, with Sir J. Robinson, at a farewell dinner which he gives Major Holmes at his going out of the Tower,[1] where he hath for some time, since his coming from Guinny, been a prisoner, and, it seems, had presented the Lieutenant with fifty pieces yesterday. Here a great deale of good victuals and company. Thence home to my office, where very late, and home to supper and to bed weary of business.

15th. Up and by coach with Sir W. Batten to St. James's, where among other things before the Duke, Captain Taylor was called in, and, Sir J. Robinson his accuser not appearing, was acquitted quite from his charge, and declared that he should go to Harwich, which I was very well pleased at. Thence I to Mr. Coventry's chamber, and there privately an houre with him in discourse of the office, and did deliver to him many notes of things about which he is to get the Duke's command, before he goes, for the putting of business among us in better order. He did largely owne his dependance as to the office upon my care, and received very great expressions of love from him, and so parted with great satisfaction to myself. So home to the 'Change, and thence home

[1] Holmes's imprisonment in the Tower is mentioned by Pepys on January 9th, 1664-65 (p. 327), and see note, p. 254.

to dinner, where my wife being gone down upon a sudden warning from my Lord Sandwich's daughters to the Hope with them to see "The Prince," I dined alone. After dinner to the office, and anon to Gresham College, where, among other good discourse, there was tried the great poyson of Maccassa upon a dogg,[1] but it had no effect all the time we sat there. We anon broke up and I home, where late at my office, my wife not coming home. I to bed, troubled, about 12 or past.

16th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, my wife coming home from the water this morning, having lain with them on board "The Prince" all night. At noon home to dinner, where my wife told me the unpleasant journey she had yesterday among the children, whose fear upon the water and folly made it very unpleasing to her. A good dinner, and then to the office again. This afternoon Mr. Harris,[2] the sayle-maker, sent me a noble present of two large silver candlesticks and snuffers, and a slice to keep them upon, which indeed is very handsome. At night come Mr. Andrews with £36, the further fruits of my Tangier contract, and so to bed late and weary with business, but in good content of mind, blessing God for these his benefits.

17th. Up and to my office, and then with Sir W. Batten to St. James's, where many come to take leave, as was expected, of the Duke, but he do not go till Monday. This night my Lady Wood died of the small-pox, and is much lamented among the great persons for a good-natured woman and a good wife, but for all that it was ever believed she was as others are. The Duke did give us some commands, and so

[1] "The experiment of trying to poison a dog with some of the Macassar powder in which a needle had been dipped was made, but without success." Pepys himself made a communication at this meeting of the information he had received from the master of the Jersey ship, who had been in company of Major Holmes in the Guinea voyage, concerning the pendulum watches (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 23).

[2] John Harris, who supplied sails to the Navy Office. His contracts are referred to in the "Calendars of State Papers."

broke up, not taking leave of him. But the best piece of newes is, that instead of a great many troublesome Lords, the whole business is to be left with the Duke of Albemarle to act as Admirall in his stead ; which is a thing that do cheer my heart. For the other would have vexed us with attendance, and never done the business. Thence to the Committee of Tangier, where the Duke a little, and then left us and we staid. A very great Committee, the Lords Albemarle, Sandwich, Barkely, Fitzharding, Peterborough, Ashley, Sir Thos. Ingram, Sir G. Carteret and others. The whole business was the stating of Povy's accounts, of whom to say no more, never could man say worse himself nor have worse said of him than was by the company to his face ; I mean, as to his folly and very reflecting words to his honesty. Broke up without anything but trouble and shame, only I got my businesses done to the signing of two bills for the Contractors and Captain Taylor, and so come away well pleased, and home, taking up my wife at the 'Change, to dinner. After dinner out again bringing my wife to her father's again at Charing Cross, and I to the Committee again, where a new meeting of trouble about Povy, who still makes his business worse and worse, and broke up with the most open shame again to him, and high words to him of disgrace that they would not trust him with any more money till he had given an account of this. So broke up. Then he took occasion to desire me to step aside, and he and I by water to London together. In the way, of his owne accord, he proposed to me that he would surrender his place of Treasurer[1] to me to have half the profit. The thing is new to me ; but the more I think the more I like it, and do put him upon getting it done by the Duke. Whether it takes or no I care not, but I think at present it may have some convenience in it. Home, and there find my wife come home and gone to bed, of a cold got yesterday by water. At the office Bellamy come to me again, and I am in hopes something may be got by his business. So late home to supper and bed.

[1] For Tangier.

18th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and took Mr. Hill along with me to Mr. Povy's, where we dined, and shewed him the house to his good content, and I expect when we meet we shall laugh at it. But I having business to stay, he went away, and Povy and Creed and I to do some business upon Povy's accounts all the afternoon till late at night, where, God help him! never man was so confounded, and all his people about him in this world as he and his are. After we had done something [to the] purpose we broke up, and Povy acquainted me before Creed (having said something of it also this morning at our office to me) what he had done in speaking to the Duke and others about his making me Treasurer, and has carried it a great way, so as I think it cannot well be set back. Creed, I perceive, envies me in it, but I think as that will do me no hurte, so if it did I am at a great losse to think whether it were not best for me to let it wholly alone, for it will much disquiett me and my business of the Navy, which in this warr will certainly be worth all my time to me. Home, continuing in this doubtfull condition what to think of it, but God Almighty do his will in it for the best. To my office, where late, and then home to supper and to bed.

19th (Lord's day). Mr. Povy sent his coach for me betimes, and I to him, and there to our great trouble do find that my Lord FitzHarding do appear for Mr. Brunkard[1] to be Paymaster upon Povy's going out, by a former promise of the Duke's, and offering to give as much as any for it. This put us all into a great dumpe, and so we went to Creed's new lodging in the Mewes, and there we found Creed with his parrot upon his shoulder, which struck Mr. Povy coming by

[1] Henry Brouncker, younger brother of William, Viscount Brouncker, President of the Royal Society. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and succeeded to the office of Cofferer on the death of William Ashburnham in 1671. His character was bad, and his conduct in the sea-fight of 1665 was impugned. He was expelled from the House of Commons, but succeeded to his brother's title in 1684. He died in January, 1687.

just by the eye, very deep, which, had it hit his eye, had put it out. This a while troubled us, but not proving very bad, we to our business consulting what to do; at last resolved, and I to Mr. Coventry, and there had his most friendly and ingenuous advice, advising me not to decline the thing, it being that that will bring me to be known to great persons, while now I am buried among three or four of us, says he, in the Navy; but do not make a declared opposition to my Lord Fitz-Harding. Thence I to Creed, and walked talking in the Park an hour with him, and then to my Lord Sandwich's to dinner, and after dinner to Mr. Povy's, who hath been with the Duke of Yorke, and, by the mediation of Mr. Coventry, the Duke told him that the business shall go on, and he will take off Brunkerd, and my Lord FitzHarding is quiett too. But to see the mischief, I hear that Sir G. Carteret did not seem pleased, but said nothing when he heard me proposed to come in Povy's room, which may learn me to distinguish between that man that is a man's true and false friend. Being very glad of this news Mr. Povy and I in his coach to Hyde Parke, being the first day of the tour there. Where many brave ladies; among others, Castlemayne lay impudently upon her back in her coach asleep, with her mouth open. There was also my Lady Kerneguy,[1] once my Lady Anne Hambleton, that is said to have given the Duke a clap upon his first coming over. Here I saw Sir J. Lawson's daughter and husband, a fine couple, and also Mr. Southwell and his new lady, very pretty. Thence back, putting in at Dr. Whore's, where I saw his lady, a very fine woman. So home, and thither by my desire comes by and by Creed and lay with me, very merry and full of discourse, what to do to-morrow, and the conveniences that will attend my having of this place, and I do think they may be very great.

20th. Up, Creed and I, and had Mr. Povy's coach sent for

[1] Daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, wife of Lord Carnegy, who became Earl of Southesk on his father's death. She is frequently mentioned in the "Mémoires de Grammont," and in the letters of the second Earl of Chesterfield.—B.

us, and we to his house; where we did some business in order to the work of this day. Povy and I to my Lord Sandwich, who tells me that the Duke is not only a friend to the business, but to me, in terms of the greatest love and respect and value of me that can be thought, which overjoys me. Thence to St. James's, and there was in great doubt of Brunkerd, but at last I hear that Brunkerd desists. The Duke did direct Secretary Bennet, who was there, to declare his mind to the Tangier Committee, that he approves of me for Treasurer; and with a character of me to be a man whose industry and discretion he would trust soon as any man's in England: and did the like to my Lord Sandwich. So to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, where there were present, my Lord of Albemarle, my Lord Peterborough, Sandwich, Barkeley, FitzHarding, Secretary Bennet, Sir Thomas Ingram, Sir John Lawson, Povy and I. Where, after other business, Povy did declare his business very handsomely; that he was sorry he had been so unhappy in his accounts, as not to give their Lordships the satisfaction he intended, and that he was sure his accounts are right, and continues to submit them to examination, and is ready to lay down in ready money the fault of his account; and that for the future, that the work might be better done and with more quiet to him, he desired, by approbation of the Duke, he might resign his place to Mr. Pepys. Whereupon, Secretary Bennet did deliver the Duke's command, which was received with great content and allowance beyond expectation; the Secretary repeating also the Duke's character of me. And I could discern my Lord FitzHarding was well pleased with me, and signified full satisfaction, and whispered something seriously of me to the Secretary. And there I received their constitution under all their hands presently; so that I am already confirmed their Treasurer, and put into a condition of striking of tallys;[1] and

[1] The practice of striking tallies at the Exchequer was a curious survival of an ancient method of keeping accounts. The method adopted is described in Hubert Hall's "Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer," 1891. The following account of the use of tallies, so frequently

all without one harsh word or word of dislike, but quite the contrary; which is a good fortune beyond all imagination. Here we rose, and Povy and Creed and I, all full of joy, thence to dinner, they setting me down at Sir J. Winter's, by promise, and dined with him; and a worthy fine man he seems to be, and of good discourse, our business was to discourse of supplying the King with iron for anchors, if it can be judged good enough, and a fine thing it is to see myself come to the condition of being received by persons of this rank, he being, and having long been, Secretary to the Queene-Mother. Thence to Povy's, and there sat and considered of business a little and then home, where late at it, W. Howe being with me about his business of accounts for his money laid out in the fleet, and he gone, I home to supper and to bed. Newes is this day come of Captain Allen's being come home from the Straights, as far as Portland, with eleven of the King's ships, and about twenty-two of merchantmen.

21st. Up, and my taylor coming to me, did consult all my wardrobe how to order my clothes against next summer. Then to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, and brought home Mr. Andrews, and there with Mr. Sheply dined and very merry, and a good dinner. Thence to Mr. Povy's to discourse about settling our business of Treasurer, and I think all things will go very fayre between

alluded to in the Diary, was supplied by Lord Braybrooke. Formerly accounts were kept, and large sums of money paid and received, by the King's Exchequer, with little other form than the exchange or delivery of tallies, pieces of wood notched or scored, corresponding blocks being kept by the parties to the account; and from this usage one of the head officers of the Exchequer was called the tallier, or teller. These tallies were often negotiable; Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," book ii., ch. xi., says that "in 1696 tallies had been at forty, and fifty, and sixty per cent. discount, and bank-notes at twenty per cent." The system of tallies was discontinued in 1824; and the destruction of the old Houses of Parliament, in the night of October 16th, 1834, is thought to have been occasioned by the overheating of the flues, when the furnaces were employed to consume the tallies rendered useless by the alteration in the mode of keeping the Exchequer accounts.

us and to my content, but the more I see the more silly the man seems to me. Thence by coach to the Mewes, but Creed was not there. In our way the coach drove through a lane by Drury Lane, where abundance of loose women stood at the doors, which, God forgive me, did put evil thoughts in me, but proceeded no further, blessed be God. So home, and late at my office, then home and there found a couple of state cups, very large, coming, I suppose, each to about £6 a piece, from Burrows [1] the slopseller.

22nd. Up, and to Mr. Povy's about our business, and thence I to see Sir Ph. Warwicke, but could not meet with him. So to Mr. Coventry, whose profession of love and esteem for me to myself was so large and free that I never could expect or wish for more, nor could have it from any man in England, that I should value it more. Thence to Mr. Povy's, and with Creed to the 'Change and to my house, but, it being washing day, dined not at home, but took him (I being invited) to Mr. Hubland's, the merchant, where Sir William Petty, and abundance of most ingenious men, owners and freighters of "The Experiment," now going with her two bodies to sea. Most excellent discourse. Among others, Sir William Petty did tell me that in good earnest he hath in his will [2] left such parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breasts of a woman; and he that could invent proper characters to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says, that to him that invents gold, he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone; for (says he) they that find out that, will be able to pay themselves. But, says he, by this means it is better than to give to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention before they do part with their money. After dinner Mr. Hill took me

[1] John Burrowes, Navy slopseller to the Navy Commissioners.

[2] A copy of Sir William Petty's will, dated 1685, is in the British Museum (Add. MSS., No. 15,858, fol. 109).—B.



Sir William Petty,

from a drawing in the Pepys collection.

with Mrs. Hubland,[1] who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Then to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite,[2] but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way; the ayre out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the ayre being let in upon her revives her immediately; nay, and this ayre is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments, the steam of that do do the work. Thence home, and thence to White Hall, where the house full of the Duke's going to-morrow, and thence to St. James's, wherein these things fell out: (1) I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world, (2) the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. (3) Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton,[3] a very great beauty I never knew or heard of before; (4) I saw Waller[4] the poet, whom I never saw before. So, very late, by coach home with W. Pen, who was there. To supper and to bed, with my heart at rest, and my head very busy thinking of my several matters now on foot, the new comfort of my old navy business, and the new one of my employment on Tangier.

23rd. Up and to my Lord Sandwich, who follows the Duke this day by water down to the Hope, where "The Prince" lies. He received me, busy as he was, with mighty kindness and joy at my promotions; telling me most largely how the Duke hath expressed on all occasions his good opinion of my service

[1] Mary Ducane, wife of James Houblon. They were married November 11th, 1620, and had twelve children.—B.

[2] "Two experiments were made for the finding out a way to breathe under water, useful for divers." The first was on a bird and the second on "a kitling" (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 25).

[3] Jane, daughter to Sir Robert Needham, is frequently mentioned in the "Grammont Memoirs," and Evelyn calls her "that famous and indeed incomparable beauty" ("Diary," August 2nd, 1683). Her portrait is in the Royal Collection amongst the beauties of Charles II.'s Court. Sir Robert Needham was related to John Evelyn.

[4] Edmund Waller, born March 3rd, 1605, died October 21st, 1687.

and love for me. I paid my thanks and acknowledgement to him ; and so back home, where at the office all the morning. At noon to the 'Change. Home, and Lewellin dined with me. Thence abroad, carried my wife to Westminster by coach, I to the Swan, Herbert's, and there had much of the good company of Sarah and to my wish, and then to see Mrs. Martin, who was very kind, three weeks of her month of lying in is over. So took up my wife and home, and at my office a while, and thence to supper and to bed. Great talk of noises of guns heard at Deale, but nothing particularly whether in earnest or not.

24th. Up betimes, and by agreement to the Globe taverne in Fleet Street to Mr. Clerke, my sollicitor, about the business of my uncle's accounts, and we went with one Jefferys to one of the Barons (Spelman [1]), and there my accounts were declared and I sworn to the truth thereof to my knowledge, and so I shall after a few formalities be cleared of all. Thence to Povy's, and there delivered him his letters of greatest import to him that is possible, yet dropped by young Bland, just come from Tangier, upon the road by Sittingburne, taken up and sent to Mr. Pett, at Chatham. Thus every thing done by Povy is done with a fatal folly and neglect. Then to our discourse with him, Creed, Mr. Viner, myself and Poyntz about the business of the Workehouse at Clerkenwell, and after dinner went thither and saw all the works there, and did also consult the Act concerning the business and other papers in order to our coming in to undertake it with Povy, the management of the House, but I do not think we can safely meddle with it, at least I, unless I had time to look after it myself, but the thing is very ingenious and laudable. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, where my wife all this day, having kept Good Friday very strict with fasting. Here we supped, and talked very merry. My Lady alone with me, very earnest about Sir G. Carteret's son, with whom I perceive they

[1] Clement Spelman, son of Sir Henry Spelman the antiquary. He was appointed Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer in 1663, and occupied the office till March, 1679. He died in the following June.

do desire my Lady Jemimah may be matched. Thence home and to my office, and then to bed.

25th (Lady day). Up betimes and to my office, where all the morning. At noon dined alone with Sir W. Batten, where great discourse of Sir W. Pen, Sir W. Batten being, I perceive, quite out of love with him, thinking him too great and too high, and began to talk that the world do question his courage, upon which I told him plainly I have been told that he was articled against for it, and that Sir H. Vane was his great friend therein. This he was, I perceive, glad to hear. Thence to the office, and there very late, very busy, to my great content. This afternoon of a sudden is come home Sir W. Pen from the fleete, but upon what score I know not. Late home to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day and Easter day). Up (and with my wife, who has not been at church a month or two) to church. At noon home to dinner, my wife and I (Mercer staying to the Sacrament) alone. This is the day seven years which, by the blessing of God, I have survived of my being cut of the stone, and am now in very perfect good health and have long been; and though the last winter hath been as hard a winter as any have been these many years, yet I never was better in my life, nor have not, these ten years, gone colder in the summer than I have done all this winter, wearing only a doublet, and a waistcoate cut open on the back; abroad, a cloake and within doors a coate I slipped on. Now I am at a losse to know whether it be my hare's foot which is my preservative against wind, for I never had a fit of the collique since I wore it, and nothing but wind brings me pain, and the carrying away of wind takes away my pain, or my keeping my back cool; for when I do lie longer than ordinary upon my back in bed, my water the next morning is very hot, or whether it be my taking of a pill of turpentine every morning, which keeps me always loose, or all together, but this I know, with thanks to God Almighty, that I am now as well as ever I can wish or desire to be, having now and then little grudgings of wind, that brings me a little pain, but it is over presently, only I do

find that my backe grows very weak, that I cannot stoop to write or tell money without sitting but I have pain for a good while after it. Yet a week or two ago I had one day's great pain; but it was upon my getting a bruise on one of my testicles, and then I did void two small stones, without pain though, and, upon my going to bed and bearing up of my testicles, I was well the next. But I did observe that my sitting with my back to the fire at the office did then, as it do at all times, make my back ake, and my water hot, and brings me some pain. I sent yesterday an invitation to Mrs. Turner and her family to come to keep this day with me, which she granted, but afterward sent me word that it being Sunday and Easter day she desired to choose another and put off this. Which I was willing enough to do; and so put it off as to this day, and will leave it to my own convenience when to choose another, and perhaps shall escape a feast by it. At my office all the afternoon drawing up my agreement with Mr. Povy for me to sign to him to-morrow morning. In the evening spent an hour in the garden walking with Sir J. Minnes, talking of the Chest business, wherein Sir W. Batten deals so unfairly, wherein the old man is very hot for the present, but that zeal will not last nor is to be trusted. So home to supper, prayers, and to bed.

