THE DIARY OF
SAMUEL PEPYS, M.A., F.R.S.



Walker & Boutall Photo

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
from the painting by Lely in the National Portrait Gallery

THE DIARY

OF

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

CLERK OF THE ACTS AND SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY

TRANSCRIBED FROM THE SHORTHAND MANUSCRIPT IN THE PEPYSIAN LIBRARY MAGDALENE COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE BY THE REV. MYNORS BRIGHT M.A. LATE FELLOW AND PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

WITH LORD BRAYBROOKE'S NOTES

EDITED WITH ADDITIONS BY

HENRY B. WHEATLEY F.S.A.

VOL. VIII.

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PREFACE TO VOL. VIII.

IN the present volume the Diary is completed, and we here take leave of a writer who has done so much to interest and enlighten successive generations of English readers, and who is now for the first time presented to the world as he really drew his own portrait day by day.

No one who has followed the daily notes of Samuel Pepys from January, 1660, to May, 1669, but must feel sincere regret at their abrupt conclusion, more particularly as the writer lays down his pen while in an unhappy temper.

It is evident from the tone of his later utterances that Pepys thought that he was going blind, a belief which was happily falsified. The holiday tour in which Charles II. and James, Duke of York, took so much interest appears to have had its desired effect in restoring the Diarist to health.

The rest of his eventful life must be sought in the history of the English Navy which he helped to form, and in his numerous letters, which on some future occasion the present editor hopes to annotate. The details to be obtained from these sources form, however, but a sorry substitute for the words written in the solitude of his office by Pepys for his own eye alone, and we cannot but feel how great is the world's loss in that he never resumed the writing of his Journal. All must agree with Coleridge when he wrote on the margin of a copy of the Diary: "Truly may it be said that this was a greater and more grievous loss to the mind's eye of posterity than to the bodily organs of Pepys himself. It makes me restless and discontented to think what a Diary equal in minuteness and truth of portraiture to the preceding from 1669 to 1688 or 1690 would have been for the true causes, process and character of the Revolution."[1]

[1] "Notes and Queries," 1st S., vol. vi., p. 215.

Most works of this nature are apt to tire when they are extended over a certain length of time, but Pepys's pages are always fresh, and most readers wish for more. For himself the editor can say that each time he has read over the various proofs he has read with renewed interest, so that it is with no ordinary feelings of regret that he comes to the end of his task, and he believes that every reader will feel the same regret that he has no more to read.

In reviewing the Diary it is impossible not to notice the growth of historical interest as it proceeds. In the earlier period we find Pepys surrounded by men not otherwise known, but as the years pass, and his position becomes more assured, we find him in daily communication with the chief men of his day, and evidently every one who came in contact with him appreciated his remarkable ability. The survival of the Diary must ever remain a marvel. It could never have been intended for the reading of others, but doubtless the more elaborate portraits of persons in the later pages were intended for use when Pepys came to write his projected history of the Navy.

The only man who is uniformly spoken well of in the Diary is Sir William Coventry, and many of the characters introduced come in for severe castigation. It is therefore the more necessary to remember that many of the judgments on men were set down hastily, and would probably have been modified had occasion offered. At all events, we know that, however much he may have censured them, Pepys always helped on those who were dependent upon him.

The ninth volume of this edition, to follow shortly, will contain an Introduction in which some matters connected with the Diary will be discussed; a paper on the London of Pepys's time, with a map in illustration of the Diarist's wanderings from east to west; an elaborate index, and appendixes. Corrections of some of the notes in former volumes will find a place in the latter; and Mr. W. A. Lindsay, Windsor Herald, who has made some discoveries in connection with the marriage of the Diarist's grandfather, has kindly promised to contribute a corrected pedigree.

H. B. W.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, from the painting by Lely in the National Portrait Gallery *Frontispiece*

Charles II., from the painting by John Greenhill in the National Portrait Gallery . . . *to face page* 200

THE

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

May 1st, 1668.

UP, and to the office, where all the morning busy. Then to Westminster Hall, and there met Sir W. Pen, who labours to have his answer to his impeachment, and sent down from the Lords' House, read by the House of Commons ; but they are so busy on other matters, that he cannot, and thereby will, as he believes, by design, be prevented from going to sea this year. Here met my cozen Thomas Pepys of Deptford, and took some turns with him ; who is mightily troubled for this Act now passed against Conventicles, and in few words, and sober, do lament the condition we are in, by a negligent Prince and a mad Parliament. Thence I by coach to the Temple, and there set him down, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dine, but he not being at home, I back again to the New Exchange a little, and thence back again to Hercules Pillars, and there dined all alone, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall :" and a disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola at top, it being a very foul day, and cold, so as there are few I believe go to the Park to-day, if any. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there I understand how the Houses of Commons and Lords are like to disagree very much, about the business of the East India Company and one Skinner ;[1] to the latter of

[1] The dispute here alluded to had its origin in a petition against the East India Company, presented to the Peers by Thomas Skinner, a merchant, which led to the memorable quarrel between the two Houses of

which the Lords have awarded £5,000 from the former, for some wrong done him heretofore; and the former appealing to the Commons, the Lords vote their petition a libell; and so there is like to follow very hot work. Thence by water, not being able to get a coach, nor boat but a sculler, and that with company, it being so foul a day, to the Old Swan, and so home, and there spent the evening, making Balty read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon with Lord Brouncker in his coach as far as the Temple, and there 'light and to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, at a little past twelve, to get a good place in the pit, against the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out, and spent an hour at Martin's, my bookseller's, and so back again, where I find the house quite full. But I had my place, and by and by the King comes and the Duke of York; and then the play begins, called "The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents,"[1] having many good humours in it, but the play tedious, and no design at all in it. But a little boy, for a farce, do dance Polichinelli, the best that ever anything was done in the world, by all men's report: most pleased with that, beyond anything in the world, and much beyond all the play. Thence to the King's house to see Knepp, but the play done; and so I took a hackney alone, and to the park, and there spent the evening, and to the lodge, and drank new milk. And so home to the Office, ended my letters, and,

Parliament upon a question of privilege. The particulars of the case are detailed in Lingard's "History of England," vol. xii., p. 234, fourth edition. The session was prorogued without the matter being settled, and the dispute was only adjusted in 1670 by the Peers consenting to the expedient proposed by the Commons, that a general razure should be made of all the transactions relating to the disputed point. Anchitel Grey, in his "Debates," vol. i., p. 150, speaking of the quarrel between the two Houses, states, that in order to reconcile them, the king recommended the entries relating thereto should be erased from their journals. Grey, however, has preserved an account of this memorable case.—B.

[1] A comedy by Thomas Shadwell, published in 1668.

to spare my eyes, home, and played on my pipes, and so to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I saw Sir A. Rickard, though he be under the Black Rod, by order of the Lords' House, upon the quarrel between the East India Company and Skinner, which is like to come to a very great heat between the two Houses.[1] At noon comes Mr. Mills and his wife, and Mr. Turner and his wife, by invitation to dinner, and we were mighty merry, and a very pretty dinner, of my Bridget and Nell's dressing, very handsome. After dinner to church again. . . . So home and with Sir W. Pen took a hackney, and he and I to Old Street, to a brew-house there, to see Sir Thomas Teddiman, who is very ill in bed of a fever, got, I believe, by the fright the Parliament have put him into, of late. But he is a good man, a good seaman, and stout. Thence Pen and I to Islington, and there, at the old house, eat, and drank, and merry, and there by chance giving two pretty fat boys each of them a cake, they proved to be Captain Holland's children, whom therefore I pity. So round by Hackney home, having good discourse, he [Pen] being very open to me in his talk, how the King ought to dissolve this Parliament, when the Bill of Money is passed, they being never likely to give him more; how he [the King] hath great opportunity of making himself popular by stopping this Act against Conventicles; and how my Lord Lieutenant[2] of Ireland, if the Parliament continue, will undoubtedly fall, he having managed that place with so much self-seeking, and disorder, and pleasure, and some great men are designing to overthrow [him], as, among the rest, my Lord Orrery; and that this will try the King mightily, he being a firm friend to my Lord Lieutenant. So home, and to supper a little, and then to bed, having stepped, after I come home, to Alderman Backewell's about business, and there talked a while with him and his wife, a fine woman of the country, and how they

[1] It is given at length in the parliamentary histories.—B.

[2] The Duke of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant 1643-47, 1648-50, 1662-69, 1677-85.

had bought an estate at Buckeworth,[1] within four mile of Brampton.

4th. Up betimes, and by water to Charing Cross, and so to W. Coventry, and there talked a little with him, and thence over the Park to White Hall, and there did a little business at the Treasury, and so to the Duke, and there present Balty to the Duke of York and a letter from the Board to him about him, and the Duke of York is mightily pleased with him, and I doubt not his continuance in employment, which I am glad of. Thence with Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster Hall talking, and he crying mightily out of the power the House of Lords usurps in this business of the East India Company. Thence away home and there did business, and so to dinner, my sister Michell and I, and thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Impertinents" again, and with less pleasure than before, it being but a very contemptible play, though there are many little witty expressions in it; and the pit did generally say that of it. Thence, going out, Mrs. Pierce called me from the gallery, and there I took her and Mrs. Corbet by coach up and down, and took up Captain Rolt in the street; and at last, it being too late to go to the Park, I carried them to the Beare in Drury Lane, and there did treat them with a dish of mackrell, the first I have seen this year, and another dish, and mighty merry; and so carried her home, and thence home myself, well pleased with this evening's pleasure, and so to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner and Creed with me, and after dinner he and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late, he and I up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemayne and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw "The Impertinents" once more, now three times, and the three only days it hath been acted. And to see the folly how the house do this day cry up the play more than yesterday! and I for that reason like it, I find, the better, too; by Sir Positive At-all, I understand, is meant Sir Robert Howard.

[1] A parish in Huntingdonshire, seven miles N.W. of Huntingdon.

My Lady [Castlemaine] pretty well pleased with it; but here I sat close to her fine woman, Willson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the King. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her Lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemayne: she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there. Thence with Creed to Westminster Hall, and there met with cozen Roger, who tells me of the great conference this day between the Lords and Commons, about the business of the East India Company, as being one of the weightiest conferences that hath been, and managed as weightily. I am heartily sorry I was not there, it being upon a mighty point of the privileges of the subjects of England, in regard to the authority of the House of Lords, and their being condemned by them as the Supreme Court, which, we say, ought not to be, but by appeal from other Courts. And he tells me that the Commons had much the better of them, in reason and history there quoted, and believes the Lords will let it fall. Thence to walk in the Hall, and there hear that Mrs. Martin's child, my god-daughter, is dead, and so by water to the Old Swan, and thence home, and there a little at Sir W. Pen's, and so to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, and thence to White Hall, but come too late to see the Duke of York, with whom my business was, and so to Westminster Hall, where met with several people and talked with them, and among other things understand that my Lord St. John is meant by Mr. Woodcocke, in "The Impertinents."[1] Here met with Mrs. Washington, my

[1] "Whilst Positive walks, like Woodcock in the park,
Contriving projects with a brewer's clerk."

Andrew Marvell's "Instructions to a Painter," part iii., to which is subjoined the following note: "Sir Robert Howard, and Sir William Bucknell, the brewer."—*Works*, ed. by Capt. E. Thompson, vol. iii., p. 405.—B.

old acquaintance of the Hall, whose husband has a place in the Excise at Windsor, and it seems lives well. I have not seen her these 8 or 9 years, and she begins to grow old, I perceive, visibly. So time do alter, and do doubtless the like in myself. This morning the House is upon the City Bill, and they say hath passed it, though I am sorry that I did not think to put somebody in mind of moving for the churches to be allotted according to the convenience of the people, and not to gratify this Bishop, or that College. Thence by water to the New Exchange, where bought a pair of shoe-strings, and so to Mr. Pierce's, where invited, and there was Knepp and Mrs. Foster. and here dined, but a poor, sluttish dinner, as usual, and so I could not be heartily merry at it: here saw her girl's picture, but it is mighty far short of her boy's, and not like her neither; but it makes Hales's picture of her boy appear a good picture. Thence to White Hall, walked with Brisband, who dined there also, and thence I back to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Virgin Martyr," and heard the musick that I like so well, and intended to have seen Knepp, but I let her alone; and having there done, went to Mrs. Pierce's back again, where she was, and there I found her on a pallet in the dark . . . , that is Knepp. And so to talk, and by and by did eat some curds and cream, and thence away home, and it being night, I did walk in the dusk up and down, round through our garden, over Tower Hill, and so through Crutched Friars, three or four times, and once did meet Mercer and another pretty lady, but being surprized I could say little to them, although I had an opportunity of pleasing myself with them, but left them, and then I did see our Nell, Payne's daughter, and her je did desire venir after me, and so elle did see me to Tower Hill to our back entry there that comes upon the degres entrant into nostra garden . . . , and so parted, and je home to put up things against to-morrow's carrier for my wife; and, among others, a very fine salmon-pie, sent me by Mr. Steventon, W. Hewer's uncle, and so to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thither I sent for Mercer to dine with me,

and after dinner she and I called Mrs. Turner, and I carried them to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Man's the Master," which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play. Thence called Knepp from the King's house, where going in for her, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed, off of the stage, and looks mighty fine, and pretty, and noble: and also Nell, in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But, Lord! their confidence! and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk! Here I did kiss the pretty woman newly come, called Pegg,[1] that was Sir Charles Sidly's mistress, a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest. Here took up Knepp into our coach, and all of us with her to her lodgings, and thither comes Bannister with a song of her's, that he hath set in Sir Charles Sidly's play for her,[2] which is, I think, but very meanly set; but this he did, before us, teach her, and it being but a slight, silly, short ayre, she learnt it presently. But I did get him to prick me down the notes of the Echo in "The Tempest," which pleases me mightily. Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house, and a seeming civil man, and sings pretty well, and they gone, we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the garden,[3] the first time I ever was there; and a pretty place it is, and here we eat and drank and stayed till 9 at night, and so home by moonshine. . . . And so set Mrs. Knepp at

[1] Lord Braybrooke supposes this to be Margaret Hughes, but it seems scarcely possible that this actress, described as "newly come," could be the mistress of Prince Rupert, who was one of the original actresses of the King's Company, and was the first woman to act Desdemona.

[2] The song in Sir C. Sedley's play, "The Mulberry Garden," is "Ah, Cloris, that I now could sit;" the author of which, until within these few years, was supposed to be a Scotchman, from the circumstance of its having been sung to a Scotch air, called "Gilderoy." Banister's music to it has not been discovered.—B.

[3] Marylebone Gardens, situated in the fields at the back of the manor house, on ground now occupied by Beaumont Street and part of Devonshire Street. The carriage entrance was in High Street, Marylebone.

her lodging, and so the rest, and I home talking with a great deal of pleasure, and so home to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Towards noon I to Westminster and there understand that the Lords' House did sit till eleven o'clock last night, about the business in difference between them and the Commons, in the matter of the East India Company. Here took a turn or two, and up to my Lord Crew's, and there dined; where Mr. Case, the minister, a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner; a great deal of noise and a kind of religious tone, but very dull. After dinner my Lord and I together. He tells me he hears that there are great disputes like to be at Court, between the factions of the two women, my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Stewart,[1] who is now well again, and the King hath made several public visits to her, and like to come to Court: the other is to go to Barkeshire-house,[2] which is taken for her, and they say a Privy-Seal is passed for £5,000 for it. He believes all will come to ruin. Thence I to White Hall, where the Duke of York gone to the Lords' House, where there is to be a conference on the Lords' side to the Commons this afternoon, giving in their Reasons, which I would have been at, but could not; for, going by direction to the Prince's chamber,[3] there Brouncker, W. Pen, and Mr. Wren, and I, met, and did our business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! to see how this play[4] of Sir Positive At-all, in abuse of Sir Robert Howard, do take, all the Duke's and every body's talk being of that, and telling more stories of him, of the like nature, that it is now the town and country

[1] The Duchess of Richmond, who had recently been ill of the small-pox.—B.

[2] Subsequently named after the title of Cleveland conferred on Lady Castlemaine, and now preserved in the names of Cleveland Row and Cleveland Square. It stood on the site of the present Bridgewater House.

[3] "The Prince's Chamber stood on the north side of Palace Yard, and the Sovereigns passed through it in their way to the old House of Lords." —Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*.—B.

[4] "The Impertinents."

talk, and, they say, is most exactly true. The Duke of York himself said that of his playing at trap-ball is true, and told several other stories of him. This being done, Brouncker, Pen, and I to Brouncker's house, and there sat and talked, I asking many questions in mathematics to my Lord, which he do me the pleasure to satisfy me in, and here we drank and so spent an hour, and so W. Pen and I home, and after being with W. Pen at his house an hour, I home and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning we sat. Here I first hear that the Queene hath miscarryed of a perfect child, being gone about ten weeks, which do shew that she can conceive, though it be unfortunate that she cannot bring forth. Here we are told also that last night the Duchesse of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh.[1] Here we are told also that the House of Commons sat till five o'clock this morning, upon the business of the difference between the Lords and them, resolving to do something therein before they rise, to assert their privileges. So I at noon by water to Westminster, and there find the King hath waited in the Prince's chamber these two hours, and the Houses are not ready for him. The Commons having sent this morning, after their long debate therein the last night, to the Lords, that they do think the only expedient left to preserve unity between the two Houses is, that they do put a stop to any proceedings upon their late judgement against the East India Company, till their next meeting; to which the Lords returned answer that they would return answer to them by a messenger of their own,[2] which they not presently doing, they were all inflamed, and thought it was only a trick, to keep them in suspense till the King come to adjourne them; and, so, rather than lose the opportunity of doing themselves right, they presently with great fury come to this vote: "That whoever should assist in the execution of the judgement of the Lords against the Company, should be held betrayers of the liberties of the people of England, and of the

[1] She never recovered from this lameness. See May 15th, *post*.—B.

[2] The usual form at this day.—B.

privileges of that House." This the Lords had notice of, and were mad at it; and so continued debating without any design to yield to the Commons, till the King come in, and sent for the Commons, where the Speaker made a short but silly speech, about their giving Him £300,000; and then the several Bills, their titles were read, and the King's assent signified in the proper terms, according to the nature of the Bills, of which about three or four were public Bills, and seven or eight private ones, the additional Bills for the building of the City and the Bill against Conventicles being none of them. The King did make a short, silly speech, which he read, giving them thanks for the money, which now, he said, he did believe would be sufficient, because there was peace between his neighbours, which was a kind of a slur, methought, to the Commons; and that he was sorry for what he heard of difference between the two Houses, but that he hoped their recesse would put them into a way of accommodation; and so adjourned them to the 9th of August, and then recollected himself, and told them the 11th; so imperfect a speaker he is. So the Commons went to their House, and forthwith adjourned; and the Lords resumed their House, the King being gone, and sat an hour or two after, but what they did, I cannot tell; but every body expected they would commit Sir Andrew Rickard, Sir Samuel Barnardiston,[1] Mr. Boone, and Mr. Wynne, who were all there, and called in, upon their knees, to the bar of the House; and Sir John Robinson I left there, endeavouring to prevent their being committed to the Tower,[2] lest he should thereby be forced to deny their order, because of this vote of the Commons, whereof he is one, which is an odde case.[3] Thence I to the Rose Taverne in Covent Garden,

[1] Sir Samuel Barnadiston (1620-1707), of Brightwell Hall, Suffolk, created a baronet May 11th, 1663, and described in the patent as of "irreproachable loyalty."

[2] Of which he was Deputy-Governor.

[3] This "odd case" was that of Thomas Skinner and the East India Company. According to Ralph, the Commons had ordered Skinner, the plaintiff, into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the Lords did the same by Sir Samuel Barnadiston, deputy-governor of the company, as

and there sent for a pullet and dined all alone, being to meet Sir W. Pen, who by and by come, and he and I into the King's house, and there "The Mayd's Tragedy," a good play, but Knepp not there; and my head and eyes out of order, the first from my drinking wine at dinner, and the other from my much work in the morning. Thence parted, and I towards the New Exchange and there bought a pair of black silk stockings at the hosier's that hath the very pretty woman to his wife, about ten doors on this side of the 'Change, and she is indeed very pretty, but I think a notable talking woman by what I heard to others there. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I hear the Lords are up, but what they have done I know not, and so walked toward White Hall and thence by water to the Tower, and so home and there to my letters, and so to Sir W. Pen's, and there did talk with Mrs. Lowther, who is very kind to me, more than usual, and I will make use of it. She begins to draw very well, and I think do as well, if not better, than my wife, if it be true that she do it herself, what she shews me, and so to bed, and my head akeing all night with the wine I drank to-day, and my eyes ill. So lay long, my head pretty well in the morning.

10th (Lord's day). Up, and to the office, there to do business till church time, when Mr. Shepley, newly come to town, come to see me, and we had some discourse of all matters, and particularly of my Lord Sandwich's concernments, and here did by the by as he would seem tell me that my Lady[1] had it in her thoughts, if she had occasion, to borrow £100 of me, which I did not declare any opposition to, though I doubt it will be so much lost. But, however, I will not deny my Lady, if she ask it, whatever comes of it, though it be lost; but shall be glad that it is no bigger sum. And yet it vexes me though, and the more because it brings into my head some apprehensions what trouble I may hereafter be brought to when my Lord comes home, if he should

likewise Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Rowland Gwynn, and Mr. Christopher Boone.—B.

[1] Lady Sandwich.

ask me to come into bonds with him, as I fear he will have occasions to make money, but I hope I shall have the wit to deny it. He being gone, I to church, and so home, and there comes W. Hewer and Balty, and by and by I sent for Mercer to come and dine with me, and pretty merry, and after dinner I fell to teach her "Canite Jehovæ," which she did a great part presently, and so she away, and I to church, and from church home with my Lady Pen; and, after being there an hour or so talking, I took her, and Mrs. Lowther, and old Mrs. Whistler, her mother-in-law, by water with great pleasure as far as Chelsy, and so back to Spring Garden, at Fox-hall, and there walked, and eat, and drank, and so to water again, and set down the old woman at home at Durham Yard:[1] and it raining all the way, it troubled us; but, however, my cloak kept us all dry, and so home, and at the Tower wharf there we did send for a pair of old shoes for Mrs. Lowther, and there I did pull the others off and put them on, elle being peu shy, but do speak con mighty kindness to me that she would desire me pour su mari if it were to be done. . . . Here staid a little at Sir W. Pen's, who was gone to bed, it being about eleven at night, and so I home to bed.

11th. Up, and to my office, where alone all the morning. About noon comes to me my cousin Sarah, and my aunt Livett, newly come out of Gloucestershire, good woman, and come to see me; I took them home, and made them drink, but they would not stay dinner, I being alone. But here they tell me that they hear that this day Kate Joyce was to be married[2] to a man called Hollingshed, whom she indeed did once tell me of, and desired me to enquire after him. But, whatever she said of his being rich, I do fear, by her doing this without my advice, it is not as it ought to be; but, as she brews, let her bake. They being gone, I to dinner

[1] So called from the palace of the bishops of Durham from the thirteenth century. Bishop Hatfield rebuilt the house in 1345. It stood on the site of the buildings now called the Adelphi, and the name is preserved in Durham Street.

[2] See July 7th, *post*.

with Balty and his wife, who is come to town to-day from Deptford to see us, and after dinner I out and took a coach, and called Mercer, and she and I to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw "The Tempest," and between two acts, I went out to Mr. Harris, and got him to repeat to me the words of the Echo, while I writ them down, having tried in the play to have wrote them; but, when I had done it, having done it without looking upon my paper, I find I could not read the blacklead. But now I have got the words clear, and, in going in thither, had the pleasure to see the actors in their several dresses, especially the seamen and monster, which were very droll: so into the play again. But there happened one thing which vexed me, which is, that the orange-woman did come in the pit, and challenge me for twelve oranges, which she delivered by my order at a late play, at night, to give to some ladies in a box, which was wholly untrue, but yet she swore it to be true. But, however, I did deny it, and did not pay her; but, for quiet, did buy 4*s.* worth of oranges of her, at 6*d.* a-piece. Here I saw first my Lord Ormond since his coming from Ireland, which is now about eight days. After the play done, I took Mercer by water to Spring Garden; and there with great pleasure walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, making people come about us, to hear us, and two little children of one of our neighbours that happened to be there, did come into our arbour, and we made them dance prettily. So by water, with great pleasure, down to the Bridge, and there landed, and took water again on the other side; and so to the Tower, and I saw her home, I myself home to my chamber, and by and by to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where we sat, and sat all the morning. Here Lord Anglesey was with us, and in talk about the late difference between the two Houses, do tell us that he thinks the House of Lords may be in an error, at least, it is possible they may, in this matter of Skinner; and he doubts they may, and did declare his judgement in the House of Lords against their proceedings therein, he having hindered 100 originall causes being brought into their House,

notwithstanding that he was put upon defending their proceedings: but that he is confident that the House of Commons are in the wrong, in the method they take to remedy an error of the Lords, for no vote of theirs can do it; but, in all like cases, the Commons have done it by petition to the King, sent up to the Lords, and by them agreed to, and so redressed, as they did in the Petition of Right. He says that he did tell them indeed, which is talked of, and which did vex the Commons, that the Lords were "*Judices nati et Conciliarii nati;*" but all other Judges among us are under salary, and the Commons themselves served for wages; and therefore the Lords, in reason, were the freer Judges. At noon to dinner at home, and after dinner, where Creed dined with me, he and I by water to the Temple, where we parted, and I both to the King's and Duke of York's playhouses, and there went through the houses to see what faces I could spy that I knew, and meeting none, I away by coach to my house, and then to Mrs. Mercer's, where I met with her two daughters, and a pretty lady I never knew yet, one Mrs. Susan Gayet, a very pretty black lady, that speaks French well, and is a Catholick, and merchant's daughter, by us, and here was also Mrs. Anne Jones, and after sitting and talking a little, I took them out, and carried them through Hackney to Kingsland, and there walked to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where I have not been many a day; and so to the old house at Islington, and eat, and drank, and sang, and mighty merry; and so by moonshine with infinite pleasure home, and there sang again in Mercer's garden. And so parted, I having there seen a mummy in a merchant's warehouse there, all the middle of the man or woman's body, black and hard. I never saw any before, and, therefore, it pleased me much, though an ill sight; and he did give me a little bit, and a bone of an arme, I suppose, and so home, and there to bed.

13th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and so to Sir H. Cholmly's, who not being up I made a short visit to Sir W. Coventry, and he and I through the Park to White Hall, and thence I back into the Park, and there met Sir H. Cholmly,

and he and I to Sir Stephen Fox's, where we met and considered the business of the Excise, how far it is charged in reference to the payment of the Guards and Tangier. Thence he and I walked to Westminster Hall and there took a turn, it being holyday, and so back again, and I to the mercer's, and my tailor's about a stuff suit that I am going to make. Thence, at noon, to Hercules Pillars, and there dined all alone, and so to White Hall, some of us attended the Duke of York as usual, and so to attend the Council about the business of Hemskirke's project of building a ship that sails two feet for one of any other ship,[1] which the Council did agree to be put in practice, the King to give him, if it proves good, £5,000 in hand, and £15,000 more in seven years, which, for my part, I think a piece of folly for them to meddle with, because the secret cannot be long kept. So thence, after Council, having drunk some of the King's wine and water with Mr. Chevins,[2] my Lord Brouncker, and some others, I by water to the Old Swan, and there to Michell's, and did see her and drink there, but he being there je ne baiser la; and so back again by water to Spring Garden all alone, and walked a little, and so back again home, and there a little to my viall, and so to bed, Mrs. Turner having sat and supped with me. This morning I hear that last night Sir Thomas Teddiman, poor man! did die by a thrush in his mouth: a good man, and stout and able, and much lamented; though people do make a little mirth, and say, as I believe it did in good part, that the business of the Parliament did break his heart, or, at least, put him into this fever and disorder, that caused his death.

14th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner with my people, but did not stay to dine out with them, but rose and straight by water to the Temple, and so to Penny's, my tailor's, where by and by by agreement Mercer, and she, to my great content, brings Mrs. Gayet, and I carried them to the King's house; but, coming too soon, we out again to the Rose taverne, and there I did

[1] See April 22nd, 1668 (vol. vii., p. 407).
[2] Chiffinch.

give them a tankard of cool drink, the weather being very hot, and then into the playhouse again, and there saw "The Country Captain,"[1] a very dull play, that did give us no content, and besides, little company there, which made it very unpleasing. Thence to the waterside, at Strand bridge, and so up by water and to Fox-hall, where we walked a great while, and pleased mightily with the pleasure thereof, and the company there, and then in, and eat and drank, and then out again and walked, and it beginning to be dark, we to a corner and sang, that everybody got about us to hear us; and so home, where I saw them both at their doors, and, full of the content of this afternoon's pleasure, I home and to walk in the garden a little, and so home to bed.

15th. Up, and betimes to White Hall, and there met with Sir H. Cholmly at Sir Stephen Fox's, and there was also the Cofferer, and we did there consider about our money and the condition of the Excise, and after much dispute agreed upon a state thereof and the manner of our future course of payments. Thence to the Duke of York, and there did a little navy business as we used to do, and so to a Committee for Tangier, where God knows how my Lord Bellasses's accounts passed; understood by nobody but my Lord Ashly, who, I believe, was mad to let them go as he pleased. But here Sir H. Cholmly had his propositions read, about a greater price for his work of the Mole, or to do it upon account, which, being read, he was bid to withdraw. But, Lord! to see how unlucky a man may be, by chance; for, making an unfortunate minute when they were almost tired with the other business, the Duke of York did find fault with it, and that made all the rest, that I believe he had better have given a great deal, and had nothing said to it to-day; whereas, I have seen other things more extravagant passed at first hearing, without any difficulty. Thence I to my Lord Brouncker's, at Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and she did shew me her closet, which I was sorry to see, for fear of her expecting something from me;

[1] The Duke of Newcastle's play. See October 26th, 1661 (vol. ii., p. 126).

and here she took notice of my wife's not once coming to see her, which I am glad of; for she shall not—a prating, vain, idle woman. Thence with Lord Brouncker to Loriners'-hall,[1] by Mooregate, a hall I never heard of before, to Sir Thomas Teddiman's burial, where most people belonging to the sea were. And here we had rings: and here I do hear that some of the last words that he said were, that he had a very good King, God bless him! but that the Parliament had very ill rewarded him for all the service he had endeavoured to do them and his country; so that, for certain, this did go far towards his death. But, Lord! to see among [the company] the young commanders, and Thomas Killigrew and others that come, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking out some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest come about me to hear! and there very merry we were all, they being new ballets. By and by the corpse went; and I, with my Lord Brouncker, and Dr. Clerke, and Mr. Pierce, as far as the foot of London-bridge; and there we struck off into Thames Street, the rest going to Redriffe, where he is to be buried. And we 'light at the Temple, and there parted; and I to the King's house, and there saw the last act of "The Committee," thinking to have seen Knepp there, but she did not act. And so to my bookseller's, and there carried home some books—among others, "Dr. Wilkins's Reall Character," and thence to Mrs. Turner's, and there went and sat, and she showed me her house from top to bottom, which I had not seen before, very handsome, and here supped, and so home, and got Mercer, and she and I in the garden singing till ten at night, and so home to a little supper, and then parted, with great content, and to bed. The Duchesse of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now set again, after much pain.[2] I am told also that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the

[1] The Loriners, or Lorimers (bit-makers), of London are by reputation an ancient mistery, but they were first incorporated by letters patent of 10 Queen Anne (December 3rd, 1711). Their small hall was at the corner of Basinghall Street in London Wall. The company has no hall now.

[2] See May 9th (p. 9).

Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, "Why, Madam, I did think so, and, therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready, to carry you to your father's,"[1] which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.

16th. Up; and to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon, home with my people to dinner; and thence to the Office all the afternoon, till, my eyes weary, I did go forth by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of "The Sea Voyage,"[2] where Knepp I see do her part of sorrow very well. I afterwards to her house; but she did not come presently home; and there je did kiss her ancilla, which is so mighty belle; and I to my tailor's, and to buy me a belt for my new suit against to-morrow; and so home, and there to my Office, and afterwards late walking in the garden; and so home to supper, and to bed, after Nell's cutting of my hair close, the weather being very hot.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt, according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace, of the colour of my suit: and so, very handsome, to Church, where a dull sermon and of a stranger, and so home; and there I find W. Howe, and a younger brother of his, come to dine with me; and there comes Mercer, and brings with her Mrs. Gayet, which pleased me mightily; and here was also W. Hewer, and mighty merry; and after dinner to sing psalms. But, Lord! to hear what an excellent base this younger brother of W. Howe's sings, even to my astonishment, and mighty pleasant. By and by Gayet goes away, being a Catholick, to her devotions, and Mercer to church; but we continuing an hour or two singing, and so parted; and I to Sir W. Pen's, and there sent for a hackney-coach; and he and she [Lady Pen]

[1] Lord Fairfax.

[2] A comedy by Fletcher, first acted in 1622 (Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647). Genest does not mention the revival of the play at this date.

and I out, to take the ayre. We went to Stepney, and there stopped at the Trinity House, he to talk with the servants there against to-morrow,[1] which is a great day for the choice of a new Master, and thence to Mile End, and there eat and drank, and so home; and I supped with them—that is, eat some butter and radishes, which is my excuse for not eating any other of their victuals, which I hate, because of their sluttery: and so home, and made my boy read to me part of Dr. Wilkins's new book of the "Real Character;" and so to bed.

18th. Up, and to my office, where most of the morning doing business and seeing my window-frames new painted, and then I out by coach to my Lord Bellasses, at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's,[2] and there met him and Mr. Sherwin, Auditor Beale, and Creed, about my Lord's accounts, and here my Lord shewed me his new house, which, indeed, is mighty noble, and good pictures—indeed, not one bad one in it. Thence to my tailor's, and there did find Mercer come with Mrs. Horsfield and Gayet according to my desire, and there I took them up, it being almost twelve o'clock, or a little more, and carried them to the King's play-house, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open; and we in, and find many people already come in, by private ways, into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sidly's new play, so long expected, "The Mullberry Guarden,"[3] of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile, and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton, off of the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the

[1] Trinity Monday.

[2] Probably in Bloomsbury Square, the north side of which was then occupied by Southampton House, the town residence of the late Lord Treasurer Southampton. Lord Bellasis began to build in St. James's Square in 1670, and occupied the house at the corner of Charles Street (now Derby House) in 1688-89 (Dasent's "St. James's Square," 1895).

[3] See note to January 11th, 1667-68 (vol. vii., p. 277).

play again, where the King and Queen, by and by, come, and all the Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was, here and there, a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it, at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh, nor pleased the whole play from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think. And which made it the worse was, that there never was worse musick played—that is, worse things composed, which made me and Captain Rolt, who happened to sit near me, mad. So away thence, very little satisfied with the play, but pleased with my company. I carried them to Kensington, to the Grotto, and there we sang, to my great content, only vexed, in going in, to see a son of Sir Heneage Finch's [1] beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie in so much pain that made me mad to see it, till, by and by, the servants of the house chiding of their young master, one of them come with a thong, and killed the dog outright presently. Thence to Westminster palace, and there took boat and to Fox Hall, where we walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, and very merry. But I find Mrs. Horsfield one of the veriest citizen's wives in the world, so full of little silly talk, and now and then a little sillily bawdy, that I believe if you had her sola a man might hazer all with her. So back by water to Westminster Palace, and there got a coach which carried us as far as the Minorys, and there some thing of the traces broke, and we forced to 'light, and walked to Mrs. Horsfield's house, it being a long and bad way, and dark, and having there put her in a doors, her husband

[1] Who resided at the mansion afterwards called Kensington Palace. In 1661 Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder of London, purchased this property from his younger brother, Sir John Finch, M.D., and which, after his advancement to the peerage, obtained the name of Nottingham House. In 1691 it was purchased by King William. Dryden has finely drawn the character of Sir Heneage Finch in the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," under the name of Amri.—Faulkner's *Kensington*.—B.

being in bed, we left her and so back to our coach, where the coachman had put it in order, but could not find his whip in the dark a great while, which made us stay long. At last getting a neighbour to hold a candle out of their window Mercer found it, and so away we home at almost 12 at night, and setting them both at their homes, I home and to bed.

19th. Up, and called on Mr. Pierce, who tells me that after all this ado Ward is come to town, and hath appeared to the Commissioners of Accounts and given such answers as he thinks will do every body right, and let the world see that their great expectations and jealousies have been vain in this matter of the prizes. The Commissioners were mighty inquisitive whether he was not instructed by letters or otherwise from hence from my Lord Sandwich's friends what to say and do, and particularly from me, which he did wholly deny, as it was true, I not knowing the man that I know of. He tells me also that, for certain, Mr. Vaughan[1] is made Lord Chief Justice, which I am glad of. He tells me, too, that since my Lord of Ormond's coming over, the King begins to be mightily reclaimed, and sups every night with great pleasure with the Queene: and yet, it seems, he is mighty hot upon the Duchess of Richmond; insomuch that, upon Sunday was se'nnight, at night, after he had ordered his Guards and coach to be ready to carry him to the Park, he did, on a sudden, take a pair of oars or sculler, and all alone, or but one with him, go to Somersett House, and there, the garden-door not being open, himself clamber over the walls to make a visit to her, which is a horrid shame. He gone, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, Sir W. Pen sick of the gout comes not out. After dinner at home, to White Hall, it being a very rainy day, and there a Committee for Tangier, where I was mightily pleased to see Sir W. Coventry fall upon my Lord

[1] John Vaughan, M.P., the celebrated lawyer, who is frequently mentioned in the Diary. He took an active part in the proceedings against Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and was rewarded with the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in May, 1668, when he was knighted.

Bellasses' business of the 3*d.* in every piece of it which he would get to himself, making the King pay 4*s.* 9*d.* while he puts them off for 4*s.* 6*d.*, so that Sir W. Coventry continues still the same man for the King's good. But here Creed did vex me with saying that I ought first to have my account past by the Commissioners of Tangier before in the Exchequer. Thence W. Coventry and I in the Matted gallery, and there he did talk very well to me about the way to save the credit of the officers of the Navy, and their places too, by making use of this interval of Parliament to be found to be mending of matters in the Navy, and that nothing but this will do it, and gives an instance in themselves of the Treasury, whereof himself and Sir John Duncombe all the world knows have enemies, and my Lord Ashly a man obnoxious to most, and Sir Thomas Clifford one that as a man suddenly rising and a creature of my Lord Arlington's hath enemies enough (none of them being otherwise but the Duke of Albemarle), yet with all this fault they hear nothing of the business of the Treasury, but all well spoken of there. He is for the removal of Sir John Minnes, thinking that thereby the world will see a greater change in the hands than now they do; and I will endeavour it, and endeavour to do some good in the office also. So home by coach, and to the office, where ended my letters, and then home, and there got Balty to read to me out of Sorbiere's Observations in his Voyage into England,[1] and then to bed.

20th. Up, and with Colonell Middleton, in a new coach he hath made him, very handsome, to White Hall, where the Duke of York having removed his lodgings for this year to St. James's, we walked thither; and there find the Duke of York coming to White Hall, and so back to the Council-chamber, where the Committee of the Navy sat; and here we discoursed several things; but, Lord! like fools; so as it was a shame to see things of this importance managed by a Council that

[1] Samuel Sorbière's original work was published at Cologne in 1667, and entitled "Relation d'un Voyage en Angleterre." It was afterwards translated into English.

understand nothing of them: and, among other things, one was about this building of a ship with Hemskirke's secret, to sail a third faster than any other ship; but he hath got Prince Rupert on his side, and by that means, I believe, will get his conditions made better than he would otherwise, or ought indeed. Having done there, I met with Sir Richard Browne,[1] and he took me to dinner with him to a new tavern, above Charing Cross, where some clients of his did give him a good dinner, and good company; among others, one Bovy, a solicitor,[2] and lawyer and merchant all together, who hath travelled very much, did talk some things well; but only he is a "Sir Positive:"[3] but the talk of their travels over the Alps very fine. Thence walked to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Mulberry-Garden" again, and cannot be reconciled to it, but only to find here and there an independent sentence of wit, and that is all. Here met with Creed, and took him to Hales's, and there saw the beginnings of Harris's head which he draws for me, which I do not yet like. So he and I down to the New Exchange, and there cheapened ribbands for my wife, and so down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds, which did by and by make my belly ake mightily. So he and I to White Hall, and walked over the Park to the

[1] Clerk of the Council.

[2] "You cannot have forgot what happened to that ugly Beau Bovey, in the time of King Charles the Second:

> "'Bovey's a beauty, if some few agree
> To call him so; the rest to that degree
> Affected are that with their ears they see.'"
> Dennis's *Letters*, 8vo., 1721, vol. i., p. 42.

He is mentioned by Oldham in his "Imitation of Boileau":

> "Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,
> And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please."

And in a note we find this description of Bovey—"An old battered court-fop of those times."—B.

[3] See note to May 6th (p. 5).

Mulberry-Garden,[1] where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse than Spring-garden, and but little company, and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty, but rude. Did not stay to drink, but walked an hour and so away to Charing Cross, and there took coach and away home, in my way going into Bishopsgate Street, to bespeak places for myself and boy to go to Cambridge in the coach this week, and so to Brampton, to see my wife. So home, and to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and busy to send some things into the country, and then to the Office, where meets me Sir Richard Ford, who among other things congratulates me, as one or two did yesterday, [on] my great purchase; and he advises me rather to forbear, if it be not done, as a thing that the world will envy me in: and what is it but my cozen Tom Pepys's buying of Martin Abbey,[2] in Surry! which is a mistake I am sorry for, and yet do fear that it may spread in the world to my prejudice. All the morning at the office, and at noon my clerks dined with me, and there do hear from them how all the town is full of the talk of a meteor, or some fire, that did on Saturday last fly over the City at night, which do put me in mind that, being then walking in the dark an hour or more myself in the garden, after I had done writing, I did see a light before me come from behind me, which made me turn back my head; and I did see a sudden fire or light running in the sky, as it were towards Cheapside ward, and it vanished very quick, which did make me bethink myself what holyday it was, and took it for some rocket, though it was much brighter than any rocket, and so thought no more of it, but it seems Mr. Hater and Gibson going home that night did meet

[1] On the site of the present Buckingham Palace and gardens. Originally a garden of mulberry trees, planted by James I. in 1609 with the intention of cultivating the manufacture of English silks.

[2] In 1666 the site of Merton, *alias* Martin Priory, was conveyed by Ellis Crispe to Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barnes, Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II. and James II.—Manning's *Surrey*.—B.

with many clusters of people talking of it, and many people of the towns about the city did see it, and the world do make much discourse of it, their apprehensions being mighty full of the rest of the City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats. Which God prevent! Thence after dinner I by coach to the Temple, and there bought a new book of songs set to musique by one Smith of Oxford, some songs of Mr. Cowley's, and so to Westminster, and there to walk a little in the Hall, and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did hazer cet que je voudrai mit her, and drank and sat most of the afternoon with her and her sister, and here she promises me her fine starling, which was the King's, and speaks finely, which I shall be glad of, and so walked to the Temple, meeting in the street with my cozen Alcocke,[1] the young man, that is a good sober youth, I have not seen these four or five years, newly come to town to look for employment: but I cannot serve him, though I think he deserves well, and so I took coach and home to my business, and in the evening took Mrs. Turner and Mercer out to Mile End and drank, and then home, and sang; and eat a dish of greene pease, the first I have seen this year, given me by Mr. Gibson, extraordinary young and pretty, and so saw them at home, and so home to bed. Sir W. Pen continues ill of the gout.

22nd. Up, and all the morning at the office busy. At noon home with my people to dinner, where good discourse and merry. After dinner comes Mr. Martin, the purser, and brings me his wife's starling, which was formerly the King's bird, that do speak and whistle finely, which I am mighty proud of and shall take pleasure in it. Thence to the Duke of York's house to a play, and saw Sir Martin Marr-all, where the house is full; and though I have seen it, I think, ten times, yet the pleasure I have is yet as great as ever, and is undoubtedly the best comedy ever was wrote. Thence to my tailor's and a mercer's for patterns to carry my wife of cloth and silk for a bed, which I think will please her and me, and

[1] Henry Alcocke.

so home, and fitted myself for my journey to-morrow, which I fear will not be pleasant, because of the wet weather, it raining very hard all this day; but the less it troubles me because the King and Duke of York and Court are at this day at Newmarket, at a great horse-race, and proposed great pleasure for two or three days, but are in the same wet. So from the office home to supper, and betimes to bed.

23rd. Up by four o'clock; and, getting my things ready, and recommending the care of my house to W. Hewer, I with my boy Tom, whom I take with me, to the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street,[1] and there, about six, took coach, he and I, and a gentleman and his man, there being another coach also, with as many more, I think, in it; and so away to Bishop's Stafford,[2] and there dined, and changed horses and coach, at Mrs. Aynsworth's;[3] but I took no knowledge of her. Here the gentleman and I to dinner, and in comes Captain Forster, an acquaintance of his, he that do belong to my Lord Anglesey, who had been at the late horse-races at Newmarket, where the King now is, and says that they had fair weather there yesterday, though we here, and at London, had nothing but rain, insomuch that the ways are mighty full of water, so as hardly to be passed. Here I hear Mrs. Aynsworth is going to live at London: but I believe will be mistaken in it; for it will be found better for her to be chief where she is, than to have little to do at London. There being many finer than she there. After dinner away again and come to Cambridge, after much bad way, about nine at night; and there, at the Rose, I met my father's horses, with a man, staying for me. But it is so late, and the waters so deep, that I durst not go to-night; but after supper to bed; and there lay very ill, by reason of some drunken scholars making a noise all night, and vexed for fear that the horses should not be taken up from grass, time enough for the

[1] There is a farthing token of "Edw. Nourse next the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, 1666" (Boyne's "Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 534).

[2] Bishop Stortford.

[3] See note to October 7th, 1667 (vol. vii., p. 137).

morning. Well pleased all this journey with the conversation of him that went with me, who I think is a lawyer, and lives about Lynne, but his name I did not ask.

24th (Lord's day). I up, at between two and three in the morning, and, calling up my boy, and father's boy, we set out by three o'clock, it being high day; and so through the waters with very good success, though very deep almost all the way, and got to Brampton, where most of them in bed, and so I weary up to my wife's chamber, whom I find in bed, and pretended a little not well, and indeed she hath those upon her, but fell to talk and mightily pleased both of us, and up got the rest, Betty Turner and Willet and Jane, all whom I was glad to see, and very merry, and got me ready in my new stuff clothes that I sent down before me, and so my wife and they got ready too, while I to my father, poor man, and walked with him up and down the house—it raining a little, and the waters all over Portholme and the meadows, so as no pleasure abroad. Here I saw my brothers and sister Jackson, she growing fat, and, since being married, I think looks comelier than before: but a mighty pert woman she is, and I think proud, he keeping her mighty handsome, and they say mighty fond, and are going shortly to live at Ellington of themselves, and will keep malting, and grazing of cattle. At noon comes Mr. Phillips and dines with us, and a pretty odd-humoured man he seems to be; but good withal, but of mighty great methods in his eating and drinking, and will not kiss a woman since his wife's death. After dinner my Lady Sandwich sending to see whether I was come, I presently took horse, and find her and her family at chapel; and thither I went in to them, and sat out the sermon, where I heard Jervas Fullwood, now their chaplain, preach a very good and seraphic kind of sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation. After sermon, I with my Lady, and my Lady Hinchingbroke, and Paulina, and Lord Hinchingbroke, to the dining-room, saluting none of them, and there sat and talked an hour or two, with great pleasure and satisfaction, to my Lady, about my Lord's matters; but I think not with that satisfaction to her, or me,

that otherwise would, she knowing that she did design to-morrow, and I remaining all the while in fear, of being asked to lend her some money, as I was afterward, when I had taken leave of her, by Mr. Shepley, £100, which I will not deny my Lady, and am willing to be found when my Lord comes home to have done something of that kind for them, and so he riding to Brampton and supping there with me he did desire it of me from my Lady, and I promised it, though much against my will, for I fear it is as good as lost. After supper, where very merry, we to bed, myself very weary and to sleep all night.

25th. Waked betimes, and lay long, . . . and there fell to talking, and by and by rose, it being the first fair day, and yet not quite fair, that we have had some time, and so up, and to walk with my father again in the garden, consulting what to do with him and this house when Pall and her husband go away; and I think it will be to let it, and he go live with her, though I am against letting the house for any long time, because of having it to retire to, ourselves. So I do intend to think more of it before I resolve. By and by comes Mr. Cooke to see me and so spent the morning, and he gone by and by at noon to dinner, where Mr. Shepley come and we merry, all being in good humour between my wife and her people about her, and after dinner took horse, I promising to fetch her away about fourteen days hence, and so calling all of us, we men on horseback, and the women and my father, at Goody Gorum's, and there in a frolic drinking I took leave, there going with me and my boy, my two brothers,[1] and one Browne, whom they call in mirth Colonell, for our guide, and also Mr. Shepley, to the end of Huntingdon, and another gentleman who accidentally come thither, one Mr. Castle; and I made them drink at the Chequers, where I observed the same tapster, Tom, that was there when I was a little boy: and so we, at the end of the town, took leave of Shepley and the other gentleman, and so we away and got well to

[1] John Pepys and Mr. Jackson.

Cambridge, about seven to the Rose, the waters not being now so high as before. And here 'lighting, I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalene College: and there into the butterys, as a stranger, and there drank my bellyfull of their beer, which pleased me, as the best I ever drank: and hear by the butler's man, who was son to Goody Mulliner over against the College, that we used to buy stewed prunes of, concerning the College and persons in it; and find very few, only Mr. Hollins[1] and Pechell,[2] I think, that were of my time. But I was mightily pleased to come in this condition to see and ask, and thence, giving the fellow something, away walked to Chesterton, to see our old walk, and there into the Church, the bells ringing, and saw the place I used to sit in, and so to the ferry, and ferried over to the other side, and walked with great pleasure, the river being mighty high by Barnewell Abbey: and so by Jesus College to the town, and so to our quarters, and to supper, and then to bed, being very weary and sleepy and mightily pleased with this night's walk.

26th. Up by four o'clock; and by the time we were ready, and had eat, we were called to the coach, where about six o'clock we set out, there being a man and two women of one company, ordinary people, and one lady alone, that is tolerably handsome, but mighty well spoken, whom I took great pleasure in talking to, and did get her to read aloud in a book she was reading, in the coach, being the King's Meditations;[3] and then the boy and I to sing, and so about noon come to Bishop's Stafford, to another house than what we were at the other day, and better used. And here I paid for the reckoning 11*s.*, we dining together, and pretty merry; and then set out again, sleeping most part of the way; and got to Bishopsgate Street before eight o'clock, the waters

[1] John Hollins, of Medley, in Yorkshire; admitted a pensioner of Magdalene College, March, 1651.—B.

[2] John Peachell, afterwards master.

[3] The meditations on death, and prayers used by Charles I. shortly before his execution, are printed at the end of the *Εἰκὼν βασιλική*.

being now most of them down, and we avoiding the bad way in the forest[1] by a privy way, which brought us to Hodsden; and so to Tibalds,[2] that road, which was mighty pleasant. So home, where we find all well, and brother Balty and his wife looking to the house, she mighty fine, in a new gold-laced *just à cour*.[3] I shifted myself, and so to see Mrs. Turner, and Mercer appearing over the way, called her in, and sat and talked, and then home to my house by and by, and there supped and talked mighty merry, and then broke up and to bed, being a little vexed at what W. Hewer tells me Sir John Shaw[4] did this day in my absence say at the Board, complaining of my doing of him injury and the board permitting it, whereas they had more reason to except against his attributing that to me alone which I could not do but with their consent and direction, it being to very good service to the King, and which I shall be proud to have imputed to me alone. The King I hear come to town last night.

27th. Up, and to the office, where some time upon Sir D. Gawden's accounts, and then I by water to Westminster for some Tangier orders, and so meeting with Mr. Sawyer,[5] my old chamber-fellow, he and I by water together to the Temple, he giving me an account of the base, rude usage, which he and Sir G. Carteret had lately, before the Commissioners of Accounts, where he was, as Counsel to Sir G. Carteret, which I was sorry to hear, they behaving themselves like most insolent and ill-mannered men. Thence by coach to the

[1] Epping Forest.

[2] The palace of Theobalds, where James I. died.

[3] *Juste au corps.*

[4] Sir John Shaw's Flanders hemp was rejected by the Navy Commissioners. William Bodham, writing from Woolwich Ropeyard, May 12th, 1668, says: "There are 15 or 16 tons of Sir John Shaw's Flanders hemp thrown by and refused; it must be weighed and taken away before he can tell what the net will be, and make out bills. Asks orders how to rate a portion of it, as out of 35 tons 15 or 16 were ejected" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 387).

[5] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General, ancestor of the Earls of Carnarvon, who inherit High Clere from him.—B.

Exchange, and there met with Sir H. Cholmly at Colvill's, and there did give him some orders, and so home, and there to the office again, where busy till two o'clock, and then with Sir D. Gawden to his house, with my Lord Brouncker and Sir J. Minnes, to dinner, where we dined very well, and much good company, among others, a Dr. ——, a fat man, whom by face I know, as one that uses to sit in our church, that after dinner did take me out, and walked together, who told me that he had now newly entered himself into Orders, in the decay of the Church, and did think it his duty so to do, thereby to do his part toward the support and reformation thereof; and spoke very soberly, and said that just about the same age Dr. Donne[1] did enter into Orders. I find him a sober gentleman, and a man that hath seen much of the world, and I think may do good. Thence after dinner to the office, and there did a little business, and so to see Sir W. Pen, who I find still very ill of the goute, sitting in his great chair, made on purpose for persons sick of that disease, for their ease; and this very chair, he tells me, was made for my Lady Lambert.[2] Thence I by coach to my tailor's, there to direct about the making of me another suit, and so to White Hall, and through St. James's Park to St. James's, thinking to have met with Mr. Wren, but could not, and so homeward toward the New Exchange, and meeting Mr. Creed he and I to drink some whey at the whey-house, and so into the 'Change and took a walk or two, and so home, and there vexed at my boy's being out of doors till ten at night, but it was upon my brother Jackson's

[1] John Donne, D.D. (1573-1631), was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and spent his early life as a courtier, being for a time secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton. He was forty-two years of age when he took orders. In 1621, five years after ordination, he became Dean of St. Paul's.