27th. Up betimes to Mr. Povy's, and there did sign and seal my agreement with him about my place of being Treasurer for Tangier, it being the greatest part of it drawn out of a draught of his own drawing up, only I have added something here and there in favour of myself. Thence to the Duke of Albemarle, the first time that we officers of the Navy have waited upon him since the Duke of Yorke's going, who hath deputed him to be Admirall[1] in his absence. And I find him a quiet heavy man, that will help business when he can, and hinder nothing, and am very well pleased with our

[1] In a letter of March 22nd, 1664-65, from the Duke of York to the Duke of Albemarle, on the power he assigns to him in his absence, printed in "Memoirs of Naval Affairs, &c.," 8vo., 1729, p. 51. On the 23rd the Duke of York assumed the command of the fleet against the Dutch.—B.

attendance on him. I did afterwards alone give him thanks for his favour to me about my Tangier business, which he received kindly, and did speak much of his esteem of me. Thence, and did the same to Sir H. Bennet, who did the like to me very fully, and did give me all his letters lately come from hence for me to read, which I returned in the afternoon to him. Thence to Mrs. Martin, who, though her husband is gone away, as he writes, like a fool into France, yet is as simple and wanton as ever she was, with much I made myself merry and away. So to my Lord Peterborough's; where Povy, Creed, Williamson, Auditor Beale, and myself, and mighty merry to see how plainly my Lord and Povy did abuse one another about their accounts, each thinking the other a foole, and I thinking they were not either of them, in that point, much in the wrong, though in everything, and even in this manner of reproaching one another, very witty and pleasant. Among other things, we had here the genteelest dinner and the neatest house that I have seen many a day, and the latter beyond anything I ever saw in a nobleman's house. Thence visited my Lord Barkeley, and did sit discoursing with him in his chamber a good while, and [he] mighty friendly to me about the same business of Tangier. From that to other discourse of the times and the want of money, and he said that the Parliament must be called again soon, and more money raised, not by tax, for he said he believed the people could not pay it, but he would have either a general excise upon everything, or else that every city incorporate should pay a toll into the King's revenue, as he says it is in all the cities in the world; for here a citizen hath no more laid on them than their neighbours in the country, whereas, as a city, it ought to pay considerably to the King for their charter; but I fear this will breed ill blood. Thence to Povy, and after a little talk home to my office late. Then to supper and to bed.

28th. Up betimes and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and I did most of the business there, God wot. Then to the 'Change, and thence to the Coffee-house with Sir W.

Warren, where much good discourse for us both till 4 o'clock with great pleasure and content, and then parted and I home to dinner, having eat nothing, and so to my office. At night supped with my wife at Sir W. Pen's, who is to go back for good and all to the fleete to-morrow. Took leave and to my office, where till 12 at night, and then home to bed.

29th. Up betimes and to Povy's, where a good while talking about our business; thence abroad into the City, but upon his tally could not get any money in Lumbard Streete, through the disrepute which he suffers, I perceive, upon his giving up his place, which people think was not choice, but necessity, as indeed it was. So back to his house, after we had been at my house to taste my wine, but my wife being abroad nobody could come at it, and so we were defeated. To his house, and before dinner he and I did discourse of the business of freight, wherein I am so much concerned, above £100 for myself, and in my over hasty making a bill out for the rest for him, but he resolves to move Creed in it. Which troubled me much, and Creed by and by comes, and after dinner he did, but in the most cunning ingenious manner, do his business with Creed by bringing it in by the by, that the most subtile man in the world could never have done it better, and I must say that he is a most witty, cunning man and one that I [am] most afeard of in my conversation, though in all serious matters of business the veriest foole that ever I met with. The bill was produced and a copy given Creed, whereupon he wrote his *Intratur* upon the originall, and I hope it will pass, at least I am now put to it that I must stand by it and justify it, but I pray God it may never come to that test. Thence between vexed and joyed, not knowing what yet to make of it, home, calling for my Lord Cooke's[1] 3 volumes at my bookseller's, and so home, where I found a new cook mayd, her name is [2] that promises very little. So to my office, where late about drawing up a pro-

[1] This was probably the "Reports from 14 Elizabeth to 13 James I." of Sir Edward Coke, and not his "Institutes of the Laws of England."

[2] Blank in MS.

posal for Captain Taylor, for him to deliver to the City about his building the new ship, which I have done well, and I hope will do the business, and so home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and to my Lord Ashly, but did nothing, and to Sir Ph. Warwicke and spoke with him about business, and so back to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence to the Tangier Committee, where, Lord! to see how they did run into the giving of Sir J. Lawson (who is come to towne to-day to get this business done) £4,000 about his Mole business, and were going to give him 4*s*. per yarde more, which arises in the whole Mole to £36,000, is a strange thing, but the latter by chance was stopped, the former was given. Thence to see Mrs. Martin, whose husband being it seems gone away, and as she is informed he hath another woman whom he uses, and has long done, as a wife, she is mighty reserved and resolved to keep herself so till the return of her husband, which a pleasant thing to think of her. Thence home, and to my office, where late, and to bed.

31st. Up betimes and walked to my Lord Ashly, and there with Creed after long waiting spoke with him, and was civilly used by him; thence to Sir Ph. Warwicke, and then to visit my Lord of Falmouth,[1] who did also receive me pretty civilly, but not as I expected; he, I perceive, believing that I had undertaken to justify Povy's accounts, taking them upon myself, but I rectified him therein. So to my Lady Sandwich's to dinner, and up to her chamber after dinner, and there discoursed about Sir G. Carteret's son, in proposition between us two for my Lady Jemimah. So to Povy, and with him spent the afternoon very busy, till I was weary of following this and neglecting my navy business. So at night called my wife at my Lady's, and so home. To my office and there made up my month's account, which, God be praised! rose to £1,300. Which I bless God for. So after 12 o'clock home to supper and to bed. I find Creed mightily transported by my Lord of Falmouth's kind words to him, and

[1] Sir Charles Berkeley, Viscount Fitzharding (1663), and Earl of Falmouth (1665), killed in the sea-fight, June, 1665.

saying that he hath a place in his intention for him, which he believes will be considerable. A witty man he is in every respect, but of no good nature, nor a man ordinarily to be dealt with. My Lady Castlemayne is sicke again, people think, slipping her filly.[1]

April 1st. All the morning very busy at the office preparing a last half-year's account for my Lord Treasurer. At noon eat a bit and stepped to Sir Ph. Warwicke, by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, and after some private conference and examining of my papers with him I did return into the City and to Sir G. Carteret, whom I found with the Commissioners of Prizes dining at Captain Cocke's, in Broad Streete, very merry. Among other tricks, there did come a blind fiddler to the doore, and Sir G. Carteret did go to the doore and lead the blind fiddler by the hand in. Thence with Sir G. Carteret to my Lord Treasurer, and by and by come Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, and anon we come to my Lord, and there did lay open the expence for the six months past, and an estimate of the seven months to come, to November next: the first arising to above £500,000, and the latter will, as we judge, come to above £1,000,000. But to see how my Lord Treasurer did bless himself, crying he could do no more than he could, nor give more money than he had, if the occasion and expence were never so great, which is but a sad story. And then to hear how like a passionate and ignorant asse Sir G. Carteret did harangue upon the abuse of Tickets did make me mad almost and yet was fain to hold my tongue. Thence home, vexed mightily to see how simply our greatest ministers do content themselves to understand and do things, while the King's service in the meantime lies a-bleeding. At my office late writing letters till ready to drop down asleep with my late sitting up of late, and running up and down a-days. So to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). At my office all the morning, renewing my vowes in writing and then home to dinner. All the after-

[1] This rumour was probably unfounded, as her son George Fitzroy (created Duke of Northumberland, 1683) was born December 28th of this year.

noon, Mr. Tasborough, one of Mr. Povy's clerks, with me about his master's accounts. In the evening Mr. Andrews and Hill sang, but supped not with me, then after supper to bed.

3rd. Up and to the Duke of Albemarle and White Hall, where much business. Thence home and to dinner, and then with Creed, my wife, and Mercer to a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called "Mustapha,"[1] which being not good, made Betterton's part and Ianthe's but ordinary too, so that we were not contented with it at all. Thence home and to the office a while, and then home to supper and to bed. All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemayne were there; and pretty witty Nell,[2] at the King's house, and the younger Marshall[3] sat next us; which pleased me mightily.

4th. All the morning at the office busy, at noon to the 'Change, and then went up to the 'Change to buy a pair of cotton stockings, which I did at the husband's shop of the most pretty woman there, who did also invite me to buy some linnen of her, and I was glad of the occasion, and bespoke some bands of her, intending to make her my seamstress, she being one of the prettiest and most modest looked women that ever I did see. Dined at home and to the office, where very late till I was ready to fall down asleep, and did several times nod in the middle of my letters.

5th. This day was kept publiquely by the King's command, as a fast day against the Dutch warr, and I betimes with Mr. Tooker,[4] whom I have brought into the Navy to serve us as a husband to see goods timely shipped off from hence to the Fleete and other places, and took him with me to Woolwich and Deptford, where by business I have been hindered a great while of going, did a very great deale of business, and then

[1] Now first acted. Betterton took the character of Solyman the Magnificent, and Mrs. Betterton, Roxolana. There was an earlier tragedy of this name, by Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke.

[2] Nell Gwynne.

[3] Rebecca Marshall.

[4] John Tooker, messenger to the Navy Commissioners.

home, and there by promise find Creed, and he and my wife, Mercer and I by coach to take the ayre ; and, where we had formerly been, at Hackney, did there eat some pullets we carried with us, and some things of the house; and after a game or two at shuffle-board, home, and Creed lay with me ; but, being sleepy, he had no mind to talk about business, which indeed I intended, by inviting him to lie with me, but I would not force it on him, and so to bed, he and I, and to sleep, being the first time I have been so much at my ease and taken so much fresh ayre these many weeks or months.

6th. At the office sat all the morning, where, in the absence of Sir W. Batten, Sir G. Carteret being angry about the business of tickets, spoke of Sir W. Batten for speaking some words about the signing of tickets, and called Sir W. Batten in his discourse at the table to us (the clerks being withdrawn) "shitten foole," which vexed me. At noon to the 'Change, and there set my business of lighters' buying for the King, to Sir W. Warren, and I think he will do it for me to very great advantage, at which I am mightily rejoiced. Home and after a mouthfull of dinner to the office, where till 6 o'clock, and then to White Hall, and there with Sir G. Carteret and my Lord Brunkerd attended the Duke of Albemarle about the business of money. I also went to Jervas's, my barber, for my periwigg that was mending there, and there do hear that Jane is quite undone, taking the idle fellow for her husband yet not married, and lay with him several weeks that had another wife and child, and she is now going into Ireland. So called my wife at the 'Change and home, and at my office writing letters till one o'clock in the morning, that I was ready to fall down asleep again. Great talke of a new Comett ; and it is certain one do now appear as bright as the late one at the best ; but I have not seen it myself.

7th. Up betimes to the Duke of Albemarle about money to be got for the Navy, or else we must shut up shop. Thence to Westminster Hall and up and down, doing not much ; then to London, but to prevent Povy's dining with me (who I see is at the 'Change) I went back again and to Herbert's at West-

minster, there sent for a bit of meat and dined, and then to my Lord Treasurer's, and there with Sir Philip Warwicke, and thence to White Hall in my Lord Treasurer's chamber with Sir Philip Warwicke till dark night, about fower hours talking of the business of the Navy Charge, and how Sir G. Carteret do order business, keeping us in ignorance what he do with his money, and also Sir Philip did shew me nakedly the King's condition for money for the Navy; and he do assure me, unless the King can get some noblemen or rich money-gentlemen to lend him money, or to get the City to do it, it is impossible to find money: we having already, as he says, spent one year's share of the three-years' tax, which comes to £2,500,000. Being very glad of this day's discourse in all but that I fear I shall quite lose Sir G. Carteret, who knows that I have been privately here all this day with Sir Ph. Warwicke. However, I will order it so as to give him as little offence as I can. So home to my office, and then to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and all the morning full of business at the office. At noon dined with Mr. Povy, and then to the getting some business looked over of his, and then I to my Lord Chancellor's, where to have spoke with the Duke of Albemarle, but the King and Council busy, I could not; then to the Old Exchange and there of my new pretty seamstress bought four bands, and so home, where I found my house mighty neat and clean. Then to my office late, till past 12, and so home to bed. The French Embassadors [1] are come incognito before their train, which will hereafter be very pompous. It is thought they come to get our King to joyne with the King of France in helping him against Flanders, and they to do the like to us against Holland. We have laine a good while with a good fleete at Harwich. The Dutch not said yet to be out. We, as high as we make our shew, I am sure, are unable to set out another small fleete, if this should be worsted. Wherefore, God send us peace! I cry.

[1] The French ambassadors were Henri de Bourbon, Duc de Verneuil, natural son of Henry IV. and brother of Henrietta Maria, and M. de Courtin.—B.

9th (Lord's day). To church with my wife in the morning, in her new light-coloured silk gowne, which is, with her new point, very noble. Dined at home, and in the afternoon to Fanchurch,[1] the little church in the middle of Fanchurch Streete, where a very few people and few of any rank. Thence, after sermon, home, and in the evening walking in the garden, my Lady Pen and her daughter walked with my wife and I, and so to my house to eat with us, and very merry, and so broke up and to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Duke of Albemarle's, and thence to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, where new disorder about Mr. Povy's accounts, that I think I shall never be settled in my business of Treasurer for him. Here Captain Cooke met me, and did seem discontented about my boy Tom's having no time to mind his singing nor lute, which I answered him fully in, that he desired me that I would baste his coate. So home and to the 'Change, and thence to the "Old James" to dine with Sir W. Rider, Cutler, and Mr. Deering, upon the business of hemp, and so hence to White Hall to have attended the King and Lord Chancellor about the debts of the navy and to get some money, but the meeting failed. So my Lord Brunkard took me and Sir Thomas Harvy in his coach to the Parke, which is very troublesome with the dust; and ne'er a great beauty there to-day but Mrs. Middleton, and so home to my office, where Mr. Warren proposed my getting of £100 to get him a protection for a ship to go out, which I think I shall do. So home to supper and to bed.

11th. Up and betimes to Alderman Cheverton to treat with him about hempe, and so back to the office. At noon dined at the Sun, behind the 'Change, with Sir Edward Deering[2] and his

[1] St. Gabriel's Fenchurch, "in the midst of Fenchurch Street," opposite Cullum Street. The ground on which it stood was laid into the highway or street. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and was not rebuilt.

[2] Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden Dering, Kent, which county he represented frequently in parliament. He was the second baronet of his family, and some time one of the Lords of the Treasury. He died in 1684.—B.

brother and Commissioner Pett, we having made a contract with Sir Edward this day about timber. Thence to the office, where late very busy, but with some trouble have also some hopes of profit too. So home to supper and to bed.

12th. Up, and to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where, contrary to all expectation, my Lord Ashly, being vexed with Povy's accounts, did propose it as necessary that Povy should be still continued Treasurer of Tangier till he had made up his accounts; and with such arguments as, I confess, I was not prepared to answer, but by putting off of the discourse, and so, I think, brought it right again; but it troubled me so all the day after, and night too, that I was not quiet, though I think it doubtfull whether I shall be much the worse for it or no, if it should come to be so. Dined at home and thence to White Hall again (where I lose most of my time now-a-days to my great trouble, charge, and loss of time and benefit), and there, after the Council rose, Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Brunkard, Sir Thomas Harvy, and myself, down to my Lord Treasurer's chamber to him and the Chancellor, and the Duke of Albemarle; and there I did give them a large account of the charge of the Navy, and want of money. But strange to see how they held up their hands crying, "What shall we do?" Says my Lord Treasurer,[1] "Why, what means all this, Mr. Pepys? This is true, you say; but what would you have me to do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?" And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer, which is one of the saddest things that, at such a time as this, with the greatest action on foot that ever was in England, nothing should be minded, but let things go on of themselves do as well as they can. So home, vexed, and going to my Lady Batten's, there found a great many women with her, in her chamber merry, my Lady Pen and her daughter, among others; where my Lady Pen flung me down

[1] The Earl of Southampton.

upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were, and thence I home and called my wife with my Lady Pen to supper, and very merry as I could be, being vexed as I was. So home to bed.

13th. Lay long in bed, troubled a little with wind, but not much. So to the office, and there all the morning. At noon to Sheriff Waterman's[1] to dinner, all of us men of the office in towne, and our wives, my Lady Carteret and daughters, and Ladies Batten, Pen, and my wife, &c., and very good cheer we had and merry; musique at and after dinner, and a fellow danced a jigg; but when the company begun to dance, I came away lest I should be taken out; and God knows how my wife carried herself, but I left her to try her fortune. So home, and late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed.

14th. Up, and betimes to Mr. Povy, being desirous to have an end of my trouble of mind touching my Tangier business, whether he hath any desire of accepting what my Lord Ashly offered, of his becoming Treasurer again; and there I did, with a seeming most generous spirit, offer him to take it back again upon his owne terms; but he did answer to me that he would not above all things in the world, at which I was for the present satisfied; but, going away thence and speaking with Creed, he puts me in doubt that the very nature of the thing will require that he be put in again; and did give me the reasons of the auditors, which, I confess, are so plain, that I know not how to withstand them. But he did give me most ingenious advice what to do in it, and anon, my Lord Barkeley and some of the Commissioners coming together, though not in a meeting, I did procure that they should order Povy's payment of his remain of accounts to me; which order if it do pass will put a good stop to the fastening of the thing upon me. At noon Creed and I to a cook's shop at Charing Cross, and there dined and had much discourse, and his very good upon my business, and upon other things, among the

[1] George Waterman, Sheriff of London, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor, 1672.—B.

rest upon Will Howe's dissembling with us, we discovering one to another his carriage to us, present and absent, being a very false fellow. Thence to White Hall again, and there spent the afternoon, and then home to fetch a letter for the Council, and so back to White Hall, where walked an hour with Mr. Wren, of my Lord Chancellor's, and Mr. Ager, and then to Unthanke's and called my wife, and with her through the city to Mile-End Greene, and eat some creame and cakes and so back home, and I a little at the office, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning I was saluted with newes that the fleetes, ours and the Dutch, were engaged, and that the guns were heard at Walthamstow to play all yesterday, and that Captain Teddiman's [1] legs were shot off in the Royall Katherine. But before night I hear the contrary, both by letters of my owne and messengers thence, that they were all well of our side and no enemy appears yet, and that the Royall Katherine is come to the fleete, and likely to prove as good a ship as any the King hath, of which I am heartily glad, both for Christopher Pett's sake and Captain Teddiman that is in her.

15th. Up, and to White Hall about several businesses, but chiefly to see the proposals of my warrants about Tangier under Creed, but to my trouble found them not finished. So back to the office, where all the morning, busy, then home to dinner, and then all the afternoon till very late at my office, and then home to supper and to bed, weary.

16th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, then up and to my chamber and my office, looking over some plates which I find necessary for me to understand pretty well, because of the Dutch warr. Then home to dinner, where Creed dined with us, and so after dinner he and I walked to the Rolls' Chappell, expecting to hear the great Stillingfleete [2] preach, but

[1] Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Tyddiman was attached to Lord Sandwich's squadron. This report turned out to be a canard. He died in 1668.

[2] Edward Stillingfleet. He was then Preacher of the Rolls Chapel, and was this year presented to the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Dean of St. Paul's, 1678; Bishop of Worcester, 1689. He died of the gout, March 27th, 1699.

he did not; but a very sorry fellow, which vexed me. The sermon done, we parted, and I home, where I find Mr. Andrews, and by and by comes Captain Taylor,[1] my old acquaintance at Westminster, that understands musique very well and composes mighty bravely; he brought us some things of two parts to sing, very hard; but that that is the worst, he is very conceited of them, and that though they are good makes them troublesome to one, to see him every note commend and admire them. He supped with me, and a good understanding man he is and a good scholler, and, among other things, a great antiquary, and among other things he can, as he says, show the very originall Charter[2] to Worcester, of King Edgar's, wherein he stiles himself, Rex Marium Brittanniæ, &c.; which is the great text that Mr. Selden and others do quote, but imperfectly and upon trust. But he hath the very originall, which he says he will shew me. He gone we to bed. This night I am told that newes is come of our taking of three Dutch men-of-warr, with the loss of one of our Captains.

17th. Up and to the Duke of Albemarle's, where he shewed me Mr. Coventry's letters, how three Dutch privateers are taken, in one whereof Everson's[3] son is captaine. But they have killed poor Captaine Golding[4] in The Diamond. Two of them, one of 32 and the other of 20 odd guns, did stand stoutly

[1] Captain Silas Taylor.

[2] This is the celebrated "Charta Eadgari R. de Oswaldeslawe," dat. Gloucester, December 28th, 964, mentioning not only the dominion of the sea, but also that Edgar had subdued the greatest part of Ireland, a piece of history which rests solely on the authority of this instrument. It is cited by Coke, Selden, Ussher, Dugdale, and Spelman, not to mention inferior names. Three copies existed; the finest and most complete, and probably the same which is here mentioned by Taylor, is now in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. It is fully described in the "Dissertatio Epistolaris" (p. 86), prefixed by Hickes to his "Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium," and an engraved facsimile of the whole is given by him at the end. It is right to say that the charter is now generally considered to be a forgery executed in later times.—B.

[3] Evertsen. There were two admirals of this name, John and Cornelius.

[4] Captain John Golding and nine of his men were killed.

up against her, which hath 46, and the Yarmouth that hath 52 guns, and as many more men as they. So that they did more than we could expect, not yielding till many of their men were killed. And Everson, when he was brought before the Duke of Yorke, and was observed to be shot through the hat, answered, that he wished it had gone through his head, rather than been taken. One thing more is written: that two of our ships the other day appearing upon the coast of Holland, they presently fired their beacons round the country to give notice. And newes is brought the King, that the Dutch Smyrna fleete is seen upon the back of Scotland; and thereupon the King hath wrote to the Duke, that he do appoint a fleete to go to the Northward to try to meet them coming home round: which God send! Thence to White Hall; where the King seeing me, did come to me, and calling me by name, did discourse with me about the ships in the River: and this is the first time that ever I knew the King did know me personally; so that hereafter I must not go thither, but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers. So home, and thence with Creed, who come to dine with me, to the Old James, where we dined with Sir W. Rider and Cutler, and, by and by, being called by my wife, we all to a play, "The Ghosts,"[1] at the Duke's house, but a very simple play. Thence up and down, with my wife with me, to look [for] Sir Ph. Warwicke (Mr. Creed going from me), but missed of him and so home, and late and busy at my office. So home to supper and to bed. This day was left at my house a very neat silver watch, by one Briggs, a scrivener and sollicitor, at which I was angry with my wife for receiving, or, at least, for opening the box wherein it was, and so far witnessing our receipt of it, as to give the messenger 5*s.* for bringing it; but it can't be helped, and I will endeavour to do the man a kindnesse, he being a friend of my uncle Wight's.

18th. Up and to Sir Philip Warwicke, and walked with him an houre with great delight in the Parke about Sir G. Carteret's

[1] A comedy, on the authority of Downes (p. 26) attributed to a Mr. Holden, and probably never printed.—B.

accounts, and the endeavours that he hath made to bring Sir G. Carteret to show his accounts and let the world see what he receives and what he pays. Thence home to the office, where I find Sir J. Minnes come home from Chatham, and Sir W. Batten both this morning from Harwich, where they have been these 7 or 8 days. At noon with my wife and Mr. Moore by water to Chelsey about my Privy Seale for Tangier, but my Lord Privy Seale was gone abroad, and so we, without going out of the boat, forced to return, and found him not at White Hall. So I to Sir Philip Warwicke and with him to my Lord Treasurer, who signed my commission for Tangier-Treasurer and the docquet of my Privy Seale, for the monies to be paid to me. Thence to White Hall to Mr. Moore again, and not finding my Lord I home, taking my wife and woman up at Unthanke's. Late at my office, then to supper and to bed.

19th. Up by five o'clock, and by water to White Hall; and there took coach, and with Mr. Moore to Chelsy; where, after all my fears what doubts and difficulties my Lord Privy Seale[1] would make at my Tangier Privy Seale, he did pass it at first reading, without my speaking with him. And then called me in, and was very civil to me. I passed my time in contemplating (before I was called in) the picture of my Lord's son's lady, a most beautiful woman,[2] and most like to Mrs. Butler. Thence very much joyed to London back again, and found out Mr. Povy; told him this; and then went and left my Privy Seale at my Lord Treasurer's; and so to the 'Change, and thence to Trinity-House; where a great dinner of Captain Crisp, who is made an Elder Brother. And so, being very pleasant at dinner, away home, Creed with me; and there met Povy; and we to Gresham College, where we saw some experiments upon a hen, a dogg, and a cat, of the Florence poyson.[3] The first it made for a time drunk, but it come to

[1] John, Lord Robartes, Lord Privy Seal, 1661-73; created Earl of Radnor, 1679. Died July 17th, 1685.

[2] Sara Bodville, wife of Robert Robartes. See note, p. 125 of this volume.

[3] "Sir Robert Moray presented the Society from the King with a

itself again quickly; the second it made vomitt mightily, but no other hurt. The third I did not stay to see the effect of it, being taken out by Povy. He and I walked below together, he giving me most exceeding discouragements in the getting of money (whether by design or no I know not, for I am now come to think him a most cunning fellow in most things he do, but his accounts), and made it plain to me that money will be hard to get, and that it is to be feared Backewell hath a design in it to get the thing forced upon himself. This put me into a cruel melancholy to think I may lose what I have had so near my hand; but yet something may be hoped for which to-morrow will shew. He gone, Creed and I together a great while consulting what to do in this case, and after all I left him to do what he thought fit in his discourse to-morrow with my Lord Ashly. So home, and in my way met with Mr. Warren, from whom my hopes I fear will fail of what I hoped for, by my getting him a protection. But all these troubles will if not be over, yet we shall see the worst of them in a day or two. So to my office, and thence to supper, and my head akeing, betimes, that is by 10 or 11 o'clock, to bed.

20th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office. At noon dined, and Mr. Povy by agreement with me (where his boldness with Mercer, poor innocent wench, did make both her and me blush, to think how he were able to debauch a poor girl if he had opportunity) at a dish or two of plain meat of his own choice. After dinner comes Creed and then Andrews, where want of money to Andrews the main discourse, and at last in confidence of Creed's judgement I am resolved to spare him 4 or £500 of what lies by me upon the security of some Tallys. This went against my heart to begin, but when obtaining Mr. Creed to joyne with me we do resolve to assist Mr. Andrews. Then anon we parted, and I to my office,

phial of Florentine poison sent for by his Majesty from Florence, on purpose to have those experiments related of the efficacy thereof, tried by the Society." The poison had little effect upon the kitten (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 31).

where late, and then home to supper and to bed. This night I am told the first play is played in White Hall noon-hall, which is now turned to a house of playing. I had a great mind, but could not go to see it.

21st. Up and to my office about business. Anon comes Creed and Povy, and we treat about the business of our lending money, Creed and I, upon a tally for the satisfying of Andrews, and did conclude it as in papers is expressed, and as I am glad to have an opportunity of having 10 per cent. for my money, so I am as glad that the sum I begin this trade with is no more than £350. We all dined at Andrews' charge at the Sun behind the 'Change, a good dinner the worst dressed that ever I eat any, then home, and there found Kate Joyce and Harman come to see us. With them, after long talk, abroad by coach, a tour in the fields, and drunk at Islington, it being very pleasant, the dust being laid by a little rain, and so home very well pleased with this day's work. So after a while at my office to supper and to bed. This day we hear that the Duke and the fleete are sailed yesterday. Pray God go along with them, that they have good speed in the beginning of their worke.

22nd. Up, and Mr. Cæsar, my boy's lute-master, being come betimes to teach him, I did speak with him seriously about the boy, what my mind was, if he did not look after his lute and singing that I would turn him away; which I hope will do some good upon the boy. All the morning busy at the office. At noon dined at home, and then to the office again very busy till very late, and so home to supper and to bed. My wife making great preparation to go to Court to Chappell to-morrow. This day I have newes from Mr. Coventry that the fleete is sailed yesterday from Harwich to the coast of Holland to see what the Dutch will do. God go along with them!

23rd (Lord's day). Mr. Povy, according to promise, sent his coach betimes, and I carried my wife and her woman to White Hall Chappell and set them in the Organ Loft, and I having left to untruss went to the Harp and Ball and there drank

also, and entertained myself in talke with the mayde of the house, a pretty mayde and very modest. Thence to the Chappell and heard the famous young Stillingfleete, whom I knew at Cambridge, and is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains; and was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St. Andrew's, Holborne, where he is now minister, with these words: that they (the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and another) believed he is the ablest young man to preach the Gospel of any since the Apostles. He did make the most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life, upon the words of Samuell to the people, "Fear the Lord in truth with all your heart, and remember the great things that he hath done for you." It being proper to this day, the day of the King's Coronation. Thence to Mr. Povy's, where mightily treated, and Creed with us. But Lord! to see how Povy overdoes every thing in commending it, do make it nauseous to me, and was not (by reason of my large praise of his house) over acceptable to my wife. Thence after dinner Creed and we by coach took the ayre in the fields beyond St. Pancras, it raining now and then, which it seems is most welcome weather, and then all to my house, where comes Mr. Hill, Andrews, and Captain Taylor, and good musique, but at supper to hear the arguments[1] we had against Taylor concerning a Corant, he saying that the law of a dancing Corant is to have every barr to end in a pricked crochet and quaver, which I did deny, was very strange. It proceeded till I vexed him, but all parted friends, for Creed

[1] Dr. Hueffer wrote respecting this passage: "If one may at this day decide such a question it would appear that Mr. Pepys had decidedly the best of the argument. We all know that the courante is a lively dance in 3-4 or 3-2 time, beginning with a short note at the end of the bar, and expressing, as Mattheson, writing a good many years after Pepys, discovered, 'sweet hope, and in fact a combination of confidence, desire, and joy.' But neither the Italian *corrente* of Corelli, nor yet the French *courante*, as developed by Couperin and the great Bach, seems to bear out the law laid down by Captain Taylor" ("Italian and other Studies," p. 252).

and I to laugh at when he was gone. After supper, Creed and I together to bed, in Mercer's bed, and so to sleep.

24th. Up and with Creed in Sir W. Batten's coach to White Hall. Sir W. Batten and I to the Duke of Albemarle, where very busy. Then I to Creed's chamber, where I received with much ado my two orders about receiving Povy's monies and answering his credits, and it is strange how he will preserve his constant humour of delaying all business that comes before him. Thence he and I to London to my office, and back again to my Lady Sandwich's to dinner, where my wife by agreement. After dinner alone, my Lady told me, with the prettiest kind of doubtfullnesse, whether it would be fit for her with respect to Creed to do it, that is, in the world, that Creed had broke his desire to her of being a servant to Mrs. Betty Pickering, and placed it upon encouragement which he had from some discourse of her ladyship, commending of her virtues to him, which, poor lady, she meant most innocently. She did give him a cold answer, but not so severe as it ought to have been; and, it seems, as the lady since to my Lady confesses, he had wrote a letter to her, which she answered slightly, and was resolved to contemn any motion of his therein. My Lady takes the thing very ill, as it is fit she should; but I advise her to stop all future occasions of the world's taking notice of his coming thither so often as of late he hath done. But to think that he should have this devilish presumption to aime at a lady so near to my Lord is strange, both for his modesty and discretion. Thence to the Cockepitt, and there walked an houre with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me; that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking any care of any thing therein; so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was (from him) not a little proud. Thence to a Committee of Tangier, where because not a quorum little was done, and so away to my wife (Creed with me) at Mrs. Pierce's, who continues very pretty and is now great with child. I had not seen her a great while. Thence by coach to my Lord

Treasurer's, but could not speak with Sir Ph. Warwicke. So by coach with my wife and Mercer to the Parke; but the King being there, and I now-a-days being doubtfull of being seen in any pleasure, did part from the tour, and away out of the Parke to Knightsbridge, and there eat and drank in the coach, and so home, and after a while at my office, home to supper and to bed, having got a great cold I think by my pulling off my periwigg so often.

25th. At the office all the morning, and the like after dinner, at home all the afternoon till very late, and then to bed, being very hoarse with a cold I did lately get with leaving off my periwigg. This afternoon W. Pen, lately come from his father in the fleete, did give me an account how the fleete did sayle, about 103 in all, besides small catches, they being in sight of six or seven Dutch scouts, and sent ships in chase of them.

26th. Up very betimes, my cold continuing and my stomach sick with the buttered ale that I did drink the last night in bed, which did lie upon me till I did this morning vomitt it up. So walked to Povy's, where Creed met me, and there I did receive the first parcel of money as Treasurer of Tangier, and did give him my receipt for it, which was about £2,800 value in Tallys; we did also examine and settle several other things, and then I away to White Hall, talking, with Povy alone, about my opinion of Creed's indiscretion in looking after Mrs. Pickering, desiring him to make no more a sport of it, but to correct him, if he finds that he continues to owne any such thing. This I did by my Lady's desire, and do intend to pursue the stop of it. So to the Carrier's by Cripplegate, to see whether my mother be come to towne or no, I expecting her to-day, but she is not come. So to dinner to my Lady Sandwich's, and there after dinner above in the dining-room did spend an houre or two with her talking again about Creed's folly; but strange it is that he should dare to propose this business himself of Mrs. Pickering to my Lady, and to tell my Lady that he did it for her virtue sake, not minding her money, for he could have a wife with more, but, for that,

he did intend to depend upon her Ladyshipp to get as much of her father and mother for her as she could; and that, what he did, was by encouragement from discourse of her Ladyshipp's: he also had wrote to Mrs. Pickering, but she did give him a slighting answer back again. But I do very much fear that Mrs. Pickering's honour, if the world comes to take notice of it, may be wronged by it. Thence home, and all the afternoon till night at my office, then home to supper and to bed.