[2] John Lambert, the parliamentary general, was born at Calton Hall, in the parish of Kirkby-Malhamdale, in Yorkshire, September 7th, 1619, and married September 10th, 1639, Frances, daughter of Sir William Lister, of Thornton, his neighbour, who seems to be the Lady Lambert of whom Pepys speaks ("History of Malham," 8vo., 1786, Appendix, p. 18). His wife and two of his daughters were with him in 1673 during his confinement in Plymouth Sound (see note, vol. i., p. 2).

business, and so I was the less displeased, and then made the boy to read to me out of Dr. Wilkins his "Real Character," and particularly about Noah's arke, where he do give a very good account thereof, shewing how few the number of the several species of beasts and fowls were that were to be in the arke, and that there was room enough for them and their food and dung, which do please me mightily and is much beyond what ever I heard of the subject, and so to bed.

28th. Up, to set right some little matters of my Tangier accounts, and so to the office, where busy all the morning, and then home with my people to dinner, and after dinner comes about a petition for a poor woman whose ticket she would get paid, and so talked a little and did baiser her, and so to the office, being pleased that this morning my bookseller brings me home Marcennus's book of musick,[1] which costs me £3 2s.; but is a very fine book. So to the office and did some business, and then by coach to the New Exchange, and there by agreement at my bookseller's shop met Mercer and Gayet, and took them by water, first to one of the Neat-houses,[2] where walked in the garden, but nothing but a bottle of wine to be had, though pleased with seeing the garden; and so to Fox Hall, where with great pleasure we walked, and then to the upper end of the further retired walk, and there sat and sang, and brought great many gallants and fine people about us, and, upon the bench, we did by and by eat and drink what we had, and very merry: and so with much pleasure to the Old Swan, and walked with them home, and there left them, and so I home to my business at the office a little, and so to bed.

29th. Betimes up, and up to my Tangier accounts, and then by water to the Council Chamber, and there received some directions from the Duke of York and the Committee of the Navy there about casting up the charge of the present summer's fleete, that so they may come within the bounds of the sum given by the Parliament. But it is pretty to see how Prince Rupert and other mad, silly people, are for setting out

[1] Mersenne's "Harmonie Universelle." See vol. vii., p. 390.

[2] See August 1st, 1667 (vol. vii., p. 54).

but a little fleete, there being no occasion for it ; and say it will be best to save the money for better uses. But Sir W. Coventry did declare that, in wisdom, it was better to do so ; but that, in obedience to the Parliament, he was [for] setting out the fifty sail talked on, though it spent all the money, and to little purpose ; and that this was better than to leave it to the Parliament to make bad construction of their thrift, if any trouble should happen. Thus wary the world is grown ! Thence back again presently home, and did business till noon : and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, with much good company, it being the King's birthday, and many healths drunk : and here I did receive another letter from my Lord Sandwich, which troubles me to see how I have neglected him, in not writing, or but once, all this time of his being abroad ; and I see he takes notice, but yet gently, of it, that it puts me to great trouble, and I know not how to get out of it, having no good excuse, and too late now to mend, he being coming home. Thence home, whither, by agreement, by and by comes Mercer and Gayet, and two gentlemen with them, Mr. Monteith and Pelham, the former a swaggering young handsome gentleman, the latter a sober citizen merchant. Both sing, but the latter with great skill—the other, no skill, but a good voice, and a good basse, but used to sing only tavern tunes ; and so I spent all this evening till eleven at night singing with them, till I was tired of them, because of the swaggering fellow with the base, though the girl Mercer did mightily commend him before to me. This night je had agreed para aller at Deptford, there para avoir lain con the moher de Bagwell, but this company did hinder me.

30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit, and so to the office ; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my perriwig in good order at 20*s*. a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. All the morning at the office and at noon home to dinner, and so to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Philaster ;" [1]

[1] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. See vol. ii., p. 139.

where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's ; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman. Thence to Mr. Pierce's, and there saw Knepp also, and were merry ; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu [1] come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.[2] Here I was freed from a fear that Knepp was angry or might take advantage to declare the essay that je did the other day, quand je was con her. . . . Thence to the New Exchange, and there met Harris and Rolt, and one Richards, a tailor and great company-keeper, and with these over to Fox Hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at our Court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that come by them. And so to supper in an arbour : but, Lord ! their mad bawdy talk did make my heart ake ! And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers ; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Bennet [3] and her ladies ; and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world. But, Lord ! what loose cursed company

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

[2] She died January 15th, 1757, aged *ninety-six!*—B.

[3] Evidently adopted as a cant expression. The woman here alluded to was a procuress well known in her day, and described in the "Tatler" (No. 84) as "the celebrated Madam Bennet." We further learn, from the "Spectator" (No. 266), that she was the Lady B. to whom Wycherley addressed his ironical dedication of "The Plain Dealer," which is considered as a masterpiece of raillery. It is worthy of remark that the fair sex may justly complain of almost every word in the English language designating a woman having, at some time or another, been used as a term of reproach ; for we find Mother, Madam, Mistress, and Miss, all denoting women of bad character ; and here Pepys adds the title of my Lady to the number, and completes the ungracious catalogue.—B.

was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit ; and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives. Thence set Rolt and some of [them] at the New Exchange, and so I home, and my business being done at the office, I to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and to church in the morning. At noon I sent for Mr. Mills and his wife and daughter to dine, and they dined with me, and W. Hewer, and very good company, I being in good humour. They gone to church, comes Mr. Tempest, and he and I sang a psalm or two, and so parted, and I by water to the New Exchange, and there to Mrs. Pierce's, where Knepp, and she, and W. Howe, and Mr. Pierce, and little Betty, over to Fox Hall, and there walked and supped with great pleasure. Here was Mrs. Manuel also, and mighty good company, and good mirth in making W. Howe spend his six or seven shillings, and so they called him altogether "Cully."[1] So back, and at Somerset-stairs do understand that a boy is newly drowned, washing himself there, and they cannot find his body. So seeing them home, I home by water, W. Howe going with me, and after some talk he lay at my house, and all to bed. Here I hear that Mrs. Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of. At the play at Court the other night, Mrs. Davis was there ; and when she was to come to dance her jigg, the Queene would not stay to see it, which people do think it was out of displeasure at her being the King's whore, that she could not bear it. My Lady Castlemayne is, it seems, now mightily out of request, the King coming little to her, and thus she mighty melancholy and discontented.

June 1st. Up and with Sir J. Minnes to Westminster, and in the Hall there I met with Harris and Rolt, and carried them to the Rhenish wine-house,[2] where I have not been in a morning—nor any tavern, I think, these seven years and

[1] Pepys here alludes to Sir Nicholas Cully (Nokes's character) in Etherege's "Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub."—B.

[2] In Cannon Row.

more. Here I did get the words of a song of Harris that I wanted. Here also Mr. Young and Whistler by chance met us, and drank with us. Thence home, and to prepare business against the afternoon, and did walk an hour in the garden with Sir W. Warren, who do tell me of the great difficulty he is under in the business of his accounts with the Commissioners of Parliament, and I fear some inconveniences and troubles may be occasioned thereby to me. So to dinner, and then with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there attended the Lords of the Treasury and also a committee of Council with the Duke of York about the charge of this year's fleete, and thence I to Westminster and to Mrs. Martin's, and did hazer what je would con her, and did once toker la thigh de su landlady, and thence all alone to Fox Hall, and walked and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town, seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on; perhaps civil ladies; and there I left them, and so home, and thence to Mr. Mills's, where I never was before, and here find, whom I indeed saw go in, and that did make me go thither, Mrs. Hallworthy and Mrs. Andrews, and here supped, and, extraordinary merry till one in the morning, Mr. Andrews coming to us: and mightily pleased with this night's company and mirth I home to bed. Mrs. Turner, too, was with us.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there dined with me, besides my own people, W. Batelier and Mercer, and we very merry. After dinner, they gone, only Mercer and I to sing a while, and then parted, and I out and took a coach, and called Mercer at their back-door, and she brought with her Mrs. Knightly, a little pretty sober girl, and I carried them to Old Ford, a town by Bow, where I never was before, and there walked in the fields very pleasant, and sang: and so back again, and stopped and drank at the Gun, at Mile End, and so to the Old Exchange door, and did buy them a pound of cherries, cost me 2*s.*, and so set them down again; and I to my little mercer's Finch, that lives now in the Minories, where I have left my cloak, and did here baiser su moher, a belle femme, and there

took my cloak which I had left there, and so by water, it being now about nine o'clock, down to Deptford, where I have not been many a day, and there it being dark I did by agreement aller a la house de Bagwell, and there after a little playing and baisando we did go up in the dark a su camera .... and to my boat again, and against the tide home. Got there by twelve o'clock, taking into my boat, for company, a man that desired a passage—a certain western bargeman, with whom I had good sport, talking of the old woman of Woolwich,[1] and telling him the whole story.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where busy till 9 o'clock, and then to White Hall, to the Council-chamber, where I did present the Duke of York with an account of the charge of the present fleete, to his satisfaction ; and this being done, did ask his leave for my going out of town five or six days, which he did give me, saying, that my diligence in the King's business was such, that I ought not to be denied when my own business called me any whither. Thence with Sir D. Gawden to Westminster, where I did take a turn or two, and met Roger Pepys, who is mighty earnest for me to stay from going into the country till he goes, and to bring my people thither for some time : but I cannot, but will find another time this summer for it. Thence with him home, and there to the office till noon, and then with Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir G. Carteret, upon whose accounts they have been this day to the Three Tuns to dinner, and thence back again home, and after doing a little business I by coach to the King's house, and there saw good part of "The Scornfull Lady," and that done, would have taken out Knepp, but she was engaged, and so to my Lord Crew's to visit him ; from whom I learn nothing but that there hath been some controversy at the Council-table, about my Lord Sandwich's signing, where some would not have had him, in the treaty with Portugall ; but all, I think, is over in it. Thence by coach to Westminster to the

[1] What this story may have been it would now be futile to inquire. It evidently gave great amusement to Pepys. See May 14th and 28th, 1669, *post*.—B.

Hall, and thence to the Park, where much good company, and many fine ladies; and in so handsome a hackney I was, that I believe Sir W. Coventry and others, who looked on me, did take me to be in one of my own, which I was a little troubled for. So to the lodge, and drank a cup of new milk, and so home, and there to Mrs. Turner's, and sat and talked with her, and then home to bed, having laid my business with W. Hewer to go out of town Friday next, with hopes of a great deal of pleasure.

4th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, dined with me and my clerks. After dinner I carried and set him down at the Temple, he observing to me how St. Sepulchre's church steeple is repaired already [1] a good deal, and the Fleet Bridge is contracted for by the City to begin to be built this summer, which do please me mightily. I to White Hall, and walked through the Park for a little ayre; and so back to the Council-chamber, to the Committee of the Navy, about the business of fitting the present fleete, suitable to the money given, which, as the King orders it, and by what appears, will be very little; and so as I perceive the Duke of York will have nothing to command, nor can intend to go abroad. But it is pretty to see how careful these great men are to do every thing so as they may answer it to the Parliament, thinking themselves safe in nothing but where the judges, with whom they often advise, do say the matter is doubtful; and so they take upon themselves then to be the chief persons to interpret what is doubtful. Thence home, and all the evening to set matters in order against my going to Brampton to-morrow, being resolved upon my journey, and having the Duke of York's leave again to-day; though I do plainly see that I can very ill be spared now, there being much business, especially about this, which I have attended the Council about, and I the man that am alone consulted with; and, besides, my Lord Brouncker is at this time ill, and Sir W. Pen. So things being

[1] The body of the church was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt; but the tower only needed repair. The works were completed in 1670.

put in order at the Office, I home to do the like there; and so to bed.

5th[1] (Friday). At Barnet, for milk, *6d.* On the highway, to menders of the highway, *6d.* Dinner at Stevenage, *5s. 6d.*

6th (Saturday). Spent at Huntingdon with Bowles, and Appleyard, and Shepley, *2s.*

7th (Sunday). My father, for money lent, and horse-hire, £1 11*s.*

8th (Monday). Father's servants (father having in the garden told me bad stories of my wife's ill words), 14*s.*; one that helped at the horses, 1*s.*; menders of the highway, *2s.* Pleasant country to Bedford, where, while they stay, I rode through the town; and a good country-town; and there, drinking, 1*s.* We on to Newport; and there 'light, and I and W. Hewer to the Church, and there give the boy 1*s.* So to Buckingham, a good old town. Here I to see the Church, which very good, and the leads, and a school in it: did give the sexton's boy 1*s.* A fair bridge here, with many arches: vexed at my people's making me lose so much time; reckoning, 13*s.* 4*d.* Mighty pleased with the pleasure of the ground all the day. At night to Newport Pagnell;[2] and there a good pleasant country-town, but few people in it. A very fair—and like a Cathedral—Church; and I saw the leads, and a vault that goes far under ground, and here lay with Betty Turner's sparrow: the town, and so most of this country, well watered. Lay here well, and rose next day by four o'clock: few people in the town: and so away. Reckoning for supper, 19*s.* 6*d.*; poor, *6d.* Mischance to the coach, but no time lost.

9th (Tuesday). When come to Oxford, a very sweet place: paid our guide, £1 *2s. 6d.*; barber, *2s. 6d.*; book,

[1] The rough notes for the journal from this time to the 17th of June are contained on five leaves, inserted in the book; and after them follow several pages left blank for the fair copy which was never made.

[2] Newport Pagnell, a town in Buckinghamshire, which takes its second name from the family of Paganel, who formerly owned the manor. The church is a handsome building, with nave, aisles, and chancel, and with pinnacled tower.

Stonage,[1] 4*s*. To dinner; and then out with my wife and people, and landlord: and to him that showed us the schools and library, 10*s*.; to him that showed us All Souls' College, and Chichly's picture,[2] 5*s*. So to see Christ Church with my wife, I seeing several others very fine alone, with W. Hewer, before dinner, and did give the boy that went with me 1*s*. Strawberries, 1*s*. 2*d*. Dinner and servants, £1 0*s*. 6*d*. After come home from the schools, I out with the landlord to Brazen-nose College;—to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the Child of Hales,[3] . . . long. Butler, 2*s*. Thence

[1] This must have been either Inigo Jones's "The most notable Antiquity of Great Britain vulgarly called Stonehenge," printed in 1655, or "Chorea Gigantum, or the most famous Antiquity of Great Britain, vulgarly called Stones Heng, standing on Salisbury Plain, restor'd to the Danes," by Walter Charleton, M.D., and published in 1663.

[2] Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder of All Souls' College, born 1363, died 1443.

[3] John Middleton, the remarkable person here alluded to, known by the name of "The Child of Hale," was born in 1578, and buried in the churchyard of Hale, in Lancashire, in 1623, where his gravestone is still to be seen. About the year 1617 Sir Gilbert Ireland took him up to the court of James I., when he threw the king's wrestler, and put out his thumb, by which feat he disobliged the courtiers, and was sent back, with a present of £20 from the sovereign. He returned home by Brazenose College, then full of Lancashire students, and his picture was taken, and is still preserved there. Likenesses of this English giant are also extant at High Legh, at Knowsley, and at Mr. Ireland Blackburne's seat, at Hale. "Middleton's hand," observes Plot ("History of Staffordshire," p. 295), "measured, from the carpus to the end of his middle finger, seventeen inches, his palm was eight inches and a half broad, and his whole height nine feet three inches, wanting but six inches of the height of Goliath, if the portrait of him in Brazenose Library, drawn at length, as it is said, in his just proportion, be a true piece of him." These dimensions appear to have been compared with the portrait at Hale, with which they exactly accorded, as did the shape of the giant's hand cut upon a stone in the college cellar, with the date affixed, to which Pepys alludes. The blank in the Diary, after the word Hales, was obviously left for the dimensions of the hand.—B. Mr. Falconer Madan, Assistant Librarian of the Bodleian, has kindly given the editor the following particulars, which supplement Lord Braybrooke's note. Middleton was treated at Brasenose College because it drew largely from Lancashire

with coach and people to Physic-garden, 1*s.* So to Friar Bacon's study: I up and saw it, and give the man 1*s.* Bottle of sack for landlord, 2*s.* Oxford mighty fine place; and well seated, and cheap entertainment. At night come to Abingdon, where had been a fair of custard; and met many people and scholars going home; and there did get some pretty good musick, and sang and danced till supper: 5*s.*

10th (Wednesday). Up, and walked to the Hospitall:[1] very large and fine; and pictures of founders, and the History[2] of the Hospitall; and is said to be worth £700 per annum; and that Mr. Foly[3] was here lately to see how their lands were settled; and here, in old English, the story of the occasion of it, and a rebus at the bottom.[4] So did give the poor, which they would not take but in their box, 2*s.* 6*d.* So to the inn, and paid the reckoning and what not, 13*s.* So forth towards Hungerford, led this good way by our landlord, one Heart, an old but very civil and well-spoken man, more than I ever heard, of his quality. He gone, we forward; and I vexed at my people's not minding the way. So come

and Cheshire. The portrait referred to above is now in the Buttery. There is also in the Buttery a picture of the hand of the man full size, and till the last ten years there was an outline of a hand on a gilt background on the eastern one of the two doorposts of the cellar door under the hall on the south side of the latter, at the foot of a flight of stone steps.

[1] Christ's Hospital.

[2] A MS. History of Abingdon, collected by Francis Little, one of the principal burgesses, in the year 1627, now in the possession of the corporation.—B.

[3] Thomas Foley, of Witley Court, who himself founded a hospital for sixty boys at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. See October 27th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 277). He probably wished for precedents as to the mode of settlement.—B.

[4] See Ashmole's "Antiquities of Berkshire," vol. i., 1719, p. 134. The following is the rebus noticed by Pepys: "V.A.B.I.N.D.O.N.R.F.I. Take the first letter of youre foure fader, with A., the worker of Wer, and I. and N. the colore of an asse; set them togeder, and tel me yf you can, what it is than. RICHARD FANNANDE, Irenmonger, hathe made this Tabul, and here in the yere of King Herry the Sexte, XXVI^te."

to Hungerford, where very good trouts, eels, and crayfish. Dinner: a mean town. At dinner there, 12*s.* Thence set out with a guide, who saw us to Newmarket-heath,[1] and then left us, 3*s.* 6*d.* So all over the Plain by the sight of the steeple, the Plain high and low, to Salisbury, by night; but before I come to the town, I saw a great fortification, and there 'light, and to it and in it; and find it prodigious, so as to frighten me to be in it all alone at that time of night, it being dark. I understand, since, it to be that, that is called Old Sarum.[2] Come to the George Inne, where lay in a silk bed; and very good diet. To supper; then to bed.

11th (Thursday). Up, and W. Hewer and I up and down the town, and find it a very brave place. The river goes through every street; and a most capacious market-place. The city great, I think greater than Hereford. But the Minster most admirable;[3] as big, I think, and handsomer than Westminster: and a most large Close about it, and houses for the Officers thereof, and a fine palace for the Bishop. So to my lodging back, and took out my wife and people to shew them the town and Church; but they being at prayers, we could not be shown the Quire. A very good organ; and I looked in, and saw the Bishop, my friend Dr. Ward.[4] Thence to the inne; and there not being able to hire coach-horses, and not willing to use our own, we got saddle-horses, very dear. Boy

[1] Probably a mistake for East or Market Lavington, which lies in the same direction.—B.

[2] Pepys must mean that the earthworks, more than a hundred feet in height, were prodigious and alarming, the space contained within them being only twenty-seven acres. There is undoubtedly something sublime in standing within the area, in the complete solitude and magnificence of the ramparts.—B.

[3] It was much to the credit of Pepys's taste that in an age when Gothic architecture was little admired he could see the beauties of this matchless building.

[4] Seth Ward, born 1617; F.R.S.; Savilian Professor and President of Trinity College, Oxford; Dean of Exeter, 1661; Bishop of Exeter, 1662; translated to Salisbury, 1667. In 1671 he was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, which office he procured to be annexed to the see. Died January 6th, 1689.

that went to look for them, *6d.* So the three women behind W. Hewer, Murford, and our guide, and I single to Stonage, over the Plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Come thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was! they are hard to tell, but yet may be told. Give the shepherd-woman, for leading our horses, *4d.* So back by Wilton, my Lord Pembroke's house, which we could not see, he being just coming to town; but the situation I do not like, nor the house promise much, it being in a low but rich valley. So back home; and there being 'light, we to the Church, and there find them at prayers again, so could not see the Quire; but I sent the women home, and I did go in, and saw very many fine tombs, and among the rest some very ancient, of the Montagus.[1] So home to dinner; and, that being done, paid the reckoning, which was so exorbitant, and particular in rate of my horses, and *7s. 6d.* for bread and beer, that I was mad, and resolve to trouble the master about it, and get something for the poor; and come away in that humour: £2 *5s. 6d.* Servants, *1s. 6d.*; poor, *1s.*; guide to the Stones, *2s.*; poor woman in the street, *1s.*; ribbands, *9d.*; washwoman, *1s.*; sempstress for W. Hewer, *3s.*; lent W. Hewer, *2s.* Thence about six o'clock, and with a guide went over the smooth Plain indeed till night; and then by a happy mistake, and that looked like an adventure, we were carried out of our way to a town where we would lye, since we could not go so far as we would. And there with great difficulty come about ten at night to a little inn, where we were fain to go into a room where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise; and there wife and I lay, and in a truckle-bed Betty Turner and Willett. But good beds, and the master of the house a sober, understanding man, and I had good discourse with him about this country's matters, as wool, and corne, and other things. And he also merry, and made us mighty merry at supper, about manning the new ship, at Bristol, with none but

[1] The Montacutes, from whom Lord Sandwich's family claimed descent. —B.

men whose wives do master them; and it seems it is become in reproach to some men of estate that are such hereabouts, that this is become common talk. By and by to bed, glad of this mistake, because, it seems, had we gone on as we intended, we could not have passed with our coach, and must have lain on the Plain all night. This day from Salisbury I wrote by the post my excuse for not coming home, which I hope will do, for I am resolved to see the Bath, and, it may be, Bristol.

12th (Friday). Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry. We set out, the reckoning and servants coming to 9*s.* 6*d.*; my guide thither, 2*s.*; coachman, advanced, 10*s.* So rode a very good way, led to my great content by our landlord to Philips-Norton, with great pleasure, being now come into Somersetshire; where my wife and Deb. mightily joyed thereat,[1] I commending the country, as indeed it deserves. And the first town we came to was Brekington, where, we stopping for something for the horses, we called two or three little boys to us, and pleased ourselves with their manner of speech,[2] and did make one of them kiss Deb., and another say the Lord's Prayer (hallowed be thy kingdom come). At Philips-Norton I walked to the Church, and there saw a very ancient tomb of some Knight Templar, I think; and here saw the tombstone whereon there were only two heads cut, which, the story goes, and credibly, were two sisters, called the Fair Maids of Foscott,[3] that had two bodies upward

[1] They were natives of that county.—B.

[2] The *Zummerzetshire* dialect.—B.

[3] "In the floor of the nave of the church of Norton St. Philips are the mutilated portraitures, in stone, of two females, close to each other, and called, by the inhabitants, *The Fair Maidens of Fosscot*, or *Fosstoke*, a a neighbouring hamlet, now depopulated. There is a tradition that the persons they represent were twins, whose bodies were at their birth conjoined together: that they arrived at a state of maturity; and that one of them dying, the survivor was compelled to drag about her lifeless companion, till death released her of the horrid burthen."—Collinson's *Hist. of Somersetshire*, vol. iii., p. 371, in which no notice occurs of the Templar's tomb. At Biddenden, in Kent, is a tradition of the same kind, but, according to Hasted, without foundation. See "History of Kent," vol. iii., p. 66, folio ed.—B.

and one belly, and there lie buried. Here is also a very fine ring of six bells, and they mighty tuneable. Having dined very well, 10*s.*, we come before night to the Bath; where I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the baths, with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping.

13th (Saturday). Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath,[1] where we were carried one after one another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done before company come, much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here, and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men herein, that live all the season in these waters, that cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and there one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by, comes musick to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5*s.* Up, to go to Bristol, about eleven o'clock, and paying my landlord that was our guide from Chiltern, 10*s.*, and the serjeant of the bath, 10*s.*, and the man that carried us in chairs, 3*s.* 6*d.* Set out towards Bristoll, and come thither (in

[1] The Cross Bath took its name from an old cross which stood in the centre of the bath. This was repaired in 1675 by Mr. W. Coo, of Grandford, Northamptonshire, who put a bordure of lead round it. In 1687 Mary of Modena, queen of James II., tried the effect of the Cross Bath, and was benefited by it. John, Earl of Melfort, erected a marble pillar, with a Latin inscription, in honour of the event, in place of the old cross. The pillar being insecure was taken down in 1783.

a coach hired to spare our own horses); the way bad, but country good, about two o'clock, where set down at the Horse-shoe, and there, being trimmed by a very handsome fellow, *2s.*, walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it, to stand in the country, no more than that. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog-carts.[1] So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed; but, when I come in, the master told me that he had newly given over the selling of wine; it seems, grown rich; and so went to the Sun; and there Deb. going with W. Hewer and Betty Turner to see her uncle [Butts], and leaving my wife with the mistress of the house, I to see the quay, which is a most large and noble place; and to see the new ship building by Bally,[2] neither he nor Furzer[3] being in town. It will be a fine ship. Spoke with the foreman, and did give the boys that kept the cabin *2s.* Walked back to the Sun, where I find Deb. come back, and with her, her uncle, a sober merchant, very good company, and so like one of our sober, wealthy, London merchants, as pleased me mightily. Here we dined, and much good talk with him, *7s. 6d.*: a messenger to Sir John Knight,[4] who was not at home, *6d.* Then walked with him [Butts] and my wife and company round the quay, and to the ship; and he shewed me the Custom-house, and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh Street, where our girl

[1] "They draw all their heavy goods here on sleds, or sledges, which they call 'gee hoes,' without wheels, which kills a multitude of horses." Another writer says, "They suffer no carts to be used in the city, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (the sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had here in the greatest perfection." An order of Common Council occurs in 1651 to prohibit the use of carts and waggons—only suffering drays. "Camden in giving our city credit for its cleanliness in forming 'goutes,' says they use sledges here instead of carts, lest they destroy the arches beneath which are the goutes."—Chilcott's *New Guide to Bristol*, &c., 1826.—B.

[2] Francis Baylie, shipbuilder of Bristol, whose name frequently appears in the "Calendars of State Papers."

[3] Daniel Furzer, who was Surveyor to the Navy from 1699 to 1714.

[4] Mayor of Bristol, 1663, and M.P. for that city.—B.

was born. But, Lord! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved! And so brought us a back way by surprize to his house, where a substantial good house, and well furnished; and did give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison-pasty, cold, and plenty of brave wine, and above all Bristoll milk:[1] where comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb. was here, did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she come in, that it made me weep too: I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done, to have diverted her tears. His wife a good woman, and so sober and substantiall as I was never more pleased anywhere. Servant-maid, *2s.* So thence took leave, and he with us through the city, where in walking I find the city pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest, which pleased me mightily. He shewed us the place where the merchants meet here, and a fine Cross yet standing, like Cheapside. And so to the Horseshoe, where paid the reckoning, *2s. 6d.* We back, and by moonshine to the Bath again, about ten o'clock: bad way; and giving the coachman *1s.*, went all of us to bed.

14th (Sunday). Up, and walked up and down the town,

[1] A sort of rum punch (milk punch), which, and turtle, were products of the trade of Bristol with the West Indies. So Byron says in the first edition of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

> "Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
> Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night."

These lines will not be found in the modern editions; but the following are substituted:

> "Your turtle feeder's verse must needs be flat,
> Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat."

Lord Macaulay says of the collations with which the sugar-refiners of Bristol regaled their visitors: "The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich brewage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as *Bristol milk*" ("Hist. of England," vol. i., p. 335).—B.

and saw a pretty good market-place, and many good streets, and very fair stone-houses. And so to the great Church,[1] and there saw Bishop Montagu's[2] tomb; and, when placed, did there see many brave people come, and, among others, two men brought in, in litters, and set down in the chancel to hear: but I did not know one face. Here a good organ; but a vain, pragmatical fellow preached a ridiculous, affected sermon, that made me angry, and some gentlemen that sat next me, and sang well. So home, walking round the walls of the City, which are good, and the battlements all whole. The sexton of the church 1*s*. So home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Butts again to see me, and he and I to church, where the same idle fellow preached; and I slept most of the sermon. Thence home, and took my wife out and the girls, and come to this church again, to see it, and look over the monuments, where, among others, Dr. Venner[3] and Pelling,[4] and a lady of Sir W. Waller's;[5] he lying with his face broken. So to the fields a little and walked, and then home and had my head looked [at], and so to supper, and then comes my landlord to me, a sober understanding man, and did give me a good account of the antiquity of this town and Wells; and of two Heads, on two pillars, in Wells church. But he a Catholick. So he gone, I to bed.

15th (Monday). Up, and with Mr. Butts to look into the baths, and find the King and Queen's full of a mixed sort, of good and bad, and the Cross only almost for the gentry. So home and did the like with my wife, and did pay my guides, two women, 5*s*.; one man, 2*s*. 6*d*.; poor, 6*d*.; woman to lay

[1] The Abbey Church.

[2] James Montagu, Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1608, and of Winchester in 1616: died 1618. He was uncle to the Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was Pepys's aunt. Hence Pepys's curiosity respecting the tomb. —B.

[3] Tobias Venner, who practised as a physician at Bath nearly half a century, and died March 27th, 1660, aged eighty-five.—B.

[4] John Pelling, B.D., rector of Bath for thirty years.—B.

[5] Jane, sole daughter of Sir Richard Reynell, wife of Sir William Waller, the parliamentary general.—B.

my foot-cloth, 1*s.* So to our inne, and there eat and paid reckoning, £1 8*s.* 6*d.*; servants, 3*s.*; poor, 1*s.*; lent the coachman, 10*s.* Before I took coach, I went to make a boy dive in the King's bath, 1*s.* I paid also for my coach and a horse to Bristol, £1 1*s.* 6*d.* Took coach, and away, without any of the company of the other stage-coaches, that go out of this town to-day; and rode all day with some trouble, for fear of being out of our way, over the Downes, where the life of the shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty. In the afternoon come to Abebury,[1] where, seeing great stones like those of Stonage standing up, I stopped, and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and shewed me a place trenched in,[2] like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those at Stonage in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning, coming by, do come and view them, and that the King did so: and that the Mount cast hard by is called Selbury,[3] from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1*s.* So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which, I believe, was once some particular building, in some measure like that of Stonage. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones; and all along the vallies, stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground so thick as to cover the ground, which makes me think the less of the wonder of Stonage, for hence they might undoubtedly supply themselves with stones, as well as those at Abebury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway 3*s.* Before night come to Marlborough, and lay at the Hart; a good house, and a pretty fair town for a street or two; and what is most singular is, their houses on one side having their pent-houses supported with pillars, which makes it a good walk. My wife pleased with all, this evening reading of "Mustapha" to me till supper,

[1] Abury. [2] The well-known temple of the Druids.

[3] There is a notice of Silbury in Rickman's paper on the antiquity of Abury and Stonehenge in "The Archæologia," vol. xxviii., p. 402.

and then to supper, and had musique whose innocence pleased me, and I did give them 3*s.* So to bed, and lay well all night, and long, so as all the five coaches that come this day from Bath, as well as we, were gone out of the town before six.

16th (Tuesday). So paying the reckoning, 14*s.* 4*d.*, and servants, 2*s.*, poor 1*s.*, set out; and overtook one coach and kept a while company with it, till one of our horses losing a shoe, we stopped and drank and spent 1*s.* So on, and passing through a good part of this county of Wiltshire, saw a good house[1] of Alexander Popham's,[2] and another of my Lord Craven's,[3] I think in Barkeshire. Come to Newbery, and there dined, which cost me, and musick, which a song of the old courtier of Queen Elizabeth's,[4] and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out, 3*s.* 6*d.* Then comes the reckoning, forced to change gold, 8*s.* 7*d.*; servants and poor, 1*s.* 6*d.* So out, and lost our way, which made me vexed, but come into it again; and in the evening betimes come to Reading, and there heard my wife read more of "Mustapha,"

[1] Littlecott House, a fine old mansion, in the parish of Ramsbury, Wilts, still in the possession of the Popham family. Special interest has attached to the place, as the supposed scene of the extraordinary child murder ascribed to William Darel, who sold Littlecott to Sir John Popham, 1587, accounts of which have been given by Aubrey, by Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby," and in Britton's "Wiltshire," vol. iii., p. 260.

[2] M.P. for Bath.

[3] Hampstead Marshall is in Hampshire. Lord Craven's celebrated mansion, designed by Sir Balthasar Gerbier after the model of Heidelberg Castle, was built 1626-65. It was destroyed by fire in 1718, and succeeded by the present mansion of the Earl of Craven, which is styled Hampstead House.

[4] This ballad was first printed in the reign of James I. by T. Simcocke, and is reprinted in most of the collections of songs and ballads. In the reign of Charles II., "T. Howard, Gent.," wrote and published "An old song of the old Courtiers of the King's, with a new song of a new Courtier of the King's to the tune of 'The Queen's old Courtier.'" A still more modern version has been in vogue under the title of "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

and then to supper, and then I to walk about the town, which is a very great one, I think bigger than Salsbury: a river[1] runs through it, in seven branches, and unite in one, in one part of the town, and runs into the Thames half-a-mile off: one odd sign of the Broad Face. W. Hewer troubled with the headake we had none of his company last night, nor all this day nor night to talk. Then to my inn, and so to bed.

17th (Wednesday). Rose, and paying the reckoning, 12*s.* 6*d.*; servants and poor, 2*s.* 6*d.*; musick, the worst we have had, coming to our chamber-door, but calling us by wrong names, we lay; so set out with one coach in company, and through Maydenhead, which I never saw before, to Colebrooke[2] by noon; the way mighty good; and there dined, and fitted ourselves a little to go through London, anon. Somewhat out of humour all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour got by this liberty of being from me, which she is never to be trusted with; for she is a fool. Thence pleasant way to London, before night, and find all very well, to great content; and there to talk with my wife, and saw Sir W. Pen, who is well again. I hear of the ill news by the great fire at Barbados. By and by home, and there with my people to supper, all in pretty good humour, though I find my wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up; but I will not, for my content-sake, give it. So I to bed, glad to find all so well here, and slept well.[3]

18th. Up betimes and to the office, there to set my papers in order and books, my office having been new whited and windows made clean, and so to sit, where all the morning, and did receive a hint or two from my Lord Anglesey, as if he thought much of my taking the ayre as I have done; but I care not a turd; but whatever the matter is, I think he hath some ill-will to me, or at least an opinion that I am more the servant of the Board than I am. At noon home to dinner,

[1] The Kennet.

[2] Colnbrook.

[3] The rough notes end here.

where my wife still in a melancholy, fusty humour, and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and carrying people abroad every day, in her absence; and that I cannot help but the storm will break out, I think, in a little time. After dinner carried her by coach to St. James's, where she sat in the coach till I to my Lady Peterborough's, who tells me, among other things, her Lord's good words to the Duke of York lately, about my Lord Sandwich, and that the Duke of York is kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am glad to hear: my business here was about her Lord's pension from Tangier. Here met with Povy, who tells me how hard Creed is upon him, though he did give him, about six months since, I think he said, fifty pieces in gold; and one thing there is in his accounts that I fear may touch me, but I shall help it, I hope. So my wife not speaking a word, going nor coming, nor willing to go to a play, though a new one, I to the Office, and did much business. At night home, where supped Mr. Turner and his wife, and Betty and Mercer and Pelling, as merry as the ill, melancholy humour that my wife was in, would let us, which vexed me; but I took no notice of it, thinking that will be the best way, and let it wear away itself. After supper, parted, and to bed; and my wife troubled all night, and about one o'clock goes out of the bed to the girl's bed, which did trouble me, she crying and sobbing, without telling the cause. By and by she comes back to me, and still crying; I then rose, and would have sat up all night, but she would have me come to bed again; and being pretty well pacified, we to sleep.

19th. When between two and three in the morning we were waked with my maids crying out, "Fire, fire, in Markelane!" So I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful; and strange apprehensions in me, and us all, of being presently burnt. So we all rose; and my care presently was to secure my gold, and plate, and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was; and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built

house that stood alone in Minchin-lane, over against the Cloth-workers'-hall, which burned furiously: the house not yet quite finished; and the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt. So homeward, and stopped at Mr. Mills's, where he and she at the door, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, and Mrs. Hollworthy, and there I stayed and talked, and up to the church leads, and saw the fire, which spent itself, till all fear over. I home, and there we to bed again, and slept pretty well, and about nine rose, and then my wife fell into her blubbering again, and at length had a request to make to me, which was, that she might go into France, and live there, out of trouble; and then all come out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any, and a deal of do; and I find that there have been great fallings out between my father and her, whom, for ever hereafter, I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing, but, with very mild words and few, suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends, and so I to the office, where all the morning doing business. Yesterday I heard how my Lord Ashly is like to die, having some imposthume in his breast, that he hath been fain to be cut into the body.[1] At noon home to dinner, and thence by coach to White Hall, where we attended the Duke of York in his closet, upon our usual business. And thence out, and did see many of the Knights of the Garter,

[1] "Such an operation was performed in this year, after a consultation of medical men, and chiefly by Locke's advice, and the wound was afterwards always kept open, a silver pipe being inserted. This saved Lord Ashley's life, and gave him health."—Christie's *Life of the first Earl of Shaftesbury*, vol. ii., p. 34. *Tapski* was a name given to Shaftesbury in derision, and vile defamers described the abscess, which had originated in a carriage accident in Holland, as the result of extreme dissipation. Lines by Duke, a friend and imitator of Dryden:

> "The working ferment of his active mind,
> In his weak body's cask with pain confined,
> Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
> But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent."

with the King and Duke of York, going into the Privy-chamber, to elect the Elector of Saxony [1] into that Order, who, I did hear the Duke of York say, was a good drinker: I know not upon what score this compliment is done him. Thence with W. Pen, who is in great pain of the gowte, by coach round by Holborne home, he being at every kennel full of pain. Thence home, and by and by comes my wife and Deb. home, have been at the King's playhouse to-day, thinking to spy me there; and saw the new play, "Evening Love," [2] of Dryden's, which, though the world commends, she likes not. So to supper and talk, and all in good humour, and then to bed, where I slept not well, from my apprehensions of some trouble about some business of Mr. Povy's he told me of the other day.

20th. Up, and talked with my wife all in good humour, and so to the office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, and so she and I alone to the King's house, and there I saw this new play my wife saw yesterday, and do not like it, it being very smutty, and nothing so good as "The Maiden Queen," or "The Indian Emperour," of his making, that I was troubled at it; and my wife tells me wholly (which he confesses a little in the epilogue) taken out of the "Illustre Bassa." [3] So she to Unthanke's and I to Mr. Povy, and there settled some business; and here talked of things, and he thinks there will be great revolutions, and that Creed will be a great man, though a rogue, he being a man of the old strain, which will now be up again. So I took coach, and set Povy down at Charing Cross, and took my wife up, and calling at the New Exchange at Smith's shop, and kissed her pretty hand, and so we home, and there able to do nothing by candle-light, my eyes being now constantly so bad that I must take

[1] John George, Elector of Saxony, invested with the Garter, April 13th, 1668; installed by proxy, May 29th, 1671; and died 1680.

[2] A comedy, "Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," not published until 1671. The scene was at Madrid, and the time the last evening of the Carnival in 1665.

[3] See February 24th, *ante*.

present advice or be blind. So to supper, grieved for my eyes, and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and home and dined with my wife and Deb. alone, but merry and in good humour, which is, when all is done, the greatest felicity of all, and after dinner she to read in the "Illustre Bassa" the plot of yesterday's play, which is most exactly the same, and so to church I alone, and thence to see Sir W. Pen, who is ill again, and then home, and there get my wife to read to me till supper, and then to bed.

22nd. Up, and with Balty to St. James's, and there presented him to Mr. Wren about his being Muster-Master this year, which will be done. So up to wait on the Duke of York, and thence, with W. Coventry, walked to White Hall: good discourse about the Navy, where want of money undoes us. Thence to the Harp and Ball I to drink, and so to the Coffee-house in Covent Garden; but met with nobody but Sir Philip Howard, who shamed me before the whole house there, in commendation of my speech in Parliament, and thence I away home to dinner alone, my wife being at her tailor's, and after dinner comes Creed, whom I hate, to speak with me, and before him comes Mrs. Daniel about business. . . . She gone, Creed and I to the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play ["Evening's Love"] again, but like it not. Calling this day at Herringman's,[1] he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play. Thence with him to my Lord Brouncker's, where a Council of the Royall Society; and there heard Mr. Harry Howard's[2] noble offers about

[1] H. Herringman, a printer and publisher in the New Exchange. See August 10th, 1667, *ante*.—B.

[2] June 22nd. At a meeting of the Council "Mr. Hoskyns reported, that he had conferred with Mr. Henry Howard concerning the security of the ground given by him to build upon; and that Mr. Howard was willing to enter into a bond of six thousand pounds for performance of covenants forthwith, and into another of six thousand pounds more, that he would within a twelvemonth either procure an act of parliament to enable him to make estates of the ground belonging to Arundel House notwithstanding the act of 3 Car. I. that had intailed it; or other good

ground for our College, and his intentions of building his own house there most nobly. My business was to meet Mr. Boyle, which I did, and discoursed about my eyes; and he did give me the best advice he could, but refers me to one Turberville,[1] of Salsbury, lately come to town, which I will go to. Thence home, where the streets full, at our end of the town, removing their wine against the Act begins, which will be two days hence, to raise the price. I did get my store in of Batelier this night. So home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and then to Westminster to Dr. Turberville about my eyes, whom I met with: and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me any thing, to think of it. So I away with my wife and Deb., whom I left at Unthanke's, and so to Hercules Pillars, and there we three supped on cold powdered beef, and thence home and in the garden walked a good while with Deane, talking well of the Navy miscarriages and faults. So home to bed.

24th. Up, and Creed and Colonell Atkins come to me about sending coals to Tangier: and upon that most of the morning. Thence Creed and I to Alderman Backewell's about Tangier business of money, and thence I by water (calling and drink-

and indefeasible title for the society, or else give them collateral security by conveying land to them" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 299-300).

[1] Daubigny Turberville, of Oriel College; created M.D. at Oxford, 1660. He was a physician of some eminence, and, dying at Salisbury on the 21st April, 1696, aged eighty-five, he was buried in the cathedral, where his monument remains. Cassan, in his "Lives of the Bishops of Sarum," part iii., p. 103, has reprinted an interesting account of Turberville, from the "Memoir of Bishop Seth Ward," published in 1697, by Dr. Walter Pope. Turberville was born at Wayford, co. Somerset, in 1612, and became an expert oculist; and probably Pepys received great benefit from his advice, as his vision does not appear to have failed during the many years that he lived after discontinuing the Diary. The doctor died rich, and subsequently to his decease his sister Mary, inheriting all his prescriptions, and knowing how to use them, practised as an oculist in London with good reputation.—B.

ing, but not baisado, at Michell's) to Westminster, but it being holyday did no business, only to Martin's . . . . and so home again by water, and busy till dinner, and then with wife, Mercer, Deb., and W. Hewer to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Impertinents," a pretty good play; and so by water to Spring Garden, and there supped, and so home, not very merry, only when we come home, Mercer and I sat and sung in the garden a good while, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office all the morning, and after dinner at home to the office again, and there all the afternoon very busy till night, and then home to supper and to bed.

26th. All the morning doing business at the office. At noon, with my Fellow-Officers, to the Dolphin, at Sir G. Carteret's charge, to dinner, he having some accounts examined this morning. All the afternoon we all at Sir W. Pen's with him about the Victuallers' accounts, and then in the evening to Charing Cross, and there took up my wife at her tailor's, and so home and to walk in the garden, and then to sup and to bed.

27th. At the office all the morning, at noon dined at home, and then my wife, and Deb., and I to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Indian Queene," but do not doat upon Nan Marshall's acting therein, as the world talks of her excellence therein. Thence with my wife to buy some linnen, £13 worth, for sheets, &c., at the new shop over against the New Exchange; [and the master, who is] come out of London[1] since the fire, says his and other tradesmen's retail trade is so great here, and better than it was in London, that they believe they shall not return, nor the city be ever so great for retail as heretofore. So home and to my business, and to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and then home to dinner, where Betty Turner, Mercer, and Captain Deane, and after dinner to sing, Mr. Pelling coming. Then, they gone, Deane and I all the afternoon till night to talk of navy

[1] To the Strand.

matters and ships with great pleasure, and so at night, he gone, I to supper, Pelling coming again and singing a while, then to bed. Much talk of the French setting out their fleete afresh; but I hear nothing that our King is alarmed at it, at all, but rather making his fleete less.[1]

29th. Called up by my Lady Peterborough's servant about some business of hers, and so to the office. Thence by and by with Sir J. Minnes toward St. James's, and I stop at Dr. Turberville's, and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes: who gives me hopes that I may do well. Thence to St. James's, and thence to White Hall, where I find the Duke of York in the Council-chamber; where the Officers of the Navy were called in about Navy business, about calling in of more ships; the King of France having, as the Duke of York says, ordered his fleete to come in, notwithstanding what he had lately ordered for their staying abroad. Thence to the Chapel, it being St. Peter's day, and did hear an anthem of Silas Taylor's making; a dull, old-fashioned thing, of six and seven parts, that nobody could understand: and the Duke of York, when he come out, told me that he was a better store-keeper than anthem-maker, and that was bad enough, too. This morning Mr. May [2] shewed me the King's new buildings at White Hall, very fine; and among other things, his ceilings, and his houses of office. So home to dinner, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse —"The Mulberry Garden," which she had not seen. So by coach to Islington, and round by Hackney home with much pleasure, and to supper and bed.

30th. Up, and at the Office all the morning: then home to dinner, where a stinking leg of mutton, the weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in. Then to the Office again, all the afternoon: we met about the Victualler's new contract. And so up, and to walk all the evening with my wife and Mrs.

[1] "His Majesty and Prince Rupert returned to town the day before, after viewing the Fleet in the Downs, and the new fortifications at Sheerness."—*The London Gazette*, No. 273.—B.

[2] Hugh May.

Turner in the garden, till supper, about eleven at night; and so, after supper, parted, and to bed, my eyes bad, but not worse, only weary with working. But, however, I very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while I can read, as ever they were, I think.

July 1st. Up; and all the morning we met at the office about the Victualler's contract. At noon home to dinner, my Cozen Roger, come newly to town, dined with us, and mighty importunate for our coming down to Impington, which I think to do, this Sturbridge fair. Thence I set him down at the Temple, and Commissioner Middleton dining the first time with me, he and I to White Hall, and so to St. James's, where we met; and much business with the Duke of York. And I find the Duke of York very hot for regulations in the Navy; and, I believe, is put on it by W. Coventry; and I am glad of it; and particularly, he falls heavy on Chatham-yard, and is vexed that Lord Anglesey did, the other day, complain at the Council-table of disorders in the Navy, and not to him. So I to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier; and there vexed with the importunity and clamours of Alderman Backewell, for my acquittance for money supplied by him to the garrison, before I have any order for paying it: so home, calling at several places—among others, the 'Change, and on Cooper, to know when my wife shall come to sit for her picture, which will be next week, and so home and to walk with my wife, and then to supper and to bed.

2nd. Called up by a letter from W. Coventry telling me that the Commissioners of Accounts intend to summons me about Sir W. Warren's Hamburg contract, and so I up and to W. Coventry's (he and G. Carteret being the party concerned in it), and after conference with him about it to satisfaction I home again to the office. At noon home to dinner, and then all the afternoon busy to prepare an answer to this demand of the Commissioners of Accounts, and did discourse with Sir W. Warren about it, and so in the evening

with my wife and Deb. by coach to take ayre to Mile-end, and so home and I to bed, vexed to be put to this frequent trouble in things we deserve best in.

3rd. Betimes to the office, my head full of this business. Then by coach to the Commissioners of Accounts at Brooke House, the first time I was ever there, and there Sir W. Turner in the chair; and present, Lord Halifax, Thoms[on], Gregory, Dunster, and Osborne.[1] I long with them, and see them hot set on this matter; but I did give them proper and safe answers. Halifax, I perceive, was industrious on my side, in behalf of his uncle Coventry,[2] it being the business of Sir W. Warren. Vexed only at their denial of a copy of what I set my hand to, and swore. Here till almost two o'clock, and then home to dinner, and set down presently what I had done and said this day, and so abroad by water to Eagle Court in the Strand, and there to an alehouse: met Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon, and Dr. Clerke, Waldron,[3] Turberville, my physician for the eyes, and Lowre,[4] to dissect several eyes of sheep and oxen, with great pleasure, and to my great information. But strange that this Turberville should be so great a man, and yet, to this day, had seen no eyes dissected, or but once, but desired this Dr. Lowre to give him the opportunity to see him

[1] George Thomson, John Gregory, Giles Dunster, Henry Osborne, not Sir Thomas Osborne, as stated in former editions. See list of Commissioners, vol. vii., p. 256.

[2] Lord Halifax's mother was Anne, sister of Sir John and Sir William Coventry, and of Harry Coventry. She married, secondly, Sir Thomas Chichele, or Chicheley, of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, Master of the Ordnance, which circumstance explains many allusions made by Pepys. —B.

[3] Thomas Waldron matriculated at Balliol College in 1634, when he was fifteen years of age; created M.D. at Oxford, 1653; afterwards Physician in Ordinary to Charles II. He died February 5th, 1676-77, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[4] Richard Lower, a Cornishman, educated at Westminster School, whence he was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford; B.A., 1653; M.A., 1655; M.D., 1665; F.R.S., 1667. He became the most noted physician in London, and died at his house in King Street, Covent Garden, January 17th, 1690-91.

dissect some. Thence to Unthanke's, to my wife, and carried her home, and there walked in the garden, and so to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and give him account of my doings yesterday, which he well liked of, and was told thereof by my Lord Halifax before; but I do perceive he is much concerned for this business. Gives me advice to write a smart letter to the Duke of York about the want of money in the Navy, and desire him to communicate it to the Commissioners of the Treasury; for he tells me he hath hot work sometimes to contend with the rest for the Navy, they being all concerned for some other part of the King's expenses, which they would prefer to this, of the Navy. He shewed me his closet, with his round table, for him to sit in the middle, very convenient; and I borrowed several books of him, to collect things out of of the Navy, which I have not, and so home, and there busy sitting all the morning, and at noon dined, and then all the afternoon busy, till night, and then to Mile-End with my wife and girl, and there drank and eat a jole of salmon, at the Rose and Crown, our old house; and so home to bed.

5th (Lord's day). About four in the morning took four pills of Dr. Turberville's prescribing, for my eyes, and they wrought pretty well most of the morning, and I did get my wife to spend the morning reading of Wilkins's Reall Character. At noon comes W. Hewer and Pelling, and young Michell and his wife, and dined with us, and most of the afternoon talking; and then at night my wife to read again, and to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to St. James's, and there attended the Duke of York, and was there by himself told how angry he was, and did declare to my Lord Anglesey, about his late complaining of things of the Navy to the King in Council, and not to him; and I perceive he is mightily concerned at it, and resolved to reform things therein. Thence with W. Coventry walked in the Park together a good while, he mighty kind to me. And hear many pretty stories of my Lord Chancellor's being

heretofore made sport of by Peter Talbot the priest,[1] in his story of the death of Cardinall Bleau ;[2] by Lord Cottington, in his *Dolor de las Tripas ;*[3] and Tom Killigrew, in his being bred in Ram Ally,[4] and now bound 'prentice to Lord Cottington, going to Spain with £1,000, and two suits of clothes. Thence home to dinner, and thence to Mr. Cooper's, and there met my wife and W. Hewer and Deb. ; and there my wife first sat for her picture : but he is a most admirable workman, and good company. Here comes Harris, and first told us how Betterton is come again upon the stage : whereupon my wife and company to the [Duke's] house to see "Henry the Fifth ;" while I to attend the Duke of York at the Committee of the Navy, at the Council, where some high dispute between him and W. Coventry about settling pensions upon all Flag-Officers, while unemployed : W. Coventry against it, and, I think, with reason. Thence I to the playhouse, and saw a piece of the play, and glad to see Betterton ; and so with wife and Deb. to Spring-garden, and eat a lobster, and so home in the evening and to bed. Great doings at Paris, I hear, with their triumphs for their late conquests.[5] The Duchesse of Richmond sworn last week of the Queen's Bedchamber, and the King minding little else but what he used to do—about his women.

7th. Up, and to the office, where Kate Joyce come to me

[1] Almoner to the Queen, whose character was drawn in dark colours by Clarendon.

[2] It is probable these stories, in ridicule of Clarendon, are nowhere recorded. Cardinal Jean Balue was the minister of Louis XI. of France. The reader will remember him in Sir W. Scott's "Quentin Durward." He was confined for eleven years in an iron cage invented by himself in the Chateau de Loches, and died soon after he regained his liberty. —B.

[3] Gripes. It was a joke against Lord Cottington that whenever he was seriously ill he declared himself a Roman Catholic, when he was well again he returned to the Protestant faith.

[4] Ram Alley, on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite Fetter Lane, a privileged place for debtors, which bore a bad reputation. It gave its name to a comedy by Lodowick Barrey, published in 1611. The place is now named Mitre Alley.

[5] See April 27th and 30th, 1668, *ante.*

about some tickets of hers, but took no notice to me of her being married,[1] but seemed mighty pale, and doubtful what to say or do, expecting, I believe, that I should begin; and not finding me beginning, said nothing, but, with trouble in her face, went away. At the office all the morning, and after dinner also all the afternoon, and in the evening with my wife and Deb. and Betty Turner to Unthanke's, where we are fain to go round by Newgate, because of Fleet Bridge[2] being under rebuilding. They stayed there, and I about some business, and then presently back and brought them home and supped: and Mrs. Turner, the mother, comes to us, and there late, and so to bed.

8th. Betimes by water to Sir W. Coventry, and there discoursed of several things; and I find him much concerned in the present enquiries now on foot of the Commissioners of Accounts, though he reckons himself and the rest very safe, but vexed to see us liable to these troubles, in things wherein we have laboured to do best. Thence, he being to go out of town to-morrow, to drink Banbury waters,[3] I to the Duke of York, to attend him about business of the Office; and find him mighty free to me, and how he is concerned to mend things in the Navy himself, and not leave it to other people. So home to dinner; and then with my wife to Cooper's, and there saw her sit; and he do do extraordinary things indeed. So to White Hall; and there by and by the Duke of York comes to the Robe-chamber, and spent with us three hours till night, in hearing the business of the Master-Attendants of Chatham, and the Store-keeper of Woolwich; and resolves to displace them all; so hot he is of giving proofs of his justice at this time, that it is their great fate now, to come to be questioned

[1] See May 11th, *ante*.

[2] The bridge which connected Ludgate Hill with Fleet Street, and was destroyed in the Great Fire, was, according to Stow, built or repaired in 1431. The new Fleet Bridge was ornamented with pineapples and the City arms. It was taken down October 14th, 1765.

[3] There is a sulphurous spring in the town of Banbury, and a chalybeate spring a short distance from the town.

at such a time as this. Thence I to Unthanke's, and took my wife and Deb. home, and to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and after noon to the office again till night, mighty busy getting Mr. Fist to come and help me, my own clerks all busy, and so in the evening to ease my eyes, and with my wife and Deb. and Betty Turner, by coach to Unthanke's and back again, and then to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to attend the Council, but all in vain, the Council spending all the morning upon a business about the printing of the Critickes,[1] a dispute between the first Printer, one Bee that is dead, and the Abstractor, who would now print his Abstract, one Poole. So home to dinner, and thence to Haward's to look upon an Espinette, and I did come near the buying one, but broke off. I have a mind to have one. So to Cooper's; and there find my wife and W. Hewer and Deb., sitting, and painting; and here he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected: but now I understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and speaks French, and indeed is an excellent man. Thence, in the evening, with my people in a glass hackney-coach to the park, but was ashamed to be seen. So to the lodge, and drank milk, and so home to supper and to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning. After dinner to the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirly's, called "Hide Parke;" the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue

[1] The dispute between Matthew Poole and the publishers of the "Critici Sacri" is referred to in the "Calendar of State Papers: "Case of Cornelius Bee and his partners,—booksellers, proprietors of the 'Critici Sacri' in 9 vols. folio, being editions of eminent authors, published by them in 1660 at £13 10*s*., though the authors would cost £50 or £60,—against Matt. Poole, who, in his projected 'Synopsis Criticorum,' states that he intends to epitomise these with other critical works, which they remonstrate against as a violation of their privileges, and the more hard on them as 1,300 copies of the 'Critici Sacri' were burned in the fire of London, to their loss of £13,000" ("Calendar," 1667-68, pp. 515, 516).

spoke by Beck Marshall.[1] Thence home and to my office, and then to supper and to bed, and overnight took some pills,

12th. Which work with me pretty betimes, being Lord's day, and so I within all day. Busy all the morning upon some accounts with W. Hewer, and at noon, an excellent dinner, comes Pelling and W. Howe, and the latter staid and talked with me all the afternoon, and in the evening comes Mr. Mills and his wife and supped and talked with me, and so to bed. This last night Betty Michell about midnight cries out, and my wife goes to her, and she brings forth a girl, and this afternoon the child is christened, and my wife godmother again to a Betty.

13th. Up, and to my office, and thence by water to White Hall to attend the Council, but did not, and so home to dinner, and so out with my wife, and Deb., and W. Hewer towards Cooper's, but I 'light and walked to Ducke Lane, and there to the bookseller's, at the Bible, whose molier je have a mind to, but elle no erat dentro, but I did there look upon and buy some books, and made way for coming again to the man, which pleases me. Thence to Reeves's, and there saw some, and bespoke a little perspective,[2] and was mightily pleased with seeing objects in a dark room.[3] And so to Cooper's, and spent the afternoon with them; and it will be an excellent picture. Thence my people all by water to Deptford, to see Balty, while I to buy my espinette,[4] which I did now agree for, and did at Haward's meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsicon, so as I never heard man before, I think. So home, it being almost night, and there find in the garden Pelling, who hath brought Tempest, Wallington, and Pelham, to sing,[5] and there had most excel-

[1] Never printed.

[2] A perspective glass.

[3] See February 21st, 1665-66 (vol. v., p. 229).

[4] Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord, at that time called in England a spinet. It was named from a fancied resemblance of its quill plectra to spines or thorns.

[5] Tempest and Wallington were members of the Music Society referred to in note to September 15th, 1667 (vol. vii., p. 113).—B.

lent musick late, in the dark, with great pleasure. Made them drink and eat; and so with much pleasure to bed, but above all with little Wallington. This morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

14th. Up, and to my office, where sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence all the afternoon hard at the office, we meeting about the Victualler's new contract; and so into the garden, my Lady Pen, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, my wife and I, and there supped in the dark and were merry, and so to bed. This day Bossc[1] finished his copy of my picture, which I confess I do not admire, though my wife prefers him to Browne; nor do I think it like. He do it for W. Hewer, who hath my wife's also, which I like less. This afternoon my Lady Pickering come to see us: I busy, saw her not. But how natural it is for us to slight people out of power, and for people out of power to stoop to see those that while in power they contemned!

15th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office to my great content, attending to the settling of papers there that I may have the more rest in winter for my eyes by how much I do the more in the settling of all things in the summer by daylight. At noon home to dinner, where is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward; costs me £5. So to St. James's, where did our ordinary business with the Duke of York. So to Unthanke's to my wife, and with her and Deb. to visit Mrs. Pierce, whom I do not now so much affect, since she paints. But stayed here a while, and understood from her how my Lady Duchesse of Monmouth is still lame, and likely always to be so,[2] which is a sad chance for a young [lady] to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing. So home, and there Captain Deane[3] come and spent the evening

[1] The name of Abraham Bossc appears in the index to Walpole's "Catalogue of Engravers."

[2] See May 9th and 15th, 1668, *ante*.

[3] Captain Deane (afterwards Sir Anthony) was at this time master shipwright of Harwich.

with me, to draw some finishing lines on his fine draught of "The Resolution," [1] the best ship, by all report, in the world, and so to bed. Wonderful hot all day and night, and this the first night that I remember in my life that ever I could lie with only a sheet and one rug. So much I am now stronger than ever I remember myself, at least since before I had the stone.

16th. Up, and to the office, where Yeabsly and Lanyon come to town and to speak with me about a matter wherein they are accused of cheating the King before the Lords' Commissioners of Tangier, and I doubt it true, but I have no hand in it, but will serve them what I can. All the morning at the office, and at noon dined at home, and then to the office again, where we met to finish the draft of the Victualler's contract, and so I by water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundell House, to the Royall Society, and there saw an experiment [2] of a dog's being tied through the back, about the spinal artery, and thereby made void of all motion; and the artery being loosened again, the dog recovers. Thence to Cooper's, and saw his advance on my wife's picture, which will be indeed very fine. So with her to the 'Change, to buy some things, and here I first bought of the sempstress next my bookseller's, where the pretty young girl is, that will be a great beauty. So home, and to supper with my wife in the garden, it being these two days excessively hot, and so to bed.

17th. Up, and fitted myself to discourse before the Council about business of tickets. So to White Hall, where waited on the Duke of York, and then the Council about that busi-

[1] Captain Silas Taylor wrote to Williamson from Harwich, December 7th, 1667: "The 'Resolution,' a beautiful third-rate ship, was launched, and swims a fine sight in the water" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 65).

[2] "July 16, 1668. The experiment of Mr. Steno was tried, according to his method, before the Society by Dr. King, and succeeded, so as the dog, upon whom it was made, was seen to be deprived of all motion below the part, where the descending artery was tied, which was upon the top of the spine by a needle passed through between the 8th and 9th ribs."—Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, vol. ii., p. 306.

ness; and I did discourse to their liking, only was too high to assert that nothing could be invented to secure the King more in the business of tickets[1] than there is; which the Duke of Buckingham did except against, and I could have answered, but forbore; but all liked very well. Thence home, and with my wife and Deb. to the King's House to see a play revived called The ——, a sorry mean play, that vexed us to sit in so much heat of the weather to hear it. Thence to see Betty Michell newly lain in, and after a little stay we took water and to Spring Garden, and there walked, and supped, and staid late, and with much pleasure, and to bed. The weather excessive hot, so as we were forced to lie in two beds, and I only with a sheet and rug, which is colder than ever I remember I could bear.

18th. At the office all the morning. At noon dined at home and Creed with me, who I do really begin to hate, and do use him with some reservedness. Here was also my old acquaintance, Will Swan,[2] to see me, who continues a factious fanatick still, and I do use him civilly, in expectation that those fellows may grow great again. Thence to the office, and then with my wife to the 'Change and Unthanke's, after having been at Cooper's and sat there for her picture, which will be a noble picture, but yet I think not so like as Hales's is. So home and to my office, and then to walk in the garden, and home to supper and to bed. They say the King of France is making a war again, in Flanders, with the King of Spain; the King of Spain refusing to give him all that he says was promised him in the treaty. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's,[3] when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the

[1] The report of the Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy on the Seamen's Tickets, signed by Lord Brouncker, Commissioners Middleton, Sir William Penn, and S. Pepys, which was read at the Court at Whitehall, July 17th, 1668, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 507.

[2] See June 22nd and December 5th, 1662, *ante*.

[3] At Culford, in Suffolk.

Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon to please the King make a bawdy sermon to him out of Canticles, and that my Lord Cornwallis did endeavour to get the King a whore, and that must be a pretty girl the daughter of the parson of the place, but that she did get away, and leaped off of some place and killed herself, which if true is very sad.

19th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, and there I up and down in the house spent the morning getting things ready against noon, when come Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr. Butler, that wrote Hudibras, and Mr. Cooper's cozen Jacke; and by and by comes Mr. Reeves and his wife, whom I never saw before: and there we dined: a good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted, and then my wife and I to walk in the garden, and so home to supper, Mrs. Turner and husband and daughter with us, and then to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office, where Mrs. Daniel comes. . . . All the morning at the office. Dined at home, then with Mr. Colvill to the new Excise Office in Aldersgate Street, and thence back to the Old Exchange, to see a very noble fine lady I spied as I went through, in coming; and there took occasion to buy some gloves, and admire her, and a mighty fine fair lady indeed she was. Thence idling all the afternoon to Duck Lane, and there saw my bookseller's moher, but get no ground there yet; and here saw Mrs. Michell's daughter married newly to a bookseller, and she proves a comely little grave woman. So to visit my Lord Crew, who is very sick, to great danger, by an irisipulus;[1] the first day I heard of it, and so home, and took occasion to buy a rest for my espinette at the ironmonger's by Holborn Conduit, where the fair pretty woman is that I have lately observed there, and she is pretty, and je credo vain enough. Thence home and busy till night, and so to bed.

21st. Up, and to St. James's, but lost labour, the Duke abroad. So home to the office, where all the morning, and

[1] Erysipelas.

so to dinner, and then all the afternoon at the office, only went to my plate-maker's, and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates,[1] for my books of the King's four Yards. At night walked in the garden, and supped and to bed, my eyes bad.

22nd. All the morning at the office. Dined at home, and then to White Hall with Symson the joyner, and after attending at the Committee of the Navy about the old business of tickets, where the only expedient they have found is to bind the Commanders and Officers by oaths. The Duke of York told me how the Duke of Buckingham, after the Council the other day, did make mirth at my position, about the sufficiency of present rules in the business of tickets; and here I took occasion to desire a private discourse with the Duke of York, and he granted it to me on Friday next. So to shew Symson the King's new lodgings for his chimnies, which I desire to have one built in that mode, and so I home, and with little supper, to bed. This day a falling out between my wife and Deb., about a hood lost, which vexed me.

23rd. Up, and all day long, but at dinner, at the Office, at work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad.

24th. Up, and by water to St. James's, having, by the way, shewn Symson Sir W. Coventry's chimney-pieces, in order to the making me one;[2] and there, after the Duke of York was ready, he called me to his closet; and there I did long and largely show him the weakness of our Office, and did give him advice to call us to account for our duties, which he did take mighty well, and desired me to draw up what I would have him write to the Office.[3] I did lay open the whole failings of the Office, and how it was his duty to find them,

[1] This passage has been frequently quoted as referring to Pepys's small bookplate, with his initials S. P. and two anchors and ropes entwined; but if looked at carefully with the further reference on the 27th (p. 72), it will be seen that it merely describes the preparation of engravings of the four dockyards.

[2] See August 14th, *post*.

[3] See August 27th, *post*.

and to find fault with them, as Admiral, especially at this time, which he agreed to, and seemed much to rely on what I said. Thence to White Hall, and there waited to attend the Council, but was not called in, and so home, and after dinner back with Sir J. Minnes by coach, and there attended, all of us, the Duke of York, and had the hearing of Mr. Pett's business,[1] the Master-Shipwright at Chatham, and I believe he will be put out. But here Commissioner Middleton did, among others, shew his good-nature and easiness to the Masters-Attendants, by mitigating their faults, so as, I believe, they will come in again. So home, and to supper and to bed, the Duke of York staying with us till almost night.

25th. Up, and at the Office all the morning; and at noon, after dinner, to Cooper's, it being a very rainy day, and there saw my wife's picture go on, which will be very fine indeed. And so home again to my letters, and then to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning and after dinner, the afternoon also, with W. Hewer in my closet, setting right my Tangier Accounts, which I have let alone these six months and more, but find them very right, and is my great comfort. So in the evening to walk with my wife, and to supper and to bed.

27th. Busy all the morning at my office. At noon dined, and then I out of doors to my bookseller in Duck Lane, but su moher not at home, and it was pretty here to see a pretty woman pass by with a little wanton look, and je did sequi her round about the street from Duck Lane to Newgate Market, and then elle did turn back, and je did lose her. And so to see my Lord Crew, whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well

[1] Phineas Pett. The "Revocation of letters patent formerly granted to Phineas Pett, his Majesty's shipwright at Chatham," is dated September 28th, 1668 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 607). His career, however, was not closed, for in 1675 he was master shipwright at Woolwich, and in 1680 he was appointed Comptroller of the Stores, and knighted. He was Commissioner at Chatham from 1685 to 1689.

again. Thence to Cooper's, where my wife's picture almost done, and mighty fine indeed. So over the water with my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, to Spring-Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure home. This day my plate-maker comes with my four little plates of the four Yards, cost me £5, which troubles me, but yet do please me also.

28th. All the morning at the office, and after dinner with my wife and Deb. to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Slighted Maid,"[1] but a mean play; and thence home, there being little pleasure now in a play, the company being but little. Here we saw Gosnell, who is become very homely, and sings meanly, I think, to what I thought she did.

29th. Busy all the morning at the office. So home to dinner, where Mercer, and there comes Mr. Swan, my old acquaintance, and dines with me, and tells me, for a certainty, that Creed is to marry Betty Pickering, and that the thing is concluded, which I wonder at, and am vexed for. So he gone I with my wife and two girls to the King's house, and saw "The Mad Couple,"[2] a mean play altogether, and thence to Hyde Parke, where but few coaches, and so to the New Exchange, and thence by water home, with much pleasure, and then to sing in the garden, and so home to bed, my eyes for these four days being my trouble, and my heart thereby mighty sad.

30th. Up, and by water to White Hall. There met with Mr. May, who was giving directions about making a close way for people to go dry from the gate up into the House, to prevent their going through the galleries; which will be very good. I staid and talked with him about the state of the

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton (see vol. iii., p. 50).

[2] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard (see vol. vii., p. 118).

King's Offices in general, and how ill he is served, and do still find him an excellent person, and so back to the office. So close at my office all the afternoon till evening, and then out with my wife to the New Exchange, and so back again.

31st. Up, and at my office all the morning. About noon with Mr. Ashburnham [1] to the new Excise Office, and there discoursed about our business, and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand: but, God knows! I have paid dear for it, in my eyes. Home and to dinner, and then my wife and Deb. and I, with Sir J. Minnes, to White Hall, she going hence to the New Exchange, and the Duke of York not being in the way, Sir J. Minnes and I to her and took them two to the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's "Monsieur Ragou," [2] now new acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry—a farce. Thence Sir J. Minnes giving us, like a gentleman, his coach, hearing we had some business, we to the Park, and so home. Little pleasure there, there being little company, but mightily taken with a little chariot that we saw in the street, and which we are resolved to have ours like it. So home to walk in the garden a little, and then to bed. The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the late printed experiment [3] of paper tubes.

August 1st. All the morning at the office. After dinner my wife, and Deb., and I, to the King's house again, coming too late yesterday to hear the prologue, and do like the play better now than before; and, indeed, there is a great deal of true wit in it, more than in the common sort of plays, and so home to my business, and at night to bed, my eyes making me sad.

[1] William Ashburnham, the cofferer.

[2] "The Old Troop; or, Monsieur Ragou," a comedy by John Lacey, printed in 1672, 4to.—B.

[3] An account of these tubulous spectacles ("An easy help for decayed sight") is given in "The Philosophical Transactions," No. 37, pp. 727-731 (Hutton's Abridgment, vol. i., p. 266). See Diary, August 12th and 23rd, *post*.

2nd (Lord's day). Up and at home all the morning, hanging, and removing of some pictures, in my study and house. At noon Pelling dined with me. After dinner, I and Tom, my boy, by water up to Putney, and there heard a sermon, and many fine people in the church. Thence walked to Barne Elmes, and there, and going and coming, did make the boy read to me several things, being now-a-days unable to read myself anything, for above two lines together, but my eyes grow weary. Home about night, and so to supper and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by water to White Hall and St. James's, where I did much business, and about noon meeting Dr. Gibbons, carried him to the Sun taverne, in King Street, and there made him, and some friends of his, drink; among others, Captain Silas Taylor, and here did get Gibbons to promise me some things for my flageolets. So to the Old Exchange, and then home to dinner, and so, Mercer dining with us, I took my wife and her and Deb. out to Unthanke's, while I to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and so back to them and took them out to Islington, where we met with W. Joyce and his wife and boy, and there eat and drank, and a great deal of his idle talk, and so we round by Hackney home, and so to sing a little in the garden, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and to my office a little, and then to White Hall about a Committee for Tangier at my Lord Arlington's, where, by Creed's being out of town, I have the trouble given me of drawing up answers to the complaints of the Turks of Algiers, and so I have all the papers put into my hand. Here till noon, and then back to the Office, where sat a little, and then to dinner, and presently to the office, where come to me my Lord Bellassis, Lieutenant-Colonell Fitzgerald,[1] newly come from Tangier, and Sir Arthur Basset, and there I received their informations, and so, they being gone, I with my clerks and another of Lord Brouncker's, Seddon,[2] sat up till two in

[1] See September 24th, 1662, and April 29th, 1663.

[2] John Seddon was one of the four clerks of the Ticket Office, and, according to a MS. in the Pepysian Library (No. 2554), he was appointed to attend Pepys for the signing of tickets.

the morning, drawing up my answers and writing them fair, which did trouble me mightily to sit up so long, because of my eyes.

5th. So to bed about two o'clock, and then up about seven and to White Hall, where read over my report to Lord Arlington and Berkeley, and then afterward at the Council Board with great good liking, but, Lord! how it troubled my eyes, though I did not think I could have done it, but did do it, and was not very bad afterward. So home to dinner, and thence out to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Guardian;" formerly the same, I find, that was called "Cutter of Coleman Street;" a silly play. And thence to Westminster Hall, where I met Fitzgerald; and with him to a tavern, to consider of the instructions for Sir Thomas Allen, against his going to Algiers; he and I being designed to go down to Portsmouth by the Council's order, and by and by he and I went to the Duke of York, who orders me to go down to-morrow morning. So I away home, and there bespeak a coach; and so home and to bed, my wife being abroad with the Mercers walking in the fields, and upon the water.

6th. Waked betimes, and my wife, at an hour's warning, is resolved to go with me, which pleases me, her readiness. But, before ready, comes a letter from Fitzgerald, that he is seized upon last night by an order of the General's by a file of musqueteers, and kept prisoner in his chamber. The Duke of York did tell me of it to-day: it is about a quarrel between him and Witham,[1] and they fear a challenge: so I to him, and sent my wife by the coach round to Lambeth. I lost my labour going to his lodgings, and he in bed: and, staying a great while for him, I at last grew impatient, and would stay no longer; but to St. James's to Mr. Wren, to bid him "God be with you!" and so over the water to Fox Hall; and there my wife and Deb. come and took me up, and we away to Gilford, losing our way for three or four mile, about Cobham. At Gilford we dined; and I shewed them the hospitall there

[1] Captain Edward Witham (see vol. iv., p. 160).

of Bishop Abbot's,[1] and his tomb in the church, which, and the rest of the tombs there, are kept mighty clean and neat, with curtains before them. So to coach again, and got to Lippock,[2] late over Hindhead, having an old man, a guide, in the coach with us; but got thither with great fear of being out of our way, it being ten at night. Here good, honest people; and after supper, to bed. . . .

7th. Up, and to coach, and with a guide to Petersfield, where I find Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Tippets[3] come; the first about the business, the latter only in respect to me; as also Fitzgerald, who come post all last night, and newly arrived here. We four sat down presently to our business, and in an hour despatched all our talk; and did inform Sir Thomas Allen well in it, who, I perceive, in serious matters, is a serious man: and tells me he wishes all we are told be true, in our defence; for he finds by all, that the Turks have, to this day, been very civil to our merchant-men every where; and, if they would have broke with us, they never had such an opportunity over our rich merchant-men, as lately, coming out of the Streights. Then to dinner, and pretty merry: and here was Mr. Martin, the purser, and dined with us, and wrote some things for us. And so took coach again back; Fitzgerald with us, whom I was pleased with all the day, with his discourse of his observations abroad, as being a great soldier and of long standing abroad: and knows all things and persons abroad very well—I mean, the great soldiers of France, and Spain, and Germany; and talks very well. Come at night to Gilford, where the Red Lyon so full of people, and a wedding, that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way, at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine; and there supped and talked with the landlord and his wife: and so to bed with great content, only Fitzgerald lay at the Inne. So to bed.

8th. Up, and I walked out, and met Uncle Wight, whom I

[1] George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury. Died 1633.

[2] Liphook, a village in Bramshott parish, Hants.

[3] Afterwards Sir John Tippetts. See vol. ii., p. 224.

sent to last night, and Mr. Wight coming to see us, and I walked with them back to see my aunt at Katherine Hill, and there walked up and down the hill and places about: but a dull place, but good ayre, and the house dull. But here I saw my aunt, after many days not seeing her—I think, a year or two; and she walked with me to see my wife. And here, at the Red Lyon, we all dined together, and mighty merry, and then parted: and we home to Fox Hall, where Fitzgerald and I 'light, and by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York being abroad, I by coach and met my wife, who went round, and after doing at the office a little, and finding all well at home, I to bed. I hear that Colbert,[1] the French Ambassador, is come, and hath been at Court *incognito*. When he hath his audience, I know not.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and walked to Holborne, where got John Powell's coach at the Black Swan, and he attended me at St. James's, where waited on the Duke of York: and both by him and several of the Privy-Council, beyond expectation, I find that my going to Sir Thomas Allen was looked upon as a thing necessary: and I have got some advantage by it, among them. Thence to White Hall, and thence to visit Lord Brouncker, and back to White Hall, where saw the Queen and ladies; and so, with Mr. Slingsby, to Mrs. Williams's, thinking to dine with Lord Brouncker there, but did not, having promised my wife to come home, though here I met Knepp, to my great content. So home; and, after dinner, I took my wife and Deb. round by Hackney, and up and down to take the ayre; and then home, and made visits to Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Mercer, and Sir W. Pen, who is come from Epsom not well, and Sir J. Minnes, who is not well neither. And so home to supper, and to set my books a little right, and then to bed. This day Betty Michell come and dined with us, the first day after her lying in, whom I was glad to see.

10th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence to Sir

[1] Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great minister.—B.

W. Coventry, but he is gone out of town this morning, so thence to my Lord Arlington's house, the first time I there since he come thither, at Goring House,[1] a very fine, noble place; and there he received me in sight of several Lords with great respect. I did give him an account of my journey; and here, while I waited for him a little, my Lord Orrery took notice of me, and begun discourse of hangings, and of the improvement of shipping: I not thinking that he knew me, but did then discover it, with a mighty compliment of my abilities and ingenuity, which I am mighty proud of; and he do speak most excellently. Thence to Westminster Hall, and so by coach to the old Exchange, and there did several businesses, and so home to dinner, and then abroad to Duck Lane, where I saw my belle femme of the book vendor, but had no opportunity para hazer con her. So away to Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment: but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work, as to the painting.[2] He hath £30 for his work—and the chrystal, and case, and gold case comes to £8 3*s.* 4*d.*; and which I sent him this night, that I might be out of debt. Thence my people home, and I to Westminster Hall about a little business, and so by water home [to] supper, and my wife to read a ridiculous book I bought to-day of the History of the Taylors' Company,[3] and all the

[1] Evelyn's "Diary," October 21st, 1674: "I went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House, this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England."

[2] This miniature of Mrs. Pepys cannot be traced.—B.

[3] The title of this book was, "The Honour of the Merchant Taylors. Wherein is set forth the noble acts, valliant deeds, and heroick performances of Merchant Taylors in former ages; their honourable loves and knightly adventures, their combating of foreign enemies and glorious successes in honour of the English nation: together with their pious

while Deb. did comb my head, and I did toker her with my main para very great pleasure, and so to bed.

11th. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry to visit him, whom I find yet troubled at the Commissioners of Accounts, about this business of Sir W. Warren, which is a ridiculous thing, and can come to nothing but contempt, and thence to Westminster Hall, where the Parliament met enough to adjourne, which they did, to the 10th of November next, and so by water home to the office, and so to dinner, and thence at the Office all the afternoon till night, being mightily pleased with a little trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacall of paper, tried with my right eye. This day I hear that, to the great joy of the Nonconformists, the time is out of the Act against them, so that they may meet: and they have declared that they will have a morning lecture[1] up again, which is pretty strange; and they are connived at by the King every where, I hear, in City and country. So to visit W. Pen, who is yet ill, and then home, where W. Batelier

acts and large benevolences, their building of publick structures, especially that of Blackwell Hall, to be a market-place for the selling of woollen cloaths: Written by William Winstanley. Lond., 1668." 8vo. With the head of Sir Ralph Blackwell, with a gold chain: arms of London on the right, and of the Merchant Taylors on the left.—B.

[1] During the troubled reign of Charles I. the House of Commons gave parishioners the right of appointing lecturers at the various churches without the consent of rector or vicar, and this naturally gave rise to many quarrels. In the early period of the war between the king and the parliament, a course of sermons or lectures was projected in aid of the parliamentary cause. These lectures, which were preached by eminent Presbyterian divines at seven o'clock on the Sunday mornings, were commenced in the church of St. Mary Magdalen in Milk Street, but were soon afterwards removed to St. Giles's, Cripplegate. After the Restoration the lectures were collected in four volumes, and published under the title of the "Cripplegate Morning Exercises," vol. i. in 1661; vol. ii. in 1674; vol. iii. in 1682; and vol. iv. in 1690. In addition there were two volumes which form a supplement to the work, viz., "The Morning Exercises methodized," preached at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, edited by the Rev. Thomas Case in 1660, and the "Exercises against Popery," preached in Southwark, and published in 1675 (see Denton's "Records of St. Giles's, Cripplegate," 1883, pp. 55-56).

and Mrs. Turner come and sat and supped with us, and so they gone we to bed. This afternoon my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., went with Pelling to see the gypsies at Lambeth,[1] and have their fortunes told; but what they did, I did not enquire.

12th. Up, and all the morning busy at my office. Thence to the Excise Office, and so to the Temple to take counsel about Major Nicholls's[2] business for the King. So to several places about business, and among others to Drumbleby's about the mouths for my paper tubes, and so to the 'Change and home. Met Captain Cocke, who tells me that he hears for certain the Duke of York will lose the authority of an Admiral, and be governed by a Committee: and all our Office changed; only they are in dispute whether I shall continue or no, which puts new thoughts in me, but I know not whether to be glad or sorry. Home to dinner, where Pelling dines with us, and brings some partridges, which is very good meat; and, after dinner, I, and wife, and Mercer, and Deb., to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Mackbeth," to our great content, and then home, where the women went to the making of my tubes,[3] and I to the office, and then come Mrs. Turner and her husband to advise about their son, the Chaplain, who is turned out of his ship, a sorrow to them, which I am troubled for, and do give them the best advice I can, and so they gone we to bed.

13th. Up, and Greeting comes, and there he and I tried some things of Mr. Locke's for two flageolets, to my great content, and this day my wife begins again to learn of him; for I have a great mind for her to be able to play a part with me. Thence I to the Office, where all the afternoon [morning ?], and then to dinner, where W. Howe dined with me, who tells me

[1] Most probably at Norwood, in the parish of Lambeth, a place long famous as the resort of gipsies. Gipsy Hill is now a place of considerable size.

[2] Major Henry Nicholls, of Kilmaiden, Waterford, who undertook to clear the Medway of wrecks.

[3] The paper tubes for his eyes. See July 31st, *ante*.

for certain that Creed is like to speed in his match with Mrs. Betty Pickering. Here dined with me also Mr. Hollier, who is mighty vain in his pretence to talk Latin. So to the Office again all the afternoon till night, very busy, and so with much content home, and made my wife sing and play on the flageolet to me till I slept with great pleasure in bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall and St. James's, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and discourse about business of our Office, telling him my trouble there, to see how things are ordered. I told him also what Cocke told me the other day, but he says there is not much in it, though he do know that this hath been in the eye of some persons to compass for the turning all things in the navy, and that it looks so like a popular thing as that he thinks something may be done in it, but whether so general or no, as I tell it him, he knows not. Thence to White Hall, and there wait at the Council-chamber door a good while, talking with one or other, and so home by water, though but for a little while, because I am to return to White Hall. At home I find Symson, putting up my new chimney-piece,[1] in our great chamber, which is very fine, but will cost a great deal of money, but it is not flung away. So back to White Hall, and after the council up, I with Mr. Wren, by invitation, to Sir Stephen Fox's to dinner, where the Cofferer[2] and Sir Edward Savage;[3] where many good stories of the antiquity and estates of many families at this day in Cheshire, and that part of the kingdom, more than what is on this side, near London. My Lady [Fox] dining with us; a very good lady, and a family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it. Thence the Cofferer, Sir Stephen, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury about business: and so I up to the Duke of York, who enquired for what I had promised him, about my observations

[1] See July 24th, *ante*.

[2] William Ashburnham.

[3] He was probably of the family of Savage, seated at Frodsham, in Cheshire; and had been attached to the royal cause. According to Kennet ("Chronicle," p. 869), he married the widow of Sir Richard Smith, one of the king's privy council.—B.

of the miscarriages of our Office;[1] and I told him he should have it next week, being glad he called for it; for I find he is concerned to do something, and to secure himself thereby, I believe: for the world is labouring to eclipse him, I doubt; I mean, the factious part of the Parliament. The Office met this afternoon as usual, and waited on him; where, among other things, he talked a great while of his intentions of going to Dover soon, to be sworn as Lord Warden,[2] which is a matter of great ceremony and state, and so to the Temple with Mr. Wren, to the Attorney's chamber, about business, but he abroad, and so I home, and there spent the evening talking with my wife and piping, and pleased with our chimney-piece, and so to bed.

15th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and after dinner with my wife, Mercer, and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Love's Mistresse"[3] revived, the thing pretty good, but full of variety of divertisement. So home and to my business at the office, my eyes bad again, and so to bed.

16th (Lord's day). All the morning at my Office with W. Hewer, there drawing up my Report to the Duke of York, as I have promised, about the faults of this Office, hoping thereby to have opportunity of doing myself [something]. At noon to dinner, and again with him to work all the afternoon till night, till I was weary and had despatched a good deal of business, and so to bed after hearing my wife read a little.

17th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and so to St. James's, and thence with Mr. Wren by appointment in his coach to Hampstead, to speak with the Atturney-general,[4] whom we met in the fields, by his old route and house; and after a little

[1] This refers to the letter on the affairs of the office which Pepys prepared, and respecting which, and the proceedings which grew out of it, so many references are made in future pages of the Diary.

[2] Of the Cinque Ports.

[3] A play by Thomas Heywood (see vol. i., p. 355).

[4] Sir Geoffry Palmer, Bart. He died at his house at Hampstead, May 1st, 1670.—B.

talk about our business of Ackeworth,[1] went and saw the Lord Wotton's[2] house[3] and garden, which is wonderfull fine: too good for the house the gardens are, being, indeed, the most noble that ever I saw, and brave orange and lemon trees. Thence to Mr. Chichley's[4] by invitation, and there dined with Sir John, his father not coming home. And while at dinner comes by the French Embassador Colbert's mules, the first I ever saw, with their sumpter-clothes mighty rich, and his coaches, he being to have his entry to-day: but his things, though rich, are not new; supposed to be the same his brother[5] had the other day, at the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, in Flanders. Thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Cupid's Revenge,"[6] under the new name of "Love Despised," that hath something very good in it, though I like not the whole body of it. This day the first time acted here. Thence home, and there with Mr. Hater and W. Hewer late, reading over all the principal officers' instructions in order

[1] William Acworth, storekeeper at Woolwich Dockyard.

[2] Poliander de Kirkhoven, Lord of Hemfleet, in Holland, married Katherine, widow of Henry, Lord Stanhope, eldest son of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, who died *vitâ patris*. She was one of the four daughters and co-heirs of Thomas, Lord Wotton; and her son, Charles Henry Kirkhoven, here mentioned, was created Lord Wotton, of Wotton, in Kent, in 1650, by reason of his descent, and Earl of Bellemont, in Ireland, in 1670. He died without issue in 1682.—B.

[3] Belsyze House, in the parish of Hampstead, was for many years the residence of the Wood family, as lessees under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in whom the property is still vested. When Pepys visited the place, it was the chief seat of Charles Henry Kirkhoven, Lord Wotton, above mentioned. That mansion, long since pulled down, had become, in 1720, a house of public entertainment, and was much in vogue, and continued open as late as 1745.—B. The manor house was situated at the corner where Belsize Park Gardens and Belsize Grove meet. The site is now occupied by a building of residential flats. See Lysons's "Environs" and Park's "History of Hampstead."

[4] In Great Queen Street.

[5] A mistake of Pepys's. Colbert de Croissy, then in England, had himself been the French Plenipotentiary at Aix-la-Chapelle.—B.

[6] By Beaumont and Fletcher, and first published in 1615. Downes mentions the revival, but not the change of name.

to my great work upon my hand, and so to bed, my eyes very ill.

18th. Up, and to my office about my great business betimes, and so to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined, and then to the office all the afternoon also, and in the evening to Sir W. Coventry's, but he not within, I took coach alone to the Park, to try to meet him there, but did not; but there were few coaches, but among the few there were in two coaches our two great beauties, my Lady Castlemayne and Richmond; the first time I saw the latter since she had the smallpox. I had much pleasure to see them, but I thought they were strange one to another. Thence going out I met a coach going, which I thought had Knepp in it, so I went back, but it was not she. So back to White Hall and there took water, and so home, and busy late about my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to supper and to bed. . . .

19th. Up betimes, and all day and afternoon without going out, busy upon my great letter to the Duke of York, which goes on to my content. W. Hewer and Gibson I employ with me in it. This week my people wash, over the water, and so I little company at home. In the evening, being busy above, a great cry I hear, and go down; and what should it be but Jane, in a fit of direct raving, which lasted half-an-hour. Beyond four or five of our strength to keep her down; and, when all come to all, a fit of jealousy about Tom, with whom she is in love. So at night, I, and my wife, and W. Hewer called them to us, and there I did examine all the thing, and them, in league. She in love, and he hath got her to promise him to marry, and he is now cold in it, so that I must rid my hands of them, which troubles me, and the more because my head is now busy upon other greater things. I am vexed also to be told by W. Hewer that he is summoned to the Commissioners of Accounts about receiving a present of £30 from Mr. Mason, the timber merchant, though there be no harm in it, that will appear on his part, he having done them several lawful kindnesses and never demanded anything, as they themselves have this day declared to the Commissioners, they being forced up by the

discovery of somebody that they in confidence had once told it to. So to supper vexed and my head full of care, and so to bed.

20th. Betimes at my business again, and so to the office, and dined with Brouncker and J. Minnes, at Sir W. Pen's at a bad pasty of venison, and so to work again, and at it till past twelve at night, that I might get my great letter[1] to the Duke of York ready against to-morrow, which I shall do, to my great content. So to bed.

21st. Up betimes, and with my people again to work, and finished all before noon: and then I by water to White Hall, and there did tell the Duke of York that I had done; and he hath to my great content desired me to come to him at Sunday next in the afternoon, to read it over, by which I have more time to consider and correct it. So back home and to the 'Change, in my way calling at Morris', my vintner's, where I love to see su moher, though no acquaintance accostais this day con her. Did several things at the 'Change, and so home to dinner. After dinner I by coach to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and there did spend a little time and regarder su moher, and so to St. James's, where did a little ordinary business; and by and by comes Monsieur Colbert, the French Embassador, to make his first visit to the Duke of York, and then to the Duchess: and I saw it: a silly piece of ceremony, he saying only a few formal words. A comely man, and in a black suit and cloak of silk, which is a strange fashion, now it hath been so long left off. This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some Maids of Honour, done by Lilly:[2] good, but not like. Thence to Reeves's, and bought a reading-glass, and so to my bookseller's again, there to buy a

[1] In the Pepysian Library is a MS. (No. 2242), entitled, "Papers conteyning my addresse to his Royall Highnesse James Duke of Yorke, Lord High Admirall of England, &c., by letter dated the 20 of August, 1668, humbly tendering him my advice touching the present State of the Office of the Navy, with his Royall Highness's proceedings upon the same, and their result."

[2] The set of portraits known as "King Charles's Beauties," formerly in Windsor Castle, but now at Hampton Court.—B.

Book of Martyrs,[1] which I did agree for; and so, after seeing and beginning acquaintance con his femme, but very little, away home, and there busy very late at the correcting my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to bed.

22nd. Up betimes, at it again with great content, and so to the Office, where all the morning, and did fall out with W. Pen about his slight performance of his office, and so home to dinner, fully satisfied that this Office must sink or the whole Service be undone. To the office all the afternoon again, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind being pretty well at ease, my great letter being now finished to my full content; and I thank God I have opportunity of doing it, though I know it will set the Office and me by the ears for ever. This morning Captain Cocke comes, and tells me that he is now assured that it is true, what he told me the other day, that our whole Office will be turned out, only me, which, whether he says true or no, I know not, nor am much concerned, though I should be better contented to have it thus than otherwise. This afternoon, after I was weary in my business of the office, I went forth to the 'Change, thinking to have spoke with Captain Cocke, but he was not within. So I home, and took London-bridge in my way; walking down Fish Street and Gracious Street, to see how very fine a descent they have now made down the hill, that it is become very easy and pleasant, and going through Leaden-Hall, it being market-day, I did see a woman catched, that had stolen a shoulder of mutton off of a butcher's stall, and carrying it wrapt up in a cloth, in a basket. The jade was surprised, and did not deny it, and the woman so silly, as to let her go that took it, only taking the meat.

23rd (Lord's day). Up betimes, my head busy in my great letter, and I did first hang up my new map of Paris in my green room, and changed others in other places. Then to Captain Cocke's, thinking to have talked more of what he told me yesterday, but he was not within. So back to church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our church, upon

[1] The popular name of John Fox's "Acts and Monuments," first published in 1562-63.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. Shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy. Then home to dinner, where Mr. Pelling, who brought us a hare, which we had at dinner, and W. Howe. After dinner to the Office, Mr. Gibson and I, to examine my letter to the Duke of York, which, to my great joy, I did very well by my paper tube, without pain to my eyes. And I do mightily like what I have therein done; and did, according to the Duke of York's order, make haste to St. James's, and about four o'clock got thither: and there the Duke of York was ready, to expect me, and did hear it all over with extraordinary content; and did give me many and hearty thanks, and in words the most expressive tell me his sense of my good endeavours, and that he would have a care of me on all occasions; and did, with much inwardness,[1] tell me what was doing, suitable almost to what Captain Cocke tells me, of designs to make alterations in the Navy; and is most open to me in them, and with utmost confidence desires my further advice on all occasions: and he resolves to have my letter transcribed, and sent forthwith to the Office. So, with as much satisfaction as I could possibly, or did hope for, and obligation on the Duke of York's side professed to me, I away into the Park, and there met Mr. Pierce and his wife, and sister and brother, and a little boy, and with them to Mulberry Garden, and spent 18*s.* on them, and there left them, she being again with child, and by it, the least pretty that ever I saw her. And so I away, and got a coach, and home, and there with my wife and W. Hewer, talking all the evening, my mind running on the business of the Office, to see what more I can do to the rendering myself acceptable and useful to all, and to the King. We to supper, and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning upon considerations on the Victualler's contract, and then home to dinner, where my wife is upon hanging the long chamber,

[1] *i.e.*, intimacy.

where the girl lies, with the sad stuff[1] that was in the best chamber, in order to the hanging that with tapestry. So to dinner, and then to the office again, where all the afternoon till night, we met to discourse upon the alterations which are propounded to be made in the draft of the victualler's contract which we did lately make, and then we being up comes Mr. Child,[2] Papillion and Littleton, his partners, to discourse upon the matter with me, which I did, and spent all the evening with them at the office, and so, they being gone, I to supper and talk with my wife, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and by water to St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did discourse about my great letter, which the Duke of York hath given him: and he hath set it to be transcribed by Billings, his man, whom, as he tells me, he can most confide in for secresy, and is much pleased with it, and earnest to have it be; and he and I are like to be much together in the considering how to reform the Office, and that by the Duke of York's command. Thence I, mightily pleased with this success, away to the Office, where all the morning, my head full of this business. And it is pretty how Lord Brouncker this day did tell me how he hears that a design is on foot to remove us out of the Office: and proposes that we two do agree to draw up a form of a new constitution of the Office, there to provide remedies for the evils we are now under, so that we may be beforehand with the world, which I agreed to, saying nothing of my design; and, the truth is, he is the best man of them all, and I would be glad, next myself, to save him; for, as he deserves best, so I doubt he needs his place most. So home to dinner at noon, and all the afternoon busy at the office till night, and then with my mind full of business now in my head, I to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning almost, busy about business against the afternoon, and we met a little to sign two or three things at the Board of moment, and

[1] Stuff of a sad colour.—B.

[2] Josiah Child and Thomas Papillon were partners in the Victualling business.

thence at noon home to dinner, and so away to White Hall by water. In my way to the Old Swan,[1] finding a great many people gathered together in Cannon Street about a man that was working in the ruins, and the ground did sink under him, and he sunk in, and was forced to be dug out again, but without hurt. Thence to White Hall, and it is strange to say with what speed[2] the people employed do pull down Paul's steeple, and with what ease: it is said that it, and the choir are to be taken down this year,[3] and another church begun in the room thereof, the next. At White Hall we met at the Treasury chamber, and there before the Lords did debate our draft of the victualling contract with the several bidders for it, which were Sir D. Gawden, Mr. Child and his fellows, and Mr. Dorrington and his, a poor variety in a business of this value. There till after candle-lighting, and so home by coach with Sir D. Gawden, who, by the way, tells me how the City do go on in several things towards the building of the public places, which I am glad to hear; and gives hope that in a few years it will be a glorious place; but we met with several stops and new troubles in the way in the streets, so as makes it bad to travel in the dark now through the City. So I to Mr. Batelier's by appointment, where I find my wife, and Deb., and Mercer; Mrs. Pierce and her husband, son, and daughter; and Knepp and Harris, and W. Batelier, and his sister Mary, and cozen Gumbleton, a good-humoured, fat young gentleman, son to the Jeweller, that dances well; and here danced all night long, with a noble supper; and about two in the morning the table spread again for a noble breakfast beyond all moderation, that put me out of countenance, so much and so good. Mrs. Pierce and her people went home betimes, she being big with child;

[1] In Upper Thames Street.

[2] The stones fell so fast that Pepys felt a sensation like sea-sickness! See September 14th, 1668, *post*.—B.

[3] On July 25th, 1668, a royal warrant was issued for taking down the walls of old St. Paul's, removing the tower and choir, and clearing the ground for the foundation of the east end, with a view to the construction of a new choir for temporary use. The first stone of Wren's building was not laid until June 21st, 1675.

but Knepp and the rest staid till almost three in the morning, and then broke up.

27th. Knepp home with us, and I to bed, and rose about six, mightily pleased with last night's mirth, and away by water to St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did correct his copy of my letter, which the Duke of York hath signed in my very words, without alteration of a syllable.[1] And so pleased therewith, I to my Lord Brouncker, who I find within, but hath business, and so comes not to the Office to-day. And so I by water to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and, just as the Board rises, comes the Duke of York's letter, which I knowing, and the Board not being full, and desiring rather to have the Duke of York deliver it himself to us, I suppressed it for this day, my heart beginning to falsify in this business, as being doubtful of the trouble it may give me by provoking them; but, however, I am resolved to go through it, and it is too late to help it now. At noon to dinner to Captain Cocke's, where I met with Mr. Wren; my going being to tell him what I have done, which he likes, and to confer with Cocke about our Office; who tells me that he is confident the design of removing our Officers do hold, but that he is sure that I am safe enough. Which pleases me, though I do not much shew it to him, but as a thing indifferent. So away home, and there met at Sir Richard Ford's with the Duke of York's Commissioners about our Prizes, with whom we shall have some trouble before we make an end with them, and hence, staying a little with them, I with my wife, and W. Batelier, and Deb.; carried them to Bartholomew Fayre, where we saw the dancing of the ropes and nothing else, it being late, and so back home to supper and to bed, after having done at my office.

[1] A copy of this letter is in the British Museum, Harl. MS. 6003. See July 24th, *ante*, and August 29th, *post*. In the Pepysian Collection are the following: An Inquisition, by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when Lord High Admiral of England, into the Management of the Navy, 1668, with his Regulations thereon, fol. Also Mr. Pepys's Defence of the same upon an Inquisition thereunto by Parliament, 1669, fol.—B.

28th. Busy at the office till toward 10 o'clock, and then by water to White Hall, where attending the Council's call all the morning with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, and the rest, about the business of supernumeraries in the fleete, but were not called in. But here the Duke of York did call me aside, and told me that he must speak with me in the afternoon, with Mr. Wren, for that now he hath got the paper from my Lord Keeper[1] about the exceptions taken against the management of the Navy; and so we are to debate upon answering them. At noon I home with W. Coventry to his house; and there dined with him, and talked freely with him; and did acquaint him with what I have done, which he is well pleased with, and glad of: and do tell me that there are endeavours on foot to bring the Navy into new, but, he fears, worse hands. After much talk with great content with him, I walked to the Temple, and staid at Starky's, my bookseller's (looking over Dr. Heylin's new book of the Life of Bishop Laud,[2] a strange book of the Church History of his time), till Mr. Wren comes, and by appointment we to the Atturney General's chamber, and there read and heard the witnesses in the business of Ackeworth, most troublesome and perplexed by the counter swearing of the witnesses one against the other, and so with Mr. Wren away thence to St. [James's] for his papers, and so to White Hall, and after the Committee was done at the Council-chamber about the business of Supernumeraries, wherein W. Pen was to do all and did, but like an ignorant illiterate coxcomb, the Duke of York fell to work with us, the Committee being gone, in the Council-chamber; and there, with his own hand, did give us his long letter, telling us that he had received several from us, and now did give us one from him, taking notice of our several duties and failures, and desired answer to it, as he therein desired; this pleased me well; and so fell to other business, and then

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

[2] Peter Heylin's "Cyprianus Anglicus, or the History of the Life and Death of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury," was first published in 1668.

parted. And the Duke of York, and Wren, and I, it being now candle-light, into the Duke of York's closet in White Hall; and there read over this paper of my Lord Keeper's, wherein are laid down the faults of the Navy, so silly, and the remedies so ridiculous, or else the same that are now already provided, that we thought it not to need any answer, the Duke of York being able himself to do it: that so it makes us admire the confidence of these men to offer things so silly, in a business of such moment. But it is a most perfect instance of the complexion of the times! and so the Duke of York said himself, who, I perceive, is mightily concerned in it, and do, again and again, recommend it to Mr. Wren and me together, to consider upon remedies fit to provide for him to propound to the King, before the rest of the world, and particularly the Commissioners of Accounts, who are men of understanding and order, to find our faults, and offer remedies of their own, which I am glad of, and will endeavour to do something in it. So parted, and with much difficulty, by candle-light, walked over the Matted Gallery, as it is now with the mats and boards all taken up, so that we walked over the rafters. But strange to see what hard matter the plaister of Paris is, that is there taken up, as hard as stone! And pity to see Holben's[1] work in the ceiling blotted on, and only whited over! Thence, with much ado, by several coaches home, to supper and to bed. My wife having been this day with Hales, to sit for her hand to be mended, in her picture.

29th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where the Duke of York's long letter was read, to their great trouble, and their suspecting me to have been the writer of it. And at noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeon's-hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their

[1] Although Holbein began working at Whitehall Palace in 1538, there is no mention of his work on the ceiling, and Wornum was puzzled by this entry.—See *Some Account of the Life and Works of Hans Holbein*, by R. N. Wornum, p. 309 (note).

great picture of Holben's,[1] thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant, though a good picture. Thence carried Harris to his play-house, where, though four o'clock, so few people there at "The Impertinents," as I went out; and do believe they did not act, though there was my Lord Arlington and his company there. So I out, and met my wife in a coach, and stopped her going thither to meet me; and took her, and Mercer, and Deb., to Bartholomew Fair, and there did see a ridiculous, obscene little stage-play, called "Marry Andrey;"[2] a foolish thing, but seen by every body; and so to Jacob Hall's[3] dancing of the ropes; a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed, and so home and to the office, and then to bed. Writing to my father to-night not to unfurnish our house in the country for my sister, who is going to her own house, because I think I may have occasion myself to come thither; and so I do, by our being put out of the Office, which do not at all trouble me to think of.

[1] The picture here mentioned still adorns the Court Room at Barber Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street. It represents Henry VIII. in the act of delivering the charter to the company, 1541, and contains eighteen figures. There has been much discussion over the merits of the picture and Holbein's share in its production. As the painter died in 1543 there can be little doubt but that the picture was finished by another hand. The late Mr. Wornum, the biographer of Holbein, wrote, "There can be no question of the genuineness of the picture in its foundation," but he was "disposed to believe that Holbein never did finish it;" whilst, from the great inferiority of the second series of heads on the left of the king, in which there is no trace of Holbein's hand, he considered that "these must have been added later." We are not told whether the company named any price, even if our journalist had been inclined to the speculation. A fine print from the picture was made by B. Baron in 1736. James I. wrote to the company in 1618 to have the picture copied. This copy is supposed to be the one in the possession of the College of Surgeons, which was purchased in 1786 by the college at Desenfans' sale.—B.

[2] Merry Andrew.

[3] See April 7th, 1668, *ante*.

30th (Lord's day). Walked to St. James's and Pell Mell, and read over, with Sir W. Coventry, my long letter to the Duke of York, and which the Duke of York hath, from mine, wrote to the Board, wherein he is mightily pleased, and I perceive do put great value upon me, and did talk very openly on all matters of State, and how some people have got the bit into their mouths, meaning the Duke of Buckingham and his party, and would likely run away with all. But what pleased me mightily was to hear the good character he did give of my Lord Falmouth for his generosity, good-nature, desire of public good, and low thoughts of his own wisdom; his employing his interest in the King to do good offices to all people, without any other fault than the freedom he do learn in France of thinking himself obliged to serve his King in his pleasures: and was W. Coventry's particular friend: and W. Coventry do tell me very odde circumstances about the fatality of his death,[1] which are very strange. Thence to White Hall to chapel, and heard the anthem, and did dine with the Duke of Albemarle in a dirty manner as ever. All the afternoon, I sauntered up and down the house and Park. And there was a Committee for Tangier met, wherein Lord Middleton would, I think, have found fault with me for want of coles; but I slighted it, and he made nothing of it, but was thought to be drunk; and I see that he hath a mind to find fault with me and Creed, neither of us having yet applied ourselves to him about anything: but do talk of his profits and perquisites taken from him, and garrison reduced, and that it must be increased, and such things, as, I fear, he will be just such another as my Lord Tiviott and the rest, to ruin that place. So I to the Park, and there walk an hour or two; and in the King's garden, and saw the Queen and ladies walk; and I did steal some apples off the trees; and here did see my Lady Richmond, who is of a noble person as ever I saw, but her face worse than it was considerably by the smallpox: her sister[2] is also very handsome. Coming into the Park,

[1] See June 8th, 1665, *ante*.