27th. Up, and to my office, where all the morning, at noon Creed dined with me; and, after dinner, walked in the garden, he telling me that my Lord Treasurer now begins to be scrupulous, and will know what becomes of the £26,000 saved by my Lord Peterborough, before he parts with any more money, which puts us into new doubts, and me into a great fear, that all my cake will be doe[1] still. But I am well prepared for it to bear it, being not clear whether it will be more for my profit to have it, or go without it, as my profits of the Navy are likely now to be. All the afternoon till late hard at the office. Then to supper and to bed. This night William Hewer is returned from Harwich, where he hath been paying off of some ships this fortnight, and went to sea a good way with the fleete, which was 96 in company then, men of warr, besides some come in, and following them since, which makes now above 100, whom God bless!

28th. Up by 5 o'clock, and by appointment with Creed by 6 at his chamber, expecting Povy, who come not. Thence he and I out to Sir Philip Warwicke's, but being not up we took a turn in the garden hard by, and thither comes Povy to us. After some discourse of the reason of the difficulty that Sir Philip Warwicke makes in issuing a warrant for my striking of tallys, namely, the having a clear account of the £26,000

[1] An obsolete proverb, signifying to lose one's hopes, a cake coming out of the oven in a state of dough being considered spoiled.

> "My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest;
> Out of hope of all, but my share in the feast."
> Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, act v., sc. 1.—M. B.

saved by my Lord of Peterborough, we parted, and I to Sir P. Warwicke, who did give me an account of his demurr, which I applied myself to remove by taking Creed with me to my Lord Ashly, from whom, contrary to all expectation, I received a very kind answer, just as we could have wished it, that he would satisfy my Lord Treasurer. Thence very well satisfied I home, and down the River to visit the victualling-ships, where I find all out of order. And come home to dinner, and then to write a letter to the Duke of Albemarle about the victualling-ships, and carried it myself to the Council-chamber, where it was read; and when they rose, my Lord Chancellor passing by stroked me on the head, and told me that the Board had read my letter, and taken order for the punishing of the watermen for not appearing on board the ships.[1] And so did the King afterwards, who do now know me so well, that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our Navy business. Thence got my Lord Ashly to my Lord Treasurer below in his chamber, and there removed the scruple, and by and by brought Mr. Sherwin to Sir Philip Warwicke and did the like, and so home, and after a while at my office, to bed.

29th. All the morning busy at the office. In the afternoon to my Lord Treasurer's, and there got my Lord Treasurer to sign the warrant for my striking of tallys, and so doing many jobbs in my way home, and there late writeing letters, being troubled in my mind to hear that Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes do take notice that I am now-a-days much from the office upon no office business, which vexes me, and will make me mind my business the better, I hope in God; but what troubles me more is, that I do omit to write, as I should do, to Mr. Coventry, which I must not do, though this night I

[1] Among the State Papers are lists of watermen impressed and put on board the victualling ships. Attached to one of these is a "note of their unfitness and refractory conduct; also that many go ashore to sleep, and are discontent that they, as masters of families, are pressed, while single men are excused on giving money to the pressmen" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 323).

minded it so little as to sleep in the middle of my letter to him, and committed forty blotts and blurrs in my letter to him, but of this I hope never more to be guilty, if I have not already given him sufficient offence. So, late home, and to bed.

30th (Lord's day). Up and to my office alone all the morning, making up my monthly accounts, which though it hath been very intricate, and very great disbursements and receipts and odd reckonings, yet I differed not from the truth; viz.: between my first computing what my profit ought to be and then what my cash and debts do really make me worth, not above 10*s.*, which is very much, and I do much value myself upon the account, and herein I with great joy find myself to have gained this month above £100 clear, and in the whole to be worth above £1,400, the greatest sum I ever yet was worth. Thence home to dinner, and there find poor Mr. Spong walking at my door, where he had knocked, and being told I was at the office staid modestly there walking because of disturbing me, which methinks was one of the most modest acts (of a man that hath no need of being so to me) that ever I knew in my life. He dined with me, and then after dinner to my closet, where abundance of mighty pretty discourse, wherein, in a word, I find him the man of the world that hath of his own ingenuity obtained the most in most things, being withall no scholler. He gone, I took boat and down to Woolwich and Deptford, and made it late home, and so to supper and to bed. Thus I end this month in great content as to my estate and gettings: in much trouble as to the pains I have taken, and the rubs I expect yet to meet with, about the business of Tangier. The fleete, with about 106 ships upon the coast of Holland, in sight of the Dutch, within the Texel. Great fears of the sickenesse here in the City, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve as all!

May 1st. Up and to Mr. Povy's, and by his bedside talked a good while. Among other things he do much insist I perceive upon the difficulty of getting of money, and would fain have me

to concur in the thinking of some other way of disposing of the place of Treasurer to one Mr. Bell, but I did seem slight of it, and resolved to try to do the best or to give it up. Thence to the Duke of Albemarle, where I was sorry to find myself to come a little late, and so home, and at noon going to the 'Change I met my Lord Brunkard, Sir Robert Murry, Deane Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke, going by coach to Colonell Blunt's[1] to dinner. So they stopped and took me with them. Landed at the Tower-wharf, and thence by water to Greenwich; and there coaches met us; and to his house, a very stately sight for situation and brave plantations; and among others, a vine-yard, the first that ever I did see. No extraordinary dinner, nor any other entertainment good; but only after dinner to the tryall of some experiments about making of coaches easy. And several we tried; but one did prove mighty easy (not here for me to describe, but the whole body of the coach lies upon one long spring), and we all, one after another, rid in it; and it is very fine and likely to take. These experiments were the intent of their coming, and pretty they are. Thence back by coach to Greenwich, and in his pleasure boat to Deptford, and there stopped and in to Mr. Evelyn's,[2] which is a most beautiful place; but it being dark and late, I staid

[1] At Wricklesmarsh, in the parish of Charlton, which belonged in 1617 to Edward Blount, whose family alienated it towards the end of the seventeenth century. The old mansion was pulled down by Sir Gregory Page, Bart., who erected a magnificent stone structure on the site; which, devolving to his great-nephew, Sir Gregory Page Turner, shared the same fate as the former house, having been sold in lots in 1784. The site of Colonel Blount's house is now covered with villas, and is called Blackheath Park.—B.

"Col. Blount produced another model of a chariot with four springs, esteemed by him very easy both to the rider and horse, and at the same time cheap. It was ordered that the committee formerly appointed, viz., the President, Sir Robert Moray, Sir William Petty, Dr. Wilkins, Col. Blount, and Mr. Hooke, should be desired to meet at Col. Blount's house at Writlemarsh, about this matter, on the Monday following, and give an account of what they had done there at the next meeting of the Society." On May 3rd Hooke reported (Birch's "History," vol. ii., pp. 41, 45).

[2] Sayes Court, the well-known residence of John Evelyn.

not; but Deane Wilkins and Mr. Hooke and I walked to Redriffe; and noble discourse all day long did please me, and it being late did take them to my house to drink, and did give them some sweetmeats, and thence sent them with a lanthorn home, two worthy persons as are in England, I think, or the world. So to my Lady Batten, where my wife is to-night, and so after some merry talk home and to bed.

2nd. Up and to the office all day, where sat late, and then to the office again, and by and by Sir W. Batten and my Lady and my wife and I by appointment yesterday (my Lady Pen failed us, who ought to have been with us) to the Rhenish winehouse at the Steelyard, and there eat a couple of lobsters and some prawns, and pretty merry, especially to see us four together, while my wife and my Lady did never intend ever to be together again after a year's distance between one another. Hither by and by come Sir Richard Ford and also Mrs. Esther, that lived formerly with my Lady Batten, now well married to a priest, come to see my Lady. Thence toward evening home, and to my office, where late, and then home to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up betimes and walked to Sir Ph. Warwicke's, where a long time with him in his chamber alone talking of Sir G. Carteret's business, and the abuses he puts on the nation by his bad payments to both our vexations, but no hope of remedy for ought I see. Thence to my Lord Ashly to a Committee of Tangier for my Lord Rutherford's accounts, and that done we to my Lord Treasurer's, where I did receive my Lord's warrant to Sir R. Long for drawing a warrant for my striking of tallys. So to the Inne again by Cripplegate, expecting my mother's coming to towne, but she is not come this weeke neither, the coach being too full. So to the 'Change and thence home to dinner, and so out to Gresham College, and saw a cat killed with the Duke of Florence's poyson, and saw it proved that the oyle of tobacco[1] drawn by

[1] "Mr. Daniel Coxe read an account of the effects of tobacco-oil distilled in a retort, by one drop of which given at the mouth he had killed a lusty cat, which being opened, smelled strongly of the oil, and the blood of

one of the Society do the same effect, and is judged to be the same thing with the poyson both in colour and smell and effect. I saw also an abortive child preserved fresh in spirits of salt. Thence parted, and to White Hall to the Council-chamber about an order touching the Navy (our being empowered to commit seamen or Masters that do not, being hired or pressed, follow their worke), but they could give us none. So a little vexed at that, because I put in the memorial to the Duke of Albemarle alone under my own hand, home, and after some time at the office home to bed. My Lord Chief-Justice Hide [1] did die suddenly this week, a day or two ago, of an apoplexy.

4th. Up, and to the office, where we sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again all day till almost midnight, and then, weary, home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up betimes, and by water to Westminster, there to speak the first time with Sir Robert Long, to give him my Privy Seal and my Lord Treasurer's order for Tangier Tallys; he received me kindly enough. Thence home by water, and presently down to Woolwich and back to Blackewall, and there viewed the Breach, in order to a Mast Docke,[2] and so to Deptford to the Globe, where my Lord Brunkard, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Commissioner Pett were at dinner, having been at the Breach also, but they find it will be too great charge to make use of it. After dinner to Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely noble

the heart more strongly than the rest. . . . One drop of the Florentine *oglio di tobacco* being again given to a dog, it proved stupefying and vomitive, as before" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 42, 43).

[1] Sir Robert Hyde, cousin of the Earl of Clarendon, appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench, October 10th, 1663. Born 1595, died May 1st, 1665. He was buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

[2] Christopher Pett wrote to Pepys from Woolwich on April 22nd, 1665, and begged for "allowance for two divers employed when the estimate for the mast dock at Blackwall was made" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 324).

ground he hath indeed. And among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mighty pleasantly. Thence home, and I by and by to Mr. Povy's to see him, who is yet in his chamber not well, and thence by his advice to one Lovett's, a varnisher, to see his manner of new varnish, but found not him at home, but his wife, a very beautiful woman, who shewed me much variety of admirable work, and is in order to my having of some papers fitted with his lines for my use for tables and the like. I know not whether I was more pleased with the thing, or that I was shewed it by her, but resolved I am to have some made. So home to my office late, and then to supper and to bed. My wife tells me that she hears that my poor aunt James hath had her breast cut off here in town, her breast having long been out of order. This day, after I had suffered my owne hayre to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of periwiggs is so great, that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to periwiggs.

6th. Up, and all day at the office, but a little at dinner, and there late till past 12. So home to bed, pleased as I always am after I have rid a great deal of work, it being very satisfactory to me.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and to church with my wife. Home and dined. After dinner come Mr. Andrews and spent the afternoon with me, about our Tangier business of the victuals, and then parted, and after sermon comes Mr. Hill and a gentleman, a friend of his, one Mr. Scott, that sings well also, and then comes Mr. Andrews, and we all sung and supped, and then to sing again and passed the Sunday very pleasantly and soberly, and so I to my office a little, and then home to prayers and to bed. Yesterday begun my wife to learn to limn of one Browne,[1] which Mr. Hill helps her to, and, by her beginning upon some eyes, I think she will [do] very fine things, and I shall take great delight in it.

[1] Alexander Browne, a printseller, who taught drawing, and practised it with success. He published in 1669, "Ars Pictoria, or an Academy treating of Drawing, Painting, Limning and Etching."

8th. Up very betimes, and did much business before I went out with several persons, among others Captain Taylor, who would leave the management of most of his business now he is going to Harwich, upon me, and if I can get money by it, which I believe it will, I shall take some of it upon me. Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Duke of Albemarle's and there did much business, and then to the 'Change, and thence off with Sir W. Warren to an ordinary, where we dined and sat talking of most usefull discourse till 5 in the afternoon, and then home, and very busy till late, and so home and to bed.

9th. Up betimes, and to my business at the office, where all the morning. At noon comes Mrs. The. Turner, and dines with us, and my wife's painting-master staid and dined, and I take great pleasure in thinking that my wife will really come to something in that business. Here dined also Luellin. So after dinner to my office, and there very busy till almost midnight, and so home to supper and to bed. This day we have newes of eight ships being taken by some of ours going into the Texel, their two men of warr, that convoyed them, running in. They come from about Ireland, round to the north.

10th. Up betimes, and abroad to the Cocke-pitt, where the Duke [of Albemarle] did give Sir W. Batten and me an account of the late taking of eight ships, and of his intent to come back to the Gunfleete [1] with the fleete presently; which creates us much work and haste therein, against the fleete comes. So to Mr. Povy, and after discourse with him home, and thence to the Guard in Southwarke, there to get some soldiers, by the Duke's order, to go keep pressmen on board our ships. So to the 'Change and did much business, and then home to dinner, and there find my poor mother come out of the country today in good health, and I am glad to see her, but my business, which I am sorry for, keeps me from paying the respect I ought to her at her first coming, she being grown very weak in her judgement, and doating again in her discourse, through age and some trouble in her family. I left her and my wife to go abroad to buy something, and then I to my office. In

[1] The Gunfleet Sand off the Essex coast.

the evening by appointment to Sir W. Warren and Mr. Deering at a taverne hard by with intent to do some good upon their agreement in a great bargain of planks. So home to my office again, and then to supper and to bed, my mother being in bed already.

11th. Up betimes, and at the office all the morning. At home dined, and then to the office all day till late at night, and then home to supper, weary with business, and to bed.

12th. Up betimes, and find myself disappointed in my receiving presently of my £50 I hoped for sure of Mr. Warren upon the benefit of my press warrant, but he promises to make it good. So by water to the Exchequer, and there up and down through all the offices to strike my tallys for £17,500, which methinks is so great a testimony of the goodness of God to me, that I, from a mean clerke there, should come to strike tallys myself for that sum, and in the authority that I do now, is a very stupendous mercy to me. I shall have them struck to-morrow. But to see how every little fellow looks after his fees, and to get what he can for everything, is a strange consideration; the King's fees that he must pay himself for this £17,500 coming to above £100. Thence called my wife at Unthanke's to the New Exchange and elsewhere to buy a lace band for me, but we did not buy, but I find it so necessary to have some handsome clothes that I cannot but lay out some money thereupon. To the 'Change and thence to my watchmaker, where he has put it [*i.e.* the watch] in order, and a good and brave piece it is, and he tells me worth £14, which is a greater present than I valued it. So home to dinner, and after dinner comes several people, among others my cozen, Thomas Pepys,[1] of Hatcham, to receive some money of my Lord Sandwich's, and there I paid him what was due to him upon my uncle's score, but, contrary to my expectation, did get him to sign and seale to my sale of lands for payment of debts. So that now I reckon myself in better condition by £100 in my content than I was before, when I

[1] Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barnes, Surrey, Master of the Jewel House to Charles II. and James II.

was liable to be called to an account and others after me by my uncle Thomas or his children for every foot of land we had sold before. This I reckon a great good fortune in the getting of this done. He gone, come Mr. Povy, Dr. Twisden, and Mr. Lawson about settling my security in the paying of the £4,000 ordered to Sir J. Lawson. So a little abroad and then home, and late at my office and closet settling this day's disordering of my papers, then to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and all day in some little gruntings of pain, as I used to have from winde, arising I think from my fasting so long, and want of exercise, and I think going so hot in clothes, the weather being hot, and the same clothes I wore all winter. To the 'Change after office, and received my watch from the watchmaker, and a very fine [one] it is, given me by Briggs, the Scrivener. Home to dinner, and then I abroad to the Atturney Generall, about advice upon the Act for Land Carriage, which he desired not to give me before I had received the King's and Council's order therein, going home bespoke the King's works, will cost me 50*s.*, I believe. So home and late at my office. But, Lord! to see how much of my old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand in the coach all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one; though I remember since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived. So home to supper and to bed, being troubled at a letter from Mr. Cholmly from Tangier, wherein he do advise me how people are at worke to overthrow our Victualling business, by which I shall lose £300 per annum. I am much obliged to him for this secret kindnesse, and concerned to repay it him in his own concernments and look after this.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, it being Whitsunday; my wife very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye hood, as the fashion is now. We had a most sorry sermon; so home to dinner, my mother having her new suit brought home, which makes her very fine. After dinner my wife and she and

Mercer to Thomas Pepys's wife's christening of his first child, and I took a coach, and to Wanstead, the house where Sir H. Mildmay died, and now Sir Robert Brookes[1] lives, having bought it of the Duke of Yorke, it being forfeited to him. A fine seat, but an old-fashioned house; and being not full of people looks desolately. Thence to Walthamstow, where (failing at the old place) Sir W. Batten by and by come home, I walking up and down the house and garden with my Lady very pleasantly, then to supper very merry, and then back by coach by dark night. I all the afternoon in the coach reading the treasonous book of the Court of King James, printed a great while ago, and worth reading, though ill intended. As soon as I come home, upon a letter from the Duke of Albemarle, I took boat at about 12 at night, and down the River in a gally, my boy and I, down to the Hope and so up again, sleeping and waking, with great pleasure, my business to call upon every one of

15th. Our victualling ships to set them agoing, and so home, and after dinner to the King's playhouse, all alone, and saw "Love's Maistresse."[2] Some pretty things and good variety in it, but no or little fancy in it. Thence to the Duke of Albemarle to give him account of my day's works, where he shewed me letters from Sir G. Downing, of four days' date, that the Dutch are come out and joyned, well-manned, and resolved to board our best ships, and fight for certain they will. Thence to the Swan at Herbert's, and there the company of Sarah a little while, and so away and called at the Harp and Ball, where the mayde, Mary, is very *formosa;*[3] but, Lord! to see in what readiness I am, upon the expiring of my vowes this day, to begin to run into all my pleasures and neglect of business. Thence home, and being sleepy to bed.