[2] Sophia Stuart, younger daughter of the Hon. Walter Stuart, third son

and the door kept strictly, I had opportunity of handing in the little, pretty, squinting girl of the Duke of York's house, but did not make acquaintance with her; but let her go, and a little girl that was with her, to walk by themselves. So to White Hall in the evening, to the Queen's side, and there met the Duke of York; and he did tell me and W. Coventry, who was with me, how that Lord Anglesey did take notice of our reading his long and sharp letter to the Board; but that it was the better, at least he said so. The Duke of York, I perceive, is earnest in it, and will have good effects of it; telling W. Coventry that it was a letter that might have come from the Commissioners of Accounts, but it was better it should come first from him. I met Lord Brouncker, who, I perceive, and the rest, do smell that it comes from me, but dare not find fault with it; and I am glad of it, it being my glory and defence that I did occasion and write it. So by water home, and did spend the evening with W. Hewer, telling him how we are all like to be turned out, Lord Brouncker telling me this evening that the Duke of Buckingham did, within few hours, say that he had enough to turn us all out: which I am not sorry for at all, for I know the world will judge me to go for company; and my eyes are such as I am not able to do the business of my Office as I used, and would desire to do, while I am in it. So with full content, declaring all our content in being released of my employment, my wife and I to bed, and W. Hewer home, and so all to bed.

31st. Up, and to my office, there to set my Journal for all the last week, and so by water to Westminster to the Exchequer, and thence to the Swan, and there drank and did baiser la fille there, and so to the New Exchange and paid for some things, and so to Hercules Pillars,[1] and there dined all alone,

of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, married to Henry Bulkeley, fourth son of Thomas, first Viscount Bulkeley, and Master of the Household to Charles II. and James II. (Collins's "Peerage," vol. viii., p. 16, ed. 1812, and "Notes and Queries," Series 3, vol. i., p. 69).

[1] In Fleet Street.

while I sent my shoe to have the heel fastened at Wotton's, and thence to White Hall to the Treasury chamber, where did a little business, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there met my wife and Deb. and Mary Mercer and Batelier, where also W. Hewer was, and saw "Hamlet," which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it; but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. Thence to the Fayre, and saw "Polichinelle," and so home, and after a little supper to bed. This night lay the first night in Deb.'s chamber, which is now hung with that that hung our great chamber, and is now a very handsome room. This day Mrs. Batelier did give my wife a mighty pretty Spaniel bitch [Flora], which she values mightily, and is pretty; but, as a new comer, I cannot be fond of her.

September 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office busy, and after dinner to the office again busy till about four, and then I abroad (my wife being gone to Hales's about drawing her hand new in her picture) and I to see Betty Michell, which I did, but su mari was dentro, and no pleasure. So to the Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money,[1] and many things to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12*d.* to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to baiser a mighty belle fille that was in the house that was exceeding plain, but fort belle. At night going home I went to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and find her weeping in the shop, so as ego could not have any discourse con her nor ask the reason, so departed and took coach home, and taking coach was set on by a wench that was naught, and would have gone along with me to her lodging in Shoe Lane, but ego did donner her a shilling . . . . and left her, and home, where

[1] This is not the first learned horse of which we read. Shakespeare, "Love's Labour's Lost," act i., sc. 2, mentions "the dancing horse," and the commentators have added many particulars of Banks's bay horse.

after supper, W. Batelier with us, we to bed. This day Mrs. Martin come to see us, and dined with us.

2nd. Fast-day for the burning of London, strictly observed. I at home at the office all day, forenoon and afternoon, about the Victualler's contract and other things, and at night home to supper, having had but a cold dinner, Mr. Gibson with me; and this evening comes Mr. Hill to discourse with me about Yeabsly and Lanyon's business, wherein they are troubled, and I fear they have played the knave too far for me to help or think fit to appear for them. So he gone, and after supper, to bed, being troubled with a summons, though a kind one, from Mr. Jessop, to attend the Commissioners of Accounts to-morrow.

3rd. Up, and to the Office, where busy till it was time to go to the Commissioners of Accounts, which I did about noon, and there was received with all possible respect, their business being only to explain the meaning of one of their late demands to us, which we had not answered in our answer to them, and, this being done, I away with great content, my mind being troubled before, and so to the Exchequer and several places, calling on several businesses, and particularly my bookseller's, among others, for "Hobbs's Leviathan,"[1] which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8*s*. I now give 24*s*. for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30*s*., it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again, and so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon, and towards evening by water to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and presently back again, and there met a little with W. Pen and the rest about our Prize accounts, and so W. Pen and Lord Brouncker and I at the lodging of the latter to read over our new draft of the victualler's contract, and so broke up and home to supper and to bed.

[1] "Leviathan: or the matter, forme and power of a Commonwealth ecclesiasticall and civill," by Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, first published in 1651. It was reprinted in 1680, with its old date. Hobbes's complete works, English and Latin, were published by Sir William Molesworth in sixteen volumes 8vo. between 1839 and 1845.

4th. Up, and met at the Office all the morning; and at noon my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, and W. Hewer and I to the Fair, and there, at the old house, did eat a pig, and was pretty merry, but saw no sights, my wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fayre," with puppets. Which we did, and it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest. And here Knepp come to us, and sat with us, and thence took coach in two coaches, and losing one another, my wife, and Knepp, and I to Hercules Pillars, and there supped, and I did take from her mouth the words and notes of her song of "the Larke," which pleases me mightily. And so set her at home, and away we home, where our company come home before us. This night Knepp tells us that there is a Spanish woman lately come over, that pretends to sing as well as Mrs. Knight; both of which I must endeavour to hear. So, after supper, to bed.

5th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and to the office to work all the afternoon again till the evening, and then by coach to Mr. Hales's new house, where, I find, he hath finished my wife's hand, which is better than the other; and here I find Harris's picture,[1] done in his habit of "Henry the Fifth;"[2] mighty like a player, but I do not think the picture near so good as any yet he hath made for me: however, it is pretty well, and thence through the fair home, but saw nothing, it being late, and so home to my business at the office, and thence to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and got myself ready to go by water, and about nine o'clock took boat with Henry Russell to Gravesend, coming thither about one, where, at the Ship, I dined; and thither come to me Mr. Hosier,[3] whom I went to speak with, about several businesses of work that he is doing, and I would have him do, of writing work, for me.

[1] See *ante*, July 22nd, 1663.
[2] In Lord Orrery's play.
[3] Francis Hosier, Muster-master at Gravesend.

And I did go with him to his lodging, and there did see his wife, a pretty tolerable woman, and do find him upon an extraordinary good work of designing a method of keeping our Storekeeper's Accounts, in the Navy. Here I should have met with Mr. Wilson, but he is sick, and could not come from Chatham to me. So, having done with Hosier, I took boat again the beginning of the flood, and come home by nine at night, with much pleasure, it being a fine day. Going down I spent reading of the "Five Sermons of Five Several Styles,"[1] worth comparing one with another: but I do think, when all is done, that, contrary to the design of the book, the Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best of the five sermons to be preached in; this I do, by the best of my present judgment think, and coming back I spent reading of a book of warrants of our office in the first Dutch war, and do find that my letters and warrants and method will be found another gate's business than this that the world so much adores, and I am glad for my own sake to find it so. My boy was with me, and read to me all day, and we sang a while together, and so home to supper a little, and so to bed.

7th. At the office all the morning, we met, and at noon

[1] By Abraham Wright, Fellow of St. John's Coll., Oxford, afterwards vicar of Oakham, who died in 1690. The title is, "Five Sermons, in Five several Styles, or Waies of Preaching. First, in Bp. Andrews his *way;* before the late King upon the first day of Lent. Second, in Bp. Hall's *way;* before the clergie at the author's own ordination in Christ Church, Oxford. Third, in Dr. Maine's and Mr. Cartwright't *way;* before the Universitie at St. Marie's, Oxford. Fourth, in the Presbyterian *way;* before the Citie, at St. Paul's, London. Fifth, in the Independent *way;* never preached. With an Epistle rendering an account of the author's designe in printing these his sermons, as also of the sermons themselves. . . . Printed for Edward Archer, 1656." Wood says: "The chief end in printing these sermons, was, first, to show the difference between the University and City breeding up of preachers, and to let the people know that any one that hath been bred a scholar is able to preach any way to the capacity and content of an auditory. And, secondly, that none can do this, but they only that have had such education: yet, notwithstanding, ordinary capacities are more taken with cloak and laymen's preaching than that of the gown."

dined at home, and after dinner carried my wife and Deb. to Unthanke's, and I to White Hall with Mr. Gibson, where the rest of our officers met us, and to the Commissioners of the Treasury about the Victualling contract, but staid not long, but thence, sending Gibson to my wife, I with Lord Brouncker (who was this day in an unusual manner merry, I believe with drink), J. Minnes, and W. Pen to Bartholomew-Fair; and there saw the dancing mare again, which, to-day, I find to act much worse than the other day, she forgetting many things, which her master beat her for, and was mightily vexed; and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the little stage-play, which is very ridiculous, and so home to the office with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, and myself (J. Minnes being gone home before not well), and so, after a little talk together, I home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and to St. James's, there to talk a little with Mr. Wren about the private business we are upon, in the Office, where he tells me he finds that they all suspect me to be the author of the great letter,[1] which I value not, being satisfied that it is the best thing I could ever do for myself; and so, after some discourse of this kind more, I back to the Office, where all the morning; and after dinner to it again, all the afternoon, and very late, and then home to supper, where met W. Batelier and Betty Turner, and, after some talk with them, and supper, we to bed. This day, I received so earnest an invitation again from Roger Pepys, to come to Sturbridge-Fair [at Cambridge], that I resolve to let my wife go, which she shall do the next week, and so to bed. This day I received two letters from the Duke of Richmond about his yacht, which is newly taken into the King's service, and I am glad of it, hoping hereby to oblige him, and to have occasions of seeing his noble Duchess, which I admire.

9th. Up, and to the office, and thence to the Duke of Richmond's lodgings by his desire, by letter, yesterday. I

[1] See from August 21st to 27th, 1668, *ante*.

find him at his lodgings in the little building in the bowling-green, at White Hall, that was begun to be built by Captain Rolt.[1] They are fine rooms. I did hope to see his lady, the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, but she, I hear, is in the country. His business was about his yacht, and he seems a mighty good-natured man, and did presently write me a warrant for a doe from Cobham, when the season comes, bucks season being past. I shall make much of this acquaintance, that I may live to see his lady near. Thence to Westminster, to Sir R. Long's Office:[2] and, going, met Mr. George Montagu, who talked and complimented me mightily; and long discourse I had with him, who, for news, tells me for certain that Trevor do come to be Secretary at Michaelmas, and that Morrice goes out, and he believes, without any compensation. He tells me that now Buckingham does rule all; and the other day, in the King's journey he is now on, at Bagshot, and that way, he caused Prince Rupert's horses to be turned out of an inne, and caused his own to be kept there, which the Prince complained of to the King, and the Duke of York seconded the complaint; but the King did over-rule it for Buckingham, by which there are high displeasures among them; and Buckingham and Arlington rule all. Thence by water home and to dinner, and after dinner by water again to White Hall, where Brouncker, W. Pen, and I attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about the victualling-contract, where high words between Sir Thomas Clifford and us, and myself more particularly, who told him that something, that he said was told him about this business, was a flat untruth. However, we went on to our business in the examination of the draught, and so parted, and I vexed at what happened, and Brouncker and W. Pen and I home in a hackney coach. And I all that night so vexed that I did not sleep almost all night, which shows how unfit I am for trouble. So, after a little supper, vexed, and spending a little time melancholy in making a base to the Lark's song, I to bed.

[1] See December 11th, 1667, *ante*.

[2] At the Exchequer, of which he was auditor.

10th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's house, where I staid in his dining-room two hours thinking to speak with him, but I find Garraway and he are private, which I am glad of, Captain Cocke bringing them this day together. Cocke come out and talked to me, but it was too late for me to stay longer, and therefore to the Treasury chamber, where the rest met, and W. Coventry come presently after. And we spent the morning in finishing the Victualler's contract, and so I by water home, and there dined with me Batelier and his wife, and Mercer, and my people, at a good venison-pasty; and after dinner I and W. Howe, who come to see me, by water to the Temple, and met our four women, my wife, M. Batelier, Mercer, and Deb., at the Duke's play-house, and there saw "The Maid in the Mill," revived—a pretty, harmless old play. Thence to Unthanke's, and 'Change, where wife did a little business, while Mercer and I staid in the coach; and, in a quarter of an hour, I taught her the whole Larke's song perfectly, so excellent an eare she hath. Here we at Unthanke's 'light, and walked them to White Hall, my wife mighty angry at it, and did give me ill words before Batelier, which vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but vexed to myself. So landed them, it being fine moonshine, at the Bear,[1] and so took water to the other side, and home. I to the office, where a child is laid at Sir J. Minnes's door, as there was one heretofore. So being good friends again, my wife seeking it, by my being silent I overcoming her, we to bed.

11th. Up, and at my Office all the morning, and after dinner all the afternoon in my house with Batelier shut up, drawing up my defence to the Duke of York upon his great letter, which I have industriously taken this opportunity of doing for my future use. At it late, and my mind and head mighty full of it all night.

12th. At it again in the morning, and then to the Office,

[1] "The Bear at the Bridge foot," at the Southwark end of old London Bridge, on the west side of High Street; pulled down, December, 1761, when the houses on the bridge were removed and the bridge widened.

where till noon, and I do see great whispering among my brethren about their replies to the Duke of York, which vexed me, though I know no reason for it; for I have no manner of ground to fear them. At noon home to dinner, and, after dinner, to work all the afternoon again. At home late, and so to bed.

13th (Lord's day). The like all this morning and afternoon, and finished it to my mind. So about four o'clock walked to the Temple, and there by coach to St. James's, and met, to my wish, the Duke of York and Mr. Wren; and understand the Duke of York hath received answers from Brouncker,[1] W. Pen, and J. Minnes; and as soon as he saw me, he bid Mr. Wren read them over with me. So having no opportunity of talk with the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren some business to do, he put them into my hands like an idle companion, to take home with me before himself had read them, which do give me great opportunity of altering my answer, if there was cause. So took a hackney and home, and after supper made my wife to read them all over, wherein she is mighty useful to me; and I find them all evasions, and in many things false, and in few, to the full purpose. Little said reflective on me, though W. Pen and J. Minnes do mean me in one or two places, and J. Minnes a little more plainly would lead the Duke of York to question the exactness of my keeping my records; but all to no purpose. My mind is mightily pleased by this, if I can but get time to have a copy taken of them, for my future use; but I must return them to-morrow. So to bed.

14th. Up betimes, and walked to the Temple, and stopped, viewing the Exchange, and Paul's, and St. Fayth's, where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick! But no hurt, I hear, hath yet happened in all this work of the steeple, which is very

[1] Lord Brouncker's answer and Sir William Penn's, both dated September 11th, and Sir John Mennes's, dated September 13th, are contained in the MS. in the Pepysian Library previously referred to (No. 2242). Pepys's own answer is dated September 13th.

much. So from the Temple I by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Pen and Lord Anglesey, who delivered this morning his answer to the Duke of York, but I could not see it. But after being above with the Duke of York, but said nothing, I down with Mr. Wren; and he and I read all over that I had, and I expounded them to him, and did so order it that I had them home with me, so that I shall, to my heart's wish, be able to take a copy of them. After dinner, I by water to White Hall; and there, with the Cofferer [1] and Sir Stephen Fox, attended the Commissioners of the Treasury, about bettering our fund; and are promised it speedily. Thence by water home, and so all the afternoon and evening late busy at the office, and then home to supper, and Mrs. Turner comes to see my wife before her journey to-morrow, but she is in bed, and so sat talking to little purpose with me a great while, and, she gone, I to bed.

15th. Up mighty betimes, my wife and people, Mercer lying here all night, by three o'clock, and I about five; and they before, and I after them, to the coach in Bishopsgate Street, which was not ready to set out. So took wife and Mercer and Deb. and W. Hewer (who are all to set out this day for Cambridge, to cozen Roger Pepys's, to see Sturbridge Fayre); and I shewed them the Exchange, which is very finely carried on, with good dispatch. So walked back and saw them gone, there being only one man in the coach besides them; and so home to the Office, where Mrs. Daniel come and staid talking to little purpose with me to borrow money, but I did not lend her any, having not opportunity para hazer allo thing mit her. At the office all the morning, and at noon dined with my people at home, and so to the office again a while, and so by water to the King's playhouse, to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called "The Ladys à la Mode:" [2] so mean a thing as,

[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] No play called "The Ladies à la Mode" has been traced in 1668, or in any earlier or later year. A comedy, entitled "Love à la Mode," was brought out very soon after the Restoration, but it was anonymous.

when they come to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson,[1] and the pit fell a-laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full. Thence to St. James's and White Hall to wait on the Duke of York, but could not come to speak to him till time to go home, and so by water home, and there late at the office and my chamber busy, and so after a little supper to bed.

16th. Up; and dressing myself I did begin para toker the breasts of my maid Jane, which elle did give way to more than usual heretofore, so I have a design to try more when I can bring it to. So to the office, and thence to St. James's to the Duke of York, walking it to the Temple, and in my way observe that the Stockes[2] are now pulled quite down; and it will make the coming into Cornhill and Lumber Street mighty noble. I stopped, too, at Paul's, and there did go into St. Fayth's Church, and also in the body of the west part of the Church; and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the Church ready to fall, that I was in fear as long as I was in it: and here I saw the great vaults underneath the body of the Church. No hurt, I hear, is done yet, since their going to pull down the Church and steeple; but one man, on Monday this

The preface is signed T. S., initials which are believed to stand for T. Southland. A comedy, named "Damoyselles à la Mode," and printed in 1667, 8vo., is mentioned by Langbaine, p. 56, as written by Richard Flecknoe, and dedicated to the Duchess of Newcastle; but it does not appear to have ever been acted, though, in point of title and date, it comes very near what is wanted.

[1] Probably William Beeston, who had been governor of the Cockpit Theatre.

[2] The Stocks Market took its name from a pair of stocks placed near this spot. See December 10th, 1660, *ante*. About 1675 Sir Robert Viner purchased an equestrian statue of John Sobieski trampling down the Turk; which, when it had undergone some necessary alterations, he erected in Stocks Market as Charles II. trampling on Oliver Cromwell. The Mansion House now stands on the site. About 1737 the statue was presented to Robert Viner, the lineal representative of the convivial Lord Mayor, and the market transferred to the space gained by the covering over the Fleet Ditch. This Fleet Market has, in its turn, given place to Farringdon Street.—B.

week, fell from the top to a piece of the roof, of the east end, that stands next the steeple, and there broke himself all to pieces. It is pretty here to see how the late Church was but a case wrought over the old Church; for you may see the very old pillars standing whole within the wall of this. When I come to St. James's, I find the Duke of York gone with the King to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel, the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life-Guard, by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a hackney-coach and saw it all: and indeed it was mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes; but the well-ordering of the men I understand not. Here, among a thousand coaches that were there, I saw and spoke to Mrs. Pierce: and by and by Mr. Wren hunts me out, and gives me my Lord Anglesey's answer to the Duke of York's letter, where, I perceive, he do do what he can to hurt me, by bidding the Duke of York call for my books: but this will do me all the right in the world, and yet I am troubled at it. So away out of the Park, and home; and there Mr. Gibson and I to dinner: and all the afternoon with him, writing over anew, and a little altering, my answer to the Duke of York, which I have not yet delivered, and so have the opportunity of doing it after seeing all their answers, though this do give me occasion to alter very little. This done, he to write it over, and I to the Office, where late, and then home; and he had finished it; and then he to read to me the life of Archbishop Laud,[1] wrote by Dr. Heylin; which is a shrewd book, but that which I believe will do the Bishops in general no great good, but hurt, it pleads for so much Popish. So after supper to bed. This day my father's letters tell me of the death of poor Fancy, in the country, big with puppies, which troubles me, as being one of my oldest acquaintances and servants. Also good Stankes is dead.

17th. Up, and all the morning sitting at the office, where

[1] See note, page 91 of this volume.

every body grown mighty cautious in what they do, or omit to do, and at noon comes Knepp, with design to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me; and after dinner I out with her, and carried her to the playhouse; and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having given her nothing a great while, and her coming hither sometimes having been matter of cost to her, and so I to St. James's, but missed of the Duke of York, and so went back to the King's playhouse, and saw "Rollo, Duke of Normandy,"[1] which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well, and so home and to my business, and to read again, and to bed. This evening Batelier comes to tell me that he was going down to Cambridge to my company, to see the Fair, which vexed me, and the more because I fear he do know that Knepp did dine with me to-day.[2]

18th. Up, and to St. James's, and there took a turn or two in the Park; and then up to the Duke of York, and there had opportunity of delivering my answer to his late letter, which he did not read, but give to Mr. Wren, as looking on it as a thing I needed not have done, but only that I might not give occasion to the rest to suspect my communication with the Duke of York against them. So now I am at rest in that matter, and shall be more, when my copies are finished of their answers, which I am now taking with all speed. Thence to my several booksellers and elsewhere, about several errands, and so at noon home, and after dinner by coach to White Hall, and thither comes the Duke of York to us, and by and by met at the robe chamber upon our usual business, where the Duke of York I find somewhat sour, and particularly angry with Lord Anglesey for his not being there now, nor at other times so often as he should be with us. So to the King's house, and saw a piece of "Henry the Fourth;" at the end of the play, thinking to have gone abroad with Knepp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in "The Silent Woman," and so I only set her at home, and away home

[1] By John Fletcher.

[2] And that he might tell Mrs. Pepys.—B.

myself, and there to read again and sup with Gibson, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so dined with my people at home, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Silent Woman;" the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote; and sitting by Shadwell[1] the poet, he was big with admiration of it. Here was my Lord Brouncker and W. Pen and their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden; but, God knows, it will last but a little while, I dare swear. Knepp did her part mighty well.[2] And so home straight, and to work, and particularly to my cozen Roger, who, W. Hewer and my wife writes me, do use them with mighty plenty and noble entertainment: so home to supper, and to bed. All the news now is, that Mr. Trevor is for certain now to be Secretary, in Morrice's place, which the Duke of York did himself tell me yesterday; and also that Parliament is to be adjourned to the 1st of March, which do please me well, hoping thereby to get my things in a little better order than I should have done; and the less attendances at that end of the town in winter. So home to supper and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and to set some papers to rights in my chamber, and the like in my office, and so to church, at our own church, and heard but a dull sermon of one Dr. Hicks, who is a suitor to Mrs. Howell, the widow of our turner of the Navy; thence home to dinner, staying till past one o'clock for Harris, whom I invited, and to bring Shadwell the poet with him; but they come not, and so a good dinner lost, through my own folly. And so to dinner alone, having since church heard the boy read over Dryden's Reply to Sir R. Howard's Answer, about his Essay of Poesy, and a letter in answer[3] to that; the last whereof is mighty silly, in behalf

[1] Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic writer. Died 1692.

[2] She played Epicene in "The Silent Woman." See Downes's "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708, p. 4.

[3] Peter Cunningham contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" (December, 1850, p. 597) an interesting article on the letter alluded to in

of Howard. Thence walked forth and got a coach and to visit Mrs. Pierce, with whom, and him, I staid a little while, and do hear how the Duchesse of Monmouth is at this time in great trouble of the shortness of her lame leg, which is likely to grow shorter and shorter, that she will never recover[1] it. Thence to St. Margaret's Church, thinking to have seen Betty Michell, but she was not there. So back, and walked to Gray's Inn walks a while, but little company; and so over the fields to Clerkenwell, to see whether I could find that the fair Botelers[2] do live there still, I seeing Frances the other day in a coach with Cary Dillon,[3] her old servant, but know not where she lives. So walked home, and there walked in the garden an hour, it being mighty pleasant weather, and so took my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham home with me and sent for Mrs. Turner, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen and supped with me, a good supper, part of my dinner to-day. They gone, Mrs. Turner staid an hour talking with me. . . . So parted, and I to bed.

21st. Up, and betimes Sir D. Gawden with me talking

the text, which he supposes to have been written by Flecknoe. The title of the letter is as follows: "A Letter from a Gentleman to the Honourable Ed. Howard, Esq., occasioned by a Civiliz'd Epistle of Mr. Dryden's before his Second Edition of his Indian Emperour. In the Savoy, printed by Thomas Newcomb, 1668." The "Civiliz'd Epistle" was a caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard; and the Letter is signed, "Sir, your faithful and humble servant, R. F."—*i.e.*, Richard Flecknoe.

[1] See May 9th and 15th, and July 15th, 1668, *ante*.

[2] Or Butlers. See June 18th, July 24th, August 4th, 1660; June 23rd, August 11th, 1661; December 31st, 1662; March 27th, October 2nd, 1664; April 19th, 1665.

[3] Colonel Cary Dillon was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Roscommon, by his third wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Stroud, of Stoake, in Somersetshire, and widow of Henry, Lord Folliott, of Ballyshannon. See August 19th, 1662 (vol. ii., p. 312). He held several posts under Charles II. and James II., and upon the death, in 1684, of his nephew, the poet, he succeeded as fifth Earl of Roscommon. He married, not Frances Boteler, Pepys's friend, but Katharine, daughter of John Werden, of Chester, and sister of Major-General Robert Werden Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and Comptroller of his Household when king.

about the Victualling business, which is now under dispute for a new contract, or whether it shall be put into a Commission. He gone, comes Mr. Hill to talk with me about Lanyon's business, and so being in haste I took him to the water with me, and so to White Hall, and there left him, and I to Sir W. Coventry, and shewed him my answer to the Duke of York's great letter, which he likes well. We also discoursed about the Victualling business, which he thinks there is a design to put into a way of Commission, but do look upon all things to be managed with faction, and is grieved under it. So to St. James's, and there the Duke of York did of his own accord come to me, and tell me that he had read, and do like of, my answers to the objections which he did give me the other day, about the Navy; and so did W. Coventry too, who told me that the Duke of York had shown him them. So to White Hall a little and the 'Chequer, and then by water home to dinner with my people, where Tong was also this day with me, whom I shall employ for a time, and so out again and by water to Somerset House, but when come thither I turned back and to Southwarke-Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too! And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither come the musick of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, "Yes, many; but never to the breaking of a limb:" he seems a mighty strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away with Payne, the waterman. He, seeing me at the play, did get a link to light me, and so light me to the Beare,[1] where Bland, my waterman, waited for me with gold and other things he kept for me, to the value of £40 and more, which I had about

[1] See note, September 10th, 1668.

me, for fear of my pockets being cut. So by link-light through the bridge, it being mighty dark, but still weather, and so home, where I find my draught of "The Resolution" come, finished, from Chatham; but will cost me, one way or other, about £12 or £13, in the board, frame, and garnishing, which is a little too much, but I will not be beholden to the King's officers that do it. So to supper, and the boy to read to me, and so to bed. This day I met Mr. Moore in the New Exchange, and had much talk of my Lord's concernments. This day also come out first the new five-pieces in gold, coined by the Guiny Company;[1] and I did get two pieces of Mr. Holder.[2]

22nd. Up, and to the Office, where sitting all the morning: at noon, home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening spent my time walking in the dark, in the garden, to favour my eyes, which I find nothing but ease to help. In the garden there comes to me my Lady Pen and Mrs. Turner and Markham, and we sat and talked together, and I carried them home, and there eat a bit of something, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen, and eat with us, and mighty merry—in appearance, at least, he being on all occasions glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another, and know it on both sides. They gone, Mrs. Turner and I to walk in the garden. . . So led her home, and I back to bed. This day Mr. Wren did give me, at the Board, Commissioner Middleton's answer to the Duke of York's great letter; so that now I have all of them.

23rd. At my office busy all the morning. At noon comes Mr. Evelyn to me, about some business with the Office, and there in discourse tells me of his loss, to the value of £500,

[1] Guineas took their name from the gold brought from Guinea by the African Company in 1663, who, as an encouragement to bring over gold to be coined, were permitted by their charter from Charles II. to have their stamp of an elephant upon the coin. When first coined they were valued at 20*s.*, but were worth 30*s.* in 1695. There were likewise five-pound pieces, like the guinea, with the inscription upon the rim.

[2] Probably Thomas Holder of the African House.

which he hath met with, in a late attempt of making of bricks[1] upon an adventure with others, by which he presumed to have got a great deal of money: so that I see the most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken. So to the 'Change a little, and then home to dinner, and then by water to White Hall, to attend the Commissioners of the Treasury with Alderman Backewell, about £10,000 he is to lend us for Tangier, and then up to a Committee of the Council, where was the Duke of York, and they did give us, the Officers of the Navy, the proposals of the several bidders for the victualling of the Navy, for us to give our answer to, which is the best, and whether it be better to victual by commission or contract, and to bring them our answer by Friday afternoon, which is a great deal of work. So thence back with Sir J. Minnes home, and come after us Sir W. Pen and Lord Brouncker, and we fell to the business, and I late when they were gone to digest something of it, and so to supper and to bed.

24th. Up betimes and Sir D. Gawden with me, and I told him all, being very desirous for the King's sake, as well as my own, that he may be kept in it, and after consulting him I to the Office, where we met again and spent most of the morning about this business, and no other, and so at noon home to dinner, and then close with Mr. Gibson till night, drawing up our answer, which I did the most part by seven at night, and so to Lord Brouncker and the rest at his lodgings to read it, and they approved of it. So back home to supper, and made my boy read to me awhile, and then to bed.

[1] At the end of the year 1666 a Dutchman of the Prince of Orange's party, named Kiviet, came over to England with proposals for embanking the river from the Temple to the Tower with brick, and was knighted by the king. He was introduced to Evelyn, whom he persuaded to join with him in a great undertaking for the making of bricks. On March 26th, 1667, the two went in search of brick-earth, and in September articles were drawn up between them for the purpose of proceeding in the manufacture. In April, 1668, Evelyn subscribed 50,000 bricks for the building of a college for the Royal Society, in addition to £50 given previously for the same purpose. No more information on the subject is given in Evelyn's "Diary."

25th. Up, and Sir D. Gawden with me betimes to confer again about this business, and he gone I all the morning finishing our answer, which I did by noon, and so to dinner, and W. Batelier with me, who is lately come from Impington, beyond which I perceive he went not, whatever his pretence at first was ; and so he tells me how well and merry all are there, and how nobly used by my cozen. He gone, after dinner I to work again, and Gibson having wrote our answer fair and got Brouncker and the rest to sign it, I by coach to White Hall to the Committee of the Council, which met late, and Brouncker and J. Minnes with me, and there the Duke of York present (but not W. Coventry, who I perceive do wholly avoid to have to do publickly in this business, being shy of appearing in any Navy business, which I telling him the other day that I thought the King might suffer by it, he told me that the occasion is now so small that it cannot be fatal to the service, and for the present it is better for him not to appear, saying that it may fare the worse for his appearing in it as things are now governed), where our answer was read and debated, and some hot words between the Duke of York and Sir T. Clifford, the first for and the latter against Gawden, but the whole put off to to-morrow's Council, for till the King goes out of town the next week the Council sits every day. So with the Duke of York and some others to his closet, and Alderman Backewell about a Committee of Tangier, and there did agree upon a price for pieces of eight at 4*s.* 6*d.* Present the Duke of York, Arlington, Berkeley, Sir J. Minnes, and myself. They gone, the Duke of York did tell me how hot Clifford is for Child, and for removing of old Officers, he saying plainly to-night, that though D. Gawden was a man that had done the best service that he believed any man, or any ten men, could have done, yet that it was for the King's interest not to let it lie too long in one hand, lest nobody should be able to serve him but one. But the Duke of York did openly tell him that he was not for removing of old servants that have done well, neither in this place, nor in any other place, which is very nobly said. It being 7 or 8 at

night, I home with Backewell by coach, and so walked to D. Gawden's, but he not at home, and so back to my chamber, the boy to read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

26th. Could sleep but little last night, for my concernments in this business of the victualling for Sir D. Gawden, so up in the morning and he comes to me, and there I did tell him all, and give him my advice, and so he away, and I to the office, where we met and did a little business, and I left them and by water to attend the Council, which I did all the morning, but was not called in, but the Council meets again in the afternoon on purpose about it. So I at noon to Westminster Hall and there stayed a little, and at the Swan also, thinking to have got Doll Lane thither, but elle did not understand my signs; and so I away and walked to Charing Cross, and there into the great new Ordinary, by my Lord Mulgrave's,[1] being led thither by Mr. Beale, one of Oliver's, and now of the King's Guards; and he sat with me while I had two grilled pigeons, very handsome and good meat: and there he and I talked of our old acquaintances, W. Clerke and others, he being a very civil man, and so walked to Westminster and there parted, and I to the Swan again, but did nothing, and so to White Hall, and there attended the King and Council, who met and heard our answer. I present, and then withdrew; and they spent two hours at least afterwards about it, and at last rose; and to my great content, the Duke of York, at coming out, told me that it was carried for D. Gawden at *6d.*, *8d.*, and $8\frac{3}{4}d.$; but with great difficulty, I understand, both from him and others, so much that Sir Edward Walker told me that he prays to God he may never live to need to plead his merit, for D. Gawden's sake; for that it hath stood him in no stead in this business at all, though both he and all the world that speaks of him, speaks of him as the most deserving man of any servant of

[1] John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, 1694, and Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire, 1703. He was succeeded, 1721, by his only son, Edmund, with whom all the honours became extinct in 1735.

the King's in the whole nation, and so I think he is : but it is done, and my heart is glad at it. So I took coach and away, and in Holborne overtook D. Gawden's coach, and stopped and went home, and Gibson to come after, and to my house, where D. Gawden did talk a little, and he do mightily acknowledge my kindness to him, and I know I have done the King and myself good service in it. So he gone, and myself in mighty great content in what is done, I to the office a little, and then home to supper, and the boy to read to me, and so to bed. This noon I went to my Lady Peterborough's house, and talked with her about the money due to her Lord, and it gives me great trouble, her importunity and impertinency about it. This afternoon at Court I met with Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come out of the country, who tells me that Creed's business [1] with Mrs. Pickering will do, which I am neither troubled nor glad at.

27th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office to finish my journall for five days past, and so abroad and walked to White Hall, calling in at Somerset House Chapel, and also at the Spanish Embassador's at York House, and there did hear a little masse : and so to White Hall ; and there the King being gone to Chapel, I to walk all the morning in the Park, where I met Mr. Wren ; and he and I walked together in the Pell-Mell, it being most summer weather that ever was seen : and here talking of several things : of the corruption of the Court, and how unfit it is for ingenious men, and himself particularly, to live in it, where a man cannot live but he must spend, and cannot get suitably, without breach of his honour : and did thereupon tell me of the basest thing of my Lord Barkeley, one of the basest things that ever was heard of of a man, which was this :—how the Duke of York's Commissioners do let his wine-licenses at a bad rate, and being offered a better, they did persuade the Duke of York to give some satisfaction to the former to quit it, and let it to the latter, which being done, my Lord Barkeley did make the bargain for the former

[1] Their marriage, which took place soon after.

to have £1,500 a-year to quit it; whereof, since, it is come to light that they were to have but £800 and himself £700, which the Duke of York hath ever since for some years paid, though this second bargain hath been broken, and the Duke of York lost by it, [half] of what the first was. He told me that there hath been a seeming accommodation between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington, the two latter desiring it; but yet that there is not true agreement between them, but they do labour to bring in all new creatures into play, and the Duke of York do oppose it, as particularly in this of Sir D. Gawden. Thence, he gone, I to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard some good singing; and so to White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner: and thence with Sir Stephen Fox to dinner: and the Cofferer[1] with us; and there mighty kind usage, and good discourse. Thence spent all the afternoon walking in the Park, and then in the evening at Court, on the Queen's side; and there met Mr. Godolphin,[2] who tells me that the news is true we heard yesterday, of my Lord Sandwich's being come to Mount's-Bay, in Cornwall, and so I heard this afternoon at Mrs. Pierce's, whom I went to make a short visit to. This night, in the Queen's drawing-room, my Lord Brouncker told me the difference that is now between the three Embassadors here, the Venetian,[3] French,[4] and Spaniard;[5] the third not being willing to make a visit to the first, because he would not receive him at the door; who is willing to give him as much respect as he did to the French, who was used no otherwise, and who refuses now to take more of him, upon being desired thereto, in order to the making an accommodation in this matter, which

[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] Sidney Godolphin.

[3] Pietro Mocenigo, of whose entry into London, on the 17th September, 1668, an account is given in Evelyn's "Diary," and in Bp. Kennett's "Complete History," vol. iii., p. 271. A MS. copy of his relation of his embassy is in the British Museum. He was afterwards ambassador to Rome.—B.

[4] Charles Colbert. See August 8th, 1668.

[5] Count De Dona.

is very pretty. So a boat staying for me all this evening, I home in the dark about eight at night, and so over the ruins from the Old Swan home with great trouble, and so to hear my boy read a little, and supper and to bed. This evening I found at home Pelling and Wallington and one Aldrige, and we supped and sung.

28th. Up betimes, and Knepp's maid comes to me, to tell me that the women's day [1] at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there, to encrease their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty [2] that comes to me half-a-crown for coming, and had a baiser or two—elle being mighty jolie. And so I about my business. By water to St. James's, and there had good opportunity of speaking with the Duke of York, who desires me again, talking on that matter, to prepare something for him to do for the better managing of our Office, telling me that, my Lord Keeper and he talking about it yesterday, my Lord Keeper did advise him to do so, it being better to come from him than otherwise, which I have promised to do. Thence to my Lord Burlington's house,[3] the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir John Denham, next to Clarendon House; and here I visited my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady; Mr. Sidney Montagu being come last night to town unexpectedly from Mount's Bay, where he left my Lord well, eight days since, so as we may now hourly expect to hear of his arrival at Portsmouth. Sidney is mighty grown; and I am glad I am here to see him at his first coming, though it cost me dear, for here I come to be necessitated to supply them with £500 for my Lord.[4] He sent him up with a declaration to his friends, of the necessity of his being presently supplied with £2,000; but I

[1] Their benefit.

[2] See May 16th, 1668.

[3] In Piccadilly; now, after many alterations, occupied by the Royal Academy and scientific societies. The original house was probably built by Sir John Denham for Lord Burlington, from what is stated, February 20th, 1664-65, *ante*.

[4] Pepys's letter to Lord Sandwich on the subject, September 29th, 1668, was published in Lord Braybrooke's edition of the correspondence.

do not think he will get one. However, I think it becomes my duty to my Lord to do something extraordinary in this, and the rather because I have been remiss in writing to him during this voyage, more than ever I did in my life, and more indeed than was fit for me. By and by comes Sir W. Godolphin to see Mr. Sidney, who, I perceive, is much dissatisfied that he should come to town last night, and not yet be with my Lord Arlington, who, and all the town, hear of his being come to town, and he did, it seems, take notice of it to Godolphin this morning: so that I perceive this remissness in affairs do continue in my Lord's managements still, which I am sorry for; but, above all, to see in what a condition my Lord is for money, that I dare swear he do not know where to take up £500 of any man in England at this time, upon his word, but of myself, as I believe by the sequel hereof it will appear. Here I first saw and saluted my Lady Burlington,[1] a very fine-speaking lady, and a good woman, but old, and not handsome; but a brave woman in her parts. Here my Lady Hinchingbroke tells me that she hath bought most of the wedding-clothes for Mrs. Pickering, so that the thing[2] is gone through, and will soon be ended; which I wonder at, but let them do as they will. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing of a letter, do set my periwigg a-fire, which made such an odd noise, nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame, my back being to the candle. Thence to Westminster Hall and there walked a little, and to the Exchequer, and so home by water, and after eating a bit I to my vintner's, and there did only look upon su wife, which is mighty handsome; and so to my glove and ribbon shop, in

[1] Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir to Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, wife of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Burlington. All the estates of these families came to the Cavendish family by the marriage of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, with Lady Charlotte Boyle, heiress of Richard, last Earl of Burlington and Cork. The title of Burlington was revived for her son, Lord George Cavendish, and is now merged in the dukedom of Devonshire, the father of the present duke having held the earldom from 1834 to 1858, when he succeeded as seventh duke.

[2] The marriage with Creed.

Fenchurch Street, and did the like there. And there, stopping against the door of the shop, saw Mrs. Horsfall,[1] now a late widow, in a coach. I to her, and shook her by the hand, and so she away ; and I by coach towards the King's playhouse, and meeting W. Howe took him with me, and there saw "The City Match ;"[2] not acted these thirty years, and but a silly play : the King and Court there ; the house, for the women's sake, mighty full. So I to White Hall, and there all the evening on the Queen's side ; and it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening, the Italians come in a barge under the leads, before the Queen's drawing-room ; and so the Queen and ladies went out, and heard them, for almost an hour : and it was indeed very good together ; but yet there was but one voice that alone did appear considerable, and that was Seignor Joanni.[3] This done, by and by they went in ; and here I saw Mr. Sidney Montagu kiss the Queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him, and the ladies looked mightily on him ; and the King come by and by, and did talk to him. So I away by coach with Alderman Backewell home, who is mighty kind to me, more than ordinary, in his expressions. But I do hear this day what troubles me, that Sir W. Coventry is quite out of play, the King seldom speaking to him ; and that there is a design of making a Lord Treasurer, and that my Lord Arlington shall be the man ; but I cannot believe it. But yet the Duke of Buckingham hath it in his mind, and those with him, to make a thorough alteration in things ; and, among the rest, Coventry to be out. The Duke of York did this day tell me how hot the whole party was in the business of Gawden ;[4] and particularly, my Lord Anglesey tells me, the Duke of Buckingham, for Child against Gawden ; but the Duke of York did stand stoutly to it. So home to read and sup, and to bed.

[1] Probably the same as Mrs. Horsfield. See May 18th, 1668.

[2] A comedy by Jasper Maine, D.D.

[3] Probably Giovanni Baptista Draghi. See note, February 12th, 1666-67 (vol. vi., p. 171).

[4] See September 26th, *ante*.

29th (Tuesday, Michaelmas day). Up, and to the Office, where all the morning.

* * * * * *

October 11th (Lord's day [1]). Up and to church, where I find Parson Mills come to town and preached, and the church full, most people being now come home to town, though the season of year is as good as summer in all respects. At noon dined at home with my wife, all alone, and busy all the afternoon in my closet, making up some papers with W. Hewer, and at night comes Mr. Turner and his wife, and there they tell me that Mr. Harper [2] is dead at Deptford, and so now all his and my care is, how to secure his being Storekeeper in his stead; and here they and their daughter, and a kinswoman that come along with them, did sup with me, and pretty merry, and then, they gone, and my wife to read to me, and to bed.

12th. Up, and with Mr. Turner by water to White Hall, there to think to enquire when the Duke of York will be in town, in order to Mr. Turner's going down to Audley End,[3] about his place; and here I met in St. James's Park with one that told us that the Duke of York would be in town to-morrow, and so Turner parted and went home, and I also did stop my intentions of going to the Court, also this day, about securing Mr. Turner's place of Petty-purveyor to Mr. Hater. So I to my Lord Brouncker's, thinking to have gone and spoke to him

[1] In this part of the "Diary" no entry occurs for thirteen days, though there are several pages left blank. During the interval Pepys went into the country, as he subsequently mentions his having been at Saxham, in Suffolk, during the king's visit to Lord Crofts, which took place at this time (see October 23rd, *post*). He might also probably have gone to Impington to fetch his wife, whom we find dining at her home on the 11th October. At all events, the pages left blank were never filled up.—B.

[2] Thomas Harper.

[3] "Her Majesty, attended by several ladies of the Court, left Whitehall for Audley End on the 6th October, where His Majesty was expected, after having divertised himself at Newmarket. The Court remained at Audley End till the 14th."—*The London Gazette*, No. 302.—B.

about it, but he is gone out to town till night, and so, meeting a gentleman of my Lord Middleton's looking for me about the payment of the £1,000 lately ordered to his Lord, in advance of his pay, which shall arise upon his going Governor to Tangier, I did go to his Lord's lodgings, and there spoke the first time with him, and find him a shrewd man, but a drinking man, I think, as the world says; but a man that hath seen much of the world, and is a Scot. I offered him my service, though I can do him little; but he sends his man home with me, where I made him stay, till I had gone to Sir W. Pen, to bespeak him about Mr. Hater, who, contrary to my fears, did appear very friendly, to my great content; for I was afraid of his appearing for his man Burroughs. But he did not; but did declare to me afterwards his intentions to desire an excuse in his own business, to be eased of the business of the Comptroller, his health not giving him power to stay always in town, but he must go into the country. I did say little to him but compliment, having no leisure to think of his business, or any man's but my own, and so away and home, where I find Sir H. Cholmly come to town; and is come hither to see me: and he is a man that I love mightily, as being, of a gentleman, the most industrious that ever I saw. He staid with me awhile talking, and telling me his obligations to my Lord Sandwich, which I was glad of; and that the Duke of Buckingham is now chief of all men in this kingdom, which I knew before; and that he do think the Parliament will hardly ever meet again; which is a great many men's thoughts, and I shall not be sorry for it. He being gone, I with my Lord Middleton's servant to Mr. Colvill's, but he was not in town, and so he parted, and I home, and there to dinner, and Mr. Pelling with us; and thence my wife and Mercer, and W. Hewer and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and I afterwards by water with them, and there we did heár the Eunuch (who, it seems, is a Frenchman, but long bred in Italy) sing, which I seemed to take as new to me, though I saw him on Saturday last, but said nothing of it; but such action and singing I could never have imagined to have heard, and do make good whatever Tom Hill used to

tell me. Here we met with Mr. Batelier and his sister, and so they home with us in two coaches, and there at my house staid and supped, and this night my bookseller Shrewsbury comes, and brings my books of Martyrs, and I did pay him for them, and did this night make the young women before supper to open all the volumes for me. So to supper, and after supper to read a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen,[1] for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense, that I was ashamed to read in it. So they gone, we to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, and before the office did speak with my Lord Brouncker, and there did get his ready assent to T. Hater's having of Mr. Turner's place, and so Sir J. Minnes's also: but when we come to sit down at the Board, comes to us Mr. Wren this day to town, and tells me that James Southern do petition the Duke of York for the Storekeeper's place of Deptford, which did trouble me much, and also the Board, though, upon discourse, after he was gone, we did resolve to move hard for our Clerks, and that places of preferment may go according to seniority and merit. So, the Board up, I home with my people to dinner, and so to the office again, and there, after doing some business, I with Mr. Turner to the Duke of Albemarle's at night; and there did speak to him about his appearing to Mr. Wren a friend to Mr. Turner, which he did take kindly from me; and so away thence, well pleased with what we had now done, and so I with him home, stopping at my Lord Brouncker's, and getting his hand to a letter I wrote to the Duke of York for T. Hater, and also at my Lord Middleton's, to give him an account of what I had done this day, with his man, at Alderman Backewell's, about the getting

[1] Penn's first work, entitled, "Truth exalted, in a short but sure testimony against all those religions, faiths, and worships, that have been formed and followed, in the darkness of apostacy; and for that glorious light which is now risen, and shines forth, in the life and doctrine of the despised Quakers . . . . by W. Penn, whom divine love constrains, in holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the Majesty of Him who is invisible." London, 1668.—B.

of his £1,000 paid ;[1] and here he did take occasion to discourse about the business of the Dutch war, which, he says, he was always an enemy to; and did discourse very well of it, I saying little, but pleased to hear him talk ; and to see how some men may by age come to know much, and yet by their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable. I did this day find by discourse with somebody, that this nobleman was the great Major-General Middleton, that was of the Scots army, in the beginning of the late war against the King. Thence home and to the office to finish my letters, and so home and did get my wife to read to me, and then Deb to comb my head. . . .

14th. Up, and by water, stopping at Michell's, and there saw Betty, but could have no discourse with her, but there drank. To White Hall, and there walked to St. James's, where I find the Court mighty full, it being the Duke of York's birthday ; and he mighty fine, and all the musick, one after another, to my great content. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly ; and he and I to walk, and to my Lord Barkeley's new house,[2] there to see a new experiment of a cart, which, by having two little wheeles fastened to the axle-tree, is said to make it go with half the ease and more, than another cart ; but we did not see the trial made. Thence I home, and after dinner to St. James's, and there met my brethren ; but the Duke of York being gone out, and to-night being a play there, and a great festival, we would not stay, but went all of us to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Faythful Shepherdess" again, that we might hear the French Eunuch sing, which we did, to our great content ; though I do admire his action as much as his singing, being both beyond all I ever

[1] It was probably for this payment that the tally was obtained, the loss of which caused Pepys so much anxiety. See November 26th, 1668, *post*.—B.

[2] See the description of this mansion in Evelyn's "Diary," September 25th, 1672. A small view of it, taken from an old map, is given in the notes to his "Memoir of Mrs. Godolphin." The house was destroyed by fire, October 16th, 1733, and rebuilt by William Kent for the third Duke of Devonshire. This is the existing Devonshire House.

saw or heard. Thence with W. Pen home, and there to get my people to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

15th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at home at dinner, where, after dinner, my wife and I and Deb. out by coach to the upholster's in Long Lane, Alderman Reeve's, and then to Alderman Crow's, to see variety of hangings, and were mightily pleased therewith, and spent the whole afternoon thereupon; and at last I think we shall pitch upon the best suit of Apostles, where three pieces for my room will come to almost £80: so home, and to my office, and then home to supper and to bed. This day at the Board comes unexpected the warrants from the Duke of York for Mr. Turner and Hater, for the places they desire, which contents me mightily.

16th. Up, and busy all the morning at the office, and before noon I took my wife by coach, and Deb., and shewed her Mr. Wren's hangings and bed, at St. James's, and Sir W. Coventry's in the Pell-Mell, for our satisfaction in what we are going to buy; and so by Mr. Crow's, home, about his hangings, and do pitch upon buying his second suit of Apostles—the whole suit, which comes to £83; and this we think the best for us, having now the whole suit, to answer any other rooms or service. So home to dinner, and with Mr. Hater by water to St. James's: there Mr. Hater, to give Mr. Wren thanks for his kindness about his place that he hath lately granted him, of Petty Purveyor of petty emptions, upon the removal of Mr. Turner to be Storekeeper at Deptford, on the death of Harper. And then we all up to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business, and so I with J. Minnes home, and there finding my wife gone to my aunt Wight's, to see her the first time after her coming to town, and indeed the first time, I think, these two years (we having been great strangers one to the other for a great while), I to them; and there mighty kindly used, and had a barrel of oysters, and so to look up and down their house, they having hung a room since I was there, but with hangings not fit to be seen with mine, which I find all come home to-night, and here

staying an hour or two we home, and there to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and at noon home to dinner, and to the office all the afternoon, and then late home, and there with much pleasure getting Mr. Gibbs, that writes well, to write the name upon my new draught of "The Resolution;" and so set it up, and altered the situation of some of my pictures in my closet, to my extraordinary content, and at it with much pleasure till almost 12 at night. Mr. Moore and Seymour were with me this afternoon, who tell me that my Lord Sandwich was received mighty kindly by the King, and is in exceeding great esteem with him, and the rest about him; but I doubt it will be hard for him to please both the King and the Duke of York, which I shall be sorry for. Mr. Moore tells me the sad condition my Lord is in, in his estate and debts; and the way he now lives in, so high, and so many vain servants about him, that he must be ruined, if he do not take up, which, by the grace of God, I will put him upon, when I come to see him.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and with my boy Tom all the morning altering the places of my pictures with great pleasure, and at noon to dinner, and then comes Mr. Shales to see me, and I with him to recommend him to my Lord Brouncker's service, which I did at Madam Williams's, and my Lord receives him. Thence with Brouncker to Lincolne's Inn, and Mr. Ball, to visit Dr. Wilkins, now newly Bishop of Chester: and he received us mighty kindly; and had most excellent discourse from him about his Book of Reall Character:[1] and so I with Lord Brouncker to White Hall, and there saw the Queen and some ladies, and with Lord Brouncker back, it again being a rainy evening, and so my Lord forced to lend me his coach till I got a hackney, which I did, and so home and to supper, and got my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and to my office to set down my Journall for

[1] See May 15th, 1668.

some days past, and so to other business. At the office all the morning upon some business of Sir W. Warren's, and at noon home to dinner, and thence out by coach with my wife and Deb. and Mr. Harman, the upholster, and carried them to take measure of Mr. Wren's bed at St. James's, I being resolved to have just such another made me, and thence set him down in the Strand, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there saw, the first time acted, "The Queene of Arragon,"[1] an old Blackfriars' play, but an admirable one, so good that I am astonished at it, and wonder where it hath lain asleep all this while, that I have never heard of it before. Here met W. Batelier and Mrs. Hunt, Deb.'s aunt; and saw her home—a very witty woman, and one that knows this play, and understands a play mighty well. Left her at home in Jewen Street, and we home, and to supper, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office all the morning, and then home to dinner, having this day a new girl come to us in the room of Nell, who is lately, about four days since, gone away, being grown lazy and proud. This girl to stay only till we have a boy, which I intend to keep when I have a coach, which I am now about. At this time my wife and I mighty busy laying out money in dressing up our best chamber, and thinking of a coach and coachman and horses, &c.; and the more because of Creed's being now married to Mrs. Pickering; a thing I could never have expected, but it is done about seven or ten days since, as I hear out of the country. At noon home to dinner, and my wife and Harman and girl abroad to buy things, and I walked out to several places to pay debts, and among other things to look out for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one[2] for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily, and I believe I shall have it. So to my tailor's, and the New Exchange, and so by coach home, and there, having this day bought "The Queene of

[1] A tragi-comedy by William Habington. Upon its revival the prologue and epilogue were written by Butler, the author of "Hudibras."—B.