16th. Up betimes, and to the Duke of Albemarle with an

[1] For note on Sir Robert Brooke, Lord of the Manor of Wanstead, see vol. i., p. xxxi.

[2] "Loves Maistresse, or The Queen's Masque," by Thomas Heywood, printed 1636, 1640.

[3] Formosa = handsome (*Italian*).

account of my yesterday's actions in writing. So back to the office, where all the morning very busy. After dinner by coach to see and speak with Mr. Povy, and after little discourse back again home, where busy upon letters till past 12 at night, and so home to supper and to bed, weary.

17th. Up, and by appointment to a meeting of Sir John Lawson and Mr. Cholmly's atturney and Mr. Povy at the Swan taverne at Westminster to settle their business about my being secured in the payment of money to Sir J. Lawson in the other's absence. Thence at Langford's, where I never was since my brother died there. I find my wife and Mercer, having with him agreed upon two rich silk suits for me, which is fit for me to have, but yet the money is too much, I doubt, to lay out altogether; but it is done, and so let it be, it being the expense of the world that I can the best bear with and the worst spare. Thence home, and after dinner to the office, where late, and so home to supper and to bed. Sir J. Minnes and I had an angry bout this afternoon with Commissioner Pett about his neglecting his duty and absenting himself, unknown to us, from his place at Chatham, but a most false man I every day find him more and more, and in this very full of equivocation. The fleete we doubt not come to Harwich by this time. Sir W. Batten is gone down this day thither, and the Duchesse of Yorke went down yesterday to meet the Duke.

18th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of Albemarle, where we did much business, and I with good content to myself; among other things we did examine Nixon and Stanesby,[1] about their late running from two Dutchmen; for

[1] Captain Edward Nixon, of the "Elizabeth," and Captain John Stanesby, of the "Eagle." John Lanyon wrote to the Navy Commissioners from Plymouth, May 16th: "Understands from the seamen that the conduct of Captains Nixon and Stanesby in their late engagement with two Dutch capers was very foul; the night they left the Dutch, no lights were put out as formerly, and though in sight of them in the morning, they still kept on their way; the Eagle lay by some time, and both the enemy's ships plied on her, but finding the Elizabeth nearly out of sight she also made sail; it is true the wind and sea were high, but there were no sufficient reasons for such endeavours to

which they are committed to a vessel to carry them to the fleete to be tried. A most fowle unhandsome thing as ever was heard, for plain cowardice on Nixon's part. Thence with the Duke of Albemarle in his coach to my Lord Treasurer, and there was before the King (who ever now calls me by my name) and Lord Chancellor, and many other great Lords, discoursing about insuring of some of the King's goods, wherein the King accepted of my motion that we should; and so away, well pleased. To the office, and dined, and then to the office again, and abroad to speak with Sir G. Carteret; but, Lord! to see how fraile a man I am, subject to my vanities, that can hardly forbear, though pressed with never so much business, my pursuing of pleasure, but home I got, and there very busy very late. Among other things consulting with Mr. Andrews about our Tangier business, wherein we are like to meet with some trouble, and my Lord Bellasses's endeavour to supplant us, which vexes my mind; but, however, our undertaking is so honourable that we shall stand a tug for it I think. So home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up, and to White Hall, where the Committee for Tangier met, and there, though the case as to the merit of it was most plain and most of the company favourable to our business, yet it was with much ado that I got the business not carried fully against us, but put off to another day, my Lord Arlington being the great man in it, and I was sorry to be found arguing so greatly against him. The business I believe will in the end be carried against us, and the whole business fall; I must therefore endeavour the most I can to get money another way. It vexed me to see Creed so hot against it, but I cannot much blame him, having never declared to him my being concerned in it. But that that troubles me most is my Lord Arlington calls to me privately and asks me whether I had ever said to any body that I desired to leave this employ-

get from them" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 367). Both captains were tried; Nixon was condemned to be shot, but Stanesby was cleared, and Charnock asserts that he was commander of the "Happy Return" in 1672.

ment, having not time to look after it. I told him, No, for that the thing being settled it will not require much time to look after it. He told me then he would do me right to the King, for he had been told so, which I desired him to do, and by and by he called me to him again and asked me whether I had no friend about the Duke, asking me (I making a stand) whether Mr. Coventry was not my friend. I told him I had received many friendships from him. He then advised me to procure that the Duke would in his next letter write to him to continue me in my place and remove any obstruction; which I told him I would, and thanked him. So parted, vexed at the first and amazed at this business of my Lord Arlington's. Thence to the Exchequer, and there got my tallys for £17,500, the first payment I ever had out of the Exchequer, and at the Legg spent 14*s.* upon my old acquaintance, some of them the clerks, and away home with my tallys in a coach, fearful every step of having one of them fall out, or snatched from me. Being come home, I much troubled out again by coach (for company taking Sir W. Warren with me), intending to have spoke to my Lord Arlington to have known the bottom of it, but missed him, and afterwards discoursing the thing as a confidant to Sir W. Warren, he did give me several good hints and principles not to do anything suddenly, but consult my pillow upon that and every great thing of my life, before I resolve anything in it. Away back home, and not being fit for business I took my wife and Mercer down by water to Greenwich at 8 at night, it being very fine and cool and moonshine afterward. Mighty pleasant passage it was; there eat a cake or two, and so home by 10 or 11 at night, and then to bed, my mind not settled what to think.

20th. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning. At noon dined at home, and to my office, very busy.

21st. Till past one, Lord's day, in the morning writing letters to the fleete and elsewhere, and my mind eased of much business, home to bed and slept till 8. So up, and this day is brought home one of my new silk suits, the plain

one, but very rich camelott and noble. I tried it and it pleases me, but did not wear it, being I would not go out to-day to church. So laid it by, and my mind changed, thinking to go see my Lady Sandwich, and I did go a little way, but stopped and returned home to dinner, after dinner up to my chamber to settle my Tangier accounts, and then to my office, there to do the like with other papers. In the evening home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, and down to the ships, which now are hindered from going down to the fleete (to our great sorrow and shame) with their provisions, the wind being against them. So to the Duke of Albemarle, and thence down by water to Deptford, it being Trinity Monday, and so the day of choosing the Master of Trinity House for the next yeare, where, to my great content, I find that, contrary to the practice and design of Sir W. Batten, to breake the rule and custom of the Company in choosing their Masters by succession, he would have brought in Sir W. Rider or Sir W. Pen, over the head of Hurleston[1] (who is a knave too besides, I believe), the younger brothers did all oppose it against the elder, and with great heat did carry it for Hurleston, which I know will vex him to the heart. Thence, the election being over, to church, where an idle sermon from that conceited fellow, Dr. Britton, saving that his advice to unity, and laying aside all envy and enmity among them was very apposite. Thence walked to Redriffe, and so to the Trinity House, and a great dinner, as is usual, and so to my office, where busy all the afternoon till late, and then home to bed, being much troubled in mind for several things, first, for the condition of the fleete for lacke of provisions, the blame this office lies under and the shame that they deserve to have brought upon them for the ships not being gone out of the River, and then for my business of Tangier which is not settled, and lastly for fear that I am not observed to have attended the office business of late as much as I ought to do, though there has been nothing but my

[1] Nicholas Hurleston, Master of the Trinity House. He died in November of this year.

attendance on Tangier that has occasioned my absence, and that of late not much.

23rd. Up, and at the office busy all the morning. At noon dined alone, my wife and mother being gone by invitation to dine with my mother's old servant Mr. Cordery, who made them very welcome. So to Mr. Povy's, where after a little discourse about his business I home again, and late at the office busy. Late comes Sir Arthur Ingram [1] to my office, to tell me that, by letters from Amsterdam of the 28th of this month (their style [2]), the Dutch fleete, being about 100 men-of-war, besides fire-ships, &c., did set out upon the 23rd and 24th inst. Being divided into seven squadrons,[3] viz., 1. Generall Opdam. 2. Cottenar, of Rotterdam. 3. Trump. 4. Schram, of Horne. 5. Stillingworth, of Freezland. 6. Everson. 7. One other, not named, of Zealand.

24th. Up, and by 4 o'clock in the morning, and with W. Hewer, there till 12 without intermission putting some papers in order. Thence to the Coffee-house with Creed, where I have not been a great while, where all the newes is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this towne; and of remedies against it: some saying one

[1] Sir Arthur Ingram, knight, of Knottingley, Surveyor of the Customs at Hull. He lived in Fenchurch Street, and was a liberal benefactor to the parish of St. Dionis Backchurch after the Great Fire. The site of his mansion is marked by Ingram Court.

[2] The new style was adopted by most of the countries of Europe long before it was legalized in England, although Russia still retains the old style. See note, vol. i., p. 1.

[3] A list of the Dutch fleet, May 23rd, 1665, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir William Penn," vol. ii., p. 318, from which Pepys's lists of the commanders of the seven squadrons can be corrected. The first squadron was under Jacob van Wassenaer, Baron d'Opdam, Great Admiral of Holland and West Frieseland; the second under Lieut.-Admiral John Evertsen; the third under Lieut.-Admiral Egbert Meeuswisz Cortenaer (who died of his wounds after the sea-fight of June 3rd); the fourth under Lieut.-Admiral Stellingwerf; the fifth under Vice-Admiral Cornelius Tromp (son of the great Martin H. Tromp); the sixth under Vice-Admiral Cornelius Evertsen, and the seventh under Vice-Admiral Wouter Schram.

thing, some another. So home to dinner, and after dinner Creed and I to Colvill's, thinking to shew him all the respect we could by obliging him in carrying him 5 tallys of £5,000 to secure him for so much credit he has formerly given Povy to Tangier, but he, like an impertinent fool, cavills at it, but most ignorantly that ever I heard man in my life. At last Mr. Viner by chance comes, who I find a very moderate man, but could not persuade the fool to reason, but brought away the tallys again, and so vexed to my office, where late, and then home to my supper and to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then to the office all the afternoon, busy till almost 12 at night, and then home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up at 4 o'clock, and all the morning in my office with W. Hewer finishing my papers that were so long out of order, and at noon to my bookseller's, and there bespoke a book or two, and so home to dinner, where Creed dined with me, and he and I afterwards to Alderman Backewell's to try him about supplying us with money, which he denied at first and last also, saving that he spoke a little fairer at the end than before. But the truth is I do fear I shall have a great deale of trouble in getting of money. Thence home, and in the evening by water to the Duke of Albemarle, whom I found mightily off the hooks, that the ships are not gone out of the River; which vexed me to see, insomuch that I am afeard that we must expect some change or addition of new officers brought upon us, so that I must from this time forward resolve to make myself appear eminently serviceable in attending at my office duly and no where else, which makes me wish with all my heart that I had never anything to do with this business of Tangier. After a while at my office, home to supper vexed, and to bed.

27th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning; at noon dined at home, and then to my office again, where late, and so to bed, with my mind full of fears for the business of this office and troubled with that of Tangier, concerning which

Mr. Povy was with me, but do give me little help, but more reason of being troubled. So that were it not for our Plymouth business I would be glad to be rid of it.

28th (Lord's day). By water to the Duke of Albemarle, where I hear that Nixon is condemned to be shot to death, for his cowardice, by a Council of War.[1] Went to chapel and heard a little musique, and there met with Creed, and with him a little while walking, and to Wilkinson's for me to drink, being troubled with winde, and at noon to Sir Philip Warwicke's to dinner, where abundance of company come in unexpectedly; and here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an ovall table. After dinner much good discourse with Sir Philip, who I find, I think, a most pious, good man, and a professor of a philosophicall manner of life and principles like Epictetus,[2] whom he cites in many things. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while before. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord Rochester's[3] running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett,[4] the great beauty and fortune of the North, who had supped at White Hall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly,[5] by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and foot men, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord

[1] See *ante*, pp. 413, 414.

[2] For note on Pepys's quotation from Epictetus, see vol. ii., p. 334.

[3] John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, celebrated for his wit and notorious for his profligacy. Born April 10th, 1648; died July 26th, 1680.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of John Malet, of Enmere, co. Somerset; married to the Earl of Rochester in 1667.

[5] Sir Francis Hawley of Buckland House, co. Somerset, created a baronet, 1642, and in 1646 an Irish peer, by the title of Baron Hawley of Donamore; in 1671 he was chosen M.P. for St. Michael's, and in 1673 became a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. He died 1684, aged seventy-six. His daughter Elizabeth was Elizabeth Malet's mother.

of Rochester (for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no successe) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry, and the Lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my Lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story. For if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death (who keeps but a little from her), £2,500 per annum. Pray God give a good success to it! But my poor Lady, who is afeard of the sickness, and resolved to be gone into the country, is forced to stay in towne a day or two, or three about it, to see the event of it. Thence home and to see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes[1] kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign. So to supper at home and to bed, after many people being with me about business, among others the two Bellamys about their old debt due to them from the King for their victualling business, out of which I hope to get some money.

29th. Lay long in bed, being in some little pain of the wind collique, then up and to the Duke of Albemarle, and so to the Swan, and there drank at Herbert's, and so by coach home, it being kept a great holiday through the City, for the birth and restoration of the King. To my office, where I stood by and saw Symson the joyner do several things, little jobbs, to the rendering of my closet handsome and the setting up of some neat plates that Burston has for my money made me, and so home to dinner, and then with my wife, mother, and Mercer in one boat, and I in another, down to Woolwich. I walking from Greenwich, the others going to and fro upon the water till my coming back, having done but little business. So home and to supper, and, weary, to bed. We have every where taken some prizes. Our merchants have good luck to come home safe: Colliers from the North, and some Streights'

[1] Gold fish introduced from China.

men just now. And our Hambrough ships, of whom we were so much afeard, are safe in Hambrough. Our fleete resolved to sail out again from Harwich in a day or two.

30th. Lay long, and very busy all the morning, at noon to the 'Change, and thence to dinner to Sir G. Carteret's, to talk upon the business of insuring our goods upon the Hambrough [ships]. Here a very fine, neat French dinner, without much cost, we being all alone with my Lady and one of the house with her; thence home and wrote letters, and then in the evening, by coach, with my wife and mother and Mercer, our usual tour by coach, and eat at the old house at Islington; but, Lord! to see how my mother found herself talk upon every object to think of old stories. Here I met with one that tells me that Jack Cole, my old schoolefellow, is dead and buried lately of a consumption, who was a great crony of mine. So back again home, and there to my closet to write letters. Hear to my great trouble that our Hambrough ships,[1] valued of the King's goods and the merchants' (though but little of the former) to £200,000 [are lost]. By and by, about 11 at night, called into the garden by my Lady Pen and daughter, and there walked with them and my wife till almost twelve, and so in and closed my letters, and home to bed.

31st. Up, and to my office, and to Westminster, doing business till noon, and then to the 'Change, where great the noise and trouble of having our Hambrough ships lost; and that very much placed upon Mr. Coventry's forgetting to give notice to them of the going away of our fleete from the coast of Holland. But all without reason, for he did; but the merchants not being ready, staid longer than the time ordered for the convoy to stay, which was ten days. Thence home with Creed and Mr. Moore to dinner. Anon we broke up, and Creed and I to discourse about our Tangier matters of money, which

[1] On May 29th Sir William Coventry wrote to Lord Arlington: "Capt. Langhorne has arrived with seven ships, and reports the taking of the Hamburg fleet with the man of war their convoy; mistaking the Dutch fleet for the English, he fell into it" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 393).

vex me. So to Gresham College, staid a very little while, and away and I home busy, and busy late, at the end of the month, about my month's accounts, but by the addition of Tangier it is rendered more intricate, and so (which I have not done these 12 months, nor would willingly have done now) failed of having it done, but I will do it as soon as I can. So weary and sleepy to bed. I endeavoured but missed of seeing Sir Thomas Ingram at Westminster, so went to Houseman's [1] the Painter, who I intend shall draw my wife, but he was not within, but I saw several very good pictures.

June 1st. Up and to the office, where sat all the morning, at noon to the 'Change, and there did some business, and home to dinner, whither Creed comes, and after dinner I put on my new silke camelott sute; the best that ever I wore in my life, the sute costing me above £24. In this I went with Creed to Goldsmiths' Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner; [2] which Hall, and Haberdashers' also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Pater Noster Row, to choose a silke to make me a plain ordinary suit. That done, we walked to Cornehill, and there at Mr. Cade's [3] stood in the balcon and saw all the funeral, which was with the blue-coat boys and old men, all the Aldermen, and Lord Mayor, &c., and the number of the company very great; the greatest I ever did see for a taverne. Hither come up to us Dr. Allen, and then Mr. Povy and Mr. Fox. The show being over, and my discourse with Mr. Povy, I took coach and to Westminster Hall, where I took the fairest flower, and by coach to Tothill Fields for the ayre till it was dark. I 'light, and in with the fairest flower to eat a cake, and there did do as much as was safe with my flower,

[1] Huysman.

[2] Thomas Vyner, born 1588, Sheriff of London, 1648. When Lord Mayor, in 1654, he was knighted by Cromwell (Ludlow's "Memoirs"), and created a baronet at the Restoration, 1660. He was a goldsmith, and dying May 11th, 1665, was buried in St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street.

[3] Cade's tavern was "The Three Golden Lyons" in Cornhill. The ground floor was apparently occupied by a bookseller's shop ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, 1889, vol. i., p. 372).

and that was enough on my part. Broke up, and away without any notice, and, after delivering the rose where it should be, I to the Temple and 'light, and come to the middle door, and there took another coach, and so home to write letters, but very few, God knows, being by my pleasure made to forget everything that is. The coachman that carried [us] cannot know me again, nor the people at the house where we were. Home to bed, certain news being come that our fleete is in sight of the Dutch ships.