[2] In Cow Lane.

Arragon" play, I did get my wife and W. Batelier to read it over this night by 11 o'clock, and so to bed.

21st. Lay pretty long talking with content with my wife about our coach and things, and so to the office, where Sir D. Gawden was to do something in his accounts. At noon to dinner to Mr. Batelier's, his mother coming this day a-house-warming to him, and several friends of his, to which he invited us. Here mighty merry, and his mother the same; I heretofore took her for a gentlewoman, and understanding. I rose from table before the rest, because under an obligation to go to my Lord Brouncker's, where to meet several gentlemen of the Royal Society, to go and make a visit to the French Embassador Colbert, at Leicester House,[1] he having endeavoured to make one or two to my Lord Brouncker, as our President, but he was not within, but I come too late, they being gone before: but I followed to Leicester House;[2] but they are gone in and up before me; and so I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I shewed her the coach which I pitch on, and she is out of herself for joy almost. But the man not within, so did nothing more towards an agreement, but to Mr. Crow's about a bed, to have his advice, and so home, and there had my wife to read to me, and so to supper and to bed. *Memorandum:* that from Crow's, we went back to Charing Cross, and there left my people at their tailor's, while I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, who come to town the last night, and is come thither to lye: and met with him within: and among others my new cozen Creed, who looks mighty soberly; and he and I saluted one another with mighty gravity, till we come to a little more freedom of talk about it. But here I hear that Sir Gilbert Pickering is lately dead, about three days since, which makes some sorrow there, though not much, because of his being long expected to die, having been in a lethargy long. So waited on my Lord to

[1] There is a picture of Leicester House at Penshurst.—B.

[2] It occupied the north side of the present Leicester Square. Lisle Street and Sidney's Alley preserve some of the names.—B.

Court, and there staid and saw the ladies awhile: and thence to my wife, and took them up; and so home, and to supper and bed.

22nd. Up, and W. Batelier's Frenchman, a perriwigg maker, comes and brings me a new one, which I liked and paid him for: a mighty genteel fellow. So to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with wife and Deb. to Crow's, and there did see some more beds; and we shall, I think, pitch upon a camlott one, when all is done. Thence sent them home, and I to Arundell House, where the first time we[1] have met since the vacation, and not much company: but here much good discourse, and afterwards my Lord and others and I to the Devil tavern,[2] and there eat and drank, and so late, with Mr. Colwell, home by coach; and at home took him with me, and there found my uncle Wight and aunt, and Woolly and his wife, and there supped, and mighty merry. And anon they gone, and Mrs. Turner staid, who was there also to talk of her husband's business; and the truth is, I was the less pleased to talk with her, for that she hath not yet owned, in any fit manner of thanks, my late and principal service to her husband about his place, which I alone ought to have the thanks for, if they know as much as I do; but let it go: if they do not own it, I shall have it in my hand to teach them to do it. So to bed. This day word come for all the Principal Officers to bring them [the Commissioners of Accounts] their patents, which I did in the afternoon, by leaving it at their office, but am troubled at what should be their design therein.

23rd. Up, and plasterers at work and painters about my house. Commissioner Middleton and I to St. James's, where with the rest of our company we attended on our usual business the Duke of York. Thence I to White Hall, to my Lord Sandwich's, where I find my Lord within, but busy, private; and so I staid a little talking with the young gentlemen: and

[1] The Royal Society, which met after an interval of ten weeks (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 313).

[2] In Fleet Street.

so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburne, to see the people executed; but come too late, it being done; two men and a woman hanged,[1] and so back again and to my coachmaker's, and there did come a little nearer agreement for the coach, and so to Duck Lane, and there my bookseller's, and saw his moher, but elle is so bigbellied that elle is not worth seeing. So home, and there all alone to dinner, my wife and W. Hewer being gone to Deptford to see her mother, and so I to the office all the afternoon. In the afternoon comes my cozen, Sidney Pickering,[2] to bring my wife and me his sister's Favour for her wedding, which is kindly done, and he gone, I to business again, and in the evening home, made my wife read till supper time, and so to bed. This day Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sidly and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night with their arses bare, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels[3] to answer it next Sessions: which is a horrid shame. How the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing them all the bawdy songs they could think of. How Sir W. Coventry was brought the other day to the Duchesse of York by the Duke, to kiss her hand; who did acknowledge his unhappiness to occasion her so much sorrow, declaring his intentions in it, and praying her pardon; which she did give him upon his promise to make good his pretences of innocence to her family, by his faithfulness to his master, the Duke of York. That the Duke of Buckingham is now all in all, and will ruin Coventry, if he can: and that W. Coventry do now rest wholly upon the Duke

[1] There is reason to believe that the gallows at Tyburn stood on the site of Connaught Place, and near its south-west corner, though No. 49, Connaught Square, is said by some to be on the spot.

[2] Mrs. Creed's brother.

[3] An expression probably taking its rise from the custom of fastening people by their feet in the stocks.—B.

of York for his standing, which is a great turn. He tells me that my Lady Castlemayne, however, is a mortal enemy to the Duke of Buckingham, which I understand not; but, it seems, she is disgusted with his greatness, and his ill usage of her. That the King was drunk at Saxam[1] with Sidly, Buckhurst, &c., the night that my Lord Arlington come thither, and would not give him audience, or could not: which is true, for it was the night that I was there, and saw the King go up to his chamber, and was told that the King had been drinking. He tells me, too, that the Duke of York did the next day chide Bab. May for his occasioning the King's giving himself up to these gentlemen, to the neglecting of my Lord Arlington: to which he answered merrily, that, by God, there was no man in England that had heads to lose, durst do what they do, every day, with the King, and asked the Duke of York's pardon: which is a sign of a mad world. God bless us out of it!

24th. This morning comes to me the coachmaker,[2] and agreed with me for £53, and stand to the courtesy of what more I should give him upon the finishing of the coach:[3] he is likely also to fit me with a coachman. There comes also to me Mr. Shotgrave, the operator of our Royal Society, to show me his method of making the Tubes for the eyes, which are clouterly done, so that mine are better, but I have well informed myself in several things from him, and so am glad of speaking with him. So to the office, where all the morning, and then to dinner, and so all the afternoon late at the office, and so home, and my wife to read to me, and then with much content to bed. This day Lord Brouncker tells me that the making

[1] Little Saxham, near Bury St. Edmund's. The manor house then belonged to William, Baron Crofts; it was taken down in 1771. "My last told your Grace I was going into the country to pass my Christmas at my Lord Crofts; and when I tell you that the Duke of Bucks and George Porter were there, you will not doubt but we passed it merrily" (Lord Arlington to the Duke of Ormond, Oxford, January 9th, 1666—"Miscellanea Aulica," p. 371).

[2] See October 20th, *ante*.

[3] See November 29th, *post*.

Sir J. Minnes a bare Commissioner[1] is now in doing, which I am glad of; but he speaks of two new Commissioners, which I do not believe.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and discoursing with my wife about our house and many new things we are doing of, and so to church I, and there find Jack Fenn come, and his wife, a pretty black woman: I never saw her before, nor took notice of her now. So home and to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon got my wife and boy to read to me, and at night W. Batelier comes and sups with us; and, after supper, to have my head combed by Deb., which occasioned the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world, for my wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl. . . . I was at a wonderful loss upon it, and the girle also, and I endeavoured to put it off, but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and so her voice come to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little, but to bed, and my wife said little also, but could not sleep all night, but about two in the morning waked me and cried, and fell to tell me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholique and had received the Holy Sacrament, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw, but yet I did not know how much she saw, and therefore said nothing to her. But after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy and preferring a sorry girl before her, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, and foreswore any hurt that I did with her, till at last she seemed to be at ease again, and so toward morning a little sleep, and so I with some little repose and rest

26th. Rose, and up and by water to White Hall, but with my mind mightily troubled for the poor girle, whom I fear I have undone by this, my [wife] telling me that she would turn her out of doors. However, I was obliged to attend the Duke of York, thinking to have had a meeting

[1] He continued to hold the office of Comptroller of the Navy until his death in 1671.

of Tangier to-day, but had not; but he did take me and Mr. Wren into his closet, and there did press me to prepare what I had to say upon the answers of my fellow-officers to his great letter, which I promised to do against his coming to town again, the next week; and so to other discourse, finding plainly that he is in trouble, and apprehensions of the Reformers, and would be found to do what he can towards reforming, himself. And so thence to my Lord Sandwich's, where, after long stay, he being in talk with others privately, I to him; and there he, taking physic and keeping his chamber, I had an hour's talk with him about the ill posture of things at this time, while the King gives countenance to Sir Charles Sidly and Lord Buckhurst, telling him their late story of running up and down the streets a little while since all night, and their being beaten and clapped up all night by the constable, who is since chid and imprisoned for his pains. He tells me that he thinks his matters do stand well with the King, and hopes to have dispatch to his mind; but I doubt it, and do see that he do fear it, too. He told me my Lady Carteret's trouble about my writing of that letter of the Duke of York's lately to the Office, which I did not own, but declared to be of no injury to G. Carteret, and that I would write a letter to him to satisfy him therein. But this I am in pain how to do, without doing myself wrong, and the end I had, of preparing a justification to myself hereafter, when the faults of the Navy come to be found out: however, I will do it in the best manner I can. Thence by coach home and to dinner, finding my wife mightily discontented, and the girle sad, and no words from my wife to her. So after dinner they out with me about two or three things, and so home again, I all the evening busy, and my wife full of trouble in her looks, and anon to bed, where about midnight she wakes me, and there falls foul of me again, affirming that she saw me hug and kiss the girle; the latter I denied, and truly, the other I confessed and no more, and upon her pressing me did offer to give her under my hand that I would never see Mrs. Pierce more nor Knepp, but did promise her

particular demonstrations of my true love to her, owning some indiscretions in what I did, but that there was no harm in it. She at last upon these promises was quiet, and very kind we were, and so to sleep, and

27th. In the morning up, but my mind troubled for the poor girle, with whom I could not get opportunity to speak, but to the office, my mind mighty full of sorrow for her, to the office, where all the morning, and to dinner with my people, and to the office all the afternoon, and so at night home, and there busy to get some things ready against to-morrow's meeting of Tangier, and that being done, and my clerks gone, my wife did towards bedtime begin to be in a mighty rage from some new matter that she had got in her head, and did most part of the night in bed rant at me in most high terms of threats of publishing my shame, and when I offered to rise would have rose too, and caused a candle to be light to burn by her all night in the chimney while she ranted, while the knowing myself to have given some grounds for it, did make it my business to appease her all I could possibly, and by good words and fair promises did make her very quiet, and so rested all night, and rose with perfect good peace, being heartily afflicted for this folly of mine that did occasion it, but was forced to be silent about the girle, which I have no mind to part with, but much less that the poor girle should be undone by my folly. So up with mighty kindness from my wife and a thorough peace, and being up did by a note advise the girle what I had done and owned, which note I was in pain for till she told me she had burned it. This evening Mr. Spong come, and sat late with me, and first told me of the instrument called parallelogram,[1] which I must have one of, shewing me his practice thereon, by a map of England.

28th. So by coach with Mr. Gibson to Chancery Lane, and there made oath before a Master of Chancery to the Tangier account of fees, and so to White Hall, where, by and by, a

[1] This useful instrument, used for copying maps, plans, drawings, &c. either of the same size, or larger or smaller than the originals, is now named a pantograph.

Committee met, my Lord Sandwich there, but his report was not received, it being late; but only a little business done, about the supplying the place with victuals. But I did get, to my great content, my account allowed of fees, with great applause by my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Pen. Thence home, calling at one or two places; and there about our workmen, who are at work upon my wife's closet, and other parts of my house, that we are all in dirt. So after dinner with Mr. Gibson all the afternoon in my closet, and at night to supper and to bed, my wife and I at good peace, but yet with some little grudgings of trouble in her and more in me about the poor girle.

29th. At the office all the morning, where Mr. Wren first tells us of the order from the King, come last night to the Duke of York, for signifying his pleasure to the Sollicitor-General for drawing up a Commission for suspending of my Lord Anglesey,[1] and putting in Sir Thomas Littleton and Sir Thomas Osborne, the former a creature of Arlington's, and the latter of the Duke of Buckingham's, during the suspension.[2] The Duke of York was forced to obey, and did grant it, he being to go to Newmarket this day with the King, and so the King pressed for it. But Mr. Wren do own that the Duke of York is the most wounded in this, in the world,

[1] See, in "Memoirs relating to the Navy," 8vo., 1729, two warrants of October 18th, 1668, and October 20th, 1668, addressed by the Duke of York to Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General. The former directs him to prepare a warrant for his suspension, and the second to prepare a bill for the royal signature, constituting and appointing Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton to the office of Treasurer of the Navy, hitherto filled by Lord Anglesey.—B.

[2] "They also prevail'd to put in Sir Thomas Osburn and Sir Thomas Littleton to be Treasurers of the Navy, without so much as speaking or making the least application to the Duke about it, thō such places never use to be disposed of without the concurrence and approbation of the Lord Admiral; and thō the Duke represented to the King the hardship done him, yet his Majesty order'd him to sign the warrant for their admission; which having done he afterwards lived very well with these two gentlemen, they being men of parts and executing well their office."—Clarke's *Life of James II.*, 1816, vol. i., p. 436.

for it is done and concluded without his privity, after his appearing for Lord Anglesey, and that it is plain that they do ayme to bring the Admiralty into Commission too, and lessen the Duke of York. This do put strange apprehensions into all our Board; only I think I am the least troubled at it, for I care not at all for it: but my Lord Brouncker and Pen do seem to think much of it. So home to dinner, full of this news, and after dinner to the office, and so home all the afternoon to do business towards my drawing up an account for the Duke of York of the answers of this office to his late great letter, and late at it, and so to bed, with great peace from my wife and quiet, I bless God.

30th. Up betimes; and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me, which we did, and then fell to other talk. He tells, in short, how the King is made a child of, by Buckingham and Arlington, to the lessening of the Duke of York, whom they cannot suffer to be great, for fear of my Lord Chancellor's return, which, therefore, they make the King violent against. That he believes it is impossible these two great men can hold together long: or, at least, that the ambition of the former is so great, that he will endeavour to master all, and bring into play as many as he can. That Anglesey will not lose his place easily, but will contend in law with whoever comes to execute it. That the Duke of York, in all things but in his cod-piece, is led by the nose by his wife. That W. Coventry is now, by the Duke of York, made friends with the Duchess; and that he is often there, and waits on her. That he do believe that these present great men will break in time, and that W. Coventry will be a great man again; for he do labour to have nothing to do in matters of the State, and is so usefull to the side that he is on, that he will stand, though at present he is quite out of play. That my Lady Castlemayne hates the Duke of Buckingham. That the Duke of York hath expressed himself very kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am mighty glad of. That we are to expect more changes if these men stand. This done, he and I to talk of my coach, and I got him to go see it, where he

finds most infinite fault with it, both as to being out of fashion and heavy, with so good reason that I am mightily glad of his having corrected me in it; and so I do resolve to have one of his build, and with his advice, both in coach and horses, he being the fittest man in the world for it, and so he carried me home, and said the same to my wife. So I to the office and he away, and at noon I home to dinner, and all the afternoon late with Gibson at my chamber about my present great business, only a little in the afternoon at the office about Sir D. Gawden's accounts, and so to bed and slept heartily, my wife and I at good peace, but my heart troubled and her mind not at ease, I perceive, she against and I for the girle, to whom I have not said anything these three days, but resolve to be mighty strange in appearance to her. This night W. Batelier come and took his leave of us, he setting out for France to-morrow.

31st. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my people, and afternoon to the office again, and then to my chamber with Gibson to do more about my great answer for the Duke of York, and so at night after supper to bed well pleased with my advance thereon. This day my Lord Anglesey was at the Office, and do seem to make nothing of this business of his suspension, resolving to bring it into the Council, where he seems not to doubt to have right, he standing upon his defence and patent, and hath put in his caveats to the several Offices: so, as soon as the King comes back again,[1] which will be on Tuesday next, he will bring it into the Council. So ends this month with some quiet to my mind, though not perfect, after the greatest falling out with my poor wife, and through my folly with the girl, that ever I had, and I have reason to be sorry and ashamed of it, and more to be troubled for the poor girl's sake, whom I fear I shall by this means prove the ruin of, though I shall think myself concerned both to love and be a friend to her. This day Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, newly come to town, come and dined with me, and mighty glad I am to see them.

[1] From Newmarket.

November 1st (Lord's day). Up, and with W. Hewer at my chamber all this morning, going further in my great business for the Duke of York, and so at noon to dinner, and then W. Hewer to write fair what he had writ, and my wife to read to me all the afternoon, till anon Mr. Gibson come, and he and I to perfect it to my full mind, and so to supper and to bed, my mind yet at disquiet that I cannot be informed how poor Deb. stands with her mistress, but I fear she will put her away, and the truth is, though it be much against my mind and to my trouble, yet I think that it will be fit that she should be gone, for my wife's peace and mine, for she cannot but be offended at the sight of her, my wife having conceived this jealousy of me with reason, and therefore for that, and other reasons of expense, it will be best for me to let her go, but I shall love and pity her. This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2nd. Up, and a cold morning, by water through bridge without a cloak, and there to Mr. Wren at his chamber at White Hall, the first time of his coming thither this year, the Duchess coming thither to-night, and there he and I did read over my paper that I have with so much labour drawn up about the several answers of the officers of this Office to the Duke of York's reflections, and did debate a little what advice to give the Duke of York when he comes to town upon it. Here come in Lord Anglesy, and I perceive he makes nothing of this order for his suspension, resolving to contend and to bring it to the Council on Wednesday when the King is come to town to-morrow, and Mr. Wren do join with him mightily in it, and do look upon the Duke of York as concerned more in it than he. So to visit Creed at his chamber, but his wife not come thither yet, nor do he tell me where she is, though she be in town, at Stepney, at Atkins's.[1] So to Mr. Povy's to talk about a coach, but there I find my Lord Sand-

[1] Colonel Atkins. See June 24th, 1668.

wich, and Peterborough, and Hinchingbroke, Charles Harbord, and Sidney Montagu; and there I was stopped, and dined mighty nobly at a good table, with one little dish at a time upon it, but mighty merry. I was glad to see it: but sorry, methought, to see my Lord have so little reason to be merry, and yet glad, for his sake, to have him cheerful. After dinner up, and looked up and down the house, and so to the cellar; and thence I slipt away, without taking leave, and so to a few places about business, and among others to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and so home, where the house still full of dirt by painters and others, and will not be clean a good while. So to read and talk with my wife till by and by called to the office about Sir W. Warren's business, where we met a little, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coachmaker near him,[1] for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3rd. Up, and all the morning at the Office. At noon to dinner, and then to the Office, and there busy till 12 at night, without much pain to my eyes, but I did not use them to read or write, and so did hold out very well. So home, and there to supper, and I observed my wife to eye my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb., which I could not but do now and then (and to my grief did see the poor wretch look on me and see me look on her, and then let drop a tear or two, which do make my heart relent at this minute that I am writing this with great trouble of mind, for she is indeed my sacrifice, poor girle); and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight, and this I know she means by Deb., for she tells me that her Aunt was here on Monday, and she did tell her of her desire of parting with Deb., but in such kind terms on both sides that my wife is mightily taken with her. I see it will be, and it is but necessary, and therefore, though it cannot but grieve me, yet I must bring my mind to give way to it. We had a great deal of do this day at the Office about

[1] Mr. Povy lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pepys no doubt went to Long Acre, then, as now, celebrated for its coachmakers.—B.

Clutterbucke,[1] I declaring my dissent against the whole Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to shew W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4th. Up, and by coach to White Hall; and there I find the King and Duke of York come the last night, and every body's mouth full of my Lord Anglesey's suspension being sealed, which it was, it seems, yesterday; so that he is prevented in his remedy at the Council; and, it seems, the two new Treasurers[2] did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together the Court this day, and several people joyed them; but I avoided it, that I might not be seen to look either way. This day also I hear that my Lord Ormond is to be declared in Council no more Deputy Governor of Ireland, his commission being expired: and the King is prevailed with to take it out of his hands; which people do mightily admire, saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendome, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do; he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him. But that, that troubles me most is, that they begin to talk that the Duke of York's regiment is ordered to be disbanded; and more, that undoubtedly his Admiralty will follow: which do shake me mightily, and I fear will have ill consequences in the nation, for these counsels are very mad. The Duke of York do, by all men's report, carry himself wonderfull submissive to the King, in the most humble manner in the world; but yet, it seems, nothing must be spared that tends to the keeping out of the Chancellor; and that is the reason of all this. The great discourse now is, that the Parliament shall be dissolved and another called, which shall give the King the Deane and Chapter lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knownly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that

[1] See note to February 4th, 1663-64 (vol. iv., p. 33).

[2] Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

when he is with them, he makes the King believe that he is with his wenches; and something looks like the Parliament's being dissolved, by Harry Brouncker's being now come back, and appears this day the first day at White Hall; but hath not been yet with the King, but is secure that he shall be well received, I hear. God bless us, when such men as he shall be restored! But that, that pleases me most is, that several do tell me that Pen is to be removed; and others, that he hath resigned his place; and particularly Spragg tells me for certain that he hath resigned it, and is become a partner with Gawden in the Victualling: in which I think he hath done a very cunning thing; but I am sure I am glad of it; and it will be well for the King to have him out of this Office. Thence by coach, doing several errands, home and there to dinner, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon till late at night, and so home. Deb. hath been abroad to-day with her friends, poor girle, I believe toward the getting of a place. This day a boy is sent me out of the country from Impington by my cozen Roger Pepys' getting, whom I visited this morning at his chamber in the Strand and carried him to Westminster Hall, where I took a turn or two with him and Sir John Talbot,[1] who talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond: and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. When I come home to-night I find Deb. not come home, and do doubt whether she be not quite gone or no, but my wife is silent to me in it, and I to her, but fell to other discourse, and indeed am well satisfied that my house will never be at peace between my wife and I unless I let her go, though it grieves me to the heart. My wife and I spent much time this evening talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear my accounts, and rid my hands of the town, which will take me a year or more, and I do think it will be best for me to do so, in order to our living cheap, and out of sight.

5th. Up, and Willet come home in the morning, and, God

[1] See January 17th, 1667-68, *ante*.

forgive me! I could not conceal my content thereat by smiling, and my wife observed it, but I said nothing, nor she, but away to the office.[1] Presently up by water to White Hall, and there all of us to wait on the Duke of York, which we did, having little to do, and then I up and down the house, till by and by the Duke of York, who had bid me stay, did come to his closet again, and there did call in me and Mr. Wren; and there my paper, that I have lately taken pains to draw up, was read, and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board, and that that, if put in execution, will do the King's business. But I do now more and more perceive the Duke of York's trouble, and that he do lie under great weight of mind from the Duke of Buckingham's carrying things against him; and particularly when I advised that he would use his interest that a seaman might come into the room of W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did shew how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyour and the Controller, who is so old as to be able to do nothing, he told me plainly that I knew his mind well enough as to seamen, but that it must be as others will. And Wren did tell it me as a secret, that when the Duke of York did first tell the King about Sir W. Pen's leaving of the place, and that when the Duke of York did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him that that was a matter fit to be considered of, and would not agree to either presently; and so the Duke of York could not prevail for either, nor knows who it shall be. The Duke of York did tell me himself, that if he had not carried it privately when first he mentioned Pen's leaving his place to the King, it had not been done; for the Duke of Buckingham and those of his party do cry out upon it, as a strange thing to trust such a thing into the hands of one that stands accused in Parliament: and that they have so far prevailed upon the King that he would not have him named

[1] In the margin is a note as follows: "Observe over the leaf for my mistake." See November 6th.

in Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gawden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne [1] asked the King the names of D. Gawden's security, the King told him it was not yet necessary for him to declare them. And by and by, when the Duke of York and we had done, and Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple about business of the Guiney Company, and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, and says the Duke of York, "I will give the Devil his due, as they say the Duke of Buckingham hath paid in his money to the Company," or something of that kind, wherein he would do right to him. The Duke of York told me how these people do begin to cast dirt upon the business that passed the Council lately, touching Supernumeraries, as passed by virtue of his authority there, there being not liberty for any man to withstand what the Duke of York advises there; which, he told me, they bring only as an argument to insinuate the putting of the Admiralty into Commission, which by all men's discourse is now designed, and I perceive the same by him. This being done, and going from him, I up and down the house to hear news: and there every body's mouth full of changes; and, among others, the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, that was raised during the late war at sea, is to be disbanded: and also, that this day the King do intend to declare that the Duke of Ormond is no more Deputy of Ireland, but that he will put it into Commission. This day our new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand, who complimented them, as they say, very highly,—that he had for a long time been abused in his Treasurer, and that he was now safe in their hands. I saw them walk up and down the Court together all this morning; the first time I ever saw Osborne, who is a comely gentleman. This day I was told that my Lord Anglesey did deliver a petition on Wednesday in Council to the King, laying open, that whereas he had heard that his Majesty had made such a disposal of his place, which he had

[1] As Clerk of the Council.

formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without any thing laid to his charge, and during a Parliament's sessions, he prayed that his Majesty would be pleased to let his case be heard before the Council and the Judges of the land, who were his proper counsel in all matters of right: to which, I am told, the King, after my Lord's being withdrawn, concluded upon his giving him an answer some few days hence; and so he was called in, and told so, and so it ended. Having heard all this I took coach and to Mr. Povy's, where I hear he is gone to the Swedes Resident in Covent Garden, where he is to dine. I went thither, but he is not come yet, so I to White Hall to look for him, and up and down walking there I met with Sir Robert Holmes, who asking news I told him of Sir W. Pen's going from us, who ketched at it so as that my heart misgives me that he will have a mind to it, which made me heartily sorry for my words, but he invited me and would have me go to dine with him at the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did go and eat some oysters; which while we were at, in comes my Lord Keeper[1] and much company; and so I thought it best to withdraw. And so away, and to the Swedes Agent's,[2] and there met Mr. Povy; where the Agent would have me stay and dine, there being only them, and Joseph Williamson, and Sir Thomas Clayton;[3] but what he is I know not. Here much extraordinary noble discourse of foreign princes, and particularly the greatness of the King of France, and of his being fallen into the right way of making the kingdom great, which [none] of his ancestors ever did before. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse, so as to have been seldom so much in all my life, and so after dinner up into his upper room, and there did see a piece of perspective, but much inferior to Mr. Povy's. Thence with Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

[2] Sir J. B. Leyenburg.

[3] Thomas Clayton, M.D., Professor of Physic, and Anatomy Lecturer at Oxford, for which university he was returned to serve in parliament in 1660, and afterwards knighted, and made Warden of Merton College.—B

down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall; and so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

6th. Up, and presently my wife up with me, which she professedly now do every day to dress me, that I may not see Willet, and do eye me, whether I cast my eye upon her, or no, and do keep me from going into the room where she is among the upholsters at work in our blue chamber. So abroad to White Hall by water, and so on for all this day as I have by mistake set down in the fifth day after this mark.[1] In the room of which I should have said that I was at the office all the morning, and so to dinner, my wife with me, but so as I durst not look upon the girle, though, God knows, notwithstanding all my protestations I could not keep my mind from desiring it. After dinner to the office again, and there did some business, and then by coach to see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundell House, a barber's; and there I did see a book, which my Lord Sandwich hath promised one to me of, "A Description of the Escuriall in Spain;"[2] which I have a great

[1] See p. 141. In the margin here is the following: "Look back one leaf for my mistake."

[2] The book alluded to by Pepys is that of the Father Francisco de los Santos, first printed at Madrid in 1657, and entitled, "Descripcion breve del Monasterio de S. Lorenzo el Real del Escorial unica maravilla del mundo." It is in folio, and has some plates; but Pepys might well express his disappointment, for the appearance of the volume does not answer to the magnificence of the subject. About the time when Pepys wrote, or soon after, the Escurial received some damage by fire, and was even said to be totally destroyed; and in that belief, an abstract of Father Francisco's work was published in 1671, purporting to be "translated into English by a servant of the Earl of Sandwich." That a great

desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me. With him to see my cozen Turner and The., and there sat and talked, they being newly come out of the country ; and here pretty merry, and with The. to shew her a coach at Mr. Povy's man's, she being in want of one, and so back again with her, and then home by coach, with my mind troubled and finding no content, my wife being still troubled, nor can be at peace while the girle is there, which I am troubled at on the other side. We past the evening together, and then to bed and slept ill, she being troubled and troubling me in the night with talk and complaints upon the old business. This is the day's work of the 5th, though it stands under the 6th, my mind being now so troubled that it is no wonder that I fall into this mistake more than ever I did in my life before.

7th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and so to it again after dinner, and there busy late, choosing to employ myself rather than go home to trouble with my wife, whom, however, I am forced to comply with, and indeed I do pity her as having cause enough for her grief. So to bed, and there slept ill because of my wife. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gawden's, thinking to have bespoke a place for my coach and horses, when I have them, at the Victualling Office ; but find the way so bad and long that I returned, and looked up and down for places elsewhere, in an inne, which I hope to get with more convenience than there.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy ; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thereat to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle. At my chamber again to work all the afternoon till night, when Pelling comes, who wonders to find my wife so dull and melancholy, but God knows she hath too much

amount of damage was really done is proved by the title of the third edition of the work, printed in Madrid in 1681, which says that the Escurial was rebuilt after the fire by Charles II. ; and Santos, then alive, asserts the same in his dedication to that king, comparing him to the restorers of Solomon's Temple.—B.

cause. However, as pleasant as we can, we supped together, and so made the boy read to me, the poor girle not appearing at supper, but hid herself in her chamber. So that I could wish in that respect that she was out of the house, for our peace is broke to all of us while she is here, and so to bed, where my wife mighty unquiet all night, so as my bed is become burdensome to me.

9th. Up, and I did by a little note which I flung to Deb. advise her that I did continue to deny that ever I kissed her, and so she might govern herself. The truth is that I did adventure upon God's pardoning me this lie, knowing how heavy a thing it would be for me to the ruin of the poor girle, and next knowing that if my wife should know all it were impossible ever for her to be at peace with me again, and so our whole lives would be uncomfortable. The girl read, and as I bid her returned me the note, flinging it to me in passing by. And so I abroad by [coach] to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York to wait on him, who told me that Sir W. Pen had been with him this morning, to ask whether it would be fit for him to sit at the Office now, because of his resolution to be gone, and to become concerned in the Victualling. The Duke of York answered, "Yes, till his contract was signed." Thence I to Lord Sandwich's, and there to see him; but was made to stay so long, as his best friends are, and when I come to him so little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think, that I have no pleasure [to] go to him. Thence to White Hall with him, to the Committee of Tangier; a day appointed for him to give an account of Tangier, and what he did, and found there, which, though he had admirable matter for it, and his doings there were good, and would have afforded a noble account, yet he did it with a mind so low and mean, and delivered in so poor a manner, that it appeared nothing at all, nor any body seemed to value it; whereas, he might have shewn himself to have merited extraordinary thanks, and been held to have done a very great service: whereas now, all that cost the King hath been at for his journey through Spain thither,

seems to be almost lost. After we were up, Creed and I walked together, and did talk a good while of the weak report my Lord made, and were troubled for it; I fearing that either his mind and judgment are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so my fear that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. So I staid about the Court a little while, and then to look for a dinner, and had it at Hercules-Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10*d.* And so to the Excise Office, thinking to meet Sir Stephen Fox and the Cofferer, but the former was gone, and the latter I met going out, but nothing done, and so I to my bookseller's, and also to Crow's, and there saw a piece of my bed, and I find it will please us mightily. So home, and there find my wife troubled, and I sat with her talking, and so to bed, and there very unquiet all night.

10th. Up, and my wife still every day as ill as she is all night, will rise to see me out doors, telling me plainly that she dares not let me see the girle, and so I out to the office, where all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife mightily troubled again, more than ever, and she tells me that it is from her examining the girle and getting a confession now from her of all . . . which do mightily trouble me, as not being able to foresee the consequences of it, as to our future peace together. So my wife would not go down to dinner, but I would dine in her chamber with her, and there after mollifying her as much as I could we were pretty quiet and eat, and by and by comes Mr. Hollier, and dines there by himself after we had dined, and he being gone, we to talk again, and she to be troubled, reproaching me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindnesses to me, and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich, by the sollicitation of Captain Ferrers, and then afterward the courtship of my Lord Hinchingbrooke, even to the trouble of his lady. All which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept,

and at last pretty good friends again, and so I to my office, and there late, and so home to supper with her, and so to bed, where after half-an-hour's slumber she wakes me and cries out that she should never sleep more, and so kept raving till past midnight, that made me cry and weep heartily all the while for her, and troubled for what she reproached me with as before, and at last with new vows, and particularly that I would myself bid the girle be gone, and shew my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform, but with much trouble, and so this appeasing her, we to sleep as well as we could till morning.

11th. Up, and my wife with me as before, and so to the Office, where, by a speciall desire, the new Treasurers come, and there did shew their Patent, and the Great Seal for the suspension of my Lord Anglesey: and here did sit and discourse of the business of the Office: and brought Mr. Hutchinson with them, who, I hear, is to be their Paymaster, in the room of Mr. Waith.[1] For it seems they do turn out every servant that belongs to the present Treasurer: and so for Fenn, do bring in Mr. Littleton, Sir Thomas's brother, and oust all the rest. But Mr. Hutchinson do already see that his work now will be another kind of thing than before, as to the trouble of it. They gone, and, indeed, they appear, both of them, very intelligent men, I home to dinner, and there with my people dined, and so to my wife, who would not dine with [me] that she might not have the girle come in sight, and there sat and talked a while with her and pretty quiet, I giving no occasion of offence, and so to the office[2] [and then by coach to my cozen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with £500 this term, and £500 the next, for two years, upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father, which I did agree to, trusting to

[1] It appears that Robert Wayth kept his office of Navy Paymaster, and that Mr. Hutcheson or Hutchinson was appointed paymaster also.

[2] There is a note in the margin respecting the passage between brackets: "All this belongs to to-morrow in the afternoon."

his honesty and ability, and am resolved to do it for him, that I may not have all I have lie in the King's hands. Having promised him this I returned home again, where to the office], and there having done, I home and to supper and to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeit from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep.

12th. Up, and she with me as heretofore, and so I to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and Mr. Wayth, who, being at my office about business, I took him with me to talk and understand his matters, who is in mighty trouble from the Committee of Accounts about his contracting with this Office for sayle-cloth, but no hurt can be laid at his door in it, but upon us for doing it, if any, though we did it by the Duke of York's approval, and by him I understand that the new Treasurers do intend to bring in all new Instruments, and so having dined we parted, and I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend, and I am apt to believe by what my wife hath of late told me is a cunning girle, if not a slut. Thence, parting kindly with my wife, I away by coach to my cozen Roger, according as by mistake (which the trouble of my mind for some days has occasioned, in this and another case a day or two before) is set down in yesterday's notes, and so back again, and with Mr. Gibson late at my chamber making an end of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York, in answer to the answers of this Office, which I have now done to my mind, so as, if the Duke likes it, will, I think, put an end to a great deal of the

faults of this Office, as well as my trouble for them. So to bed, and did lie now a little better than formerly, but with little, and yet with some trouble.

13th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I staid, and heard an excellent case argued between my Lord Gerard and the Town of Newcastle, about a piece of ground which that Lord hath got a grant of, under the Exchequer Seal, which they were endeavouring to get of the King under the Great Seal. I liked mightily the Counsel for the town, Shaftow,[1] their Recorder, and Mr. Offly.[2] But I was troubled, and so were the Lords, to hear my Lord fly out against their[3] great pretence of merit from the King, for their sufferings and loyalty; telling them that they might thank him for that repute which they have for their loyalty, for that it was he that forced them to be so, against their wills, when he was there: and, moreover, did offer a paper to the Lords to read from the Town, sent in 1648; but the Lords would not read it; but I believe it was something about bringing the King to trial, or some such thing, in that year. Thence I to the Three Tuns Tavern, by Charing Cross, and there dined with W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, and Commissioner Middleton; and as merry as my mind could be, that hath so much trouble upon it at home. And thence to White Hall, and there staid in Mr. Wren's chamber with him, reading over my draught of a letter, which Mr. Gibson then attended me with; and there he did like all, but doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office, as I had drawn it in; which I yield to him, to con-

[1] Robert Shafto, knighted June 26th, 1670, and made serjeant-at-law in 1674. He died May 21st, 1705, aged seventy-two, and was buried in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle. He married Katharine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Widrington, of the Grange, Yorkshire.

[2] See March 30th, 1668 (vol. vii., p. 384). It was he who, in 1673, petitioned against Pepys's return for Castle Rising. See "Life," in vol. i., p. xxxi.

[3] The inhabitants of Newcastle.

sider the present posture of the times and the Duke of York, and whether it were not better to err on that hand than the other. He told me that he did not think it was necessary for the Duke of York to do so, and that it would not suit so well with his nature nor greatness; which last, perhaps, is true, but then do too truly shew the effects of having Princes in places, where order and discipline should be. I left it to him to do as the Duke of York pleases; and so fell to other talk, and with great freedom, of public things; and he told me, upon my several inquiries to that purpose, that he did believe it was not yet resolved whether the Parliament should ever meet more or no, the three great rulers of things now standing thus:—The Duke of Buckingham is absolutely against their meeting, as moved thereto by his people that he advises with, the people of the late times, who do never expect to have any thing done by this Parliament for their religion, and who do propose that, by the sale of the Church-lands, they shall be able to put the King out of debt: my Lord Keeper is utterly against putting away this and choosing another Parliament, lest they prove worse than this, and will make all the King's friends, and the King himself, in a desperate condition: my Lord Arlington know not which is best for him, being to seek whether this or the next will use him worst. He tells me that he believes that it is intended to call this Parliament, and try them with a sum of money; and, if they do not like it, then to send them going, and call another, who will, at the ruin of the Church perhaps, please the King with what he will for a time. And he tells me, therefore, that he do believe that this policy will be endeavoured by the Church and their friends—to seem to promise the King money, when it shall be propounded, but make the King and these great men buy it dear, before they have it. He tells me that he is really persuaded that the design of the Duke of Buckingham is, by bringing the state into such a condition as, if the King do die without issue, it shall, upon his death, break into pieces again; and so put by the Duke of York, who they have disobliged, they know, to that degree, as to despair of his pardon.

He tells me that there is no way to rule the King but by brisknesse, which the Duke of Buckingham hath above all men; and that the Duke of York having it not, his best way is what he practices, that is to say, a good temper, which will support him till the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington fall out, which cannot be long first, the former knowing that the latter did, in the time of the Chancellor, endeavour with the Chancellor to hang him at that time, when he was proclaimed against. And here, by the by, he told me that the Duke of Buckingham did, by his friends, treat with my Lord Chancellor, by the mediation of Matt. Wren and Matt. Clifford,[1] to fall in with my Lord Chancellor; which, he tells me, he did advise my Lord Chancellor to accept of, as that, that with his own interest and the Duke of York's, would undoubtedly have assured all to him and his family; but that my Lord Chancellor was a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counselled: and so all is come to nothing; for by that means the Duke of Buckingham became desperate, and was forced to fall in with Arlington, to his [the Chancellor's] ruin. Thence I home, and there to talk, with great pleasure all the evening, with my wife, who tells me that Deb. has been abroad to-day, and is come home and says she has got a place to go to, so as she will be gone to-morrow morning. This troubled me, and the truth is, I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl, which I should not doubt to have if je could get time para be con her. But she will be gone and I not know whither.

[1] Apparently this is Martin Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse in 1671. Little good is recorded of him, and he appears to have obtained his mastership through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. He assisted that nobleman in the preparation of the "Rehearsal," and his assistance is alluded to in the "Session of Poets":

> "Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
> That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
> Where malicious Matt Clifford and spiritual Spratt
> Were joined with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade."

(See "Dict. of Nat. Biog.")

Before we went to bed my wife told me she would not have me to see her or give her her wages, and so I did give my wife £10 for her year and half a quarter's wages, which she went into her chamber and paid her, and so to bed, and there, blessed be God! we did sleep well and with peace, which I had not done in now almost twenty nights together. This afternoon I went to my coachmaker and Crow's, and there saw things go on to my great content. This morning, at the Treasury-chamber, I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did shew me my Lord Anglesey's petition and the King's answer: the former good and stout, as I before did hear it: but the latter short and weak, saying that he was not, by what the King had done, hindered from taking the benefit of his laws, and that the reason he had to suspect his mismanagement of his money in Ireland, did make him think it unfit to trust him with his Treasury in England, till he was satisfied in the former.

14th. Up, and had a mighty mind to have seen or given her a little money, to which purpose I wrapt up 40*s.* in paper, thinking to have given her a little money, but my wife rose presently, and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and come up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew out into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends, and so all quiet, and I to the Office, with my heart sad, and find that I cannot forget the girl, and vexed I know not where to look for her. And more troubled to see how my wife is by this means likely for ever to have her hand over me, that I shall for ever be a slave to her—that is to say, only in matters of pleasure, but in other things she will make [it] her business, I know, to please me and to keep me right to her, which I will labour to be indeed, for she deserves it of me, though it

will be I fear a little time before I shall be able to wear Deb. out of my mind. At the Office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late. My mind being free of all troubles, I thank God, but only for my thoughts of this girl, which hang after her. And so at night home to supper, and then did sleep with great content with my wife. I must here remember that I have lain with my moher as a husband more times since this falling out than in I believe twelve months before. And with more pleasure to her than I think in all the time of our marriage before.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and after long lying with pleasure talking with my wife, and then up to look up and down our house, which will when our upholster hath done be mighty fine, and so to my chamber, and there did do several things among my papers, and so to the office to write down my Journal for 6 or 7 days, my mind having been so troubled as never to get the time to do it before, as may appear a little by the mistakes I have made in this book within these few days. At noon comes Mr. Shepley to dine with me and W. Howe, and there dined and pretty merry, and so after dinner W. Howe to tell me what hath happened between him and the Commissioners of late, who are hot again, more than ever, about my Lord Sandwich's business of prizes, which I am troubled for, and the more because of the great security and neglect with which, I think, my Lord do look upon this matter, that may yet, for aught I know, undo him. They gone, and Balty being come from the Downs, not very well, is come this day to see us, I to talk with him, and with some pleasure, hoping that he will make a good man. I in the evening to my Office again, to make an end of my Journall, and so home to my chamber with W. Hewer to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed, with my mind pretty quiet, and less troubled about Deb. than I was, though yet I am troubled, I must confess, and would be glad to find her out, though I fear it would be my ruin. This evening there come to sit with us Mr. Pelling, who wondered to see my wife and I so dumpish, but yet it

went off only as my wife's not being well, and, poor wretch, she hath no cause to be well, God knows.

16th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there at the robe chamber at a Committee for Tangier, where some of us —my Lord Sandwich, Sir W. Coventry, and myself, with another or two—met to debate the business of the Mole, and there drew up reasons for the King's taking of it into his own hands, and managing of it upon accounts with Sir H. Cholmley. This being done I away to Holborne, about Whetstone's [1] Park, where I never was in my life before, where I understand by my wife's discourse that Deb. is gone, which do trouble me mightily that the poor girle should be in a desperate condition forced to go thereabouts, and there not hearing of any such man as Allbon, with whom my wife said she now was, I to the Strand, and there by sending Drumbleby's boy, my flageolet maker, to Eagle Court, where my wife also by discourse lately let fall that he did lately live, I find that this Dr. Allbon is a kind of poor broken fellow that dare not shew his head nor be known where he is gone, but to Lincoln's Inn Fields I went to Mr. Povy's, but missed him, and so hearing only that this Allbon is gone to Fleet Street, I did only call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought "Cassandra," [2] and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two pennyworths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand, while the boy went to and again to inform me about this man, and therefore home and to dinner, and so all the afternoon at the office, and there late busy, and so home to supper, and pretty pleasant with my wife to bed, rested pretty well.

17th. Up, and to the Office all the morning, where the new

[1] Whetstone Park is a narrow roadway between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn, named after William Whetstone, a tobacconist and overseer of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth.

[2] A romance by Gauthier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède. It was translated into English by Sir Charles Cotterell, whose translation passed through several editions.

Treasurers come, their second time, and before they sat down, did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place,[1] which they challenge, as having been heretofore due, and given to their predecessor ; which, at last, my Lord did own hath been given him only out of courtesy to his quality, and that he did not take it as a right at the Board : so they, for the present, sat down, and did give him the place, but, I think, with an intent to have the Duke of York's directions about it. My wife and maids busy now, to make clean the house above stairs, the upholsters having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty. At my office all the afternoon and at night busy, and so home to my wife, and pretty pleasant, and at mighty ease in my mind, being in hopes to find Deb., and without trouble or the knowledge of my wife. So to supper at night and to bed.

18th. Lay long in bed talking with my wife, she being unwilling to have me go abroad, saying and declaring herself jealous of my going out for fear of my going to Deb., which I do deny, for which God forgive me, for I was no sooner out about noon but I did go by coach directly to Somerset House, and there enquired among the porters there for Dr. Allbun, and the first I spoke with told me he knew him, and that he was newly gone into Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whither he could not tell me, but that one of his fellows not then in the way did carry a chest of drawers thither with him, and that when he comes he would ask him. This put me into some hopes, and I to White Hall, and thence to Mr. Povy's, but he at dinner, and therefore I away and walked up and down the Strand between the two turnstiles, hoping to see her out of a window, and then employed a porter, one Osberton, to find out this Doctor's lodgings thereabouts, who by appointment comes to me to Hercules pillars, where I dined alone, but tells me that he cannot find out any such, but will enquire further. Thence back to White Hall to the Treasury a while, and thence to the Strand, and towards night did meet with the porter that carried the

[1] *i.e.*, precedence.

chest of drawers with this Doctor, but he would not tell me where he lived, being his good master, he told me, but if I would have a message to him he would deliver it. At last I told him my business was not with him, but a little gentlewoman, one Mrs. Willet, that is with him, and sent him to see how she did from her friend in London, and no other token. He goes while I walk in Somerset House, walk there in the Court; at last he comes back and tells me she is well, and that I may see her if I will, but no more. So I could not be commanded by my reason, but I must go this very night, and so by coach, it being now dark, I to her, close by my tailor's, and she come into the coach to me, and je did baiser her. . . . I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man para avoir to do con her as je have done, which she promised. Je did give her 20*s.* and directions para laisser sealed in paper at any time the name of the place of her being at Herringman's, my bookseller in the 'Change, by which I might go para her, and so bid her good night with much content to my mind, and resolution to look after her no more till I heard from her. And so home, and there told my wife a fair tale, God knows, how I spent the whole day, with which the poor wretch was satisfied, or at least seemed so, and so to supper and to bed, she having been mighty busy all day in getting of her house in order against to-morrow to hang up our new hangings and furnishing our best chamber.

19th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters now stand between my wife and Deb. and me, and at noon running up stairs to see the upholsters, who are at work upon hanging my best room, and setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room; which enquiring into the reason of, she begun to call me all the false, rotten-hearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb. yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this

wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or £400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child, [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb. while I live, as I did before with Pierce and Knepp, and which I did also, God knows, promise for Deb. too, but I have the confidence to deny it to the perjury of myself. So, before it was late, there was, beyond my hopes as well as desert, a durable peace; and so to supper, and pretty kind words, and to bed, and there je did hazer con elle to her content, and so with some rest spent the night in bed, being most absolutely resolved, if ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife. This night the upholsters did finish the hanging of my best chamber, but my sorrow and trouble is so great about this business, that it puts me out of all joy in looking upon it or minding how it was.

20th. This morning up, with mighty kind words between my poor wife and I; and so to White Hall by water, W. Hewer with me, who is to go with me every where, until

my wife be in condition to go out along with me herself; for she do plainly declare that she dares not trust me out alone, and therefore made it a piece of our league that I should alway take somebody with me, or her herself, which I am mighty willing to, being, by the grace of God, resolved never to do her wrong more. We landed at the Temple, and there I bid him call at my cozen Roger Pepys's lodgings, and I staid in the street for him, and so took water again at the Strand stairs; and so to White Hall, in my way I telling him plainly and truly my resolutions, if I can get over this evil, never to give new occasion for it. He is, I think, so honest and true a servant to us both, and one that loves us, that I was not much troubled at his being privy to all this, but rejoiced in my heart that I had him to assist in the making us friends, which he did truly and heartily, and with good success, for I did get him to go to Deb. to tell her that I had told my wife all of my being with her the other night, that so if my wife should send she might not make the business worse by denying it. While I was at White Hall with the Duke of York, doing our ordinary business with him, here being also the first time the new Treasurers, W. Hewer did go to her and come back again, and so I took him into St. James's Park, and there he did tell me he had been with her, and found what I said about my manner of being with her true, and had given her advice as I desired. I did there enter into more talk about my wife and myself, and he did give me great assurance of several particular cases to which my wife had from time to time made him privy of her loyalty and truth to me after many and great temptations, and I believe them truly. I did also discourse the unfitness of my leaving of my employment now in many respects to go into the country, as my wife desires, but that I would labour to fit myself for it, which he thoroughly understands, and do agree with me in it; and so, hoping to get over this trouble, we about our business to Westminster Hall to meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him £500 to answer some occasions of his, which I believe to be safe enough, and so took

leave of him and away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. But when I come home, hoping for a further degree of peace and quiet, I find my wife upon her bed in a horrible rage afresh, calling me all the bitter names, and, rising, did fall to revile me in the bitterest manner in the world, and could not refrain to strike me and pull my hair, which I resolved to bear with, and had good reason to bear it. So I by silence and weeping did prevail with her a little to be quiet, and she would not eat her dinner without me; but yet by and by into a raging fit she fell again, worse than before, that she would slit the girl's nose, and at last W. Hewer come in and come up, who did allay her fury, I flinging myself, in a sad desperate condition, upon the bed in the blue room, and there lay while they spoke together; and at last it come to this, that if I would call Deb. whore under my hand and write to her that I hated her, and would never see her more, she would believe me and trust in me, which I did agree to, only as to the name of whore I would have excused, and therefore wrote to her sparing that word, which my wife thereupon tore it, and would not be satisfied till, W. Hewer winking upon me, I did write so with the name of a whore as that I did fear she might too probably have been prevailed upon to have been a whore by her carriage to me, and therefore as such I did resolve never to see her more. This pleased my wife, and she gives it W. Hewer to carry to her with a sharp message from her. So from that minute my wife begun to be kind to me, and we to kiss and be friends, and so continued all the evening, and fell to talk of other matters, with great comfort, and after supper to bed. This evening comes Mr. Billup to me, to read over Mr. Wren's alterations of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York to sign, to the Board; which I like mighty well, they being not considerable, only in mollifying some hard terms, which I had thought fit to put in. From this to other discourse; and do find that the Duke of York and his master, Mr. Wren, do look upon this service of mine as a very seasonable service to the Duke of York, as that which he

will have to shew to his enemies in his own justification, of his care of the King's business ; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, both for the King's sake and the Duke of York's, and my own also ; for, if I continue, my work, by this means, will be the less, and my share in the blame also. He being gone, I to my wife again, and so spent the evening with very great joy, and the night also with good sleep and rest, my wife only troubled in her rest, but less than usual, for which the God of Heaven be praised. I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life ; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.

21st. Up, with great joy to my wife and me, and to the office, where W. Hewer did most honestly bring me back the part of my letter to Deb. wherein I called her whore, assuring me that he did not shew it her, and that he did only give her to understand that wherein I did declare my desire never to see her, and did give her the best Christian counsel he could, which was mighty well done of him. But by the grace of God, though I love the poor girl and wish her well, as having gone too far toward the undoing her, yet I will never enquire after or think of her more, my peace being certainly to do right to my wife. At the Office all the morning ; and after dinner abroad with W. Hewer to my Lord Ashly's, where my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram[1] met upon Mr. Povy's account, where I was in great pain about that part of his account wherein I am concerned, above £150, I think ; and Creed hath declared himself dissatisfied with it, so far as to desire to cut his "Examinatur" out of the paper, as the only condition in which he would be silent in it. This Povy had the wit to yield to ; and so when it come to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular,

[1] See January 9th, 1664-65 (vol. iv., p. 328).

of my own knowledge, and so it went over as a thing good and just—as, indeed, in the bottom of it, it is; though in strictness, perhaps, it would not so well be understood. This Committee rising, I, with my mind much satisfied herein, away by coach home, setting Creed into Southampton Buildings, and so home; and there ended my letters, and then home to my wife, where I find my house clean now, from top to bottom, so as I have not seen it many a day, and to the full satisfaction of my mind, that I am now at peace, as to my poor wife, as to the dirtiness of my house, and as to seeing an end, in a great measure, to my present great disbursements upon my house, and coach and horses.

22nd (Lord's day). My wife and I lay long, with mighty content; and so rose, and she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt; and I knocking up nails, and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of greene, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23rd. Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer with me, by water, to the Temple; his business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy—the Clerk of the Patent's place,[1] which I understand not, and so could say little to him, but fell to other talk, and setting him in at the Temple, we to White Hall, and there I to visit Lord

[1] Among the State Papers, 1668, is a petition from Peter Massonnet to Lord Arlington: "Is the saddest object of pity of all the king's servants. Has attended 32 years as French sub-tutor and writing-master, served him in adversity as Clerk of the Patents and Foreign Secretary, but at the Restoration had only his sub-tutor's salary continued, now £833 in arrear, so that he is ready to perish; will resign his patent for the arrears and some recompense" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 129).

Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think, with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. However, I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can, and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse, that I have lent him; but, however, I shew no discontent at all. So to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier expected, but none met. I met with Mr. Povy, who I discoursed with about publick business, who tells me that this discourse which I told him of, of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales, hath nothing in it; though he thinks there are all the endeavours used in the world to overthrow the Duke of York. He would not have me doubt of my safety in the Navy, which I am doubtful of from the reports of a general removal; but he will endeavour to inform me, what he can gather from my Lord Arlington. That he do think that the Duke of Buckingham hath a mind rather to overthrow all the kingdom, and bring in a Commonwealth, wherein he may think to be General of their Army, or to make himself King, which, he believes, he may be led to, by some advice he hath had with conjurors, which he do affect. Thence with W. Hewer, who goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking, it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein. I took up my wife and boy at Unthank's, and from there to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholster's, about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury.[1] At supper comes Mary Batelier, and with us all the evening, prettily talking, and very innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed, and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

[1] Laud. See September 16th, 1668.

24th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Gentleman, the cook, and an old woman, his third or fourth wife, come and dined with us, to enquire about a ticket of his son's, that is dead; and after dinner, I with Mr. Hosier to my closet, to discourse of the business of balancing Storekeeper's accounts, which he hath taken great pains in reducing to a method, to my great satisfaction; and I shall be glad both for the King's sake and his, that the thing may be put in practice, and will do my part to promote it. That done, he gone, I to the Office, where busy till night; and then with comfort to sit with my wife, and get her to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed, with my mind at mighty ease.

25th. Up, and by coach with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry; but he gone out, I to White Hall, and there waited on Lord Sandwich, which I have little encouragement to do, because of the difficulty of seeing him, and the little he hath to say to me when I do see him, or to any body else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, &c. Thence walked with him to White Hall, where to the Duke of York; and there the Duke, and Wren, and I, by appointment in his closet, to read over our letter to the Office, which he heard, and signed it, and it is to my mind, Mr. Wren having made it somewhat sweeter to the Board, and yet with all the advice fully, that I did draw it up with. He [the Duke] said little more to us now, his head being full of other business; but I do see that he do continue to put a value upon my advice; and so Mr. Wren and I to his chamber, and there talked: and he seems to hope that these people, the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, will run themselves off of their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or other, against the easiness of his nature, which he will never be able to bear, nor they to keep him to, and so will lose themselves. And, for instance of their little progress, he tells me that my Lord of Ormond is like yet to carry it, and to continue in his command in Ireland; at least, they cannot get the better of him yet. But he tells me that

the Keeper[1] is wrought upon, as they say, to give his opinion for the dissolving of the Parliament, which, he thinks, will undo him in the eyes of the people. He do not seem to own the hearing or fearing of any thing to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town talk's full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cozen Roger come to dine with me, and to seal his mortgage for the £500 I lend him; but he and I first walked to the 'Change, there to look for my uncle Wight, and get him to dinner with us. So home, buying a barrel of oysters at my old oyster-woman's, in Gracious Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. So home, and there merry at dinner; and the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit,[2] and there left him going to Stradwick's,[3] whom we avoided to see, because of our long absence, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see "The Duchesse of Malfy," a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure, for fear of my wife's seeing me look about, and so I was uneasy all the while, though I desire and resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more. So home, and there busy at the Office a while, and then home, where my wife to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

26th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, where I was to have delivered the Duke of York's letter of advice to the Board, in answer to our several answers to his great letter; but Lord Brouncker not being there, and doubtful to deliver it before the new Treasurers, I forbore it to next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife:

[1] Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman.

[2] Stow speaks of "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit."—B.

[3] Pepys's cousin by marriage, Thomas Stradwick. See September 13th, 1660 (vol. i., p. 240). Bunyan died in 1688, at the house of his friend, Mr. Stradwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill.

but I was forced to shew very little pleasure in her being there because of my vow to my wife; and therefore was glad of a very bad occasion for my being really troubled, which is, at W. Hewer's losing of a tally of £1,000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise. So that though I hope at the worst I shall be able to get another, yet I made use of this to get away as soon as I had dined, and therefore out with him to the Excise Office to make a stop of its payment, and so away to the coachmaker's and several other places, and so away home, and there to my business at the office, and thence home, and there my wife to read to me, and W. Hewer to set some matters of accounts right at my chamber, to bed.

27th. Up, and with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry again, but missed him again, by coming too late, the man of [all] the world that I am resolved to preserve an interest in. Thence to White Hall, and there at our usual waiting on the Duke of York; and that being done, I away to the Exchequer, to give a stop, and take some advice about my lost tally, wherein I shall have some remedy, with trouble, and so home, and there find Mr. Povy, by appointment, to dine with me; where a pretty good dinner, but for want of thought in my wife it was but slovenly dressed up; however, much pleasant discourse with him, and some serious; and he tells me that he would, by all means, have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament, which he believes there will be one, which I do resolve of. By and by comes my cozen Roger, and dines with us; and, after dinner, did seal his mortgage, wherein I do wholly rely on his honesty, not having so much as read over what he hath given me for it, nor minded it, but do trust to his integrity therein. They all gone, I to the office and there a while, and then home to ease my eyes and make my wife read to me.

28th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in,

and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and did a great deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed, with my mind at pretty good ease, having this day presented to the Board the Duke of York's letter,[1] which, I perceive, troubled Sir W. Pen, he declaring himself meant in that part, that concerned excuse by sickness;[2] but I do not care, but am mightily glad that it is done, and now I shall begin to be at pretty good ease in the Office. This morning, to my great content, W. Hewer tells me that a porter is come, who found my tally in Holborne, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20*s.*

29th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed with pleasure [with my wife], with whom I have now a great deal of content, and my mind is in other things also mightily more at ease, and I do mind my business better than ever and am more at peace, and trust in God I shall ever be so, though I cannot yet get my mind off from thinking now and then of Deb., but I do ever since my promise a while since to my wife pray to God by myself in my chamber every night, and will endeavour to get my wife to do the like with me ere long, but am in much fear of what she lately frighted me with about her being a Catholique; and I dare not, therefore, move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me; but this morning, of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily, and so I all the morning at my chamber, and dined with my wife, and got her to read to me in the afternoon, till Sir W. Warren, by appointment, comes to me, who spent two hours, or three,

[1] Dated, White Hall, November 25th, 1668. See a copy of it in Harl. MS. 6003.

[2] Sir William Penn's address to the Duke of York in reply to the Duke of York's letter is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 514. In this his absences from the office are accounted for or explained by reason of his ill-health.

with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh,[1] which are so confounded, that I doubt they will hardly ever pass without my doing something, which he desires of me, and which, partly from fear, and partly from unwillingness to wrong the King, and partly from its being of no profit to me, I am backward to give way to, though the poor man do indeed deserve to be rid of this trouble, that he hath lain so long under, from the negligence of this Board. We afterwards fell to other talk, and he tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it;[2] but I told him it was now manifestly for my profit to keep a coach, and that, after employments like mine for eight years, it were hard if I could not be justly thought to be able to do that. He gone, my wife and I to supper; and so she to read, and made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly. So to bed.

30th. Up betimes, and with W. Hewer, who is my guard, to White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business

[1] Sir William Warren had several contracts with the Navy Commissioners for timber. In December, 1668, he had a contract for elm timber.

[2] Though our journalist prided himself not a little upon becoming possessed of a carriage, the acquisition was regarded with envy and jealousy by his enemies, as will appear by the following extract from the scurrilous pamphlet, "A Hue and Cry after P. and H. and Plain Truth (or a Private Discourse between P. and H.," in which Pepys and Hewer are severely handled: "There is one thing more you must be mightily sorry for with all speed. Your presumption in your coach, in which you daily ride, as if you had been son and heir to the great Emperor Neptune, or as if you had been infallibly to have succeeded him in his government of the Ocean, all which was presumption in the highest degree. First, you had upon the fore part of your chariot, tempestuous waves and wrecks of ships; on your left hand, forts and great guns, and ships a-fighting; on your right hand was a fair harbour and galleys riding, with their flags and pennants spread, kindly saluting each other, just like P[epys] and H[ewer]. Behind it were high curled waves and ships a-sinking, and here and there an appearance of some bits of land."

of Mr. Lanyon[1] took up all the morning; and where, poor man! he did manage his business with so much folly, and ill fortune to boot, that the Board, before his coming in, inclining, of their own accord, to lay his cause aside, and leave it to the law, but he pressed that we would hear it, and it ended to the making him appear a very knave, as well as it did to me a fool also, which I was sorry for. Thence by water, Mr. Povy, Creed, and I, to Arundell House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's-day;[2] and I had his Cross[3] set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me 2*s.*, and so leaving them I away by coach home to dinner, and my wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad to take the maidenhead of her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. Home at night, and there comes Mrs. Turner and Betty to see us, and supped with us, and I shewed them a cold civility for fear of troubling my wife, and after supper, they being gone, we to bed. Thus ended this month, with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world: and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired: and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office: and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work: and therefore

[1] John Lanyon, agent of the Navy Commissioners at Plymouth. The cause of complaint appears to have been connected with his contract for Tangier. In 1668 a charge was made against Lanyon and Thomas Yeabsley that they had defrauded the king in the freighting of the ship "Tiger" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 138).

[2] There were sixty fellows present at this meeting of the Royal Society when the new Council was elected. The annual meeting is still held on St. Andrew's day.

[3] The cross of St. Andrew, like that of St. Patrick, is a saltire. The two, combined with the red cross of St. George, form the Union flag.

that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it!

December 1st. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon with my people to dinner, and so to the office, very busy till night, and then home and made my boy read to me Wilkins's Reall Character, which do please me mightily, and so after supper to bed with great pleasure and content with my wife. This day I hear of poor Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, being dead, of a cold, after being not above two days ill, which troubles me mightily, poor man!

2nd. Up, and at the office all the morning upon some accounts of Sir D. Gawden, and at noon abroad with W. Hewer, thinking to have found Mr. Wren at Captain Cox's, to have spoke something to him about doing a favour for Will's uncle Steventon, but missed him. And so back home and abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there sat to avoid seeing Knepp in a box above where Mrs. Williams happened to be, and there saw "The Usurper;" a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to White Hall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole, while he was with a wench; and his gold all gone, but his clothes found afterwards stuffed into a feather bed by the wench that stole them. I spoke with the Duke of York, just as he was set down to supper with the King, about our sending of victuals to Sir Thomas Allen's fleet hence to Cales [Cadiz], to meet him. And so back to my wife in my coach, and so with great content and joy home, where I made my boy to make an end of the Reall Character, which I begun a great while ago, and do please me infinitely, and indeed is a most worthy labour, and I think

mighty easy, though my eyes make me unable to attempt any thing in it. To-day I hear that Mr. Ackworth's cause went for him at Guildhall,[1] against his accusers, which I am well enough pleased with.

3rd. Up betimes, and by water with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there to Mr. Wren, who gives me but small hopes of the favour I hoped for Mr. Steventon, Will's uncle, of having leave, being upon the point of death, to surrender his place, which do trouble me, but I will do what I can. So back again to the Office, Sir Jer. Smith with me; who is a silly, prating, talking man; but he tells me what he hears,—that Holmes and Spragg now rule all with the Duke of Buckingham, as to sea-business, and will be great men: but he do prophesy what will be the fruit of it; so I do. So to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon home to dinner, and then abroad again, with my wife, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw "The Unfortunate Lovers;" a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy,[2] who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife, in a coach of our own, to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived, in my memory, but my cozen Pepys in Salisbury Court. So to the office, and thence home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to White Hall, and there did wait as usual upon the Duke of York, where, upon

[1] J. Clerke, writing to the Navy Commissioners, November 21st, 1668, "desires that a valuation may be made of the goods taken by Mr. Acworth out of the stores, with names of the parties who will attest it, and that all the witnesses may be ready by Wednesday sevennight" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 71). This may be Clerke, the solicitor, referred to above (p. 170).

[2] See note to March 19th, 1664-65 (vol. iv., p. 375).

discoursing something touching the Ticket-Office, which by letter the Board did give the Duke of York their advice, to be put upon Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes did foolishly rise up and complain of the Office, and his being made nothing of; and this before Sir Thomas Littleton, who would be glad of this difference among us, which did trouble me mightily; and therefore I did forbear to say what I otherwise would have thought fit for me to say on this occasion, upon so impertinent a speech as this doting fool made—but, I say, I let it alone, and contented myself that it went as I advised, as to the Duke of York's judgment, in the thing disputed. And so thence away, my coach meeting me there and carrying me to several places to do little jobs, which is a mighty convenience, and so home, where by invitation I find my aunt Wight, who looked over all our house, and is mighty pleased with it, and indeed it is now mighty handsome, and rich in furniture. By and by comes my uncle, and then to dinner, where a venison pasty and very merry, and after dinner I carried my wife and her to Smithfield, where they sit in the coach, while Mr. Pickering, who meets me there, and I, and W. Hewer, and a friend of his, a jockey, did go about to see several pairs of horses, for my coach; but it was late, and we agreed on none, but left it to another time: but here I do see instances of a piece of craft and cunning that I never dreamed of, concerning the buying and choosing of horses. So Mr. Pickering, to whom I am much beholden for his kindness herein, and I parted; and I with my people home, where I left them, and I to the office, to meet about some business of Sir W. Warren's accounts, where I vexed to see how ill all the Comptroller's business is likely to go on, so long as ever Sir J. Minnes lives; and so troubled I was, that I thought it a good occasion for me to give my thoughts of it in writing, and therefore wrote a letter at the Board, by the help of a tube, to Lord Brouncker, and did give it him, which I kept a copy of, and it may be of use to me hereafter to shew, in this matter. This being done, I home to my aunt, who supped with us, and my uncle also: and a good-humoured woman she

is, so that I think we shall keep her acquaintance; but mighty proud she is of her wedding-ring, being lately set with diamonds; cost her about £12: and I did commend it mightily to her, but do not think it very suitable for one of our quality. After supper they home, and we to bed.

5th. Up, after a little talk with my wife, which troubled me, she being ever since our late difference mighty watchful of sleep and dreams, and will not be persuaded but I do dream of Deb., and do tell me that I speak in my dreams and that this night I did cry, Huzzy, and it must be she, and now and then I start otherwise than I used to do, she says, which I know not, for I do not know that I dream of her more than usual, though I cannot deny that my thoughts waking do run now and then against my will and judgment upon her, for that only is wanting to undo me, being now in every other thing as to my mind most happy, and may still be so but for my own fault, if I be catched loving any body but my wife again. So up and to the office, and at noon to dinner, and thence to office, where late, mighty busy, and despatching much business, settling papers in my own office, and so home to supper, and to bed. No news stirring, but that my Lord of Ormond is likely to go to Ireland again, which do shew that the Duke of Buckingham do not rule all so absolutely; and that, however, we shall speedily have more changes in the Navy: and it is certain that the Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses, in many places, and among others the house that was heretofore Sir G. Carteret's, in Leadenhall Streete, and have ready access to the King. And now the great dispute is, whether this Parliament or another; and my great design, if I continue in the Navy, is to get myself to be a Parliament-man.

6th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear that she would never go to church again, after she had declared to me that she was a Roman Catholique. But though I do verily think she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see she is not so strictly so a Catholique as not to go to church with

me, which pleases me mightily. Here Mills made a lazy sermon, upon Moses's meeknesse, and so home, and my wife and I alone to dinner, and then she to read a little book concerning speech in general,[1] a translation late out of French, a most excellent piece as ever I read, proving a soul in man, and all the ways and secrets by which nature teaches speech in man, which do please me most infinitely to read. By and by my wife to church, and I to my Office to complete my Journall for the last three days, and so home to my chamber to settle some papers, and so to spend the evening with my wife and W. Hewer talking over the business of the Office, and particularly my own Office, how I will make it, and it will become, in a little time, an Office of ease, and not slavery, as it hath for so many years been. So to supper, and to bed.

7th. Up by candlelight, the first time I have done so this winter, but I had lost my labour so often to visit Sir W. Coventry, and not visited him so long, that I was resolved to get time enough, and so up, and with W. Hewer, it being the first frosty day we have had this winter, did walk it very well to W. Coventry's, and there alone with him an hour talking of the Navy, which he pities, but says he hath no more mind to be found meddling with the Navy, lest it should do it hurt, as well as him, to be found to meddle with it. So to talk of general things: and telling him that, with all these doings, he, I thanked God, stood yet; he told me, Yes, but that he thought his continuing in, did arise from his enemies my Lord of Buckingham and Arlington's seeing that he cared so little if he was out; and he do protest to me that he is as weary of the Treasury, as ever he was of the Navy. He tells me that he do believe that their heat is over almost, as to the Navy, there being now none left of the old stock but my Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, who is ready to leave the world, and myself. But he tells me that he do foresee very great wants and great disorders by reason thereof; insomuch, as he is re-

[1] William Holder's "Elements of Speech: an Essay of Inquiry into the Natural Production of Letters" was published at London in 1669.

presented to the King by his enemies as a melancholy man, and one that is still prophesying ill events, so as the King called him Visionaire, which being told him, he said he answered the party, that, whatever he foresaw, he was not afeard as to himself of any thing, nor particularly of my Lord Arlington, so much as the Duke of Buckingham hath been, nor of the Duke of Buckingham, so much as my Lord Arlington at this time is. But he tells me that he hath been always looked upon as a melancholy man; whereas, others that would please the King do make him believe that all is safe: and so he hath heard my Lord Chancellor openly say to the King, that he was now a glorious prince, and in a glorious condition, because of some one accident that hath happened, or some one rub that hath been removed; "when," says W. Coventry, "they reckoned their one good meal, without considering that there was nothing left in the cupboard for to-morrow." After this and other discourse of this kind, I away, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and walked with him to White Hall, and took a quarter of an hour's walk in the garden with him, which I had not done for so much time with him since his coming into England; and talking of his own condition, and particularly of the world's talk of his going to Tangier. I find, if his conditions can be made profitable and safe as to money, he would go, but not else; but, however, will seem not averse to it, because of facilitating his other accounts now depending, which he finds hard to get through, but yet hath some hopes, the King, he says, speaking very kindly to him. Thence to a Committee of Tangier, and so with W. Hewer to Westminster to Sir R. Long's office, and so to the Temple, but did nothing, the Auditor not being within, and so home to dinner, and after dinner out again with my wife to the Temple, and up and down to do a little business, and back again, and so to my office, and did a little business, and so home, and W. Hewer with me, to read and talk, and so to supper, and then to bed in mighty good humour. This afternoon, passing through Queen's Street, I saw pass by our coach on foot Deb., which, God forgive me, did put me

into some new thoughts of her, and for her, but durst not shew them, and I think my wife did not see her, but I did get my thoughts free of her soon as I could.

8th. Up, and Sir H. Cholmly betimes with me, about some accounts and moneys due to him: and he gone, I to the Office, where sat all the morning; and here, among other things, breaks out the storm W. Hewer and I have long expected from the Surveyor,[1] about W. Hewer's conspiring to get a contract, to the burdening of the stores with kerseys and cottons, of which he hath often complained, and lately more than ever; and now he did it by a most scandalous letter to the Board, reflecting on my Office: and, by discourse, it fell to such high words between him and me, as can hardly ever be forgot; I declaring I would believe W. Hewer as soon as him, and laying the fault, if there be any, upon himself; he, on the other hand, vilifying of my word and W. Hewer's, calling him knave, and that if he were his clerk, he should lose his ears. At last, I closed the business for this morning with making the thing ridiculous, as it is, and he swearing that the King should have right in it, or he would lose his place. The Office was cleared of all but ourselves and W. Hewer; but, however, the world did by the beginning see what it meant, and it will, I believe, come to high terms between us, which I am sorry for, to have any blemish laid upon me or mine, at this time, though never so unduly, for fear of giving occasion to my real discredit: and therefore I was not only all the rest of the morning vexed, but so went home to dinner, where my wife tells me of my Lord Orrery's new play "Tryphon,"[2] at the Duke of York's house, which, however, I would see, and therefore put a bit of meat in our mouths, and went thither, where, with much ado, at half-past one, we got into a blind hole in the 18*d.* place, above stairs, where we could not hear well, but the house infinite full, but the prologue most silly, and

[1] Colonel Middleton.

[2] This tragedy, taken from the first book of Maccabees, was performed with great success. It was first published in 1669, and a MS. copy is preserved in the Bodleian Library (MS. Rawl. Poet. 39).

the play, though admirable, yet no pleasure almost in it, because just the very same design, and words, and sense, and plot, as every one of his plays have, any one of which alone would be held admirable, whereas so many of the same design and fancy do but dull one another; and this, I perceive, is the sense of every body else, as well as myself, who therefore showed but little pleasure in it. So home, mighty hot, and my mind mightily out of order, so as I could not eat any supper, or sleep almost all night, though I spent till twelve at night with W. Hewer to consider of our business: and we find it not only most free from any blame of our side, but so horrid scandalous on the other, to make so groundless a complaint, and one so shameful to him, that it could not but let me see that there is no need of my being troubled; but such is the weakness of my nature, that I could not help it, which vexes me, showing me how unable I am to live with difficulties.

9th. Up, and to the Office, but did little there, my mind being still uneasy, though more and more satisfied that there is no occasion for it; but abroad with my wife to the Temple, where I met with Auditor Wood's clerk, and did some business with him, and so to see Mr. Spong, and found him out by Southampton Market,[1] and there carried my wife, and up to his chamber, a bye place, but with a good prospect of the fields; and there I had most infinite pleasure, not only with his ingenuity in general, but in particular with his shewing me the use of the Parallelogram, by which he drew in a quarter of an hour before me, in little, from a great, a most neat map of England—that is, all the outlines, which gives me infinite pleasure, and foresight of pleasure, I shall have with it; and therefore desire to have that which I have bespoke, made. Many other pretty things he showed us, and did give me a glass bubble,[2] to try the strength of liquors with. This done,

[1] Better known as Bloomsbury Market; but since swallowed up in the New Oxford Street improvements.

[2] This seems to refer to the first form of the Hon. Robert Boyle's hydrometer, which he described in a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for June, 1675, under the title of a "New Essay Instrument." In

and having spent *6d.* in ale in the coach, at the door of the Bull Inn, with the innocent master of the house, a Yorkshireman, for his letting us go through his house, we away to Hercules Pillars, and there eat a bit of meat: and so, with all speed, back to the Duke of York's house, where mighty full again; but we come time enough to have a good place in the pit, and did hear this new play again, where, though I better understood it than before, yet my sense of it and pleasure was just the same as yesterday, and no more, nor any body else's about us. So took our coach and home, having now little pleasure to look about me to see the fine faces, for fear of displeasing my wife, whom I take great comfort now, more than ever, in pleasing; and it is a real joy to me. So home, and to my Office, where spent an hour or two; and so home to my wife, to supper and talk, and so to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Office, where busy all the morning: Middleton not there, so no words or looks of him. At noon, home to dinner; and so to the Office, and there all the afternoon busy; and at night W. Hewer home with me; and we think we have got matter enough to make Middleton appear a coxcomb. But it troubled me to have Sir W. Warren meet me at night, going out of the Office home, and tell me that Middleton do intend to complain to the Duke of York: but, upon consideration of the business, I did go to bed, satisfied that it was best for me that he should; and so my trouble was over, and to bed, and slept well.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to Somerset House; and there I to my Lord Brouncker, before he went forth to the Duke of York, and there told him my confidence that I should make Middleton appear a fool, and that it was, I

this paper the author refers to a glass instrument exhibited many years before by himself, "consisting of a bubble furnished with a long and slender stem, which was to be put into several liquors to compare and estimate their specific gravity." Boyle describes this glass bubble in a paper in "Philosophical Transactions," vol. iv., No. 50, p. 1001, 1669, entitled, "The Weights of Water in Water with ordinary Balances and Weights."

thought, best for me to complain of the wrong he hath done; but brought it about, that my Lord desired me I would forbear, and promised that he would prevent Middleton till I had given in my answer to the Board, which I desired: and so away to White Hall, and there did our usual attendance: and no word spoke before the Duke of York by Middleton at all; at which I was glad to my heart, because by this means I have time to draw up my answer to my mind. So with W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so he [Will] and I to a cook's shop, in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 19½*d.*, upon roast beef, pleasing ourselves with the infinite strength we have to prove Middleton a coxcomb; and so, having dined, we back to Smithfield, and there met Pickering, and up and down all the afternoon about horses, and did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys. Here I met W. Joyce, who troubled me with his impertinencies a great while, and the like Mr. Knepp, who, it seems, is a kind of a jockey, and would fain have been doing something for me, but I avoided him, and the more for fear of being troubled thereby with his wife, whom I desire but dare not see, for my vow to my wife. At last went away and did nothing, only concluded upon giving £50 for a fine pair of black horses we saw this day se'nnight; and so set Mr. Pickering down near his house, whom I am much beholden to, for his care herein, and he hath admirable skill, I perceive, in this business, and so home, and spent the evening talking and merry, my mind at good ease, and so to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and so the like mighty busy, late, all the afternoon, that I might be ready to go to the drawing up of my answer to Middleton to-morrow, and therefore home to supper and to bed. I hear this day that there is fallen down a new house, not quite finished, in Lumbard Street, and that there have been several so, they making use of bad mortar and bricks; but no hurt yet, as God hath ordered it. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was master of. They cost me £50, and are a fine pair.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and with W. Hewer to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to a little dinner, and presently to it again all alone till twelve at night, drawing up my answer to Middleton, which I think I shall do to very good purpose—at least, I satisfy myself therein; and so to bed, weary with walking in my Office dictating to him [Hewer]. In the night my wife very ill, vomited, but was well again by and by.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where, among other things, a silly account of a falling out between Norwood,[1] at Tangier, and Mr. Bland, the mayor, who is fled to Cales [Cadiz]. His complaint is ill-worded, and the other's defence the most ridiculous that ever I saw; and so everybody else that was there, thought it; but never did I see so great an instance of the use of grammar, and knowledge how to tell a man's tale as this day, Bland having spoiled his business by ill-telling it, who had work to have made himself notorious by his mastering Norwood, his enemy, if he had known how to have used it. Thence calling Smith, the Auditor's clerk at the Temple, I by the Exchange home, and there looked over my Tangier accounts with him, and so to dinner, and then set him down again by a hackney, my coachman being this day about breaking of my horses to the coach, they having never yet drawn. Left my wife at Unthank's, and I to the Treasury, where we waited on the Lords Commissioners about Sir D. Gawden's matters, and so took her up again at night, and home to the office, and so home with W. Hewer, and to talk about our quarrel with Middleton, and so to supper and to bed. This day I hear, and am glad, that the King hath prorogued the Parliament to October next; and, among other reasons, it will give me time to go to France, I hope.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning, and the new Treasurers there; and, for my life, I cannot keep Sir J. Minnes and others of the Board from shewing our weakness,

[1] Colonel Norwood, the Deputy Governor.

to the dishonour of the Board, though I am not concerned: but it do vex me to the heart to have it before these people, that would be glad to find out all our weaknesses. At noon Mrs. Mary Batelier with us, and so, after dinner, I with W. Hewer all the afternoon till night beginning to draw up our answer to Middleton, and it proves troublesome, because I have so much in my head at a time to say, but I must go through with it. So at night to supper and to bed.

16th. I did the like all day long, only a little at dinner, and so to work again, and were at it till 2 in the morning, and so W. Hewer, who was with me all day, home to his lodging, and I to bed, after we had finished it.

17th. Up, and set my man Gibson and Mr. Fist[1] to work to write it over fair, while I all the morning at the office sitting. At noon home to them, and all the afternoon looking over them and examining with W. Hewer, and so about 10 at night I to bed, leaving them to finish the writing it fair, which they did by sitting up most of the night, and so home to bed.

18th. All the morning at the office about Sir W. Warren's accounts, my mind full of my business, having before we met gone to Lord Brouncker, and got him to read over my paper, who owns most absolute content in it, and the advantage I have in it, and the folly of the Surveyor. At noon home to dinner; and then again to the office a while, and so by hackney coach to Brooke House, and there spoke with Colonel Thomson, I by order carrying them [the Commissioners of Accounts] our Contract-books, from the beginning to the end of the late war. I found him finding of errors in a ship's book, where he shewed me many, which must end in the ruin, I doubt, of the Controller, who found them not out in the pay of the ship, or the whole Office. But I took little notice of them to concern myself in them, but so leaving my books I home to the Office, where the office met, and after some other business done, fell to mine, which the Surveyor begun to be a little brisk at the beginning; but when I come to the point

[1] Anthony Fist.

to touch him, which I had all the advantages in the world to do, he become as calm as a lamb, and owned, as the whole Board did, their satisfaction, and cried excuse: and so all made friends; and their acknowledgment put into writing, and delivered into Sir J. Minnes's hand, to be kept there for the use of the Board, or me, when I shall call for it; they desiring it might be so, that I might not make use of it to the prejudice of the Surveyor, whom I had an advantage over, by his extraordinary folly in this matter. But, besides this, I have no small advantage got by this business, as I have put several things into my letter which I should otherwise have wanted an opportunity of saying, which pleases me mightily. So Middleton desiring to be friends, I forgave him; and all mighty quiet, and fell to talk of other stories, and there staid, all of us, till nine or ten at night, more than ever we did in our lives before, together. And so home, where I have a new fight to fight with my wife, who is under new trouble by some news she hath heard of Deb.'s being mighty fine, and gives out that she has a friend that gives her money, and this my wife believes to be me, and, poor wretch! I cannot blame her, and therefore she run into mighty extremes; but I did pacify all, and were mighty good friends, and to bed, and I hope it will be our last struggle from this business, for I am resolved never to give any new occasion, and great peace I find in my mind by it. So to supper, she and I to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon, eating very little dinner, my wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in a box above, and saw "Catiline's Conspiracy,"[1] yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean, the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the Senate, and of a fight, that ever I saw in my life. But the play is only to be read, and

[1] Ben Jonson's tragedy, first published in 1611. Catiline was taken by Hart, Cethegus by Mohun, Cicero by Burt, and Sempronia by Mrs. Corey.

therefore home, with no pleasure at all, but only in sitting next to Betty Hall,[1] that did belong to this house, and was Sir Philip Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench, though my wife will not think so; and I dare neither commend, nor be seen to look upon her, or any other now, for fear of offending her. So, our own coach coming for us, home, and to end letters, and so home, my wife to read to me out of "The Siege of Rhodes," and so to supper, and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and then home, and there found W. Joyce come to dine with me, as troublesome a talking coxcombe as ever he was, and yet once in a year I like him well enough. In the afternoon my wife and W. Hewer and I to White Hall, where they set me down and staid till I had been with the Duke of York, with the rest of us of the Office, and did a little business, and then the Duke of York in good humour did fall to tell us many fine stories of the wars in Flanders, and how the Spaniards are the [best] disciplined foot in the world; will refuse no extraordinary service if commanded, but scorn to be paid for it, as in other countries, though at the same time they will beg in the streets: not a soldier will carry you a cloak-bag for money for the world, though he will beg a penny, and will do the thing, if commanded by his Commander. That, in the citadel of Antwerp, a soldier hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years. They will cry out against their King and Commanders and Generals, none like them in the world, and yet will not hear a stranger say a word of them but he will cut his throat. That, upon a time, some of the Commanders of their army exclaiming against their Generals, and particularly the Marquis de Caranen,[2] the Confessor of

[1] See January 23rd, 1666-67; March 30th, 1667 (vol. vi., pp. 144, 246). She is noticed in one of Rochester's satires:

"And Mrs. Strafford yield to B—— Hall."
State Poems, p. 35, 8vo., 1697.

[2] Luis de Benavides Carillo y Toledo, Marques de Caracena, one of the most eminent of the Spanish generals. He had been commander of

the Marquis coming by and hearing them, he stops and gravely tells them that the three great trades of the world are, the lawyers, who govern the world; the churchmen, who enjoy the world; and a sort of fools whom they call souldiers, who make it their work to defend the world. He told us, too, that Turenne being now become a Catholique,[1] he is likely to get over the head of Colbert,[2] their interests being contrary; the latter to promote trade[3] and the sea, which, says the Duke of York, is that that we have most cause to fear; and Turenne to employ the King and his forces by land, to encrease his conquests. Thence to the coach to my wife, and so home, and there with W. Hewer to my office and to do some business, and so set down my Journall for four or five days, and then home to supper and read a little, and to bed. W. Hewer tells me to-day that he hears that the King of France hath declared in print, that he do intend this next summer to forbid his Commanders to strike[4] to us, but that both we and the Dutch shall strike to him; and that he hath made his captains swear it already, that they will observe it: which is a great thing if he do it, as I know nothing to hinder him.

21st. My own coach carrying me and my boy Tom, who goes with me in the room of W. Hewer, who could not, and I dare not go alone, to the Temple, and there set me down, the first time my fine horses ever carried me, and I am mighty proud of them, and there took a hackney and to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier, but little to do, and so away home, calling at the Exchange and buying several little things,

the Spanish cavalry in Flanders; and he was afterwards Governor of Milan, and employed in the wars of Italy. He died in 1668.—B.

[1] Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, the celebrated general. In 1666, after the death of his wife, Charlotte, heiress of the Duc de la Force, who like himself had been a Huguenot, and whose influence had retained him in that communion, Turenne professed himself a Roman Catholic.—B.

[2] Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great minister.—B.

[3] This reminds us of the famous reply, *Laissez nous faire*, made to Colbert by the French merchants, whose interests he thought to promote by laws and regulations.—B.

[4] Strike topsails.

and so home, and there dined with my wife and people: and then she, and W. Hewer, and I by appointment out with our coach, but the old horses, not daring yet to use the others too much, but only to enter them, and to the Temple, there to call Talbot Pepys, and took him up, and first went into Holborne, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard.[1] She is a little plain woman, a Dane: her name, Ursula Dyan; about forty years old; her voice like a little girl's; with a beard as much as any man I ever saw, black almost, and grizly; they offered to shew my wife further satisfaction if she desired it, refusing it to men that desired it there, but there is no doubt but by her voice she is a woman; it begun to grow at about seven years old, and was snaved not above seven months ago, and is now so big as any man's almost that ever I saw; I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to me, I confess, and what pleased me mightily. Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and saw "Macbeth." The King and Court there; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemayne, and close to the woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the King's and my Lady Castlemayne's head, look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemayne once, to see who it was; but when she saw her, she looked like fire; which troubled me. The play done, took leave of Talbot, who goes into the country this Christmas, and so we home,

[1] This was probably the woman described in "Wonderful Characters" as Barbara Urslerin, the hairy-faced woman. She was born at Augsburg in 1629, which gives us exactly the age Pepys mentions. It is recorded that she was exhibited in 1668 in Ratcliffe Highway. There are two portraits of her—one by Isaac Brunn, taken in 1653, and another by Gaywood, about 1658.

and there I to work at the office late, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd. At the office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, thinking to meet with Langford about my father's house in Fleet Streete, but I come too late, and so home to dinner, and all the afternoon at the office busy, and at night home to supper and talk, and with mighty content with my wife, and so to bed.

23rd. Met at the Office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, and there met with Langford and Mr. Franke, the landlord of my father's house in Fleet Streete, and are come to an arbitration what my father shall give him to be freed of his lease and building the house again. Walked up and down the 'Change, and among others discoursed with Sir John Bankes, who thinks this prorogation will please all but the Parliament itself, which will, if ever they meet, be vexed at Buckingham, who yet governs all. He says the Nonconformists are glad of it, and, he believes, will get the upper-hand in a little time, for the King must trust to them or nobody; and he thinks the King will be forced to it. He says that Sir D. Gawden is mightily troubled at Pen's being put upon him, by the Duke of York,[1] and that he believes he will get clear of it, which, though it will trouble me to have Pen still at the Office, yet I shall think D. Gawden do well in it, and what I would advise him to, because I love him. So home to dinner, and then with my wife alone abroad, with our new horses, the beautifullest almost that ever I saw, and the first time they ever carried her, and me but once; but we are mighty proud of them. To her tailor's, and so to the 'Change, and laid out three or four pounds in lace, for her and me; and so home, and there I up to my Lord Brouncker, at his lodgings, and sat with him an hour, on purpose to talk over the wretched state of this Office at present, according to the present hands it is made up of; wherein he do fully concur with me, and that it is our part not only to prepare for de-

[1] As his partner in the contract for victualling the navy.

fending it and ourselves, against the consequences of it, but to take the best ways we can, to make it known to the Duke of York; for, till Sir J. Minnes be removed, and a sufficient man brought into W. Pen's place, when he is gone, it is impossible for this Office ever to support itself. So home, and to supper and to bed.

24th. A cold day. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning alone at the Office, nobody meeting, being the eve of Christmas. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office busy, all the afternoon, and at night home to supper, and it being now very cold, and in hopes of a frost, I begin this night to put on a waistcoat, it being the first winter in my whole memory that ever I staid till this day before I did so. So to bed in mighty good humour with my wife, but sad in one thing, and that is for my poor eyes.

25th (Christmas-day). Up, and continued on my waistcoat, the first day this winter, and I to church, where Alderman Backewell, coming in late, I beckoned to his lady to come up to us, who did, with another lady; and after sermon, I led her down through the church to her husband and coach, a noble, fine woman, and a good one, and one my wife shall be acquainted with. So home, and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day, till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat: while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar,[1] and Des Cartes' book of Musick[2]—the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. Then, after supper, I made the boy play upon his lute, which I have not done twice before since he come to me; and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

26th. Lay long with pleasure, prating with my wife, and

[1] "The Life of Julius Cæsar, with an Account of his Medals." By Clement Edmonds, fol., London, 1655.

[2] "Musicæ Compendium." By Réné Des Cartes, Amsterdam, 1617; rendered into English, London, 1653, 4to. The translator, whose name did not appear on the title, was William, Viscount Brouncker, Pepys's colleague, who proved his knowledge of music by the performance.

then up, and I a little to the Office, and my head busy setting some papers and accounts to rights, which being long neglected because of my eyes will take me up much time and care to do, but it must be done. So home at noon to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to a play, at the Duke of York's house, the house full of ordinary citizens. The play was "Women Pleased,"[1] which we had never seen before; and, though but indifferent, yet there is a good design for a good play. So home, and there to talk, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Walked to White Hall and there saw the King at chapel; but staid not to hear anything, but went to walk in the Park, with W. Hewer, who was with me; and there, among others, met with Sir G. Downing, and walked with him an hour, talking of business, and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it, and telling how, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do, if he might have power, and they would give him power, and then, upon the least word, perhaps of a woman, to the King, he was contradicted again, and particularly to the loss of all that we lost in Guinny. He told me that he had so good spies, that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's[2] pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened, and papers brought to him, and left in his hands for an [hour], and carried back and laid in the place again, and keys put into his pocket again. He says that he hath always had their most private debates, that have been but between two or three of the chief of them, brought to him in an hour after, and

[1] A tragi-comedy by Fletcher, first published in 1647; well thought of at the time, though, when revived at Drury Lane in 1743, it met with little success.

[2] The celebrated John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, who, a few years afterwards, was massacred, with his brother Cornelius, by the Dutch mob, enraged at their opposition to the elevation of William of Orange to the Stadtholdership, when the States were overrun by the French army, and the Dutch fleets beaten at sea by the English. The murder of the De Witts forms one of the main incidents of Alexandre Dumas's "Black Tulip."

an hour after that, hath sent word thereof to the King, but nobody here regarded them. But he tells me the sad news, that he is out of all expectations that ever the debts of the Navy will be paid, if the Parliament do not enable the King to do it by money; all they can hope for to do out of the King's revenue being but to keep our wheels a-going on present services, and, if they can, to cut off the growing interest: which is a sad story, and grieves me to the heart. So home, my coach coming for me, and there find Balty and Mr. How, who dined with me; and there my wife and I fell out a little about the foulness of the linen of the table, but were friends presently, but she cried, poor heart! which I was troubled for, though I did not give her one hard word. Dinner done, she to church, and W. How and I all the afternoon talking together about my Lord Sandwich's suffering his business of the prizes to be managed by Sir R. Cuttance, who is so deep in the business, more than my Lord knows of, and such a loggerhead, and under such prejudice, that he will, we doubt, do my Lord much wrong. In the evening, he gone, my wife to read to me and talk, and spent the evening with much pleasure, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, called up by drums and trumpets; these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more. My wife down by water to see her mother, and I with W. Hewer all day together in my closet making some advance in the settling of my accounts, which have been so long unevened that it troubles me how to set them right, having not the use of my eyes to help me. My wife at night home, and tells me how much her mother prays for me and is troubled for my eyes; and I am glad to have friendship with them, and believe they are truly glad to see their daughter come to live so well as she do. So spent the night in talking, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and there, by a pleasant mistake, find my uncle and aunt Wight, and three more of their company, come to dine

with me to-day, thinking that they had been invited, which they were not; but yet we did give them a pretty good dinner, and mighty merry at the mistake. They sat most of the afternoon with us, and then parted, and my wife and I out, thinking to have gone to a play, but it was too far begun, and so to the 'Change, and there she and I bought several things, and so home, with much pleasure talking, and then to reading, and so to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and vexed a little to be forced to pay 40*s.* for a glass of my coach, which was broke the other day, nobody knows how, within the door, while it was down; but I do doubt that I did break it myself with my knees. After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, and there did see "King Harry the Eighth;" and was mightily pleased, better than I ever expected, with the history and shows of it. We happened to sit by Mr. Andrews, our neighbour, and his wife, who talked so fondly to his little boy. Thence my wife and I to the 'Change; but, in going, our neere horse did fling himself, kicking of the coachbox over the pole; and a great deal of trouble it was to get him right again, and we forced to 'light, and in great fear of spoiling the horse, but there was no hurt. So to the 'Change, and then home, and there spent the evening talking, and so to supper and to bed.

31st. Up, and at the Office all the morning. At noon Capt. Ferrers and Mr. Sheres[1] come to me to dinner, who did, and pretty pleased with their talk of Spayne; but my wife did not come down, I suppose because she would not, Captain Ferrers being there, to oblige me by it. They gone,

[1] Henry Sheres accompanied Lord Sandwich in his embassy to Spain, and returned to England in September, 1667, bearing letters from the ambassador (see September 8th, 22nd, 27th). He was an officer in the Ordnance, and served under Lord Dartmouth at the demolition of the Mole at Tangier in 1683. He was knighted about 1684. He translated Polybius (2 vols. 8vo., 1693), and also some of the "Dialogues" of Lucian, included in the translation published in 1711 (3 vols. 8vo.). Pepys bequeathed him a ring, and he died about 1713. In June of that year the sale of the library of Sir Henry Sheers, deceased, was advertised ("Guardian," No. 82).

after dinner, I to the office, and then in the evening home, being the last day of the year, to endeavour to pay all bills and servants' wages, &c., which I did almost to £5 that I know that I owe in the world, but to the publique; and so with great pleasure to supper and to bed, and, blessed be God! the year ends, after some late very great sorrow with my wife by my folly, yet ends, I say, with great mutual peace and content, and likely to last so by my care, who am resolved to enjoy the sweet of it, which I now possess, by never giving her like cause of trouble. My greatest trouble is now from the backwardness of my accounts, which I have not seen the bottom of now near these two years, so that I know not in what condition I am in the world, but by the grace of God, as far as my eyes will give me leave, I will do it.

1668-69.

January 1st. Up, and presented from Captain Beckford[1] with a noble silver warming-pan, which I am doubtful whether to take or no. Up, and with W. Hewer to the New Exchange, and then he and I to the cabinet-shops, to look out, and did agree, for a cabinet to give my wife for a New-year's gift; and I did buy one cost me £11, which is very pretty, of walnutt-tree, and will come home to-morrow. So back to the old Exchange, and there met my uncle Wight; and there walked, and met with the Houblons, and talked with them—gentlemen whom I honour mightily: and so to my uncle's, and met my wife; and there, with W. Hewer, we dined with our family, and had a very good dinner, and pretty merry: and after dinner, my wife and I with our coach to the King's playhouse, and there in a box saw "The Mayden Queene." Knepp looked upon us, but I durst not shew her any countenance; and, as well as I could carry myself, I found my wife uneasy there, poor wretch! therefore, I shall avoid that house as much as I can. So back to my aunt's, and

[1] See February 21st, 1667-68.

there supped and talked, and staid pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home, and to bed in very good humour.

2nd. Up, at the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where I find my cabinet come home, and paid for it, and it pleases me and my wife well. So after dinner busy late at the office, and so home and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and busy all the morning, getting rooms and dinner ready for my guests, which were my uncle and aunt Wight, and two of their cousins, and an old woman, and Mr. Mills and his wife; and a good dinner, and all our plate out, and mighty fine and merry, only I a little vexed at burning a new table-cloth myself, with one of my trencher-salts.[1] Dinner done, I out with W. Hewer and Mr. Spong, who by accident come to dine with me, and good talk with him: to White Hall by coach, and there left him, and I with my Lord Brouncker to attend the Duke of York, and then up and down the House till the evening, hearing how the King do intend[2] this frosty weather, it being this day the first, and very hard frost, that hath come this year, and very cold it is. So home; and to supper and read; and there my wife and I treating about coming to an allowance to my wife for clothes; and there I, out of my natural backwardness, did hang off, which vexed her, and did occasion some discontented talk in bed, when we went to bed; and also in the morning, but I did recover all in the morning.

4th. Lay long, talking with my wife, and did of my own accord come to an allowance of her of £30 a-year for all expences, clothes and everything, which she was mightily pleased with, it being more than ever she asked or expected, and so rose, with much content, and up with W. Hewer to White Hall, there to speak with Mr. Wren, which I did about several things of the office entered in my memorandum books, and so about noon, going homeward with W. Hewer, he and I

[1] It would seem that the wooden salt-cellar was burnt, together with the tablecloth..—B.

[2] This sentence is imperfect.

went in and saw the great tall woman that is to be seen, who is but twenty-one years old, and I do easily stand under her arms.[1] Then, going further, The. Turner called me, out of her coach where her mother, &c., was, and invited me by all means to dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's, the widow Dickenson.[2] So, I went to them afterwards, and dined with them, and mighty handsomely treated, and she a wonderfull merry, good-humoured, fat, but plain woman, but I believe a very good woman, and mighty civil to me. Mrs. Turner,[3] the mother,[4] and Mrs. Dyke,[5] and The., and Betty was the company, and a gentleman of their acquaintance. Betty I did long to see, and she is indifferent pretty, but not what the world did speak of her; but I am mighty glad to have one so pretty of our kindred. After dinner, I walked with them, to shew them the great woman, which they admire, as well they may; and so back with them, and left them; and I to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier met, but little to do there, but I did receive an instance of the Duke of York's kindness to me, and the whole Committee, that they would not order any thing about the Treasurer for the Corporation now in establishing, without my assent, and considering whether it would be to my wrong or no. Thence up and down the house, and to the Duke of York's side, and there in the Duchess's presence; and was mightily complimented by my Lady Peterborough, in my Lord Sandwich's presence, whom she engaged to thank me for my kindness to her and her Lord. By and by I met my Lord Brouncker; and he and

[1] Evelyn saw her, January 29th, 1668-69. She was born in the Low Countries, and stood, at the age of twenty-one, according to Evelyn, six feet ten inches high; yet Pepys, February 8th, 1668-69, makes her height six feet five inches.— B.

[2] The marriage licence of Roger Pepys, of Impington, widower, aged about forty-eight, and Easter Dickinson, of St. Paul, Covent Garden, widow, aged about forty, is dated February 2nd, 1668-69 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 1044).

[3] Jane, the wife of Serjeant John Turner.

[4] Anne Pepys, who married Terry Walpole of South Creake.

[5] Elizabeth, married to Thomas Dyke.

I to the Duke of York alone, and discoursed over the carriage of the present Treasurers, in opposition to, or at least independency of, the Duke of York, or our Board, which the Duke of York is sensible of, and all remember, I believe; for they do carry themselves very respectlessly of him and us. We also declared our minds together to the Duke of York about Sir John Minnes's incapacity to do any service in the Office, and that it is but to betray the King to have any business of trust committed to his weakness. So the Duke of York was very sensible of it and promised to speak to the King about it. That done, I with W. Hewer took up my wife at Unthank's, and so home, and there with pleasure to read and talk, and so to supper, and put into writing, in merry terms, our agreement between my wife and me, about £30 a-year, and so to bed. This was done under both our hands merrily, and put into W. Hewer's to keep.

5th. Up, and to the office all the morning, the frost and cold continuing. At noon home with my people to dinner, and so to work at the office again; in the evening comes Creed to me, and tells me his wife is at my house. So I in, and spent an hour with them, the first time she hath been here, or I have seen her, since she was married. She is not overhandsome, though a good lady, and one I love. So after some pleasant discourse, they gone, I to the Office again, and there late, and then home to supper to my wife, who is not very well of those, and so sat talking till past one in the morning, and then to bed.

6th (Twelfth day). Up, and to look after things against dinner to-day for my guests, and then to the Office to write down my Journall for five or six days backward, and so home to look after dinner, it being now almost noon. At noon comes Mrs. Turner and Dyke, and Mrs. Dickenson, and then comes The. and Betty Turner, the latter of which is a very pretty girl; and then Creed and his wife, whom I sent for, by my coach. These were my guests, and Mrs. Turner's friend, whom I saw the other day, Mr. Wicken, and very merry we were at dinner, and so all the afternoon, talking, and looking

up and down my house; and in the evening[1] I did bring out my cake—a noble cake, and there cut it into pieces, with wine and good drink: and after a new fashion, to prevent spoiling the cake, did put so many titles into a hat, and so drew cuts; and I was the Queene; and The. Turner, King—Creed, Sir Martin Marr-all; and Betty, Mrs. Millicent: and so we were mighty merry till it was night; and then, being moonshine and fine frost, they went home, I lending some of them my coach to help to carry them, and so my wife and I spent the rest of the evening in talk and reading, and so with great pleasure to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, and then at noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse,"[2] the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell come and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people; and with a comrade of hers of the Duke's house, that come in to see the play. Thence home and to the office to do some business, and so home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, in his coach, and Mr. Tippets to White Hall; and there attended the Duke of York with the rest, where the Duke was mighty plain with the Treasurers, according to the advice my Lord Brouncker and I did give him the other night, and he did it fully; and so as, I believe, will make the Treasurers carefull of themselves, unless they do resolve upon defying the Duke of York. Thence with W. Hewer home, and to dinner, and so out again, my wife and I and Mr. Hater to White Hall, where she set us down, and she up and down to buy things, while we at the Treasury-Chamber, where I alone did manage the business of "The Leopard" against the whole Committee of the East

[1] It was Twelfth Night.

[2] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; published in 1647, and reprinted in 1669, "as it is acted at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's servants. With the alterations and new additional scenes."—B.

India Company,[1] with Mr. Blackburne with them; and to the silencing of them all, to my no great content. Thence walked to my wife, and so set out for home in our coach, it being very cold weather, and so to the office to do a little business, and then home to my wife's chamber, my people having laid the cloth, and got the rooms all clean above-stairs to-night for our dinner to-morrow, and therefore I to bed.

9th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and at noon, my Lord Brouncker, Mr. Wren, Joseph Williamson, and Captain Cocke, dined with me; and, being newly sat down, comes in, by invitation of Williamson's, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and he brings in with him young Mr. Whore, whose father, of the Tower, I know. And here I had a neat dinner, and all in so good manner and fashion, and with so good company, and everything to my mind, as I never had more in my life—the company being to my heart's content, and they all well pleased. So continued, looking over my books and closet till the evening, and so I to the Office and did a good deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed with my mind mightily pleased with this day's management, as one of the days of my life of fullest content.

10th (Lord's day). Accidentally talking of our maids before we rose, I said a little word that did give occasion to my wife to fall out; and she did most vexatiously, almost all the morning, but ended most perfect good friends; but the thoughts of the unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me, did make me melancholy all day long. So about noon, past 12, we rose, and to dinner, and then to read and talk, my wife and I alone, for Balty was gone, who come to dine with us, and then in the evening comes Pelling to sit and talk with us, and so to supper and pretty merry discourse,

[1] "Dec. 18, 1668. Sir George Downing to the Navy Commissioners. The Treasury Commissioners have appointed the first Friday after New Year's Day to consider the accounts of the 'Leopard,' 'Convertine,' &c., depending between his Majesty and the East India Company, and desire them to come prepared on his Majesty's behalf" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-89, p. 106).

only my mind a little vexed at the morning's work, but yet without any appearance. So after supper to bed.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer, my guard, to White Hall, where no Committee of Tangier met, so up and down the House talking with this and that man, and so home, calling at the New Exchange for a book or two to send to Mr. Shepley and thence home, and thence to the 'Change, and there did a little business, and so walked home to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Joviall Crew;"[1] but ill acted to what it was heretofore, in Clun's time, and when Lacy could dance. Thence to the New Exchange, to buy some things; and, among others, my wife did give me my pair of gloves, which, by contract, she is to give me in her £30 a-year. Here Mrs. Smith[2] tells us of the great murder thereabouts, on Saturday last, of one Captain Bumbridge,[3] by one Symons, both of her acquaintance; and hectors that were at play, and in drink: the former is killed, and is kinsman to my Lord of Ormond, which made him speak of it with so much passion, as I overheard him this morning, but could not make anything of it till now, but would they would kill more of them. So home; and there at home all the evening; and made Tom to prick down some little conceits and notions of mine, in musique, which do mightily encourage me to spend some more thoughts about it; for I fancy, upon good reason, that I am in the right way of unfolding the mystery of this matter, better than ever yet.

12th. Up, and to the Office, where, by occasion of a message from the Treasurers that their Board found fault with Commissioner Middleton, I went up from our Board to the Lords of the Treasury to meet our Treasurers, and did, and there did dispute the business, it being about the matter of paying a little money to Chatham Yard, wherein I find the

[1] "The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars," a comedy by Richard Brome. See July 25th, 1661 (vol. i., p. 70). In 1731 it was turned into an opera.