2nd. Lay troubled in mind abed a good while, thinking of my Tangier and victualling business, which I doubt will fall. Up and to the Duke of Albemarle, but missed him. Thence to the Harp and Ball and to Westminster Hall, where I visited "the flowers" in each place, and so met with Mr. Creed, and he and I to Mrs. Croft's to drink and did, but saw not her daughter Borroughes. I away home, and there dined and did business. In the afternoon went with my tallys, made a fair end with Colvill and Viner, delivering them £5,000 tallys to each and very quietly had credit given me upon other tallys of Mr. Colvill for £2,000 and good words for more, and of Mr. Viner too. Thence to visit the Duke of Albemarle, and thence my Lady Sandwich and Lord Crew. Thence home, and there met an expresse from Sir W. Batten at Harwich, that the fleete is all sailed from Solebay, having spied the Dutch fleete at sea, and that, if the calmes hinder not, they must needs now be engaged with them. Another letter also come to me from Mr. Hater, committed by the Council this afternoon to the Gate House, upon the misfortune of having his name used by one, without his knowledge or privity, for the receiving of some powder that he had bought. Up to Court about these two, and for the former was led up to my Lady Castlemayne's lodgings, where the King and she and others were at supper, and there I read the letter and returned; and then to Sir G. Carteret about Hater, and shall have him released to-morrow, upon my giving bail for his appearance, which I have promised to do. Sir G. Carteret did go on purpose to the King to ask this, and it

was granted. So home at past 12, almost one o'clock in the morning. To my office till past two, and then home to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up and to White Hall, where Sir G. Carteret did go with me to Secretary Morris, and prevailed with him to let Mr. Hater be released upon bail for his appearance. So I at a loss how to get another besides myself, and got Mr. Hunt, who did patiently stay with me all the morning at Secretary Morris's chamber, Mr. Hater being sent for with his keeper, and at noon comes in the Secretary, and upon entering [into] recognizances, he for £200, and Mr. Hunt and I for £100 each for his appearance upon demand, he was released, it costing him, I think, above £3. I thence home, vexed to be kept from the office all the morning, which I had not been in many months before, if not some years. At home to dinner, and all the afternoon at the office, where late at night, and much business done, then home to supper and to bed. All this day by all people upon the River, and almost every where else hereabout were heard the guns, our two fleets for certain being engaged; which was confirmed by letters from Harwich, but nothing particular: and all our hearts full of concernment for the Duke, and I particularly for my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Coventry after his Royall Highnesse.

4th (Sunday). Up and at my chamber all the forenoon, at evening my accounts, which I could not do sooner, for the last month, and, blessed be God! am worth £1,400 odd money, something more than ever I was yet in the world. Dined very well at noon, and then to my office, and there and in the garden discoursed with several people about business, among others Mr. Howell, the turner, who did give me so good a discourse about the practices of the Paymaster J. Fenn that I thought fit to recollect all when he was gone, and have entered it down to be for ever remembered. Thence to my chamber again to settle my Tangier accounts against tomorrow and some other things, and with great joy ended them, and so to supper, where a good fowl and tansy, and so to bed. Newes being come that our fleete is pursuing the

Dutch, who, either by cunning, or by being worsted, do give ground, but nothing more for certain. Late to bed upon my papers being quite finished.

5th. Up very betimes to look some other papers, and then to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where I offered my accounts with great acceptation, and so had some good words and honour by it, and one or two things done to my content in my business of Treasurer, but I do clearly see that we shall lose our business of victualling, Sir Thomas Ingram undertaking that it shall be done by persons there as cheap as we do it, and give the seamen their full allowance and themselves give good security here for performance of contract, upon which terms there is no opposing it. This would trouble me, but that I hope when that fails to spend my time to some good advantage other ways, and so shall permit it all to God Almighty's pleasure. Thence home to dinner, after 'Change, where great talke of the Dutch being fled and we in pursuit of them, and that our ship Charity[1] is lost upon our Captain's, Wilkinson, and Lieutenant's yielding, but of this there is no certainty, save the report of some of the sicke men of the Charity, turned adrift in a boat out of the Charity and taken up and brought on shore yesterday to Sole Bay, and the newes hereof brought by Sir Henry Felton.[2] Home to dinner, and Creed with me. Then he and I down to Deptford, did some business, and back again at night. He home, and I to my office, and so to supper and to bed. This morning I had great discourse with my Lord Barkeley about Mr.

[1] Sir William Coventry and Sir William Penn to the Navy Commissioners, June 4th: "Engaged yesterday with the Dutch; they began to stand away at 3 p.m. Chased them all the rest of the day and night; 20 considerable ships are destroyed and taken; we have only lost the Great Charity. The Earl of Marlborough, Rear-Admiral Sansum, and Captain Kirby are slain, and Sir John Lawson wounded" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 406).

[2] Sir Henry Felton, of Playford, Suffolk, Bart., who married Susanne, daughter of Sir Lionel Talmash, of Helmingham, Bart. Their second son, Sir Thomas Felton, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter and co-heir of James, Lord Howard de Walden, and third Earl of Suffolk.—B.

Hater, towards whom from a great passion reproaching him with being a fanatique and dangerous for me to keepe, I did bring him to be mighty calme and to ask me pardons for what he had thought of him and to desire me to ask his pardon of Hater himself for the ill words he did give him the other day alone at White Hall (which was, that he had always thought him a man that was no good friend to the King, but did never think it would breake out in a thing of this nature), and did advise him to declare his innocence to the Council and pray for his examination and vindication. Of which I shall consider and say no more, but remember one compliment that in great kindness to me he did give me, extolling my care and diligence, that he did love me heartily for my owne sake, and more that he did will me whatsoever I thought for Mr. Coventry's sake, for though the world did think them enemies, and to have an ill aspect, one to another, yet he did love him with all his heart, which was a strange manner of noble compliment, confessing his owning me as a confidant and favourite of Mr. Coventry's.

6th. Waked in the morning before 4 o'clock with great pain to piss, and great pain in pissing by having, I think, drank too great a draught of cold drink before going to bed. But by and by to sleep again, and then rose and to the office, where very busy all the morning, and at noon to dinner with Sir G. Carteret to his house with all our Board, where a good pasty and brave discourse. But our great fear was some fresh news of the fleete, but not from the fleete, all being said to be well and beaten the Dutch, but I do not give much belief to it, and indeed the news come from Sir W. Batten at Harwich, and writ so simply that we all made good mirth of it. Thence to the office, where upon Sir G. Carteret's accounts, to my great vexation there being nothing done by the Controller to right the King therein. I thence to my office and wrote letters all the afternoon, and in the evening by coach to Sir Ph. Warwicke's about my Tangier business to get money, and so to my Lady Sandwich's, who, poor lady, expects every hour to hear of my Lord; but in the best temper, neither confident

nor troubled with fear, that I ever did see in my life. She tells me my Lord Rochester is now declaredly out of hopes of Mrs. Mallett, and now she is to receive notice in a day or two how the King stands inclined to the giving leave for my Lord Hinchingbroke to look after her, and that being done to bring it to an end shortly. Thence by coach home, and to my office a little, and so before 12 o'clock home and to bed.

7th. This morning my wife and mother rose about two o'clock; and with Mercer, Mary, the boy, and W. Hewer, as they had designed, took boat and down to refresh themselves on the water to Gravesend. Lay till 7 o'clock, then up and to the office upon Sir G. Carteret's accounts again, where very busy; thence abroad and to the 'Change, no news of certainty being yet come from the fleete. Thence to the Dolphin Taverne, where Sir J. Minnes, Lord Brunkard, Sir Thomas Harvy, and myself dined, upon Sir G. Carteret's charge, and very merry we were, Sir Thomas Harvy being a very drolle. Thence to the office, and meeting Creed away with him to my Lord Treasurer's, there thinking to have met the goldsmiths, at White Hall, but did not, and so appointed another time for my Lord to speak to them to advance us some money. Thence, it being the hottest day that ever I felt in my life, and it is confessed so by all other people the hottest they ever knew in England in the beginning of June, we to the New Exchange, and there drunk whey, with much entreaty getting it for our money, and [they] would not be entreated to let us have one glasse more. So took water and to Fox-Hall,[1] to the Spring garden, and there walked an houre or two with great pleasure, saving our minds ill at ease concerning the fleete and my Lord Sandwich, that we have no newes of them, and ill reports run up and down of his being killed, but without ground. Here staid pleasantly walking and spending but *6d.* till nine at night, and then by water to White Hall, and there I stopped to hear news of the fleete, but none come, which is strange, and so by water home, where, weary with walking and with the mighty heat of the weather,

[1] Vauxhall Gardens.

and for my wife's not coming home, I staying walking in the garden till twelve at night, when it begun to lighten exceedingly, through the greatness of the heat. Then despairing of her coming home, I to bed. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension.

8th. About five o'clock my wife come home, it having lightened all night hard, and one great shower of rain. She come and lay upon the bed; I up and to the office, where all the morning. Alone at home to dinner, my wife, mother, and Mercer dining at W. Joyce's; I giving her a caution to go round by the Half Moone to his house, because of the plague. I to my Lord Treasurer's by appointment of Sir Thomas Ingram's, to meet the Goldsmiths; where I met with the great news at last newly come, brought by Bab May[1] from the Duke of Yorke, that we have totally routed the Dutch;

[1] Although the two Mays are so frequently mentioned in these pages, and by almost every contemporary annalist, no authentic account of their parentage has been traced; nor is it clear whether they were brothers, or in any way related. There is, however, a strong presumption that they sprung from a family of the same name, seated at Rawmere, in Sussex, one of whom, Jeffrey May, acquired property at Sutton Cheynell, in Leicestershire, in 1574, which was sold by the representatives of Baptist May, in 1712, under an Act passed for the payment of his debts. But though Nichols ("History of Leicestershire," vol. iv., pt. ii., p. 548) gives a detailed pedigree of the Mays, he could not ascertain whose son Baptist May was, who held the office of Privy Purse to Charles II.; and he does not even allude to Hugh May. It is stated in Collins's "Peerage," vol. ii., p. 560, ed. 1741, that during their flight after the battle of Worcester, James, Duke of York, delivered his George, which had been a present from the queen his mother, to Mr. Hugh May, who preserved it through all difficulties, and afterwards returned it to his royal highness in Holland. Soon after 1662 Hugh May was established as an architect, and employed at Windsor, and in erecting stables at Cornbury, and in building Berkeley

that the Duke himself, the Prince, my Lord Sandwich, and Mr. Coventry are all well: which did put me into such joy, that I forgot almost all other thoughts. The particulars I shall set down by and by. By and by comes Alderman Maynell and Mr. Viner, and there my Lord Treasurer did intreat them to furnish me with money upon my tallys, Sir Philip Warwicke before my Lord declaring the King's changing of the hand from Mr. Povy to me, whom he called a very sober person, and one whom the Lord Treasurer would owne in all things that I should concern myself with them in the business of money. They did at present declare they could not part with money at present. My Lord did press them very hard, and I hope upon their considering we shall get some of them. Thence with great joy to the Cocke-pitt; where the Duke of Albemarle, like a man out of himself with content, new-told me all; and by and by comes a letter from Mr. Coventry's own hand to him, which he never opened (which was a strange thing), but did give it me to open and read, and consider what was fit for our office to do in it, and leave the letter with Sir

House, Piccadilly, and Cassiobury (Evelyn's "Diary"). He also held a place under Sir John Denham, the Surveyor of the Works, whom he expected to succeed; but the office becoming vacant, by the knight's death in 1667, was given to Sir Christopher Wren, and May was promised an annuity of £300 out of the Works, to make up for his disappointment. Whatever may have been his professional merits, he is not even named in Horace Walpole's list of architects; and we know nothing more of his career, except that in 1683 he was busy in building a house at Chiswick for Sir Stephen Fox. Baptist May's history is soon told: He was born about 1627, and after the Restoration belonged to the Duke of York's household; but he was promoted by the king to the office of Keeper of the Privy Purse, and became the confidant of Charles's amours. He was also made a Page of the Bedchamber, which place he lost, having contrived to offend his royal master. In 1689-90 we find him returned at the general election as burgess for Windsor, with Sir Christopher Wren; they were, however, both unseated by petition. Baptist died May 2nd, 1693, and lies buried in St. George's Chapel, where the slab inscribed to his memory is still to be seen.—B.

Baptist May has been supposed to be the son of Humphry May, who in early life was Vice-Chamberlain to James I.

W. Clerke;[1] which upon such a time and occasion was a strange piece of indifference, hardly pardonable. I copied out the letter, and did also take minutes out of Sir W. Clerke's other letters; and the sum of the newes is:—

Victory Over the Dutch,[2] June 3rd, 1665.

This day they engaged; the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us, by which they lost the benefit of their fire-ships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle[3] killed on board the Duke's ship, the Royall Charles, with one shot: their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earle of Marlborough,[4] Portland, Rear-Admirall Sansum (to Prince Rupert) killed, and Capt.

[1] Sir William Clarke acted as secretary to the Duke of Albemarle. There are several of his letters among the State Papers, which are dated from the Cockpit, Whitehall. He lost his leg in the fight with the Dutch in June, 1666, and died two days after.

[2] See Sir John Denham's "Advice to a Painter" concerning the Dutch war in "Poems on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 24.—B.

[3] The Earl of Falmouth is better known as Lord FitzHarding. The Duke of Ormonde's letters to his mother (Lady Thurles) and his sister (the Countess of Clancarty), on the death of Lord Muskerry, are printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., pp. 338, 339. Richard Boyle was the second son of the Earl of Burlington, and had been Member for Cork in 1661. Clarendon wrote of him: "He was a youth of great hope, who came newly home from travel, where he had spent his time with singular advantage, and took the first opportunity to lose his life in the king's service. There were many other gentlemen volunteers in the same ship, who had the same fate."

[4] James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, was captain of the "Old James." A letter from him to his friend, Sir Hugh Pollard, written about five weeks before the battle, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn" (vol. ii., p. 340). Charles Weston, third Earl of Portland, was a volunteer on board Lord Marlborough's ship. Robert Sansum, commander of the "Resolution," was Rear-Admiral of the White. He was captain of the "Portsmouth" in the fleet at Scheveling attending Charles II. on his return to England. Robert Kirby was captain of the "Breda." James Ableson was captain of the "Guinea."

Kirby and Ableson. Sir John Lawson [1] wounded on the knee; hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the Royall Oake. The Duke sent Jordan [2] out of the St. George, who did brave things in her. Capt. Jer. Smith of the Mary was second to the Duke, and stepped between him and Captain Seaton of the Urania [3] (76 guns and 400 men), who had sworn to board the Duke; killed him, 200 men, and took the ship; himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved but himself and lieutenant. His master indeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Admirall Opdam blown up, Trump killed, and said by Holmes; all the rest of their admiralls, as they say, but Everson (whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange), are killed: we having taken

[1] When Opdam's ship blew up, a shot from it mortally wounded Sir John Lawson, which is thus alluded to in the "Poems on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 28:

"Destiny allowed
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud.
A fatal bullet from his side did range,
And battered Lawson; oh, too dear exchange!
He led our fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his knee: since died, in glorious race:
Lawson, whose valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights Opdam in the lake below."

In the same poem, Lord Falmouth's death is thus noticed:

"Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some say 'twas to grow Duke, too, by contract.
An untaught bullet, in its wanton scope,
Dashes him all to pieces, and his Hope.
Such was his rise, such was his fall, unpraised;
A chance-shot sooner took him than chance raised:
His shattered head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first proof hat he had brains."—B.

[2] Afterwards Sir Joseph Jordan, commander of the "Royal Sovereign," and Vice-Admiral of the Red, 1672. He was knighted on July 1st, 1665.—B.

[3] Captain Sebastian Senten, of the "Orange," was attached to the second squadron of the Dutch fleet (see Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 318).

and sunk, as is believed, about 24 of their best ships; killed and taken near 8 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A great[er] victory never known in the world. They are all fled, some 43 got into the Texell, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home, and to my office a little; then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed and not a little puffed up at the good successe of their father;[1] and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonefire at the gate; and I with my Lady Pen's people and others to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the streete. I did give the boys 4*s*. among them, and mighty merry. So home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiett, saving that the consideration of the victory[2] is too great for me presently to comprehend.

9th. Lay long in bed, my head akeing with too much thoughts I think last night. Up and to White Hall, and my

[1] In the royal charter granted by Charles II. in 1680 to William Penn for the government of his American province, to be styled Pennsylvania, special reference is made to "the memory and merits of Sir William Penn in divers services, and particularly his conduct, courage, and discretion under our dearest brother, James, Duke of York, in that signal battle and victory fought and obtained against the Dutch fleet commanded by Heer van Opdam in 1665" (Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 359).

[2] Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright), in her fascinating life of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, gives an account of the receipt of the news of the great sea-fight in Paris, and quotes a letter of Charles II. to his sister, dated, "Whitehall, June 8th, 1665." The first report that reached Paris was that "the Duke of York's ship had been blown up, and he himself had been drowned." "The shock was too much for Madame . . . she was seized with convulsions, and became so dangerously ill that Lord Hollis wrote to the king, 'If things had gone ill at sea I really believe Madame would have died.'" Charles wrote: "I thanke God we have now the certayne newes of a very considerable victory over the Duch; you will see most of the particulars by the relation my Lord Hollis will shew you, though I have had as great a losse as 'tis possible in a good frinde, poore C. Barckely. It troubles me so much, as I hope you will excuse the shortnesse of this letter, haveing receaved the newes of it but two houres agoe" ("Madame," 1894, pp. 215, 216).

Lord Treasurer's to Sir Ph. Warwicke, about Tangier business, and in my way met with Mr. Moore, who eases me in one point wherein I was troubled; which was, that I heard of nothing said or done by my Lord Sandwich: but he tells me that Mr. Cowling,[1] my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, did hear the King say that my Lord Sandwich had done nobly and worthily. The King, it seems, is much troubled at the fall of my Lord of Falmouth;[2] but I do not meet with any man else that so much as wishes him alive again, the world conceiving him a man of too much pleasure to do the King any good, or offer any good office to him. But I hear of all hands he is confessed to have been a man of great honour, that did show it in this his going with the Duke, the most that ever any man did. Home, where my people busy to make ready a supper against night for some guests, in lieu of my stone-feast.[3] At noon eat a small dinner at home, and so abroad to buy several things, and among others with my taylor to buy a silke suit, which though I had one lately, yet I do, for joy of the good newes we have lately had of our victory over the Dutch, which makes me willing to spare myself something extraordinary in clothes; and after long resolution of having nothing but black, I did buy a coloured silk ferrandin.[4] So to the Old Exchange, and there at my pretty seamstresse's bought a pair of stockings of her husband, and so home, where by and

[1] Richard Cowling or Cooling. The name is usually spelt in the latter way in the Diary. The Lord Chamberlain was Edward, Earl of Manchester.

[2] For the king's expression of regret at the loss of Charles Berkeley (Earl of Falmouth), see previous note (p. 432).

[3] On March 26th, 1658, the successful operation for the stone was performed at Pepys's cousin's (Mrs. Turner's) house in Salisbury Court, and Pepys resolved to hold a commemorative feast for ever after on the anniversary of that day. On the first anniversary mentioned in the Diary, March 26th, 1660, he was at sea (vol. i., p. 101). In 1661 Mrs. Turner and her party dined with him at his father's (i. 365). In 1662 they all dined at Pepys's house (ii. 210). In 1663 the dinner was postponed owing to Mrs. Pepys's illness (iii. 77). In 1664 the feast was held on the correct day (iv. 87).

[4] See note, vol. iii., p. 26.

by comes Mr. Honiwood and Mrs. Wilde, and Roger Pepys and, after long time spent, Mrs. Turner, The. and Joyce. We had a very good venison pasty, this being instead of my stone-feast the last March, and very merry we were, and the more I know the more I like Mr. Honiwood's conversation. So after a good supper they parted, walking to the 'Change for a coach, and I with them to see them there. So home and to bed, glad it was over.

10th. Lay long in bed, and then up and at the office all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then to the office busy all the afternoon. In the evening home to supper; and there, to my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the City); but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fanchurch Street: which in both points troubles me mightily. To the office to finish my letters and then home to bed, being troubled at the sicknesse, and my head filled also with other business enough, and particularly how to put my things and estate in order, in case it should please God to call me away, which God dispose of to his glory!

11th (Lord's day). Up, and expected long a new suit; but, coming not, dressed myself in my late new black silke camelott suit; and, when fully ready, comes my new one of coloured ferrandin, which my wife puts me out of love with, which vexes me, but I think it is only my not being used to wear colours which makes it look a little unusual upon me. To my chamber and there spent the morning reading. At noon, by invitation, comes my two cozen Joyces and their wives, my aunt James and he-cozen Harman,[1] his wife being ill. I had a good dinner for them, and as merry as I could be in such company. They being gone, I out of doors a

[1] Harman appears to have been the son of the Mr. and Mrs. Harman referred to on September 9th, 1664 (p. 239 of this volume). His wife, whom Pepys describes as "a very pretty, good-humoured wretch" (see August 1st, 1664), died in 1665, and Pepys then tried to get him to marry Paulina Pepys (see July 21st, 1665).

little, to shew, forsooth, my new suit, and back again, and in going I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great goodwill among his neighbours; for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord: which was very handsome. In the evening comes Mr. Andrews and his wife and Mr. Hill, and staid and played, and sung and supped, most excellent pretty company, so pleasant, ingenious, and harmless, I cannot desire better. They gone we to bed, my mind in great present ease.

12th. Up, and in my yesterday's new suit to the Duke of Albemarle, and after a turne in White Hall, and then in Westminster Hall, returned, and with my taylor bought some gold lace for my sleeve hands in Pater Noster Row. So home to dinner, and then to the office, and down the River to Deptford, and then back again and to my Lord Treasurer's, and up and down to look after my Tangier business, and so home to my office, then to supper and to bed. The Duke of Yorke is sent for last night and expected to be here to-morrow.

13th. Up and to the office, where all the morning doing business. At noon with Sir G. Carteret to my Lord Mayor's to dinner, where much company in a little room, and though a good, yet no extraordinary table. His name, Sir John Lawrence, whose father, a very ordinary old man, sat there at table, but it seems a very rich man. Here were at table three Sir Richard Brownes,[1] viz.: he of the Councill, a clerk, and the Alderman, and his son; and there was a little grandson also Richard, who will hereafter be Sir Richard Browne. The Alderman did here openly tell in boasting how he had, only upon suspicion of disturbances, if there had been any bad newes from sea, clapped up several persons that he was afeard

[1] Alderman Sir Richard Browne, Bart., was Lord Mayor in 1660-61, and Major-General of the Trained-bands; see *ante*, February 22nd, 1659-60. His son was Sir Richard Browne, Knight. Sir Richard Browne, the Clerk of the Council, noticed January 25th, 1661-62, was of a different family. The Lord Mayor was seated at Debden Hall, in Essex, which he had purchased soon after 1660, and the estate was alienated by his son, the second baronet.—B.

of; and that he had several times done the like and would do, and take no bail where he saw it unsafe for the King. But by and by he said that he was now sued in the Exchequer by a man for false imprisonment, that he had, upon the same score, imprisoned while he was Mayor four years ago, and asked advice upon it. I told him I believed there was none, and told my story of Field, at which he was troubled, and said that it was then unsafe for any man to serve the King, and, I believed, knows not what to do therein; but that Sir Richard Browne, of the Councill, advised him to speak with my Lord Chancellor about it. My Lord Mayor very respectfull to me; and so I after dinner away and found Sir J. Minnes ready with his coach and four horses at our office gate, for him and me to go out of towne to meet the Duke of Yorke coming from Harwich to-night, and so as far as Ilford, and there 'light. By and by comes to us Sir John Shaw and Mr. Neale,[1] that married the rich widow Gold, upon the same errand. After eating a dish of creame, we took coach again, hearing nothing of the Duke, and away home, a most pleasant evening and road. And so to my office, where, after my letters wrote, to supper and to bed. All our discourse in our way was Sir J. Minnes's telling me passages of the late King's and his father's, which I was mightily pleased to hear for information, though the pride of some persons and vice of most was but a sad story to tell how that brought the whole kingdom and King to ruine.

14th. Up, and to Sir Ph. Warwicke's and other places, about Tangier business, but to little purpose. Among others to my Lord Treasurer's, there to speak with him, and waited in the lobby three long hours for to speake with him, to the trial of my utmost patience, but missed him at last, and forced to go home without it, which may teach me how I make others wait. Home to dinner and staid Mr. Hater with me, and after dinner drew up a petition for Mr. Hater to present to the Councill about his troublesome business of powder,[2] de-

[1] Thomas Neale. See pp. 2, 165, of this volume.

[2] See *ante*, June 2nd (p. 423).

siring a trial that his absence may be vindicated, and so to White Hall, but it was not proper to present it to-day. Here I met with Mr. Cowling, who observed to me how he finds every body silent in the praise of my Lord Sandwich, to set up the Duke and the Prince; but that the Duke did both to the King and my Lord Chancellor write abundantly of my Lord's courage and service.[1] And I this day met with a letter of Captain Ferrers, wherein he tells [us] my Lord was with his ship in all the heat of the day, and did most worthily. Met with Creed, and he and I to Westminster; and there saw my Lord Marlborough[2] brought to be buried, several Lords of the Council carrying him, and with the herald in some state. Thence, vexed in my mind to think that I do so little in my Tangier business, and so home, and after supper to bed.

15th. Up, and put on my new stuff suit with close knees, which becomes me most nobly, as my wife says. At the office all day. At noon, put on my first laced band, all lace; and to Kate Joyce's to dinner, where my mother, wife, and abundance of their friends, and good usage. Thence, wife and Mercer and I to the Old Exchange, and there bought two lace bands more, one of my semstresse, whom my wife concurs with me to be a pretty woman. So down to Deptford and Woolwich, my boy and I. At Woolwich, discoursed with Mr. Sheldon[3] about my bringing my wife down for a month or two to his house, which he approves of, and, I think, will be very convenient. So late back, and to the office, wrote letters,

[1] Charles II.'s letter of thanks to Lord Sandwich, dated "Whitehall, June 9th, 1665," written entirely in the king's hand, is printed in Ellis's "Original Letters," 1st series, vol. iii., p. 327.

[2] Of the four distinguished men who died after the late action with the Dutch and were buried in Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Marlborough was interred on June 14th, Viscount Muskerry on the 19th, the Earl of Falmouth on the 22nd, and Sir Edward Broughton on the 26th. After the entries in the Abbey Registers is this note: "These four last Honble Persons dyed in his Ma^{tyes} service against the Dutch, excepting only that S^{r} E^{d} B^{r} received his death's wound at sea, but dyed here at home" (Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," p. 162).

[3] William Sheldon, Clerk of the Cheque at Woolwich.

and so home to supper and to bed. This day the Newesbook (upon Mr. Moore's showing L'Estrange[1] Captain Ferrers's letter) did do my Lord Sandwich great right as to the late victory. The Duke of Yorke not yet come to towne. The towne grows very sickly, and people to be afeard of it; there dying this last week of the plague 112,[2] from 43 the week before, whereof but [one] in Fanchurch-streete, and one in Broad-streete, by the Treasurer's office.

16th. Up and to the office, where I set hard to business, but was informed that the Duke of Yorke is come, and hath appointed us to attend him this afternoon. So after dinner, and doing some business at the office, I to White Hall, where the Court is full of the Duke and his courtiers returned from sea. All fat and lusty, and ruddy by being in the sun. I kissed his hands, and we waited all the afternoon. By and by saw Mr. Coventry, which rejoiced my very heart. Anon he and I, from all the rest of the company, walked into the Matted Gallery; where after many expressions of love, we fell to talk of business. Among other things, how my Lord Sandwich, both in his counsells and personal service, hath done most honourably and serviceably. Sir J. Lawson is come to Greenwich; but his wound in his knee yet very bad. Jonas Poole, in the Vantguard, did basely, so as to be, or will be, turned out of his ship. Captain Holmes[3] expecting upon Sansum's death to be made Rear-admirall to the Prince (but Harman[4] is

[1] "The Public Intelligencer," published by Roger L'Estrange, the predecessor of the "London Gazette."

[2] The number of deaths in London from all diseases, in the week ending June 13th, was 558; of these 112 died from the plague.

[3] Captain Robert Holmes (afterwards knighted). Sir William Coventry, in a letter to Lord Arlington (dated from "The Royal Charles," Southwold Bay, June 13th, writes: "Capt. Holmes asked to be rear-admiral of the white squadron in place of Sansum who was killed, but the Duke gave the place to Captain Harman, on which he delivered up his commission, which the Duke received, and put Captain Langhorne in his stead" ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, p. 423).

[4] John Harman, afterwards knighted. He had served with great reputation in several naval fights, and was desperately wounded in 1673, while

put in) hath delivered up to the Duke his commission, which the Duke took and tore. He, it seems, had bid the Prince, who first told him of Holmes's intention, that he should dissuade him from it; for that he was resolved to take it if he offered it. Yet Holmes would do it, like a rash, proud coxcombe. But he is rich, and hath, it seems, sought an occasion of leaving the service. Several of our captains have done ill. The great ships are the ships do the business, they quite deadening the enemy. They run away upon sight of "The Prince."[1] It is strange to see how people do already slight Sir William Barkeley,[2] my Lord FitzHarding's brother, who, three months since, was the delight of the Court. Captain Smith[3] of "The Mary" the Duke talks mightily of; and some great thing will be done for him. Strange to hear how the Dutch do relate, as the Duke says, that they are the conquerors; and bonefires are made in Dunkirke in their behalf; though a clearer victory can never be expected. Mr. Coventry thinks they cannot have lost less than 6,000 men, and we not dead above 200, and wounded about 400; in all about 600.

engaged with a Dutch man-of-war, which he captured. He survived the action some years, but never recovered his health.—B. For an account of the life of Sir John Harman, see Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," i. 97-103.

[1] "The Prince" was Lord Sandwich's ship; the captain was Roger Cuttance. It was put up at Chatham for repair at this date.

[2] Sir William Berkeley, see note, vol. iii., p. 334. His behaviour after the death of his brother, Lord Falmouth, is severely commented on in "Poems on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 29:

> "Berkeley had heard it soon, and thought not good
> To venture more of royal Harding's blood;
> To be immortal he was not of age,
> And did e'en now the Indian Prize presage;
> And judged it safe and decent, cost what cost,
> To lose the day, *since his dear brother's lost.*
> With his whole squadron straight away he bore,
> And, like good boy, promised to fight no more."—B.

[3] Jeremy Smith, knighted June, 1665. He succeeded Penn as Comptroller of the Victualling in 1669, and held the office until September, 1675.

Thence home and to my office till past twelve, and then home to supper and to bed, my wife and mother not being yet come home from W. Hewer's chamber, who treats my mother to-night. Captain Grove,[1] the Duke told us this day, hath done the basest thing at Lowestoffe, in hearing of the guns, and could not (as others) be got out, but staid there; for which he will be tried; and is reckoned a prating coxcombe, and of no courage.

17th. My wife come to bed about one in the morning. I up and abroad about Tangier business, then back to the office, where we sat, and at noon home to dinner, and then abroad to Mr. Povy's, after I and Mr. Andrews had been with Mr. Ball and one Major Strange, who looks after the getting of money for tallys and is helping Mr. Andrews. I had much discourse with Ball, and it may be he may prove a necessary man for our turns. With Mr. Povy I spoke very freely my indifference as to my place of Treasurer, being so much troubled in it, which he took with much seeming trouble, that I should think of letting go so lightly the place, but if the place can't be held I will. So hearing that my Lord Treasurer[2] was gone out of town with his family because of the sicknesse, I returned home without staying there, and at the office find Sir W. Pen come home, who looks very well; and I am gladder to see him than otherwise I should be because of my hearing so well of him for his serviceablenesse in this late great action. To the office late, and then home to bed. It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from my Lord Treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sicke, and almost blind, he could not see; so I 'light and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and

[1] Captain Edward Grove commanded "The Success" in 1664.

[2] The Lord Treasurer (Earl of Southampton) lived at Southampton House on the north side of Bloomsbury Square, which afterwards came into the possession of the family of Russell owing to the marriage of Lady Rachael Russell, and was then known as Bedford House.

trouble for myself, lest he should have been struck with the plague, being at the end of the towne that I took him up; but God have mercy upon us all! Sir John Lawson, I hear, is worse than yesterday: the King went to see him to-day most kindly. It seems his wound is not very bad; but he hath a fever, a thrush, and a hickup, all three together, which are, it seems, very bad symptoms.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where Sir W. Pen was the first time [since he] come from sea, after the battle. Mr. Mills made a sorry sermon to prove that there was a world to come after this. Home and dined and then to my chamber, where all the afternoon. Anon comes Mr. Andrews to see and sing with me, but Mr. Hill not coming, and having business, we soon parted, there coming Mr. Povy and Creed to discourse about our Tangier business of money. They gone, I hear Sir W. Batten and my Lady are returned from Harwich. I went to see them, and it is pretty to see how we appear kind one to another, though neither of us care *2d.* one for another. Home to supper, and there coming a hasty letter from Commissioner Pett for pressing of some calkers (as I would ever on his Majesty's service), with all speed, I made a warrant presently and issued it. So to my office a little, and then home to bed.

19th. Up, and to White Hall with Sir W. Batten (calling at my Lord Ashly's, but to no purpose, by the way, he being not up), and there had our usual meeting before the Duke with the officers of the Ordnance with us, which in some respects I think will be the better for us, for despatch sake. Thence home to the 'Change and dined alone (my wife gone to her mother's), after dinner to my little new goldsmith's,[1] whose wife indeed is one of the prettiest, modest black women that ever I saw. I paid for a dozen of silver salts *£6 14s. 6d.* Thence with Sir W. Pen from the office down to Greenwich to see Sir J. Lawson, who is better, but continues ill; his hickupp not being yet

[1] John Colvill of Lombard Street, see *ante*, May 24th. He lost *£85,832 17s. 2d.* by the closing of the Exchequer in 1672, and he died between 1672 and 1677 (Price's "Handbook of London Bankers").

gone, could have little discourse with him. So thence home and to supper, a while to the office, my head and mind mightily vexed to see the multitude of papers and business before [me] and so little time to do it in. So to bed.

20th. Thankes-giving-day for victory over ye Dutch. Up, and to the office, where very busy alone all the morning till church time, and there heard a mean sorry sermon of Mr. Mills. Then to the Dolphin Taverne, where all we officers of the Navy met with the Commissioners of the Ordnance by agreement, and dined: where good musique at my direction. Our club[1] come to 34*s.* a man, nine of us. Thence after dinner, I to White Hall with Sir W. Berkely in his coach, and so walked to Herbert's and there spent a little time. . . . Thence by water to Fox-hall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the citizens that were there this holy-day, pulling of cherries,[2] and God knows what, and so home to my office, where late, my wife not being come home with my mother, who have been this day all abroad upon the water, my mother being to go out of town speedily. So I home and to supper and to bed, my wife come home when I come from the office. This day I informed myself that there died four or five at Westminster of the plague in one alley in several houses upon Sunday last, Bell Alley, over against the Palace-gate; yet people do think that the number will be fewer in the towne than it was the last weeke.[3] The Dutch are

[1] Club = share.

> "Next these a sort of Sots there are,
> Who crave more wine than they can bear,
> Yet hate, when drunk, to pay or spend
> Their equal Club or Dividend,
> But wrangle, when the Bill is brought,
> And think they're cheated when they're not."
>
> *The Delights of the Bottle, or the Compleat Vintner*, 3rd ed., 1721, p. 29.

[2] The game of bob-cherry.