[2] Pepys's pretty sempstress.

[3] Or Bainbridge?

Treasurers mighty supple, and I believe we shall bring them to reason, though they begun mighty upon us, as if we had no power of directing them, but they, us. Thence back presently home, to dinner, where I discern my wife to have been in pain about where I have been, but said nothing to me, but I believe did send W. Hewer to seek me, but I take no notice of it, but am vexed. So to dinner with my people, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon, and did much business, and at it late, and so home to supper, and to bed. This day, meeting Mr. Pierce at White Hall, he tells me that his boy hath a great mind to see me, and is going to school again; and Dr. Clerke, being by, do tell me that he is a fine boy; but I durst not answer anything, because I durst not invite him to my house, for fear of my wife; and therefore, to my great trouble, was forced to neglect that discourse. But here Mr. Pierce, I asking him whither he was going, told me as a great secret that he was going to his master's mistress, Mrs. Churchill,[1] with some physic; meaning for the pox I suppose, or else that she is got with child. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly: but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed, all my people being gone to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that

[1] Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough, and one of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York. James, Duke of Berwick, and three other children, were the fruits of this intrigue. From the Duke of Berwick descend the Dukes of Fitzjames in France. She married subsequently Colonel Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household, and died 1730, aged eighty-two.—B.

I was a rogue, and false to her. But yet I did perceive that she was to seek what to say, only she invented, I believe, a business that I was seen in a hackney coach with the glasses up with Deb., but could not tell the time, nor was sure I was he. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down ; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall ; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch ! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.

13th. So up and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out, so I to White Hall, and thence walked out into the Park, all in the snow, with the Duke of York and the rest, and so home, after visiting my Lady Peterborough, and there by invitation find Mr. Povy, and there was also Talbot Pepys, newly come from Impington, and dined with me, and after dinner and a little talk with Povy about publick matters, he gone, and I and my wife and Talbot towards the Temple, and there to the King's playhouse, and there saw, I think, "The Maiden Queene," and so home and to supper and read, and to bed. This day come home the instrument I have so long longed for, the Parallelogram.

14th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so home to dinner, where Goodgroome with us, and after dinner a song, and then to the office, where busy till night, and then home to work there with W. Hewer to get ready some Tangier papers against to-morrow, and so to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, where with him a good while in his chamber, talking of one thing or

another; among others, he told me of the great factions at Court at this day, even to the sober engaging of great persons, and differences, and making the King cheap and ridiculous. It is about my Lady Harvy's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia,[1] to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman,[2] to imprison Doll: when my Lady Castlemayne made the King to release her, and to order her to act it again, worse than ever, the other day, where the King himself was: and since it was acted again, and my Lady Harvy provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her: but it seems the heat is come to a great height, and real troubles at Court about it. Thence he and I out of doors, but he to Sir J. Duncomb, and I to White Hall through the Park, where I met the King and the Duke of York, and so walked with them, and so to White Hall, where the Duke of York met the office and did a little business; and I did give him thanks for his favour to me yesterday, at the Committee of Tangier, in my absence, Mr. Povy having given me advice

[1] The following cast of parts in "The Alchymist," as acted by the King's Company, and given by Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus," furnishes a clue to the actress described here and in a former passage, December 27th, 1666 (vol. vi., p. 115), as "Doll Common":

Subtle	Mr. Clun.
Face	Major Mohun.
Sir E. Mammon	Mr. Cartwright.
Surly	Mr. Burt.
Ananias	Mr. Lacy.
Wholesome	Mr. Bateman.
Doll Common	*Mrs. Corey.*
Dame Plyant	Mrs. Rutter.

The identity, however, is placed beyond doubt by a reference to "Cataline's Conspiracy," where we find Mrs. Corey acting the part of Sempronia, in which "Doll Common," as Pepys styles her, gave offence by imitating Lady Harvey, and consequently was sent to prison. We may add that Mrs. Corey's name stands first in the list of female performers in the King's Company under Killigrew. See "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708.—B.

[2] Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester. Lady Harvey was daughter of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. She married Sir Daniel Harvey.



Walker & Boutall Ph.Sc.

Charles II.
from a picture by John Greenhill
in the National Portrait Gallery.

of it, of the discourse there of doing something as to the putting the payment of the garrison into some undertaker's hand, Alderman Backewell, which the Duke of York would not suffer to go on, without my presence at the debate. And he answered me just thus: that he ought to have a care of him that do the King's business in the manner that I do, and words of more force than that. Then down with Lord Brouncker to Sir R. Murray, into the King's little elaboratory, under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chymical glasses and things, but understood none of them. So I home and to dinner, and then out again and stop with my wife at my cozen Turner's, where I staid, and sat a while, and carried The. and my wife to the Duke of York's house, to "Macbeth," and myself to White Hall, to the Lords of the Treasury, about Tangier business; and there was by at much merry discourse between them and my Lord Anglesey, who made sport of our new Treasurers, and called them his deputys, and much of that kind. And having done my own business, I away back, and carried my cozen Turner and sister Dyke to a friend's house, where they were to sup, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I to the Duke of York's house and saw the last two acts, and so carried The. thither, and so home with my wife, who read to me late, and so to supper and to bed. This day The. Turner shewed me at the play my Lady Portman,[1] who has grown out of my knowledge.

16th. Up, and to the office all the morning, dined at home with my people, and so all the afternoon till night at the office busy, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning Creed, and in the afternoon comes Povy, to advise with me about my answer to the Lords [Commissioners] of Tangier, about the propositions for the Treasurership there,[2] which I am not much concerned for. But the latter, talking of publick things, told me, as Mr. Wren also did, that the Parliament is

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Cutler (by his second wife), married to Sir William Portman, K.B., who was the third and last baronet of his family. Pepys could have known neither of his former wives.—B.

[2] See January 4th, 1668-69.

likely to meet again, the King being frighted with what the Speaker hath put him in mind of—his promise not to prorogue, but only to adjourne them. They speak mighty freely of the folly of the King in this foolish woman's business, of my Lady Harvy. Povy tells me that Sir W. Coventry was with the King alone, an hour this day; and that my Lady Castlemayne is now in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant, to command him: and says that the Duchess of York and the Duke of York are mighty great with her, which is a great interest to my Lord Chancellor's [1] family; and that they do agree to hinder all they can the proceedings of the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington: and so we are in the old mad condition, or rather worse than any; no man knowing what the French intend to do the next summer.

17th (Lord's day). To church myself after seeing every thing fitted for dinner, and so, after church, home, and thither comes Mrs. Batelier and her two daughters to dinner to us; and W. Hewer and his mother, and Mr. Spong. We were very civilly merry, and Mrs. Batelier a very discreet woman, but mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will. After dinner, Mr. Spong and I to my closet, there to try my instrument Parallelogram, which do mighty well, to my full content; but only a little stiff, as being new. Thence, taking leave of my guests, he and I and W. Hewer to White Hall, and there parting with Spong, a man that I mightily love for his plainness and ingenuity, I into the Court, and there up and down and spoke with my Lords Bellassis and Peterborough about the business now in dispute, about my deputing a Treasurer to pay the garrison at Tangier, which I would avoid, and not be accountable, and they will serve me therein. Here I met Hugh May, and he brings me to the knowledge of Sir Henry Capell,[2] a Member of Parliament, and brother of my Lord of

[1] Clarendon, whom Pepys mentions by his former office.

[2] Henry, second son of Arthur, first Baron Capel of Hadham, and himself elevated to the peerage in 1692 by the title of Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, for which town he had served in parliament. He had been

Essex,[1] who hath a great value, it seems, for me; and they appoint a day to come and dine with me, and see my books, and papers of the Office, which I shall be glad to shew them, and have opportunity to satisfy them therein. Here all the discourse is, that now the King is of opinion to have the Parliament called, notwithstanding his late resolutions for proroguing them; so unstable are his councils, and those about him. So staying late talking in the Queen's side, I away with W. Hewer home, and there to read and talk with my wife, and so to bed.

18th. Up by candlelight, and with W. Hewer walked to the Temple, and thence took coach and to Sir William Coventry's, and there discoursed the business of my Treasurer's place, at Tangier, wherein he consents to my desire, and concurs therein, which I am glad of, that I may not be accountable for a man so far off. And so I to my Lord Sandwich's, and there walk with him through the garden,[2] to White Hall, where he tells me what he had done about this Treasurer's place, and I perceive the whole thing did proceed from him: that finding it would be best to have the Governor have nothing to do with the pay of the garrison, he did propose to the Duke of York alone that a pay-master should be there; and that being desirous to do a courtesy to Sir Charles Harbord,[3] and to prevent the Duke of York's looking out for any body else, he did name him to the Duke of York. That when he come the other day to move this to the Board of Tangier, the Duke of York, it seems, did readily reply, that it was fit to have Mr. Pepys satisfied therein first, and that it was not good to make places for

created K.B. at the coronation of Charles II., and was a leading member of the House of Commons; and in 1679 appointed First Commissioner of the Admiralty. At the time of his death, at Dublin Castle, May 30th, 1696, he was Lord Deputy of Ireland. He left no issue.—B.

[1] Which title had been revived for the Capel family in 1661, Arthur, second Baron Capel, being created Earl of Essex.

[2] The Privy Garden.

[3] See note to February 25th, 1665-66.

persons. This my Lord in great confidence tells me, that he do take very ill from the Duke of York, though nobody knew the meaning of these words but him; and that he did take no notice of them, but bit his lip, being satisfied that the Duke of York's care of me was as desirable to him, as it could be to have Sir Charles Harbord: and did seem industrious to let me see that he was glad that the Duke of York and he might come to contend who shall be the kindest to me, which I owned as his great love, and so I hope and believe it is, though my Lord did go a little too far in this business, to move it so far, without consulting me. But I took no notice of that, but was glad to see this competition come about, that my Lord Sandwich is apparently jealous of my thinking that the Duke of York do mean me more kindness than him. So we walked together, and I took this occasion to invite him to dinner one day to my house, and he readily appointed Friday next, which I shall be glad to have over to his content, he having never yet eat a bit of my bread. Thence to the Duke of York on the King's side, with our Treasurers of the Navy, to discourse some business of the Navy, about the pay of the yards, and there I was taken notice of, many Lords being there in the room, of the Duke of York's conference with me; and so away, and meeting Mr. Sidney Montagu and Sheres, a small invitation served their turn to carry them to London, where I paid Sheres his £100, given him for his pains in drawing the plate of Tangier fortifications, &c., and so home to my house to dinner, where I had a pretty handsome sudden dinner, and all well pleased; and thence we three and my wife to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Witts," a medley of things, but some similes mighty good, though ill mixed; and thence with my wife to the Exchange and bought some things, and so home, after I had been at White Hall, and there in the Queen's withdrawing-room invited my Lord Peterborough to dine with me, with my Lord Sandwich, who readily accepted it. Thence back and took up my wife at the 'Change, and so home. This day at noon I went with my young gentlemen

(thereby to get a little time while W. Hewer went home to bid them get a dinner ready) to the Pope's Head tavern, there to see the fine painted room which Rogerson told me of, of his doing; but I do not like it at all, though it be good for such a publick room.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon eat a mouthful, and so with my wife to Madam Turner's, and find her gone, but The. staid for us; and so to the King's house, to see "Horace;"[1] this the third day of its acting—a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act, one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary, as to the dances; only some Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow. Thence, not much pleased with the play, set them at home in the Strand; and my wife and I home, and there to do a little business at the Office, and so home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up; and my wife, and I, and W. Hewer to White Hall, where she set us down; and there I spoke with my Lord Peterborough, to tell him of the day for his dining with me being altered by my Lord Sandwich from Friday to Saturday next. And thence heard at the Council-board the City, by their single counsel Symson, and the company of Strangers Merchants,[2] debate the business of water-baylage; a tax demanded upon all goods, by the City, imported and exported: which these Merchants oppose, and demanding leave to try the justice of the City's demand by a Quo Warranto, which the City opposed, the Merchants did quite lay the City on their backs with great triumph, the City's cause being apparently too weak: but here I observed Mr. Gold,[3] the merchant, to

[1] The "Horace" of P. Corneille, translated by Catherine Phillips, the fifth act being added by Sir John Denham. It was presented at Court by persons of quality, the prologue being spoken by the Duke of Monmouth. See Evelyn's "Diary," under February 5th, 1668-69. Another translation by Charles Cotton was published in 1671.

[2] An account of the Merchants Strangers, from their settlement in the reign of Richard III. to that of Charles II., is given in Seymour's "Survey of London," vol. ii., pp. 473-82.—B.

[3] Edward Gold, a native of Devonshire, living at Highgate, who

speak very well, and very sharply, against the City. Thence to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her and W. Hewer to Hercules Pillars, calling to do two or three things by the way, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Twelfth Night," as it is now revived; but, I think, one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage. This afternoon, before the play, I called with my wife at Dancre's,[1] the great landscape-painter, by Mr. Povy's advice; and have bespoke him to come to take measure of my dining-room panels, and there I met with the pretty daughter of the coal-seller's, that lived in Cheapside, and now in Covent Garden, who hath her picture drawn here, but very poorly; but she is a pretty woman, and now, I perceive, married, a very pretty black woman. So, the play done, we home, my wife letting fall some words of her observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the playhouse, meaning upon women, which did vex me; but, however, when we come home, we were good friends; and so to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

21st. Up, and walked to the Temple, it being frosty, and there took coach, my boy Tom with me, and so to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where they met, and by and by and till twelve at noon upon business, among others mine, where my desire about being eased of appointing and standing accountable for a Treasurer there was well accepted, and they will think of some other way. This I was glad of, finding reason to doubt that I might in this (since my Lord Sandwich made me understand what he had said to the Duke of York herein) fear to offend either the Duke of York by denying it, for he seemed on Sunday night last, when I first made known

married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Gower, also of that place. Their names occur amongst those of the governors of Sir Roger Cholmley's Grammar School in Highgate.—B.

[1] Henry Dankers, born at the Hague, an engraver and painter, employed by Charles II. to paint views of his sea-ports and palaces. He followed his profession for some years in London; but, being a Roman Catholic, he left England in the time of the Popish Plot, and died soon afterwards at Amsterdam.

my desire to him herein to be a little amused at it, though I knew not then the reason, or else offend my Lord Sandwich by accepting it, or denying it in a manner that might not forward his desire for Sir Charles Harbord, but I thank God I did it to my great content without any offence, I think, to either. Thence in my own coach home, where I find Madam Turner, Dyke, and The.; and had a good dinner for them, and merry; and so carried them to the Duke of York's house, all but Dyke, who went away on other business; and there saw "The Tempest;" but it is but ill done by Gosnell, in lieu of Moll Davis. Thence set them at home, and my wife and I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mighty dogged, and I vexed to see it, being mightily troubled, of late, at her being out of humour, for fear of her discovering any new matter of offence against me, though I am conscious of none; but do hate to be unquiet at home. So, late up, silent, and not supping, but hearing her utter some words of discontent to me with silence, and so to bed, weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed, and mighty kind, and so with great joy on both sides to sleep.

22nd. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York, and thence to the Exchange, in the way calling at several places on occasions relating to my feast to-morrow, on which my mind is now set; as how to get a new looking-glass for my dining-room, and some pewter, and good wine, against to-morrow; and so home, where I had the looking-glass set up, cost me *£6 7s. 6d.* And here at the 'Change I met with Mr. Dancre, the famous landscape painter, with whom I was on Wednesday; and he took measure of my panels in my dining-room, where, in the four, I intend to have the four houses of the King, White Hall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Windsor. He gone, I to dinner with my people, and so to my office to dispatch a little business, and then home to look after things against to-morrow, and among other things was mightily pleased with the fellow that come to lay the cloth, and fold the napkins, which I like so well, as that I am resolved to give him *40s.* to teach my wife

to do it. So to supper, with much kindness between me and my wife, which, now-a-days, is all my care, and so to bed.

23rd. Up, and again to look after the setting things right against dinner, which I did to very good content. So to the office, where all the morning till noon, when word brought me to the Board that my Lord Sandwich was come; so I presently rose, leaving the Board ready to rise, and there I found my Lord Sandwich, Peterborough, and Sir Charles Harbord; and presently after them comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Mr. Sidney,[1] and Sir William Godolphin. And after greeting them, and some time spent in talk, dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time, but all so good; but, above all things, the variety of wines, and excellent of their kind, I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it: and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. After dinner, my Lords to cards, and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife's drawings, which they commend mightily; and mighty merry all day long, with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night; and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind, and the fullest of honour and content to me, that ever I had in my life: and shall not easily have so good again. The truth is, I have some fear that I am more behind-hand in the world for these last two years, since I have not, or for some time could not, look after my accounts, which do a little allay my pleasure. But I do trust in God I am pretty well yet, and resolve, in a very little time, to look into my accounts, and see how they stand. So to my wife's chamber, and there supped, and got her cut my hair and look my shirt, for I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days, and when all comes to all she finds that I am lousy, having found in my head and body about

[1] Sidney Montagu.

twenty lice, little and great, which I wonder at, being more than I have had I believe these 20 years. I did think I might have got them from the little boy, but they did presently look him, and found none. So how they come I know not, but presently did shift myself, and so shall be rid of them, and cut my hair close to my head, and so with much content to bed.

24th (Lord's day). An order brought me in bed, for the Principal Officers to attend the King at my Lord Keeper's this afternoon, it being resolved late the last night; and, by the warrant, I find my Lord Keeper did not then know the cause of it, the messenger being ordered to call upon him, to tell it him by the way, as he come to us. So I up, and to my Office to set down my Journall for yesterday, and so home, and with my wife to Church, and then home, and to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife by coach, to cozen Turner's, where she and The. gone to church, but I left my wife with Mrs. Dyke and Joyce Norton, whom I have not seen till now since their coming to town: she is become an old woman, and with as cunning a look as ever, and thence I to White Hall, and there walked up and down till the King and Duke of York were ready to go forth; and here I met Will. Batelier, newly come post from France, his boots all dirty. He brought letters to the King, and I glad to see him, it having been reported that he was drowned, for some days past, and then, he being gone, I to talk with Tom Killigrew, who told me and others, talking about the playhouse, that he is fain to keep a woman on purpose at 20*s.* a week to satisfy 8 or 10 of the young men of his house, whom till he did so he could never keep to their business, and now he do. By and by the King comes out, and so I took coach, and followed his coaches to my Lord Keeper's, at Essex House,[1] where I never was

[1] Essex House, where Robert Devereux, third earl of that name, died in 1646, when Pepys was fourteen years old, stood on the site of Essex Street and Devereux Court, formerly the Outer Temple. It had belonged, in the reign of Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester, who left it to the second Earl of Essex, father of the Parliamentary-General here mentioned.

before, since I saw my old Lord Essex lie in state when he was dead; a large, but ugly house. Here all the Officers of the Navy attended, and by and by were called in to the King and Cabinet, where my Lord, who was ill, did lie upon the bed, as my old Lord Treasurer, or Chancellor, heretofore used to; and the business was to know in what time all the King's ships might be repaired, fit for service. The Surveyor answered, in two years, and not sooner. I did give them hopes that, with supplies of money suitable, we might have them all fit for sea some part of the summer after this. Then they demanded in what time we could set out forty ships. It was answered, as they might be chosen of the newest and most ready, we could, with money, get forty ready against May. The King seemed mighty full that we should have money to do all that we desired, and satisfied that, without it, nothing could be done: and so, without determining any thing, we were dismissed; and I doubt all will end in some little fleete this year, and those of hired merchant-men, which would indeed be cheaper to the King, and have many conveniences attending it, more than to fit out the King's own; and this, I perceive, is designed, springing from Sir W. Coventry's counsel; and the King and most of the Lords, I perceive, full of it, to get the King's fleete all at once in condition for service. Thence I with Mr. Wren in his coach to my cozen Turner's for discourse sake, and in our way he told me how the business of the Parliament is wholly laid aside, it being overruled now, that they shall not meet, but must be prorogued, upon this argument chiefly, that all the differences between the two Houses, and things on foot, that were matters of difference and discontent, may be laid aside, and must begin again, if ever the House shall have a mind to pursue them. They must begin all anew. Here he set me down, and I to my cozen Turner, and stayed and talked a little; and so took my wife, and home, and there to make her read, and then to supper, and to bed. At supper come W. Batelier and supped with us, and told us many pretty things of France, and the greatness of the present King.

25th. Up, and to the Committee of Tangier, where little done, and thence I home by my own coach, and busy after dinner at my office all the afternoon till late at night, that my eyes were tired. So home, and my wife shewed me many excellent prints of Nanteuil's [1] and others, which W. Batelier hath, at my desire, brought me out of France, of the King, and Colbert, and others, most excellent, to my great content. But he hath also brought a great many gloves perfumed, of several sorts; but all too big by half for her, and yet she will have two or three dozen of them, which vexed me, and made me angry. So she, at last, to please me, did come to take what alone I thought fit, which pleased me. So, after a little supper, to bed, my eyes being very bad.

26th. Up, and to the office, where busy sitting all the morning. Then to the Office again, and then to White Hall, leaving my wife at Unthanke's; and I to the Secretary's chamber, where I was, by particular order, this day summoned to attend, as I find Sir D. Gawden also was. And here was the King and the Cabinet met; and, being called in, among the rest I find my Lord Privy Seale, whom I never before knew to be in so much play, as to be of the Cabinet. The business is, that the Algerines have broke the peace with us, by taking some Spaniards and goods out of an English ship, which had the Duke of York's pass, of which advice come this day; and the King is resolved to stop Sir Thomas Allen's fleete from coming home till he hath amends made him for this affront, and therefore sent for us to advise about victuals to be sent to that fleete, and some more ships; wherein I answered them to what they demanded of me, which was but some few mean things; but I see that on all these occasions they seem to rely most upon me. And so, this being done, I took coach and took up my wife and straight home, and there late at the office busy, and then home, and there I find W. Batelier hath also sent the books which I made him bring

[1] Robert Nanteuil, the celebrated French engraver, a native of Rheims, who was patronized by Evelyn when he was in Paris. He died at Paris in 1678 at the age of forty-eight.

me out of France. Among others, L'Estat de France, Marnix,[1] &c., to my great content; and so I was well pleased with them, and shall take a time to look them over: as also one or two printed musick-books of songs; but my eyes are now too much out of tune to look upon them with any pleasure, therefore to supper and to bed.

27th. Up, and with Sir John Minnes in his coach to White Hall, where first we waited on the Lords of the Treasury about finishing the Victualling Contract; and there also I was put to it to make good our letter complaining against my Lord Anglesey's failing us in the payment of the moneys assigned us upon the Customs, where Mr. Fenn was, and I know will tell my Lord; but it is no matter, I am over shy already, and therefore must not fear. Then we up to a Committee of the Council for the Navy, about a business of Sir D. Gawden's relating to the Victualling, and thence I by hackney to the Temple to the Auditor's man, and with him to a tavern to meet with another under-auditor to advise about the clearing of my Lord Bellasses' accounts without injuring myself and perplexing my accounts, and so thence away to my cozen Turner's, where I find Roger Pepys come last night to town, and here is his mistress, Mrs. Dickenson, and by and by comes in Mr. Turner, a worthy, sober, serious man—I honour him mightily. And there we dined, having but an ordinary dinner; and so, after dinner, she, and I, and Roger, and his mistress, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Five Hours' Adventure," which hath not been acted a good while before, but once, and is a most excellent play, I must confess. My wife and The. come after us, after they had been to buy some things abroad, and so after the play done we to see them home, and then home ourselves, and my wife to read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the afternoon, also

[1] "Les Résolutions Politiques, ou Maximes d'Etat," par Jean de Marnix, Baron de Potes: Bruxelles, 1612, 4to. There were two later editions of this work printed at Rouen.

after dinner, and there late dispatching much business, and then home to supper with my wife, and to get her to read to me, and here I did find that Mr. Sheres hath, beyond his promise, not only got me a candlestick made me, after a form he remembers to have seen in Spain, for keeping the light from one's eyes, but hath got it done in silver very neat, and designs to give it me, in thanks for my paying him his £100 in money, for his service at Tangier, which was ordered him; but I do intend to force him to make me [pay] for it. But I yet, without his direction, cannot tell how it is to be made use of. So after a little reading to bed.

29th. Up, and with W. Hewer in Colonel Middleton's coach to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York, to attend him, where among other things I did give a severe account of our proceedings, and what we found, in the business of Sir W. Jenings's demand of Supernumeraries. I thought it a good occasion to make an example of him, for he is a proud, idle fellow; and it did meet with the Duke of York's acceptance and well-liking; and he did call him in, after I had done, and did not only give him a soft rebuke, but condemns him to pay both their victuals and wages, or right himself of the purser. This I was glad of, and so were all the rest of us, though I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it. Thence home by hackney, calling Roger Pepys at the Temple gate in the bookseller's shop, and to the Old Exchange, where I staid a little to invite my uncle Wight, and so home, and there find my aunt Wight and her husband come presently, and so to dinner; and after dinner Roger, and I, and my wife, and aunt, to see Mr. Cole; but he nor his wife was within, but we looked upon his picture of Cleopatra, which I went principally to see, being so much commended by my wife and aunt; but I find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me to hear so much commended. Thence to see Creed's wife, and did so, and staid a while, where both of them within; and here I met Mr. Bland, newly come from Cales [Cadiz], after his differences with Norwood.[1] I think

[1] See December 14th, 1668 (p. 180).

him a foolish, light-headed man; but certainly he hath been abused in this matter by Colonel Norwood. Here Creed shewed me a copy of some propositions, which Bland and others, in the name of the Corporation of Tangier, did present to Norwood, for his opinion in, in order to the King's service, which were drawn up very humbly, and were really good things; but his answer to them was in the most shitten proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-prophane stile, that ever I saw in my life, so as I shall never think the place can do well, while he is there. Here, after some talk, and Creed's telling us that he is upon taking the next house to his present lodgings, which is next to that that my cozen Tom Pepys once lived in, in Newport Street, in Covent Garden; and is in a good place, and then, I suppose, he will keep his coach. So, setting Roger down at the Temple, who tells me that he is now concluded in all matters with his widow, we home, and there hired my wife to make an end of Boyle's Book of Formes, to-night and to-morrow; and so fell to read and sup, and then to bed. This day, Mr. Ned Pickering brought his lady to see my wife, in acknowledgment of a little present of oranges and olives, which I sent her, for his kindness to me in the buying of my horses, which was very civil. She is old, but hath, I believe, been a pretty comely woman.[1]

30th. Lay long in bed, it being a fast-day for the murder of the late King; and so up and to church, where Dr. Hicks made a dull sermon; and so home, and there I find W. Batelier and Balty, and they dined with us, and I spent all the afternoon with my wife and W. Batelier talking, and then making them read, and particularly made an end of Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes, which I am glad to have over, and then fell to read a French discourse, which he hath brought over with him for me, to invite the people of France to apply themselves to Navigation, which it do very well, and is certainly their interest, and what will undo us in a few years, if the King of France goes on to fit up his Navy, and encrease it and

[1] Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Weld, of Arnolds, in Edmonton, Middlesex. She died December, 1707.—B.

his trade, as he hath begun. At night to supper, and after supper, and W. Batelier gone, my wife begun another book I lately bought, called "The State of England,"[1] which promises well, and is worth reading, and so after a while to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Lay long talking with pleasure, and so up and I to church, and there did hear the Doctor that is lately turned Divine, I have forgot his name, I met him a while since at Sir D. Gawden's at dinner, Dr. Waterhouse.[2] He preaches in a devout manner of way, not elegant nor very persuasive, but seems to mean well, and that he would preach holily; and was mighty passionate against people that make a scoff of religion. And, the truth is, I did observe Mrs. Hollworthy smile often, and many others of the parish, who, I perceive, have known him, and were in mighty expectation of hearing him preach, but could not forbear smiling, and she particularly upon me, and I on her. So home to dinner: and before dinner to my Office, to set down my Journal for this week, and then home to dinner; and after dinner to get my wife and boy, one after another, to read to me: and so spent the afternoon and the evening, and so after supper to bed. And thus endeth this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife, from her remembrance of my late unkindness to her with Willet, she not being able to forget it, but now and then hath her passionate remembrance of it as often as prompted to it by any occasion; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

February 1st. Up, and by water from the Tower to White Hall, the first time that I have gone to that end of the town

[1] "Angliæ Notitia, or the Present State of England; together with Reflections upon the Antient State thereof," 1668, &c., by Edward Chamberlayne, LL.D.

[2] A. Wood, "Fasti," vol. iv., p. 163 (Bliss), mentions that John Waterhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was created M.D., by virtue of letters from Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, and that he went over to Ireland as physician to the army, where he discharged his duties with ability and diligence.—B.

by water, for two or three months, I think, since I kept a coach, which God send propitious to me; but it is a very great convenience. I went to a Committee of Tangier, but it did not meet, and so I meeting Mr. Povy, he and I away to Dancre's, to speak something touching the pictures I am getting him to make for me. And thence he carried me to Mr. Streeter's,[1] the famous history-painter over the way, whom I have often heard of, but did never see him before; and there I found him, and Dr. Wren,[2] and several Virtuosos, looking upon the paintings which he is making for the new Theatre at Oxford: and, indeed, they look as if they would be very fine, and the rest think better than those of Rubens in the Banqueting-house at White Hall, but I do not so fully think so.[3] But they will certainly be very noble; and I am mightily pleased to have the fortune to see this man and his work, which is very famous; and he a very civil little man, and lame, but lives very handsomely. So thence to my Lord Bellassis, and met him within: my business only to see a chimney-piece of Dancre's doing, in distemper, with egg to keep off the glaring of the light, which I must have done for my room: and indeed it is pretty, but, I must confess, I do think it is not altogether so beautiful as the oyle pictures; but I will have some of one, and some of another. Thence set him down at Little Turnstile, and so I home, and there eat a little dinner, and away with my wife by coach to the King's playhouse, thinking to

[1] Robert Streater, appointed Serjeant-Painter at the Restoration. The son of a painter, he was born in Covent Garden in 1624, and he lived for a time in Long Acre. Died 1680, soon after being operated upon for the stone. Charles II. had so much kindness for his painter that he sent to Paris for a surgeon to perform the operation.

[2] Afterwards Sir Christopher Wren.

[3] Robert Whitehall wrote a poem called "Urania," or a description of the painting at the top of the theatre at Oxford, which concluded with these lines:

> "That future ages must confess they owe
> To Streater more than Michael Angelo."
>
> Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, ed. Dallaway and Wornum, vol. ii., p. 85.

have seen "The Heyresse,"[1] first acted on Saturday last; but when we come thither, we find no play there; Kinaston, that did act a part therein, in abuse to Sir Charles Sedley, being last night exceedingly beaten with sticks, by two or three that assaulted him, so as he is mightily bruised, and forced to keep his bed.[2] So we to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "She Would if She Could," and so home and to my office to business, and then to supper and to bed. This day, going to the play, The. Turner met us, and carried us to her mother, at my Lady Mordaunt's; and I did carry both mother and daughter with us to the Duke of York's playhouse, at next door.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and home to dinner at noon, where I find Mr. Sheres; and there made a short dinner, and carried him with us to the King's playhouse, where "The Heyresse," notwithstanding Kinaston's being beaten, is acted: and they say the King is very angry with Sir Charles Sedley for his being beaten, but he do deny it. But his part is done by Beeston, who is fain to read it out

[1] "The Heiress" does not appear in the list of the Duke of Newcastle's works, nor has any play of that name and date been traced. At the same time, it is to be observed that "Heir" was formerly used for "Heiress;" and such is the case in May's play of "The Heir," in vol. viii. of the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays."—B.

[2] The story about the caning of Kynaston has been preserved by Oldys, and copied by Malone, who tells us that Kynaston was vain of his personal resemblance to Sir C. Sedley, and dressed exactly like him. Sedley, to revenge this insult, hired a bravo to chastise him in St. James's Park, under the pretext that he mistook him for the baronet. According to Pepys, it would seem that the imitation was made in the play of "The Heiress," which is very likely; and perhaps for this he got another beating, or it might be the same, and that in which the story, the scene of which is laid in the park, originated. It is worth remarking, on the authority of Mr. Genest, the compiler of "Some Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830," that Sir C. Sedley expressly introduced the incident of the beating of one man for another, owing to similarity of dress and appearance, into his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden," which seems to have been first acted May 18th, 1668, some time before the date Pepys assigns to the caning of Kynaston, February 1st, 1668-69.—B.

of a book all the while, and thereby spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it; and though the design is, in the first conception of it, pretty good, yet it is but an indifferent play, wrote, they say, by my Lord Newcastle. But it was pleasant to see Beeston come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet he is forced to read his part by the light of the candles: and this I observing to a gentleman that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith, and spread it up and down. But that, that pleased me most in the play is, the first song that Knepp sings, she singing three or four; and, indeed, it was very finely sung, so as to make the whole house clap her. Thence carried Sheres to White Hall, and there I stepped in, and looked out Mr. May, who tells me that he and his company cannot come to dine with me to-morrow, whom I expected only to come to see the manner of our Office and books, at which I was not very much displeased, having much business at the Office, and so away home, and there to the office about my letters, and then home to supper and to bed, my wife being in mighty ill humour all night, and in the morning I found it to be from her observing Knepp to wink and smile on me, and she says I smiled on her; and, poor wretch! I did perceive that she did, and do on all such occasions, mind my eyes. I did, with much difficulty, pacify her, and were friends, she desiring that hereafter, at that house, we might always sit either above in a box, or, if there be [no] room, close up to the lower boxes.

3rd. So up, and to the Office till noon, and then home to a little dinner, and thither again till night, mighty busy, to my great content, doing a great deal of business, and so home to supper, and to bed; I finding this day that I may be able to do a great deal of business by dictating, if I do not read myself, or write, without spoiling my eyes, I being very well in my eyes after a great day's work.

4th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home with my people to dinner, and then after dinner comes Mr. Spong to see me, and brings me my Parallelogram, in better order than before, and two or three draughts of the

port of Brest, to my great content, and I did call Mr. Gibson to take notice of it, who is very much pleased therewith ; and it seems this Parallelogram is not, as Mr. Sheres would, the other day, have persuaded me, the same as a Protractor,[1] which do so much the more make me value it, but of itself it is a most usefull instrument. Thence out with my wife and him, and carried him to an instrument-maker's shop in Chancery Lane, that was once a 'prentice of Greatorex's, but the master was not within, and there he [Gibson] shewed me a Parallelogram in brass, which I like so well that I will buy, and therefore bid it be made clean and fit for me. And so to my cozen Turner's, and there just spoke with The., the mother not being at home ; and so to the New Exchange, and thence home to my letters ; and so home to supper and to bed. This morning I made a slip from the Office to White Hall, expecting Povy's business at a Committee of Tangier, at which I would be, but it did not meet, and so I presently back.

5th. Up betimes, by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, and with him by coach to White Hall, and there walked in the garden talking of several things, and by my visit to keep fresh my interest in him ; and there he tells me how it hath been talked that he was to go one of the Commissioners to Ireland, which he was resolved never to do, unless directly commanded ; for he told me that for to go thither, while the Chief Secretary of State was his professed enemy, was to undo himself ; and, therefore, it were better for him to venture being unhappy here, than to go further off, to be undone by some obscure instructions, or whatever other way of mischief his enemies should cut out for him. He mighty kind to me, and so parted, and thence home, calling in two or three places—among others, Dancre's, where I find him beginning of a piece for me, of Greenwich, which will please me well, and so home

[1] See p. 133 of this volume for note on the parallelogram or pantograph. The protractor is a surveying instrument for laying down and measuring angles on paper. It is of various forms, semicircular, rectangular, or circular.

to dinner, and very busy all the afternoon, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and thence after dinner to the King's playhouse, and there,—in an upper box, where come in Colonel Poynton[1] and Doll Stacey, who is very fine, and, by her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last,—did see "The Moor of Venice:" but ill acted in most parts; Mohun, which did a little surprise me, not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do; nor another Hart's, which was Cassio's; nor, indeed, Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did. Thence home, and just at Holborn Conduit the bolt broke, that holds the fore-wheels to the perch, and so the horses went away with them, and left the coachman and us; but being near our coachmaker's, and we staying in a little ironmonger's shop, we were presently supplied with another, and so home, and there to my letters at the office, and so to supper and to bed.

7th (Lord's day). My wife mighty peevish in the morning about my lying unquietly a'nights, and she will have it that it is a late practice, from my evil thoughts in my dreams, . . . and mightily she is troubled about it; but all blew over, and I up, and to church, and so home to dinner, where she in a worse fit, which lasted all the afternoon, and shut herself up in her closet, and I mightily grieved and vexed, and could not get her to tell me what ayled her, or to let me into her closet,

[1] Probably *Boynton*. Sir Matthew Boynton, of Barmston, in Yorkshire, was created a baronet in 1618. He had seven sons, one of whom, *Colonel* Boynton, having embraced, like his father, the cause of the Parliament, took Sir John Hotham prisoner at York. Sir Matthew died in 1646. His eldest son became Sir Francis Boynton; the second, Matthew, was slain at Wigan, before the advance of Charles II. to Worcester: he left two daughters, one of whom, Katharine, the maid of honour, who figures in Grammont, married Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel; the other married Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon. The remaining five sons, Marmaduke, John, Gustavus, Cornelius, Charles, all died unmarried. One of the sons must have been the *Colonel* Boynton who took Sir John Hotham prisoner, and in all probability he is the same who is here mentioned in connection with Doll Stacey. Pepys only *supposes* he had married her.—B.

but at last she did, where I found her crying on the ground, and I could not please her; but I did at last find that she did plainly expound it to me. It was, that she did believe me false to her with Jane, and did rip up three or four silly circumstances of her not rising till I come out of my chamber, and her letting me thereby see her dressing herself; and that I must needs go into her chamber and was naught with her; which was so silly, and so far from truth, that I could not be troubled at it, though I could not wonder at her being troubled, if she had these thoughts, and therefore she would lie from me, and caused sheets to be put on in the blue room, and would have Jane to lie with her lest I should come to her. At last, I did give her such satisfaction, that we were mighty good friends, and went to bed betimes. . . .

8th. Up, and dressed myself; and by coach, with W. Hewer and my wife, to White Hall, where she set us two down; and in the way, our little boy, at Martin, my bookseller's shop, going to 'light, did fall down; and, had he not been a most nimble boy (I saw how he did it, and was mightily pleased with him for it), he had been run over by the coach. I to visit my Lord Sandwich; and there, while my Lord was dressing himself, did see a young Spaniard, that he hath brought over with him, dance, which he is admired for, as the best dancer in Spain, and indeed he do with mighty mastery; but I do not like his dancing as the English, though my Lord commends it mightily: but I will have him to my house, and show it my wife. Here I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me the state of my Lord's accounts of his embassy, which I find not so good as I thought: for, though it be passed the King and his Cabal (the Committee for Foreign Affairs as they are called), yet they have cut off from £19,000 full £8,000, and have now sent it to the Lords of the Treasury, who, though the Committee have allowed the rest, yet they are not obliged to abide by it. So that I do fear this account may yet be long ere it be passed—much more, ere that sum be paid: I am sorry for the family, and not a little for what it owes me. So to my wife, took her up at Unthank's, and in our way home did shew her the tall woman,

in Holborne, which I have seen before; and I measured her, and she is, without shoes, just six feet five inches high, and they say not above twenty-one years old. Thence home, and there to dinner, and my wife in a wonderful ill humour; and, after dinner, I staid with her alone, being not able to endure this life, and fell to some angry words together; but by and by were mighty good friends, she telling me plain it was still about Jane, whom she cannot believe but I am base with, which I made a matter of mirth at; but at last did call up Jane, and confirm her mistress's directions for her being gone at Easter, which I find the wench willing to be, but directly prayed that Tom might go with her, which I promised, and was but what I designed; and she being thus spoke with, and gone, my wife and I good friends, and mighty kind, I having promised, and I will perform it, never to give her for the time to come ground of new trouble; and so I to the Office, with a very light heart, and there close at my business all the afternoon. This day I was told by Mr. Wren, that Captain Cox,[1] Master-Attendant at Deptford, is to be one of us very soon, he and Tippets[2] being to take their turns for Chatham and Portsmouth, which choice I like well enough; and Captain Annesley is to come in his room at Deptford. This morning also, going to visit Roger Pepys, at the potticary's in King's Street, he tells me that Roger is gone to his wife's, so that they have been married, as he tells me, ever since the middle of last week: it was his design, upon good reasons, to make no noise of it; but I am well enough contented that it is over. Dispatched a great deal of business at the office, and there pretty late, till finding myself very full of wind, by my eating no dinner to-day, being vexed, I was forced to go home, and

[1] Captain John Cox was appointed Commissioner at Chatham on the 29th March, 1669, and he held the office until 1672, when he was killed on board the "Prince" at the battle of Southwold Bay. He was Sir John Cox at the time of his death. He had previously held the office of Master Attendant at Deptford.

[2] John Tippets (afterwards Sir John) was appointed Extra Commissioner of the Navy in 1667, and appointed to Portsmouth in 1668. He was Surveyor of the Navy from 1672 to 1685, and from 1688 to 1692.

there supped W. Batelier with us, and so with great content to bed.

9th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office, and after dinner abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," which I like mighty well, as an excellent play: and here we find Kinaston to be well enough to act again, which he do very well, after his beating by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment; and so thence home, and there to my business at the Office, and after my letters done, then home to supper and to bed, my mind being mightily eased by my having this morning delivered to the Office a letter of advice about our answers to the Commissioners of Accounts, whom we have neglected, and I have done this as a record in my justification hereafter, when it shall come to be examined.

10th. Up, and with my wife and W. Hewer, she set us down at White Hall, where the Duke of York was gone a-hunting: and so, after I had done a little business there, I to my wife, and with her to the plaisterer's at Charing Cross, that casts heads and bodies in plaister: and there I had my whole face done; but I was vexed first to be forced to daub all my face over with pomatum: but it was pretty to feel how soft and easily it is done on the face, and by and by, by degrees, how hard it becomes, that you cannot break it, and sits so close, that you cannot pull it off, and yet so easy, that it is as soft as a pillow, so safe is everything where many parts of the body do bear alike. Thus was the mould made; but when it came off there was little pleasure in it, as it looks in the mould, nor any resemblance whatever there will be in the figure, when I come to see it cast off, which I am to call for a day or two hence, which I shall long to see. Thence to Hercules Pillars, and there my wife and W. Hewer and I dined, and back to White Hall, where I staid till the Duke of York come from hunting, which he did by and by, and, when dressed, did come out to dinner; and there I waited: and he did tell me that to-morrow was to be the great day that the business of the Navy would be dis-

coursed of before the King and his Caball, and that he must stand on his guard, and did design to have had me in readiness by, but that upon second thoughts did think it better to let it alone, but they are now upon entering into the economical part of the Navy. Here he dined, and did mightily magnify his sauce, which he did then eat with every thing, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Embassador;[1] made of some parsley and a dry toast, beat in a mortar, together with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper: he eats it with flesh, or fowl, or fish: and then he did now mightily commend some new sort of wine lately found out, called Navarre wine, which I tasted, and is, I think, good wine: but I did like better the notion of the sauce, and by and by did taste it, and liked it mightily. After dinner, I did what I went for, which was to get his consent that Balty might hold his Muster-Master's place by deputy, in his new employment which I design for him, about the Storekeeper's accounts; which the Duke of York did grant me, and I was mighty glad of it. Thence home, and there I find Povy and W. Batelier, by appointment, met to talk of some merchandize of wine and linnen; but I do not like of their troubling my house to meet in, having no mind to their pretences of having their rendezvous here, but, however, I was not much troubled, but went to the office, and there very busy, and did much business till late at night, and so home to supper, and with great pleasure to bed. This day, at dinner, I sent to Mr. Spong to come to me to Hercules Pillars, who come to us, and there did bring with him my new Parallelogram of brass, which I was mightily pleased with, and paid for it 25*s.*, and am mightily pleased with his ingenious and modest company.

11th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home and heard that the last night Colonel Middleton's wife[2] died, a woman I never saw since she come hither, having never been within their house since. Home at noon

[1] The Conde de Dona.

[2] See February 17th (p. 232).

to dinner, and thence to work all the afternoon with great pleasure, and did bring my business to a very little compass in my day book, which is a mighty pleasure, and so home to supper and get my wife to read to me, and then to bed.

12th. Up, and my wife with me to White Hall, and Tom, and there she sets us down, and there to wait on the Duke of York, with the rest of us, at the Robes, where the Duke of York did tell us that the King would have us prepare a draught of the present administration of the Navy, and what it was in the late times, in order to his being able to distinguish between the good and the bad, which I shall do, but to do it well will give me a great deal of trouble. Here we shewed him Sir J. Minnes's propositions about balancing Storekeeper's accounts; and I did shew him Hosier's, which did please him mightily, and he will have it shewed the Council and King anon, to be put in practice. Thence to the Treasurer's; and I and Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Tippets down to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and there had a hot debate from Sir Thomas Clifford and my Lord Ashly (the latter of which, I hear, is turning about as fast as he can to the Duke of Buckingham's side, being in danger, it seems, of being otherwise out of play, which would not be convenient for him), against Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, who did uphold our Office against an accusation of our Treasurers, who told the Lords that they found that we had run the King in debt £50,000 or more, more than the money appointed for the year would defray, which they declared like fools, and with design to hurt us, though the thing is in itself ridiculous. But my Lord Ashly and Clifford did most horribly cry out against the want of method in the Office. At last it come that it should be put in writing what they had to object; but I was devilish mad at it, to see us thus wounded by our own members, and so away vexed, and called my wife, and to Hercules Pillars, Tom and I, there dined; and here there coming a Frenchman by with his Shew, we did make him shew it us, which he did just as Lacy acts it, which made it mighty pleasant to me. So after dinner we away and to Dancre's, and there saw our

picture of Greenwich in doing,[1] which is mighty pretty, and so to White Hall, my wife to Unthank's, and I attended with Lord Brouncker the King and Council, about the proposition of balancing Storekeeper's accounts: and there presented Hosier's book, and it was mighty well resented[2] and approved of. So the Council being up, we to the Queen's side with the King and Duke of York: and the Duke of York did take me out to talk of our Treasurers, whom he is mighty angry with: and I perceive he is mighty desirous to bring in as many good motions of profit and reformation in the Navy as he can, before the Treasurers do light upon them, they being desirous, it seems, to be thought the great reformers: and the Duke of York do well. But to my great joy he is mighty open to me in every thing; and by this means I know his whole mind, and shall be able to secure myself, if he stands. Here to-night I understand, by my Lord Brouncker, that at last it is concluded on by the King and Buckingham that my Lord of Ormond shall not hold his government of Ireland, which is a great stroke, to shew the power of Buckingham and the poor spirit of the King, and little hold that any man can have of him. Thence I homeward, and calling my wife called at my cozen Turner's, and there met our new cozen Pepys (Mrs. Dickenson), and Bab.[3] and Betty[4] come yesterday to town, poor girls, whom we have reason to love, and mighty glad we are to see them; and there staid and talked a little, being also mightily pleased to see Betty Turner, who is now in town, and her brothers Charles and Will, being come from school to see their father, and there talked a while, and so home, and there Pelling hath

[1] See *ante*, January 22nd, 1668-69.

[2] The word "resent" was formerly used to express the taking of a thing well or ill. Barrow wrote, "How much more should we resent such a testimony of God's favour (than that of an earthly prince)."

[3] Barbara Pepys, daughter of Roger Pepys, by his second wife (Barbara Bacon), born at Impington, 1649. She married Thomas Gall, D.D., Dean of York, and died in 1689.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of the same parents, born at Impington, 1651; married Charles Longe, B.D., rector of Risby, co. Suffolk, and died 1716.

got me W. Pen's book against the Trinity.[1] I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for every body to read. So to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence to the office again mighty busy, to my great content, till night, and then home to supper and, my eyes being weary, to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, and there, he taking physic, I with him all the morning, full of very good discourse of the Navy and publick matters, to my great content, wherein I find him doubtful that all will be bad, and, for his part, he tells me he takes no more care for any thing more than in the Treasury; and that, that being done, he goes to cards and other delights, as plays, and in summer-time to bowles. But here he did shew me two or three old books of the Navy, of my Lord Northumberland's[2] times, which he hath taken many good notes out of, for justifying the Duke of York and us, in many things, wherein, perhaps, precedents will be necessary to produce, which did give me great content. At noon home, and pleased mightily with my morning's work, and coming home, I do find a letter from Mr. Wren, to call me to the Duke of York after dinner. So dined in all haste, and then W. Hewer and my wife and I out, we set her at my cozen Turner's while we to White Hall, where the Duke of York expected me; and in his closet

[1] Entitled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken; or those . . . doctrines of one God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons; the impossibility of God's pardoning sinners without a plenary satisfaction, the justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness, refuted from the authority of Scripture testimonies and right reason, etc. London, 1668." It caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower. "Aug. 4, 1669. Young Penn who wrote the blasphemous book is delivered to his father to be transported" ("Letter to Sir John Birkenhead, quoted by Bishop Kennett in his MS. Collections, vol. lxxxix., p. 477).

[2] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral 1637 to 1642.

Wren and I. He did tell me how the King hath been acquainted with the Treasurers'[1] discourse at the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the other day, and is dissatisfied with our running him in debt, which I removed; and he did carry me to the King, and I did satisfy him also; but his satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got, and easily removed; but I do purpose to put in writing that which shall make the Treasurers ashamed. But the Duke of York is horrid angry against them; and he hath cause, for they do all they can to bring dishonour upon his management, as do plainly appear in all they do. Having done with the Duke of York, who do repose all in me, I with Mr. Wren to his chamber, to talk; where he observed, that these people are all of them a broken sort of people, that have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all to make their fortunes better: that Sir Thomas Osborne is a beggar, having 11 or £1,200 a-year, but owes above £10,000. The Duke of Buckingham's condition is shortly this: that he hath about £19,600 a-year, of which he pays away about £7,000 a-year in interest, about £2,000 in fee-farm rents to the King, about £6,000 wages and pensions, and the rest to live upon, and pay taxes for the whole. Wren says, that for the Duke of York to stir in this matter, as his quality might justify, would but make all things worse, and that therefore he must bend, and suffer all, till time works it out: that he fears they will sacrifice the Church, and that the King will take anything, and so he will hold up his head a little longer, and then break in pieces. But Sir W. Coventry did to-day mightily magnify my late Lord Treasurer,[2] for a wise and solid, though infirm man: and, among other things, that when he hath said it was impossible in nature to find this or that sum of money, and my Lord Chancellor[3] hath made sport of it, and tell the King that when my Lord hath said it [was] impossible, yet he hath made shift to find it, and that was by Sir G. Carteret's getting credit, my Lord did once in his hearing say thus, which he magnifies as a great saying — that impossible

[1] Of the Navy. [2] Southampton. [3] Clarendon.

would be found impossible at last; meaning that the King would run himself out, beyond all his credit and funds, and then we should too late find it impossible; which is, he says, now come to pass. For that Sir W. Coventry says they could borrow what money they would, if they had assignments, and funds to secure it with, which before they had enough of, and then must spend it as if it would never have an end. From White Hall to my cozen Turner's, and there took up my wife; and so to my uncle Wight's, and there sat and supped, and talked pretty merry, and then walked home, and to bed.

15th. Up, and with Tom to White Hall; and there at a Committee of Tangier, where a great instance of what a man may lose by the neglect of a friend: Povy never had such an opportunity of passing his accounts, the Duke of York being there, and everybody well disposed, and in expectation of them; but my Lord Ashly, on whom he relied, and for whose sake this day was pitched on, that he might be sure to be there, among the rest of his friends, staid too long, till the Duke of York and the company thought unfit to stay longer: and so the day lost, and God knows when he will ever have so good a one again, as long as he lives; and this was the man of the whole company that he hath made the most interest to gain, and now most depended upon him. So up and down the house a while, and then to the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould: and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made, before I take it away, and therefore I away and to the Temple, and thence to my cozen Turner's, where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me for her Valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings[1] and garters and shoe-strings, and two pair of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28*s.*, and did give

[1] Pepys was perhaps induced to make this purchase for his cousin, in accordance with the taste of the Duke of York, who, in allusion to Lady Chesterfield's wearing green stockings, remarked, says Hamilton: "*qu'il n'y avoit point de salut pour une jambe sans bas verds*" ("Mémoires de Grammont").—B.

them her this noon. At the 'Change, I did at my bookseller's shop accidentally fall into talk with Sir Samuel Tuke[1] about trees, and Mr. Evelyn's garden; and I do find him, I think, a little conceited, but a man of very fine discourse as any I ever heard almost, which I was mighty glad of. I dined at my cozen Turner's, and my wife also and her husband there, and after dinner, my wife and I endeavoured to make a visit to Ned Pickering; but he not at home, nor his lady; and therefore back again, and took up my cozen Turner, and to my cozen Roger's lodgings, and there find him pretty well again, and his wife mighty kind and merry, and did make mighty much of us, and I believe he is married to a very good woman. Here was also Bab. and Betty, who have not their clothes yet, and therefore cannot go out, otherwise I would have had them abroad to-morrow; but the poor girls mighty kind to us, and we must shew them kindness also. Here in Suffolk Street lives Moll Davis; and we did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach. Here we staid an hour or two, and then carried Turner home, and there staid and talked a while, and then my wife and I to White Hall; and there, by means of Mr. Cooling, did get into the play, the only one we have seen this winter: it was "The Five Hours' Adventure:" but I sat so far I could not hear well, nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife, who sat in my Lady Fox's pew[2] with her. The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past

[1] Sir Samuel Tuke, of Cressing Temple, Essex, Bart., was a colonel in Charles I.'s army, and cousin to John Evelyn. He married Mary Sheldon, one of Queen Katherine's dressers, and died at Somerset House, January 26th, 1673. We have seen that he was the translator of "The Adventures of Five Hours." He was a Roman Catholic; and there is a life of him in Dodd's "Church History" (vol. iii., p. 251).