[3] According to the Bills of Mortality there was no reduction in the number of deaths. The total number of burials in the week ending June 20th was 611, of which number 168 died from the plague.

come out again with 20 sail under Bankert;[1] supposed gone to the Northward to meete their East India fleete.

21st. Up, and very busy all the morning. At noon with Creed to the Excise Office, where I find our tallys will not be money in less than sixteen months, which is a sad thing for the King to pay all that interest for every penny he spends; and, which is strange, the goldsmiths with whom I spoke, do declare that they will not be moved to part with money upon the increase of their consideration of ten per cent. which they have, and therefore desire I would not move in it, and indeed the consequence would be very ill to the King, and have its ill consequences follow us through all the King's revenue. Home, and my uncle Wight and aunt James dined with me, my mother being to go away to-morrow. So to White Hall, and there before and after Council discoursed with Sir Thomas Ingram about our ill case as to Tangier for money. He hath got the King to appoint a meeting on Friday, which I hope will put an end one way or other to my pain. So homewards and to the Cross Keys at Cripplegate, where I find all the towne almost going out of towne, the coaches and waggons being all full of people going into the country. Here I had some of the company of the tapster's wife a while, and so home to my office, and then home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up pretty betimes, and in great pain whether to send my mother into the country to-day or no, I hearing, by my people, that she, poor wretch, hath a mind to stay a little longer, and I cannot blame her, considering what a life she will through her own folly lead when she comes home again, unlike the pleasure and liberty she hath had here. At last I resolved to put it to her, and she agreed to go, so I would not oppose it, because of the sicknesse in the towne, and my intentions of removing my wife. So I did give her money and took a kind leave of her, she, poor wretch, desiring that I would forgive my brother John, but I refused it to her, which troubled her, poor soul, but I did it in kind words and so let the discourse go off, she leaving me though in a great deal of

[1] Rear-Admiral Bancquert.

sorrow. So I to my office and left my wife and people to see her out of town, and I at the office all the morning. At noon my wife tells me that she is with much ado gone, and I pray God bless her, but it seems she was to the last unwilling to go, but would not say so, but put it off till she lost her place in the coach, and was fain to ride in the waggon part. After dinner to the office again till night, very busy, and so home not very late to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up and to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, where his Royal Highness was. Our great design was to state to them the true condition of this Committee for want of money, the want whereof was so great as to need some sudden help, and it was with some content resolved to see it supplied and means proposed towards the doing of it. At this Committee, unknown to me, comes my Lord of Sandwich, who, it seems, come to towne last night. After the Committee was up, my Lord Sandwich did take me aside, and we walked an hour alone together in the robe-chamber, the door shut, telling me how much the Duke and Mr. Coventry did, both in the fleete and here, make of him, and that in some opposition to the Prince; and as a more private message, he told me that he hath been with them both when they have made sport of the Prince and laughed at him: yet that all the discourse of the towne, and the printed relation, should not give him one word of honour my Lord thinks mighty strange; he assuring me, that though by accident the Prince was in the van the beginning of the fight for the first pass, yet all the rest of the day my Lord was in the van, and continued so. That notwithstanding all this noise of the Prince, he had hardly a shot in his side nor a man killed, whereas he hath above 30 in her hull, and not one mast whole nor yard; but the most battered ship of the fleet, and lost most men, saving Captain Smith of "The Mary." That the most the Duke did was almost out of gun-shot; but that, indeed, the Duke did come up to my Lord's rescue after he had a great while fought with four of them. How poorly Sir John Lawson performed, notwithstanding all that was said of him; and how his ship

turned out of the way, while Sir J. Lawson himself was upon the deck, to the endangering of the whole fleete. It therefore troubles my Lord that Mr. Coventry should not mention a word of him in his relation. I did, in answer, offer that I was sure the relation was not compiled by Mr. Coventry, but by L'Estrange, out of several letters, as I could witness; and that Mr. Coventry's letter [1] that he did give the Duke of Albemarle did give him as much right as the Prince, for I myself read it first and then copied it out, which I promised to show my Lord, with which he was somewhat satisfied. From that discourse my Lord did begin to tell me how much he was concerned to dispose of his children, and would have my advice and help; and propounded to match my Lady Jemimah to Sir G. Carteret's [2] eldest son, which I approved of, and did undertake the speaking with him about it as from myself, which my Lord liked. So parted, with my head full of care about this business. Thence home to the 'Change, and so to dinner, and thence by coach to Mr. Povy's. Thence by appointment with him and Creed to one Mr. Finch,[3] one of the Commissioners for the Excise, to be informed about some things of the Excise, in order to our settling matters therein better for us for our Tangier business. I find him a very discreet, grave person. Thence well satisfied I and Creed to Mr. Fox at White Hall to speak with him about the same matter, and having some pretty satisfaction from him also, he and I took boat and to Fox Hall, where we spent two or three hours talking of several matters very soberly and contentfully to me, which, with the ayre and pleasure of the garden, was a great refreshment to me, and, methinks, that which we ought to joy ourselves in. Thence back to White Hall, where we parted, and I to find my Lord to receive his

[1] Coventry's letter to the Duke of Albemarle (dated June 4th, 1665), which was transcribed by Pepys (see *ante*, p. 430), is printed in the Rev. John Smith's "Life, Journals and Correspondence of S. Pepys," vol. i., p. 85.

[2] Philip Carteret, afterwards knighted. He perished on board Lord Sandwich's (his father-in-law) flag-ship at the battle of Solebay.—B.

[3] Daniel Finch.

farther direction about his proposal this morning. Wherein I did that I should first by another hand break my intentions to Sir G. Carteret. I pitched upon Dr. Clerke, which my Lord liked, and so I endeavoured but in vain to find him out to-night. So home by hackney-coach, which is become a very dangerous passage now-a-days, the sickness increasing mightily, and to bed.

24th (Midsummer-day). Up very betimes, by six, and at Dr. Clerke's at Westminster by 7 of the clock, having over night by a note acquainted him with my intention of coming, and there I, in the best manner I could, broke my errand about a match between Sir G. Carteret's eldest son and my Lord Sandwich's eldest daughter, which he (as I knew he would) took with great content: and we both agreed that my Lord and he, being both men relating to the sea, under a kind aspect of His Majesty, already good friends, and both virtuous and good familys, their allyance might be of good use to us; and he did undertake to find out Sir George this morning, and put the business in execution. So being both well pleased with the proposition, I saw his niece there and made her sing me two or three songs very prettily, and so home to the office, where to my great trouble I found Mr. Coventry and the board met before I come. I excused my late coming by having been on the River about office business. So to business all the morning. At noon Captain Ferrers and Mr. Moore dined with me, the former of them the first time I saw him since his coming from sea, who do give me the best conversation in general, and as good an account of the particular service of the Prince and my Lord of Sandwich in the late sea-fight that I could desire. After dinner they parted. So I to White Hall, where I with Creed and Povy attended my Lord Treasurer, and did prevail with him to let us have an assignment for 15 or £20,000, which, I hope, will do our business for Tangier. So to Dr. Clerke, and there found that he had broke the business to Sir G. Carteret, and that he takes the thing mighty well. Thence I to Sir G. Carteret at his chamber, and in the best manner I could, and most obligingly,

moved the business: he received it with great respect and content, and thanks to me, and promised that he would do what he could possibly for his son, to render him fit for my Lord's daughter, and shewed great kindness to me, and sense of my kindness to him herein. Sir William Pen told me this day that Mr. Coventry[1] is to be sworn a Privy Counsellor, at which my soul is glad. So home and to my letters by the post, and so home to supper and bed.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and several people about business come to me by appointment relating to the office. Thence I to my closet about my Tangier papers. At noon dined, and then I abroad by water, it raining hard, thinking to have gone down to Woolwich, but I did not, but back through bridge to White Hall, where, after I had again visited Sir G. Carteret, and received his (and now his Lady's) full content in my proposal, I went to my Lord Sandwich, and having told him how Sir G. Carteret received it, he did direct me to return to Sir G. Carteret, and give him thanks for his kind reception of this offer, and that he would the next day be willing to enter discourse with him about the business. Which message I did presently do, and so left the business with great joy to both sides. My Lord, I perceive, intends to give £5,000 with her, and expects about £800 *per annum* joynture. So by water home and to supper and bed, being weary with long walking at Court, but had a Psalm or two with my boy and Mercer before bed, which pleased me mightily. This night Sir G. Carteret told me with great kindnesse that the order of the Council did run for the making of Hater and Whitfield incapable of any serving the King again, but that he had stopped the entry of it, which he told me with great kindnesse, but the thing troubles me. After dinner, before I went to White Hall, I went down to Greenwich by water, thinking to have visited Sir J. Lawson,[2]

[1] In the "Calendar of State Papers," 1664-65 (p. 239), it is stated that Coventry was knighted on March 3rd, 1665.

[2] In his will dated April 19th, 1665, Sir John Lawson requested that the pension of £500 settled upon him for life, which was promised to his daughters if he died in the service, might be divided equally between his

where, when I come, I find that he is dead, and died this morning, at which I was much surprized; and indeed the nation hath a great loss; though I cannot, without dissembling, say that I am sorry for it, for he was a man never kind to me at all. Being at White Hall, I visited Mr. Coventry, who, among other talk, entered about the great question now in the House about the Duke's going to sea again; about which the whole House is divided. He did concur with me that, for the Duke's honour and safety, it were best, after so great a service and victory and danger, not to go again; and, above all, that the life of the Duke cannot but be a security to the Crowne; if he were away, it being more easy to attempt anything upon the King; but how the fleete will be governed without him, the Prince[1] being a man of no government and severe in council, that no ordinary man can offer any advice against his; saying truly that it had been better he had gone to Guinny, and that were he away, it were easy to say how matters might be ordered, my Lord Sandwich being a man of temper and judgment as much as any man he ever knew, and that upon good observation he said this, and that his temper must correct the Prince's. But I perceive he is much troubled what will be the event of the question. And so I left him.

26th. Up and to White Hall with Sir J. Minnes, and to the Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Treasurer was, the first and only time he ever was there, and did promise us £15,000 for Tangier and no more, which will be short. But if I can pay Mr. Andrews all his money I care for no more, and the bills of Exchange. Thence with Mr. Povy and Creed below to a new chamber of Mr. Povy's, very pretty, and there discourse about his business, not to his content, but with the most advantage I could to him, and Creed also did the like. Thence with Creed to the King's Head,[2] and there dined with him at the

two daughters, Elizabeth and Anna Lawson. On August 4th, 1665, a warrant was issued for grants to these two of a pension of £250 a year each ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1664-65, pp. 489, 502).

[1] Prince Rupert.

[2] King's Head, corner of Chancery Lane. There is a token of "the

ordinary, and good sport with one Mr. Nicholls, a prating coxcombe, that would be thought a poet, but would not be got to repeat any of his verses. Thence I home, and there find my wife's brother[1] and his wife, a pretty little modest woman, where they dined with my wife. He did come to desire my assistance for a living, and, upon his good promises of care, and that it should be no burden to me, I did say and promise I would think of finding something for him, and the rather because his wife seems a pretty discreet young thing, and humble, and he, above all things, desirous to do something to maintain her, telling me sad stories of what she endured with him in Holland, and I hope it will not be burdensome. So down by water to Woolwich, walking to and again from Greenwich thither and back again, my business being to speak again with Sheldon, who desires and expects my wife coming thither to spend the summer, and upon second thoughts I do agree that it will be a good place for her and me too. So, weary, home, and to my office a while, till almost midnight, and so to bed. The plague encreases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bitt-maker's over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up; which is a sad sight.

27th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined by chance at my Lady Batten's, and they sent for my wife, and there was my Lady Pen and Pegg. Very merry, and so I to my office again, where till 12 o'clock at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

28th. Sir J. Minnes carried me and my wife to White Hall, and thence his coach along with my wife where she would. There after attending the Duke to discourse of the navy. We did not kiss his hand, nor do I think, for all their pretence, of going away to-morrow. Yet I believe they will not go for good and all, but I did take my leave of Sir William Coventry, who,

King's Head tavern at Chancery Lane end," with a bust of Henry VIII. ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 554).

[1] Balthasar St. Michel (see note, vol. i., p. 49). His wife's name was Esther.

it seems, was knighted and sworn a Privy-Counsellor two days since ; who with his old kindness treated me, and I believe I shall ever find [him] a noble friend. Thence by water to Blackfriars, and so to Paul's churchyard and bespoke severall books, and so home and there dined, my man William giving me a lobster sent him by my old maid Sarah. This morning I met with Sir G. Carteret, who tells me how all things proceed between my Lord Sandwich and himself to full content, and both sides depend upon having the match finished presently, and professed great kindnesse to me, and said that now we were something akin. I am mightily, both with respect to myself and much more of my Lord's family, glad of this alliance. After dinner to White Hall, thinking to speak with my Lord Ashly, but failed, and I whiled away some time in Westminster Hall against he did come, in my way observing several plague houses in King's Street and [near] the Palace. Here I hear Mrs. Martin is gone out of town, and that her husband, an idle fellow, is since come out of France, as he pretends, but I believe not that he hath been. I was fearful of going to any house, but I did to the Swan, and thence to White Hall, giving the waterman a shilling, because a young fellow and belonging to the Plymouth. Thence by coach to several places, and so home, and all the evening with Sir J. Minnes and all the women of the house (excepting my Lady Batten) late in the garden chatting. At 12 o'clock home to supper and to bed. My Lord Sandwich is gone towards the sea to-day, it being a sudden resolution, I having taken no leave of him.

29th. Up and by water to White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of towne. To the Harp and Ball, and there drank and talked with Mary, she telling me in discourse that she lived lately at my neighbour's, Mr. Knightly, which made me forbear further discourse. This end of the towne every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267;[1] which is about ninety more

[1] According to the Bills of Mortality, the total number of deaths in London for the week ending June 27th was 684, of which number 267 were

than the last: and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us. Thence to Creed, and with him up and down about Tangier business, to no purpose. Took leave again of Mr. Coventry; though I hope the Duke has not gone to stay, and so do others too. So home, calling at Somersett House, where all are packing up too: the Queene-Mother setting out for France this day to drink Bourbon waters this year, she being in a consumption; and intends not to come till winter come twelvemonths.[1] So by coach home, where at the office all the morning, and at noon Mrs. Hunt dined with us. Very merry, and she a very good woman. To the office, where

deaths from the plague. The number of deaths rose week by week until September 19th, when the total was 8,297, and the deaths from the plague 7,165. On September 26th the total had fallen to 6,460, and deaths from the plague to 5,533. The number fell gradually, week by week, till October 31st, when the total was 1,388, and deaths from the plague 1,031. On November 7th there was a rise to 1,787 and 1,414 respectively. On November 14th the numbers had gone down to 1,359 and 1,050 respectively. On December 12th the total had fallen to 442, and deaths from the plague to 243. On December 19th there was a rise to 525 and 281 respectively. The total of burials in 1665 was 97,506, of which number the plague claimed 68,596 victims.

[1] The Queen-Mother never came to England again. She retired to her chateau at Colombes, near Paris, where she died in August, 1669, after a long illness; the immediate cause of her death being an opiate ordered by her physicians. She was buried, September 12th, in the church of St. Denis. Her funeral sermon was preached by Bossuet. Sir John Reresby speaks of Queen Henrietta Maria in high terms. He says that in the winter, 1659-60, although the Court of France was very splendid, there was a greater resort to the Palais Royal, "the good humour and wit of our Queen Mother, and the beauty of the Princess [Henrietta] her daughter, giving greater invitation than the more particular humour of the French Queen, being a Spaniard." In another place he says: "Her majesty had a great affection for England, notwithstanding the severe usage she and hers had received from it. Her discourse was much with the great men and ladies of France in praise of the people and of the country; of their courage, generosity, good nature; and would excuse all their miscarriages in relation to unfortunate effects of the late war, as if it were a convulsion of some desperate and infatuated persons, rather than from the genius and temper of the kingdom" ("Memoirs of Sir John Reresby," ed. Cartwright, pp. 43, 45).

busy a while putting some things in my office in order, and then to letters till night. About 10 a'clock home, the days being sensibly shorter before I have once kept a summer's day by shutting up office by daylight, but my life hath been still as it was in winter almost. But I will for a month try what I can do by daylight. So home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up and to White Hall, to the Duke of Albemarle, who I find at Secretary Bennet's, there being now no other great Statesman, I think, but my Lord Chancellor, in towne. I received several commands from them; among others, to provide some bread and cheese for the garrison at Guernsey, which they promised to see me paid for. So to the 'Change, and home to dinner. In the afternoon I down to Woolwich and after me my wife and Mercer, whom I led to Mr. Sheldon's, to see his house, and I find it a very pretty place for them to be at. So I back again, walking both forward and backward, and left my wife to come by water. I straight to White Hall, late, to Secretary Bennet's to give him an account of the business I received from him to-day, and there staid weary and sleepy till past 12 at night. Then writ my mind to him, and so back by water and in the dark and against tide shot the bridge,[1] groping with their pole for the way, which troubled me before I got through. So home, about one or two o'clock in the morning, my family at a great losse what was become of me. To supper, and to bed. Thus this book of two years ends. Myself and family in good health, consisting of myself and wife, Mercer, her woman, Mary, Alce, and Susan our maids, and Tom my boy. In a sickly time of the plague growing on. Having upon my hands the troublesome care of the Treasury of Tangier, with great sums drawn upon me, and nothing to pay them with: also the business of the office great. Consideration of removing my wife to Woolwich; she lately busy in learning to paint, with great pleasure and successe. All other things well; especially a new interest I am making, by a

[1] Shooting London Bridge. See note, vol. ii., p. 301.

match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady Jemimah Montagu. The Duke of Yorke gone down to the fleete, but all suppose not with intent to stay there, as it is not fit, all men conceive, he should.[1]

[1] Here ends the third volume of the manuscript.

END OF VOL. IV.



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