[2] We may suppose that pews were by no means common at this time within consecrated walls, from the word being applied indifferently by Pepys to a box in a place of amusement, and two days afterwards to a seat at church. It would appear, from other authorities, that between 1646 and 1660 scarcely any pews had been erected; and Sir C. Wren is known to have objected to their introduction into his London churches.—B.

eleven before we got home. But we were well pleased with seeing it, and so to supper, where it happened that there was no bread in the house, which was an unusual case, and so to bed.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, my head full of business of the office now at once on my hands, and so at noon home to dinner, where I find some things of W. Batelier's come out of France, among which some clothes for my wife, wherein she is likely to lead me to the expence of so much money as vexed me; but I seemed so, more than I at this time was, only to prevent her taking too much, and she was mighty calm under it. But I was mightily pleased with another picture of the King of France's head, of Nanteuil's, bigger than the other which he brought over, that pleases me infinitely: and so to the Office, where busy all the afternoon, though my eyes mighty bad with the light of the candles last night, which was so great as to make my eyes sore all this day, and do teach me, by a manifest experiment, that it is only too much light that do make my eyes sore. Nevertheless, with the help of my tube, and being desirous of easing my mind of five or six days journall, I did venture to write it down from ever since this day se'nnight, and I think without hurting my eyes any more than they were before, which was very much, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and with W. Hewer with me to Lincoln's Inn, by appointment, to have spoke with Mr. Pedley about Mr. Goldsborough's business and Mr. Weaver's, but he was gone out, and so I with Mr. Castle, the son-in-law of Weaver, to White Hall to look for him, but did not find him, but here I did meet with several and talked, and do hear only that the King dining yesterday at the Dutch Embassador's, after dinner they drank, and were pretty merry; and, among the rest of the King's company, there was that worthy fellow my lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much, that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence, which do much give offence to the people here at Court, to see how

cheap the King makes himself, and the more, for that the King hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the King did publickly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame, to have so idle a rogue his companion.[1] How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear. I do also this day hear that my Lord Privy Seale do accept to go Lieutenant into Ireland;[2] but whether it be true or no, I cannot tell. So calling at my shoemaker's, and paying him to this day, I home to dinner, and in the afternoon to Colonel Middleton's house, to the burial of his wife,[3] where we are all invited, and much more company, and had each of us a ring: and so towards evening to our church, where there was a sermon preached by Mills, and so home. At church there was my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams in our pew, the first time they were ever there or that I knew that either of them would go to church. At home comes Castle to me, to desire me to go to Mr. Pedly this night, he being to go out of town to-morrow morning, which I, therefore, did, by hackney-coach, first going to White Hall to meet with Sir W. Coventry, but missed him. But here I had a pleasant rencontre of a lady in mourning, that, by the little light I had, seemed handsome. I passing by her, I did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now duske. I observed she went into the little passage towards the Privy Water-Gate, and I followed, but missed her; but coming back again, I observed she returned, and went to go out of the Court. I followed her, and took occasion, in the new passage now built,

[1] Rochester was not yet twenty-one years old, whilst Charles was thirty-eight.—B.

[2] John, second Lord Robartes (Earl of Radnor, 1679), was appointed Lord Lieutenant May 3rd, 1669.

[3] "Buried, *Mrs. Elizabeth*, wife of Colonel Thomas Middleton."—*Register of St. Olave's, Hart Street.* According to Burke, Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, of Lambeth, married Charles, brother of Sir Thomas Middleton, Bart. Her sister Eleanor was mistress to the Duke of Monmouth.—B.

where the walke is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she willingly accepted, and I led her to the Great Gate, and there left her, she telling me, of her own accord, that she was going as far as Charing Cross; but my boy was at the gate, and so je durst not go out con her, which vexed me, and my mind (God forgive me) did run après her toute that night, though I have reason to thank God, and so I do now, that I was not tempted to go further. So to Lincoln's Inn, where to Mr. Pedly, with whom I spoke, and did my business presently: and I find him a man of very good language, and mighty civil, and I believe very upright: and so home, where W. Batelier was, and supped with us, and I did reckon this night what I owed him; and I do find that the things my wife, of her own head, hath taken (together with my own, which comes not to above £5), comes to above £22. But it is the last, and so I am the better contented; and they are things that are not trifles, but clothes, gloves, shoes, hoods, &c. So after supper, to bed.

18th. Up, and to the Office, and at noon home, expecting to have this day seen Bab. and Betty Pepys here, but they come not; and so after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to a play, and there saw "The Mad Lover," which do not please me so well as it used to do, only Betterton's part still pleases me. But here who should we have come to us but Bab. and Betty and Talbot, the first play they were yet at; and going to see us, and hearing by my boy, whom I sent to them, that we were here, they come to us hither, and happened all of us to sit by my cozen Turner and The., and we carried them home first, and then took Bab. and Betty to our house, where they lay and supped, and pretty merry, and very fine with their new clothes, and good comely girls they are enough, and very glad I am of their being with us, though I would very well have been contented to have been without the charge. So they to bed and we to bed.

19th. Up, and after seeing the girls, who lodged in our bed, with their maid Martha, who hath been their father's maid these twenty years and more, I with Lord Brouncker to White

Hall, where all of us waited on the Duke of York; and after our usual business done, W. Hewer and I to look my wife at the Black Lion, Mercer's, but she is gone home, and so I home and there dined, and W. Batelier and W. Hewer with us. All the afternoon I at the Office, while the young people went to see Bedlam,[1] and at night home to them and to supper, and pretty merry, only troubled with a great cold at this time, and my eyes very bad ever since Monday night last that the light of the candles spoiled me. So to bed. This morning, among other things, talking with Sir W. Coventry, I did propose to him my putting in to serve in Parliament, if there should, as the world begins to expect, be a new one chose: he likes it mightily, both for the King's and Service's sake, and the Duke of York's, and will propound it to the Duke of York: and I confess, if there be one, I would be glad to be in.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then home to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife and my two girls to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Gratefull Servant,"[2] a pretty good play, and which I have forgot that ever I did see. And thence with them to Mrs. Gotier's, the Queen's tire-woman, for a pair of locks for my wife; she is an oldish French woman, but with a pretty hand as most I have seen; and so home, and to supper, W. Batelier and W. Hewer with us, and so my cold being great, and greater by my having left my coat at my tailor's to-night and come home in a thinner that I borrowed there, I went to bed before them and slept pretty well.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife and two girls to church, they very fine; and so home, where comes my cozen Roger and his wife, I having sent for them, to dine with us, and there comes in by chance also Mr. Shepley, who is come to town with my Lady Paulina, who is desperately sick, and is gone to Chelsey, to the old house where my Lord himself

[1] Then in Bishopsgate Without, on the north side of what was afterwards Liverpool Street.

[2] A comedy by James Shirley, first published in 1630.

was once sick, where I doubt my Lord means to visit her, more for young Mrs. Beck's sake than for her's. Here we dined with W. Batelier, and W. Hewer with us, these two girls making it necessary that they be always with us, for I am not company light enough to be always merry with them: and so sat talking all the afternoon, and then Shepley went away first, and then my cozen Roger and his wife. And so I to my Office, to write down my Journall, and so home to my chamber and to do a little business there, my papers being in mighty disorder, and likely so to continue while these girls are with us. In the evening comes W. Batelier and his sisters and supped and talked with us, and so spent the evening, myself being somewhat out of order because of my eyes, which have never been well since last Sunday's reading at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and so after supper to bed.

22nd. Up, and betimes to White Hall; but there the Duke of York is gone abroad a-hunting, and therefore after a little stay there I into London, with Sir H. Cholmly, talking all the way of Tangier matters, wherein I find him troubled from some reports lately from Norwood (who is his great enemy and I doubt an ill man), of some decay of the Mole, and a breach made therein by the sea to a great value. He set me down at the end of Leadenhall Street, and so I home, and after dinner, with my wife, in her morning-gown, and the two girls dressed, to Unthanke's, where my wife dresses herself, having her gown this day laced, and a new petticoat; and so is indeed very fine. And in the evening I do carry them to White Hall, and there did without much trouble get into the playhouse, there in a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and myself also sat in the pit; and there by and by come the King and Queen, and they begun "Bartholomew Fayre." But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, with the light of the candles, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles. After the play done, we met with W. Batelier and W. Hewer and Talbot Pepys, and they follow us in a hackney-

coach: and we all stopped at Hercules' Pillars;[1] and there I did give them the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night, and so to bed, mightily well pleased with this day's work.

23rd. Up: and to the Office, where all the morning, and then home, and put a mouthfull of victuals in my mouth; and by a hackney-coach followed my wife and the girls, who are gone by eleven o'clock, thinking to have seen a new play at the Duke of York's house. But I do find them staying at my tailor's, the play not being to-day, and therefore I now took them to Westminster Abbey, and there did show them all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone, there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday; and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did first kiss a Queen.[2] But here this man, who seems to understand well, tells me that the saying is not true that says she was never buried, for she was buried;

[1] On the south side of Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church.

[2] Pepys's attachment to the fair sex extended even to a dead queen. The record of this royal salute on his natal day is very characteristic. The story told him in Westminster Abbey appears to have been correct; for Neale informs us ("History of Westminster Abbey," vol. ii., p. 88) that near the south side of Henry V.'s tomb there was formerly a wooden chest, or coffin, wherein part of the skeleton and parched body of Katherine de Valois, his queen (from the waist upwards), was to be seen. She was interred in January, 1457, in the Chapel of Our Lady, at the east end of this church; but when that building was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII., her coffin was found to be decayed, and her body was taken up, and placed in a chest, near her first husband's tomb. "There," says Dart, "it hath ever since continued to be seen, the bones being firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of tanned leather." This awful spectacle of frail mortality was at length removed from the public gaze into St. Nicholas's Chapel, and finally deposited under the monument of Sir George Villiers, when the vault was made for the remains of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, in December, 1776.—B.

only, when Henry the Seventh built his chapel, it was taken up and laid in this wooden coffin ; but I did there see that, in it, the body was buried in a leaden one, which remains under the body to this day. Thence to the Duke of York's play-house, and there, finding the play begun, we homeward to the Glass-House,[1] and there shewed my cozens the making of glass, and had several things made with great content ; and, among others, I had one or two singing-glasses made, which make an echo to the voice, the first that ever I saw ; but so thin, that the very breath broke one or two of them. So home, and thence to Mr. Batelier's, where we supped, and had a good supper, and here was Mr. Gumbleton ; and after supper some fiddles, and so to dance ; but my eyes were so out of order, that I had little pleasure this night at all, though I was glad to see the rest merry, and so about midnight home and to bed.

24th. Lay long in bed, both being sleepy and my eyes bad, and myself having a great cold so as I was hardly able to speak, but, however, by and by up and to the office, and at noon home with my people to dinner, and then I to the office again, and there till the evening doing of much business, and at night my wife sends for me to W. Hewer's lodging, where I find two best chambers of his so finely furnished, and all so rich and neat, that I was mightily pleased with him and them : and here only my wife, and I, and the two girls, and had a mighty neat dish of custards and tarts, and good drink and talk. And so away home to bed, with infinite content at this his treat ; for it was mighty pretty, and everything mighty rich.

25th. All the morning at the office. At noon home and eat a bit myself, and then followed my wife and girls to the Duke of York's house, and there before one, but the house infinite full, where, by and by, the King and Court come, it being a new play, or an old one new vamped, by Shadwell,

[1] Glass House Alley, Whitefriars and Blackfriars, marked the site for some years. The Whitefriars Glass Works of Messrs. Powell and Sons are on the old site, now Temple Street.

called "The Royall Shepherdesse;"[1] but the silliest for words and design, and everything, that ever I saw in my whole life, there being nothing in the world pleasing in it, but a good martial dance of pikemen, where Harris and another do handle their pikes in a dance to admiration; but never less satisfied with a play in my life. Thence to the office I, and did a little business, and so home to supper with my girls, and pretty merry, only my eyes, which continue very bad, and my cold, that I cannot speak at all, do trouble me.

26th. Was forced to send my excuse to the Duke of York for my not attending him with my fellows this day because of my cold, and was the less troubled because I was thereby out of the way to offer my proposals about Pursers till the Surveyor hath delivered his notions, which he is to do to-day about something he has to offer relating to the Navy in general, which I would be glad to see and peruse before I offer what I have to say. So lay long in bed, and then up and to my office, and so to dinner, and then, though I could not speak, yet I went with my wife and girls to the King's playhouse, to shew them that, and there saw "The Faithfull Shepherdesse." But, Lord! what an empty house, there not being, as I could tell the people, so many as to make up above £10 in the whole house! The being of a new play at the other house, I suppose, being the cause, though it be so silly a play that I wonder how there should be enough people to go thither two days together, and not leave more to fill this house. The emptiness of the house took away our pleasure a great deal, though I liked it the better; for that I plainly discern the musick is the better, by how much the house the emptier. Thence home, and again to W. Hewer's, and had a pretty little treat, and spent an hour or two, my voice being wholly taken away with my cold, and so home and to bed.

27th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where I could speak but a little. At noon home to dinner, and all the after-

[1] A tragi-comedy, altered by Thomas Shadwell from a comedy written by John Fountain, called "The Rewards of Virtue," published in 1661. The "Royal Shepherdess" was published in 1669.

noon till night busy at the office again, where forced to speak low and dictate. But that that troubles me most is my eyes, which are still mighty bad night and day, and so home at night to talk and sup with my cozens, and so all of us in mighty good humour to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and got my wife to read to me a copy of what the Surveyor offered to the Duke of York on Friday, he himself putting it into my hands to read; but, Lord! it is a poor, silly thing ever to think to bring it in practice, in the King's Navy. It is to have the Captains to account for all stores and victuals; but upon so silly grounds, to my thinking, and ignorance of the present instructions of Officers, that I am ashamed to hear it. However, I do take a copy of it, for my future use and answering; and so to church, where, God forgive me! I did most of the time gaze on the fine milliner's wife, in Fenchurch Street, who was at our church to-day; and so home to dinner. And after dinner to write down my Journall; and then abroad by coach with my cozens, to their father's, where we are kindly received, but he is in great pain for his man Arthur, who, he fears, is now dead, having been desperately sick, and speaks so much of him that my cozen, his wife, and I did make mirth of it, and call him Arthur O'Bradly.[1] After staying here a little, and eat and drank, and she gave me some ginger-bread made in cakes, like chocolate, very good, made by a friend, I carried him and her to my cozen Turner's, where we staid, expecting her coming from church; but she coming not, I went to her husband's chamber in the Temple, and thence fetched her, she having been there alone ever since sermon staying till the evening to walk home on foot, her horses being ill. This I did, and brought her home. And after talking there awhile, and agreeing to be all merry at my house on Tuesday next, I

[1] An allusion to the popular ballad, "O Brave Arthur of Bradley," which is referred to by Ben Jonson, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists. There are two other ballads of "Arthur-a Bradley" of a later date. See Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. ii., pp. 539-40, 604.

away home ; and there spent the evening talking and reading, with my wife and Mr. Pelling, and yet much troubled with my cold, it hardly suffering me to speak, we to bed.

March 1st. Up, and to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, but it did not meet. But here I do hear first that my Lady Paulina Montagu did die yesterday ; at which I went to my Lord's lodgings, but he is shut up with sorrow, and so not to be spoken with : and therefore I returned, and to Westminster Hall, where I have not been, I think, in some months. And here the Hall was very full, the King having, by Commission to some Lords this day, prorogued the Parliament till the 19th of October next : at which I am glad, hoping to have time to go over to France this year. But I was most of all surprised this morning by my Lord Bellassis, who, by appointment, met me at Auditor Wood's, at the Temple, and tells me of a duell designed between the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Halifax, or Sir W. Coventry ; the challenge being carried by Harry Saville,[1] but prevented by my Lord Arlington, and the King told of it ; and this was all the discourse at Court this day. But I, meeting Sir W. Coventry in the Duke of York's chamber, he would not own it to me, but told me that he was a man of too much peace to meddle with fighting, and so it rested : but the talk is full in the town of the business. Thence, having walked some turns with my cozen Pepys, and most people, by their discourse, believing that this Parliament will never sit more, I away to several places to look after things against to-morrow's feast, and so home to dinner ; and thence, after noon, my wife and I out by hackney-coach, and spent the afternoon in several places, doing several things at the 'Change and elsewhere against to-morrow ; and, among others, I did also bring home a piece of my face cast in plaister, for to make a vizard upon, for my eyes. And so

[1] Henry Savile was a younger son of Sir William Savile, Bart., of Thornhill, in Yorkshire, by Anne, one of the daughters of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, and sister to Sir William Coventry. He became Vice-Chamberlain to Charles II., and served in parliament for Newark ; and died s.p.—B.

home, where W. Batelier come, and sat with us ; and there, after many doubts, did resolve to go on with our feast and dancing to-morrow ; and so, after supper, left the maids to make clean the house, and to lay the cloth, and other things against to-morrow, and we to bed.

2nd. Up, and at the office till noon, when home, and there I find my company come, namely, Madam Turner, Dyke, The., and Betty Turner, and Mr. Bellwood, formerly their father's clerk, but now set up for himself—a conceited, silly fellow, but one they make mightily of—my cozen Roger Pepys, and his wife, and two daughters. I had a noble dinner for them, as I almost ever had, and mighty merry, and particularly myself pleased with looking on Betty Turner, who is mighty pretty. After dinner, we fell one to one talk, and another to another, and looking over my house, and closet, and things; and The. Turner to write a letter to a lady in the country, in which I did, now and then, put in half a dozen words, and sometimes five or six lines, and then she as much, and made up a long and good letter, she being mighty witty really, though troublesome-humoured with it. And thus till night, that our musick come, and the Office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan come, and also Will. Howe and two gentlemen more, strangers, which, at my request yesterday, he did bring to dance, called Mr. Ireton and Mr. Starkey. We fell to dancing, and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the musick being Greeting, and another most excellent violin, and theorbo, the best in town. And so with mighty mirth, and pleased with their dancing of jigs afterwards several of them, and, among others, Betty Turner, who did it mighty prettily ; and, lastly, W. Batelier's " Blackmore and Blackmore Mad ; " and then to a country-dance again, and so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cozen Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cozen Turner,

her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab., Betty, and Betty Turner, in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maid's bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman's bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle-bed, and Tom where he uses to lie. And so I did, to my great content, lodge at once in my house, with the greatest ease, fifteen, and eight of them strangers of quality. My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.

3rd. Up, after a very good night's rest, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly, who was with me an hour, and though acquainted did not stay to talk with my company I had in the house, but away, and then I to my guests, and got them to breakfast, and then parted by coaches; and I did, in mine, carry my she-cozen Pepys and her daughters home, and there left them, and so to White Hall, where W. Hewer met me; and he and I took a turn in St. James's Park, and in the Mall did meet Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, and did speak with them about some business before the Lords of the Treasury; but I did find them more than usually busy, though I knew not then the reason of it, though I guess it by what followed to-morrow. Thence to Dancre's, the painter's, and there saw my picture of Greenwich, finished to my very good content, though this manner of distemper do make the figures not so pleasing as in oyle. So to Unthanke's, and there took up my wife, and carried her to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw an old play, the first time acted these forty years, called "The Lady's Tryall,"[1] acted only by the young people of the house; but the house very full. But it is but a sorry play, and the worse by how much my head is out of humour by being a little sleepy and my legs weary since last night. So after the play we to the New Exchange, and so called at my cozen Turner's; and there, meeting Mr. Bellwood, did hear how my Lord Mayor,[2] being invited this

[1] A tragi-comedy by John Ford, published in 1639.

[2] Sir William Turner, Merchant Taylor.

day to dinner at the Reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up,[1] the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private Councillor's chamber, until the Reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner; and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth, with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the King, and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did cause the drums to beat for the Train-bands;[2] but all is over, only I hear that the students do resolve to try the Charter of the City. So we home, and betimes to bed, and slept well all night.

4th. Up, and a while at the office, but thinking to have Mr. Povy's business to-day at the Committee for Tangier, I left the Board and away to White Hall, where in the first court I did meet Sir Jeremy Smith, who did tell me that Sir W. Coventry was just now sent to the Tower, about the business of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham,[3] and so was

[1] As a symbol of his authority.

[2] The only printed notice of this dispute occurs in Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court and Chancery," 8vo., 1848, p. 236: "The Lord Mayor (Sir W. Turner) complained to the king, and on the 7th April, 1669, the case was heard before his Majesty in council. The ringleaders, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Wynn, and Mr. Monday, appeared at the Board, attended by counsel, who were heard on their behalf. Upon consideration, it appearing to the king that the matter very much depended upon the right and privilege of bearing up the Lord Mayor's sword within the Temple, which, by order of Council on the 24th March, in the same year, had been left to be decided by due course of law, his Majesty thought fit to suspend the declaration of his pleasure thereupon, until the said right and privilege should be determined at law." Mr. Tyrrel, the City Remembrancer, has obligingly communicated the only two entries relating to the business existing in the Corporation Records: the first is an order, dated March 23rd, 1668, for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., to attend the council on the following day; and the other directs the Chamberlain to pay the Town Clerk £23 14*s.* 6*d.*, by him disbursed for counsel about the business of the Temple, &c. It would appear the question remains unsettled to this day.—B.

[3] While Buckingham was busy with his "Rehearsal" he threatened to bring Sir William Coventry into a play at the King's House, but

also Harry Saville to the Gate-house;[1] which, as [he is] a gentleman, and of the Duke of York's bedchamber, I heard afterwards that the Duke of York is mightily incensed at, and do appear very high to the King that he might not be sent thither, but to the Tower, this being done only in contempt to him.[2] This news of Sir W. Coventry did strike me to the heart, and with reason, for by this and my Lord of Ormond's business, I do doubt that the Duke of Buckingham will be so flushed, that he will not stop at any thing, but be forced to do any thing now, as thinking it not safe to end here; and, Sir W. Coventry being gone, the King will have never a good counsellor, nor the Duke of York any sure friend to stick to him; nor any good man will be left to advise what is good. This, therefore, do heartily trouble me as any thing that ever I heard. So up into the House, and met with several people; but the Committee did not meet; and the whole House I find full of this business of Sir W. Coventry's, and most men very sensible of the cause and effects of it. So, meeting with my Lord Bellassis, he told me the particulars of this matter; that it arises about a quarrel which Sir W. Coventry had with the Duke of Buckingham about a design between the Duke and Sir Robert Howard, to bring him into a play at the King's house, which W. Coventry not enduring, did by H. Saville send a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, that he had a desire to speak with him. Upon which, the Duke of Buckingham did bid Holmes, his champion ever since my Lord Shrewsbury's business,[3] go to him to know the business; but H. Saville would not tell it to any but himself, and therefore did

Coventry challenged the duke for the intended insult, and the intention was frustrated.

[1] At Westminster.

[2] Charles II. wrote to his sister (Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans), on March 7th, 1669: "I am not sorry that Sir Will. Coventry has given me this good occasion by sending my Lord of Buckingham a challenge to turne him out of the Councill. I do intend to turn him allso out of the Treasury. The truth of it is, he has been a troublesome man in both places and I am well rid of him" (Julia Cartwright's "Madame," 1894, p. 283).

[3] The duel. See January 17th, 1667-68 (vol. vii., p. 283).

go presently to the Duke of Buckingham, and told him that his uncle Coventry was a person of honour, and was sensible of his Grace's liberty taken of abusing him, and that he had a desire of satisfaction, and would fight with him. But that here they were interrupted by my Lord Chamberlain's coming in, who was commanded to go to bid the Duke of Buckingham to come to the King, Holmes having discovered it. He told me that the King did last night, at the Council, ask the Duke of Buckingham, upon his honour, whether he had received any challenge from W. Coventry? which he confessed that he had; and then the King asking W. Coventry, he told him that he did not owne what the Duke of Buckingham had said, though it was not fit for him to give him a direct contradiction. But, being by the King put upon declaring, upon his honour, the matter, he answered that he had understood that many hard questions had upon this business been moved to some lawyers, and that therefore he was unwilling to declare any thing that might, from his own mouth, render him obnoxious to his Majesty's displeasure, and, therefore, prayed to be excused: which the King did think fit to interpret to be a confession, and so gave warrant that night for his commitment to the Tower. Being very much troubled at this, I away by coach homewards, and directly to the Tower, where I find him in one Mr. Bennet's house, son to Major Bayly, one of the Officers of the Ordnance, in the Bricke Tower:[1] where I find him busy with my Lord Halifax and his brother; so I would not stay to interrupt them, but only to give him comfort, and offer my service to him, which he kindly and cheerfully received, only owning his being troubled for the King his master's displeasure, which, I suppose, is the ordinary form and will of persons in this condition. And so I parted, with great content, that I had so earlily seen him there; and so going out, did meet Sir Jer. Smith going to

[1] The Brick Tower stands on the northern wall, a little to the west of Martin tower, with which it communicates by a secret passage. It was the residence of the Master of the Ordnance, and Raleigh was lodged here for a time.

meet me, who had newly been with Sir W. Coventry. And so he and I by water to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I have not been, I think, these twelve months: and there to the Treasurer's house,[1] where the Duke of York is, and his Duchess; and there we find them at dinner in the great room, unhung; and there was with them my Lady Duchess of Monmouth, the Countess of Falmouth, Castlemayne, Henrietta Hide[2] (my Lady Hinchingbroke's sister), and my Lady Peterborough. And after dinner Sir Jer. Smith and I were invited down to dinner with some of the Maids of Honour, namely, Mrs. Ogle,[3] Blake,[4] and Howard,[5] which did me good to have the honour to dine with, and look on; and the Mother of the Maids,[6] and Mrs. Howard,[7] the mother of

[1] See it marked in the Plan of Deptford, in Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i., p. 328, 4to. edit., 1819.—B.

[2] Lady Henrietta Boyle, fifth daughter to the Earl of Burlington, married Laurence Hyde (afterwards created Earl of Rochester) in 1665.

[3] Anne Ogle, daughter of Thomas Ogle, of Pinchbeck, in Lincolnshire. She was afterwards the first wife of Craven Howard (son of Mrs. Howard), brother of her fellow maid of honour (see Evelyn's "Diary," June 15th, 1675). Her only child, Anne, died unmarried.—B.

[4] Margaret Blagge, or Blague, daughter of Colonel Blague, and afterwards wife of Sidney Godolphin. Her life, written by Evelyn, was first published by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847.

[5] Dorothy, the elder daughter of Mrs. Howard. She afterwards married Colonel James Graham, of Levens, Keeper of the Privy Purse of the Duke of York. Their daughter, Katharine Graham, married her cousin, Henry Bowes Howard, fourth Earl of Berkshire, and eleventh Earl of Suffolk.—B.

[6] The *mother of the maids* in the Court of Queen Katharine was Bridget, Lady Sanderson, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, Knt., and wife of Sir William Sanderson, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. It is possible, however, that some one filled the like office in the household of the Duchess of York.—B.

[7] Elizabeth, daughter of Lowthiel, Lord Dundas, wife of William Howard, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire. Her son, Craven Howard, married, first, Anne Ogle, mentioned above; and, secondly, Mary, daughter of George Bower, of Elford, in Staffordshire, by whom he had Henry Bowes Howard, who married Katharine Graham. It was by means of Mrs. Howard, who, as housekeeper to the Duke of York, resided in the Treasurer's house at Deptford, that Evelyn, who lived at Sayes Court, adjoining the Royal Yard, first became acquainted with

the Maid of Honour of that name, and the Duke's housekeeper here. Here was also Monsieur Blancfort,[1] Sir Richard Powell,[2] Colonel Villers,[3] Sir Jonathan Trelawny,[4] and others. And here drank most excellent, and great variety, and plenty of wines, more than I have drank, at once, these seven years, but yet did me no great hurt. Having dined and very merry, and understanding by Blancfort how angry the Duke of York was, about their offering to send Saville to the Gate-house, among the rogues; and then, observing how this company, both the ladies and all, are of a gang, and did drink a health to the union of the two brothers, and talking of others as their enemies, they parted, and so we up; and there I did find the Duke of York and Duchess, with all the great ladies, sitting upon a carpet, on the ground, there being no chairs, playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so and so: and I hate him with an A, because of this and that:"[5] and some of them, but particularly the Duchess herself, and my Lady Castlemayne, were very witty. This done, they took barge, and I with Sir J. Smith to Captain Cox's; and there to talk, and left them and other company to drink;

Mrs. Godolphin, and it is to Lady Sylvius, the younger daughter of Mrs. Howard, that he addresses her Life.—B.

[1] See February 3rd, 1665; June 13th, 1666; August 27th and September 1st, 1667. Louis de Duras, Marquis of Blanquefort, succeeded in 1677 to the titles and estates of his father-in-law, Sir George Sondes, who, in April, 1676, was created Earl of Feversham and Viscount Sondes. As Earl of Feversham Blanquefort became of great importance during the short reign of James II. He died April 19th, 1709, s.p.

[2] Sir Richard Powle, of Shottesbrooke, Berks, Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York.—B.

[3] Edward Villiers, Master of the Robes and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. He was afterwards knighted, and was the direct ancestor of the Earls of Jersey.—B.

[4] The second baronet of his family, and father of the Bishop of Winchester, of the same names.—B.

[5] A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," February, 1738, says: "At the Restoration succeeded Love games, as I love my Love with an A; a Flower and a Lady, and I am a lusty wooer" (Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Hazlitt, 1870, vol. ii., p. 288).

while I slunk out to Bagwell's; and there saw her, and her mother, and our late maid Nell, who cried for joy to see me, but I had no time for pleasure then nor could stay, but after drinking I back to the yard, having a month's mind para have had a bout with Nell, which I believe I could have had, and may another time. So to Cox's, and thence walked with Sir J. Smith back to Redriffe; and so, by water home, and there my wife mighty angry for my absence, and fell mightily out, but not being certain of any thing, but thinks only that Pierce or Knepp was there, and did ask me, and, I perceive, the boy, many questions. But I did answer her; and so, after much ado, did go to bed, and lie quiet all night; but [she] had another bout with me in the morning, but I did make shift to quiet her, but yet she was not fully satisfied, poor wretch! in her mind, and thinks much of my taking so much pleasure from her; which, indeed, is a fault, though I did not design or foresee it when I went.

5th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where did a little business with the Duke of York at our usual attending him, and thence to my wife, who was with my coach at Unthanke's, though not very well of those upon her, and so home to dinner, and after dinner I to the Tower, where I find Sir W. Coventry with abundance of company with him; and after sitting awhile, and hearing some merry discourse, and, among others, of Mr. Brouncker's being this day summoned to Sir William Morton,[1] one of the Judges, to give in security for his good behaviour, upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton,[2] a Parliament-man, at White Hall, who had heretofore spoke very highly against Brouncker in the House, I away, and to Aldgate, and walked forward towards White Chapel, till my

[1] A zealous supporter of Charles I. during the Civil War. Made a Justice of the King's Bench, 1665. He was a terror to highwaymen, and sentenced Claude Duval, preventing him from receiving a pardon. He died 1672.

[2] Sir John Morton, of Milborn St. Andrew, Dorset, the second baronet of his family, then serving as burgess for Poole, and afterwards for Melcombe Regis. He died in 1698, aged seventy-one.—B.

wife overtook me with the coach, it being a mighty fine afternoon; and there we went the first time out of town with our coach and horses, and went as far as Bow, the spring beginning a little now to appear, though the way be dirty; and so, with great pleasure, with the fore-part of our coach up, we spent the afternoon. And so in the evening home, and there busy at the Office awhile, and so to bed, mightily pleased with being at peace with my poor wife, and with the pleasure we may hope to have with our coach this summer, when the weather comes to be good.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, only before the Office I stepped to Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and there had a great deal of discourse with him; among others, of the King's putting him out of the Council yesterday, with which he is well contented, as with what else they can strip him of, he telling me, and so hath long done, that he is weary and surfeited of business; but he joins with me in his fears that all will go to naught, as matters are now managed. He told me the matter of the play that was intended for his abuse, wherein they foolishly and sillily bring in two tables like that which he hath made, with a round hole in the middle, in his closet, to turn himself in;[1] and he is to be in one of them as master, and Sir J. Duncomb in the other, as his man or imitator: and their discourse in those tables, about the disposing of their books and papers, very foolish. But that, that he is offended with, is his being made so contemptible, as that any should dare to make a gentleman a subject for the mirth of the world: and that therefore he had told Tom Killigrew that he should tell his actors, whoever they were, that did offer at any thing like representing him, that he would not complain to my Lord Chamberlain, which was too weak, nor get him beaten, as Sir Charles Sidly is said to do, but that he would cause his nose to be cut.[2] He told me the passage

[1] See Diary, July 4th, 1668, where Sir W. Coventry's round table is described.

[2] It is painful to find a person of Sir William Coventry's rank and station entertaining so cowardly a mode of revenging himself; and it is

at the Council much like what my Lord Bellassis told me. He told me how that the Duke of Buckingham did himself, some time since, desire to join with him, of all men in England, and did bid him propound to himself to be Chief Minister of State, saying that he would bring it about, but that he refused to have anything to do with any faction; and that the Duke of Buckingham did, within these few days, say that, of all men in England, he would have chosen W. Coventry to have joined entire with. He tells me that he fears their prevailing against the Duke of York; and that their violence will force them to it, as being already beyond his pardon. He repeated to me many examples of challenging of Privy-Councillors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting to others to more than a little confinement. He tells me of his being weary of the Treasury, and of the folly, ambition, and desire of popularity of Sir Thomas Clifford; and yet the rudeness of his tongue and passions when angry. This and much more discourse being over I with great pleasure come home and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and thence to the office again, where very hard at work all the afternoon till night, and then home to my wife to read to me, and to bed, my cold having been now almost for three days quite gone from me. This day my wife made it appear to me that my late entertainment this week cost me above £12, an expence which I am almost ashamed of, though it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man's life.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and to the office, busy till church time, and then to church, where a dull sermon, and so home to dinner, all alone with my wife, and then to even my Journall to this day, and then to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, who had H. Jermin and a great many more with

very remarkable that, in little more than a year afterwards, his own nephew, Sir John Coventry, was maimed in the very same way, his nose having been slit to the bone by a party of assassins hired for the purpose. See note to July 27th, 1667.—B.

him, and more, while I was there, come in ; so that I do hear that there was not less than sixty coaches there yesterday, and the other day ; which I hear also that there is a great exception taken at, by the King and the Duke of Buckingham, but it cannot be helped. Thence home, and with our coach out to Suffolk Street, to see my cozen Pepys, but neither the old nor young at home. So to my cozen Turner's, and there staid talking a little, and then back to Suffolk Street, where they not being yet come home I to White Hall, and there hear that there are letters come from Sir Thomas Allen, that he hath made some kind of peace with Algiers ; upon which the King and Duke of York, being to go out of town to-morrow, are met at my Lord Arlington's : so I there, and by Mr. Wren was desired to stay to see if there were occasion for their speaking with me, which I did, walking without, with Charles Porter,[1] talking of a great many things : and I

[1] Charles Porter "was the son of a prebend[ary] in Norwich, and a 'prentice boy in the city in the rebellious times. When the committee house was blown up, he was very active in that rising, and after the soldiers came and dispersed the rout, he, as a rat among joint stools, shifted to and fro among the shambles, and had forty pistols shot at him by the troopers that rode after him to kill him [24th April, 1648]. In that distress he had the presence of mind to catch up a little child that, during the rout, was frighted, and stood crying in the streets, and, unobserved by the troopers, ran away with it. The people opened a way for him, saying, 'Make room for the poor child.' Thus he got off, and while search was made for him in the market-place, got into the Yarmouth ferry, and at Yarmouth took ship and went to Holland. . . . In Holland he trailed a pike, and was in several actions as a common soldier. At length he kept a cavalier eating-house ; but, his customers being needy, he soon broke, and came for England, and being a genteel youth, was taken in among the chancery clerks, and got to be under a master. . . . His industry was great ; and he had an acquired dexterity and skill in the forms of the court ; and although he was a bon companion, and followed much the bottle, yet he made such dispatches as satisfied his clients, especially the clerks, who knew where to find him. His person was florid, and speech prompt and articulate. But his vices, in the way of women and the bottle, were so ungoverned, as brought him to a morsel. . . . When the Lord Keeper North had the Seal, who from an early acquaintance had a kindness for him which was well known, and also that he was well heard, as they call it,

perceive all the world is against the Duke of Buckingham his acting thus high, and do prophesy nothing but ruin from it. But he do well observe that the church lands cannot certainly come to much, if the King shall [be] persuaded to take them, they being leased out for long leases. By and by, after two hours' stay, they rose, having, as Wren tells me, resolved upon sending six ships to the Streights forthwith, not being contented with the peace upon the terms they demand; which are, that all our ships, where any Turks or Moores shall be found slaves, shall be prizes; which will imply that they must be searched. I hear that to-morrow the King and the Duke of York set out for Newmarket, by three in the morning, to some foot and horse-races, to be abroad ten or twelve days. So I away, without seeing the Duke of York; but Mr. Wren showed me the Order of Council about the balancing the Storekeeper's accounts, passed the Council in the very terms I drew it, only I did put in my name as he that presented the book of Hosier's preparing, and that is left out—I mean, my name—which is no great matter. So to my wife to Suffolk Streete, where she was gone, and there I found them at supper, and eat a little with them, and so home, and there to bed, my cold pretty well gone.

8th. Up, and with W. Hewer by hackney coach to White

business flowed in to him very fast, and yet he could scarce keep himself at liberty to follow his business. . . . At the Revolution, when his interest fell from, and his debts began to fall upon him, he was at his wits' end. . . . His character for fidelity, loyalty, and facetious conversation was without exception."—Roger North's *Lives of the Norths* (Lord Keeper Guilford), ed. Jessopp, vol. i., pp. 381-2. He was originally made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of James II., during the viceroyalty of Lord Clarendon, 1686, when he was knighted. "He was," says Burnet, "a man of ready wit, and being poor was thought a person fit to be made a tool of. When Clarendon was recalled, Porter was also displaced, and Fitton was made chancellor, a man who knew no other law than the king's pleasure" ("Own Time"). Sir Charles Porter was again made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1690, and in this same year he acted as one of the Lords Justices. This note of Lord Braybrooke's is retained and added to, but the reference may after all be to another Charles Porter. See vol. iii., p. 122, and vol. vi., p. 98.

Hall, where the King and the Duke of York is gone by three in the morning, and had the misfortune to be overset with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince,[1] at the King's Gate[2] in Holborne; and the King all dirty, but no hurt. How it come to pass I know not, but only it was dark, and the torches did not, they say, light the coach as they should do. I thought this morning to have seen my Lord Sandwich before he went out of town, but I come half an hour too late; which troubles me, I having not seen him since my Lady Pall[3] died. So W. Hewer and I to the Harp-and-Ball, to drink my morning draught, having come out in haste; and there met with King, the Parliament-man, with whom I had some impertinent talk. And so to the Privy Seal Office, to examine what records I could find there, for my help in the great business I am put upon, of defending the present constitution of the Navy; but there could not have liberty without order from him that is in present waiting, Mr. Bickerstaffe, who is out of town. This I did after I had walked to the New Exchange and there met Mr. Moore, who went with me thither, and I find him the same discontented poor man as ever. He tells me that Mr. Shepley is upon being turned away from my Lord's family, and another sent down, which I am sorry for; but his age and good fellowship have almost made him fit for nothing. Thence, at Unthanke's my wife met me, and with our coach to my cozen Turner's and there dined, and after dinner with my wife alone to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mocke Astrologer," which I have often seen, and but an ordinary play; and so to my cozen Turner's again, where we met Roger Pepys, his wife, and two daughters, and there staid and talked a little, and then home, and there

[1] Rupert.

[2] Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, called after the gate placed at the end of the street. In the reign of James I. it was a mere country lane, with a barred gate at its entrance, which, from that monarch's usually passing through it, on his way to Theobalds, received the denomination of King's Gate. Theobald's Road (formerly King's Road), to which the street leads, takes its name from the same cause.

[3] Paulina Montagu. See March 1st, *ante*.

my wife to read to me, my eyes being sensibly hurt by the too great lights of the playhouse. So to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the Tower; and there find Sir W. Coventry alone, writing down his Journal, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him, and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think, that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told it him, it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known. Here he showed me the petition he had sent to the King by my Lord Keeper, which was not to desire any admittance to employment, but submitting himself therein humbly to his Majesty; but prayed the removal of his displeasure, and that he might be set free. He tells me that my Lord Keeper did acquaint the King with the substance of it, not shewing him the petition; who answered, that he was disposing of his employments, and when that was done, he might be led to discharge him: and this is what he expects, and what he seems to desire. But by this discourse he was pleased to take occasion to shew me and read to me his account, which he hath kept by him under his own hand, of all his discourse, and the King's answers to him, upon the great business of my Lord Clarendon, and how he had first moved the Duke of York with it twice, at good distance, one after another, but without success; shewing me thereby the simplicity and reasons of his so doing, and the manner of it; and the King's accepting it, telling him that he was not satisfied in his management, and did discover some dissatisfaction against him for his opposing the laying aside of my Lord Treasurer, at Oxford, which was a secret the King had not discovered. And really I was mighty proud to be privy to this great transaction, it giving me great conviction of the noble nature and ends of Sir W. Coventry in it, and considerations in general of the consequences of great men's actions, and the uncertainty of their estates, and other very serious considerations. From this to other discourse, and so to the Office, where we sat all the morning, and after dinner by coach to my cozen Turner's,

thinking to have taken the young ladies to a play; but The. was let blood to-day; and so my wife and I towards the King's playhouse, and by the way found Betty [Turner], and Bab., and Betty Pepys staying for us; and so took them all to see "Claricilla," which do not please me almost at all, though there are some good things in it. And so to my cozen Turner's again, and there find my Lady Mordaunt, and her sister Johnson;[1] and by and by comes in a gentleman, Mr. Overbury, a pleasant man, who plays most excellently on the flagelette, a little one, that sounded as low as one of mine, and mighty pretty. Hence by and by away, and with my wife, and Bab. and Betty Pepys, and W. Hewer, whom I carried all this day with me, to my cozen Stradwick's, where I have not been ever since my brother Tom died, there being some difference between my father and them, upon the account of my cozen Scott; and I was glad of this opportunity of seeing them, they being good and substantial people, and kind, and here met my cozen Roger and his wife, and my cozen Turner, and here, which I never did before, I drank a glass, of a pint, I believe, at one draught, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make comfits; and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, and it is very fine drink; but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt. Having staid a while, my wife and I back, with my cozen Turner, etc., to her house, and there we took our leaves of my cozen Pepys, who goes with his wife and two daughters for Impington to-morrow. They are very good people, and people I love, and am obliged to, and shall have great pleasure in their friendship, and particularly in hers, she being an understanding and good woman. So away home, and there after signing my letters, my eyes being bad, to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and by hackney-coach to Auditor Beale's Office, in Holborne, to look for records of the Navy, but he was out of the way, and so forced to go next to White Hall, to the Privy Seal; and, after staying a little there, then to West-

[1] Her maiden sister. See note to December 11th, 1666 (vol. vi., p. 97).

minster, where, at the Exchequer, I met with Mr. Newport and Major Halsey; and, after doing a little business with Mr. Burges, we by water to White Hall, where I made a little stop: and so with them by coach to Temple Bar, where, at the Sugar Loaf,[1] we dined, and W. Hewer with me; and there comes a companion of theirs, Colonel Vernon, I think they called him; a merry good fellow, and one that was very plain in cursing the Duke of Buckingham, and discoursing of his designs to ruin us, and that ruin must follow his counsels, and that we are an undone people. To which the others concurred, but not so plain, but all vexed at Sir W. Coventry's being laid aside: but Vernon, he is concerned, I perceive, for my Lord Ormond's being laid aside; but their company, being all old cavaliers, were very pleasant to hear how they swear and talk. But Halsey, to my content, tells me that my Lord Duke of Albemarle says that W. Coventry being gone, nothing will be well done at the Treasury, and I believe it; but they do all talk as that Duncombe, upon some pretence or other, must follow him. Thence to Auditor Beale's, his house and office, but not to be found, and therefore to the Privy Seale at White Hall, where, with W. Hewer and Mr. Gibson, who met me at the Temple, I spent the afternoon till evening looking over the books there, and did find several things to my purpose, though few of those I designed to find, the books being kept there in no method at all. Having done there, we by water home, and there find my cozen Turner[2]

[1] The Sugar Loaf and Green Lettice was a tavern in Fleet Street, the site of which is now incorporated with Child's Bank. Mr. F. G. Hilton Price writes: "Of the Sugar Loaf and Green Lettice we cannot glean any history; it was situated immediately in the rear of the Marygold, and the kitchen of the present bank is a part of those premises, and puts one greatly in mind of what the dining-room at Dick's Coffee-house used to be when kept by Mr. Quelch, and closely resembles the interior of the old Rainbow tavern. But both these latter coffee-houses were established after the Marygold ceased to exist as a tavern" ("Temple Bar, or Some Account of 'ye Marygold,'" 1875, p. 8).

[2] The difficulty of deciding as to the parentage of Betty Turner is very great. In some places it appears as if she were the daughter of Mrs.

and her two daughters come to see us; and there, after talking a little, I had my coach ready, and my wife and I, they going home, we out to White Chapel to take a little ayre, though yet the dirtiness of the road do prevent most of the pleasure, which should have been from this tour. So home, and my wife to read to me till supper, and to bed.

11th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to the Tower, where I walked and talked with him an hour alone, from one good thing to another: who tells me that he hears that the Commission is gone down to the King, with a blank to fill, for his place in the Treasury: and he believes it will be filled with one of our Treasurers of the Navy, but which he knows not, but he believes it will be Osborne. We walked down to the Stone Walk, which is called, it seems, my Lord of Northumberland's walk,[1] being paved by some one of that title, that was prisoner there: and at the end of it, there is a piece of iron upon the wall, with his armes upon it, and holes to put in a peg, for every turn that they make upon that walk. So away to the Office, where busy all the morning, and so to dinner, and so very busy all the afternoon, at my Office, late; and then home tired, to supper, with content with my wife, and so to bed, she pleasing me, though I dare not own it, that she hath hired a chambermaid; but she, after many commendations, told me that she had one great fault, and that was, that she was very handsome, at which I made nothing, but let her go on; but many times to-night she took occasion to discourse

Turner, the wife of Mr. Turner of the Navy Office (see vol. vii., p. 294), but here and on the 13th instant there is a distinct reference to Pepys's cousin, Mrs. Jane Turner, "and her two daughters," although it is generally stated that Theophila was the only daughter of Serjeant John and Mrs. Jane Turner (see vol. vi., p. 96; vol. vii., p. 71). Betty must, therefore, have been a younger sister of Theophila; but if so the received information respecting Serjeant Turner's children is very incorrect, for, according to Pepys, Betty had two brothers not elsewhere mentioned.

[1] Henry, the ninth earl, called the Wizard Earl, was confined in the Tower from 1605 to 1621, and the walk was probably constructed for his use during that long imprisonment. He hired the Brick tower from Lord Carew, Master of the Ordnance, as an occasional residence for his son Algernon.

of her handsomeness, and the danger she was in by taking her, and that she did doubt yet whether it would be fit for her, to take her. But I did assure her of my resolutions to have nothing to do with her maids, but in myself I was glad to have the content to have a handsome one to look on.

12th. Up, and abroad, with my own coach, to Auditor Beale's house, and thence with W. Hewer to his Office, and there with great content spent all the morning looking over the Navy accounts of several years, and the several patents of the Treasurers, which was more than I did hope to have found there. About noon I ended there, to my great content, and giving the clerks there 20*s.* for their trouble, and having sent for W. Howe to me to discourse with him about the Patent Office records, wherein I remembered his brother to be concerned, I took him in my coach with W. Hewer and myself towards Westminster; and there he carried me to Nott's, the famous bookbinder, that bound for my Lord Chancellor's library; and here I did take occasion for curiosity to bespeak a book to be bound, only that I might have one of his binding. Thence back to Graye's Inne: and, at the next door, at a cook's-shop of Howe's acquaintance, we bespoke dinner, it being now two o'clock; and in the meantime he carried us into Graye's Inne, to his chamber, where I never was before; and it is very pretty, and little, and neat, as he was always. And so, after a little stay, and looking over a book or two there, we carried a piece of my Lord Coke[1] with us, and to our dinner, where, after dinner, he read at my desire a chapter in my Lord Coke about perjury, wherein I did learn a good deal touching oaths, and so away to the Patent Office,[2] in Chancery Lane, where his brother Jacke, being newly broke by running in debt, and growing an idle rogue, he is forced to hide himself; and W. Howe do look after the Office, and here I did set a clerk to look out some things for me in their books, while W. Hewer and I to the Crowne Office,[3] where we

[1] Coke's Institutes; third part.

[2] The Rolls House and Chapel.

[3] The Crown Office in the Temple gave its name to Crown Office Row,

met with several good things that I most wanted, and did take short notes of the dockets, and so back to the Patent Office, and did the like there, and by candle-light ended. And so home, where, thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet, alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me, upon some news she has this day heard of Deb.'s living very fine, and with black spots, and speaking ill words of her mistress, which with good reason might vex her; and the baggage is to blame, but, God knows, I know nothing of her, nor what she do, nor what becomes of her, though God knows that my devil that is within me do wish that I could. Yet God I hope will prevent me therein, for I dare not trust myself with it if I should know it; but, what with my high words, and slighting it, and then serious, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart! and I was heartily glad of it, for I do see there is no man can be happier than myself, if I will, with her. But in her fit she did tell me what vexed me all the night, that this had put her upon putting off her handsome maid and hiring another that was full of the small pox, which did mightily vex me, though I said nothing, and do still. So down to supper, and she to read to me, and then with all possible kindness to bed.

13th. Up; and to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, and with him talking of business of the Navy, all alone, an hour, he taking physic. And so away to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, and there all the afternoon till night, when comes, by mistake, my cozen Turner, and her two daughters, which love such freaks, to eat some anchovies and ham of bacon with me, instead of noon, at dinner, when I expected them. But, however, I had done my business before they come, and so was in good humour enough to be with them, and so home to them to supper, and pretty merry, being

but the Crown Office now forms a part of the central office of the Supreme Court of Judicature at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand. Previously it was situated in King's Bench Walk.

pleased to see Betty Turner, which hath something mighty pretty. But that which put me in good humour, both at noon and night, is the fancy that I am this day made a Captain of one of the King's ships, Mr. Wren having this day sent me the Duke of York's commission to be Captain of "The Jerzy," in order to my being of a Court-martiall for examining the loss of "The Defyance," and other things; which do give me occasion of much mirth, and may be of some use to me, at least I shall get a little money by it for the time I have it; it being designed that I must really be a Captain to be able to sit in this Court. They staid till about eight at night, and then away, and my wife to read to me, and then to bed in mighty good humour, but for my eyes.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office with Tom, whom I made to read to me the books of Propositions in the time of the Grand Commission, which I did read a good part of before church, and then with my wife to church, where I did see my milliner's wife come again, which pleased me; but I durst not be seen to mind her for fear of my wife's seeing me, though the woman I did never speak twenty words to, and that but only in her husband's shop. But so fearful I am of discontenting my wife, or giving her cause of jealousy. But here we heard a most excellent good sermon of Mr. Gifford's,[1] upon the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees. So home to dinner and to work again, and so till dinner, where W. Howe come and dined with me, and staid and read in my Lord Cooke upon his chapter of perjury again, which pleased me, and so parted, and I to my office, and there made an end of the books of Propositions, which did please me mightily to hear read, they being excellently writ and much to the purpose, and yet so as I think I shall make good use of his defence of our present constitution. About four o'clock took coach to visit my cozen Turner, and I out with her to make a visit, but the lady she went to see was abroad. So back and to talk with her and her daughters, and then home, and she

[1] George Gifford, A.M., appointed in 1661 rector of St. Dunstan's in the East. Died 1686.—Newcourt's *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum*.—B.

and I to walk in the garden, the first time this year, the weather being mighty temperate; and then I to write down my Journall for the last week, my eyes being very bad, and therefore I forced to find a way to use by turns with my tube, one after another, and so home to supper and to bed. Before I went from my office this night I did tell Tom my resolution not to keep him after Jane was gone, but shall do well by him, which pleases him; and I think he will presently marry her, and go away out of my house with her.

15th. Up, and by water with W. Hewer to the Temple; and thence to the Rolls, where I made inquiry for several rolls, and was soon informed in the manner of it: and so spent the whole morning with W. Hewer, he taking little notes in short-hand, while I hired a clerk there to read to me about twelve or more several rolls which I did call for: and it was great pleasure to me to see the method wherein their rolls are kept; that when the Master of the Office, one Mr. Case, do call for them, who is a man that I have heretofore known by coming to my Lord of Sandwich's, he did most readily turn to them. At noon they shut up; and W. Hewer and I did walk to the Cocke, at the end of Suffolke Streete, where I never was, a great ordinary, mightily cried up, and there bespoke a pullett; which while dressing, he and I walked into St. James's Park, and thence back, and dined very handsome, with a good soup, and a pullet, for 4*s.* 6*d.* the whole. Thence back to the Rolls, and did a little more business: and so by water to White Hall, whither I went to speak with Mr. Williamson, that if he hath any papers relating to the Navy I might see them, which he promises me: and so by water home, with great content for what I have this day found, having got almost as much as I desire of the history of the Navy, from 1618 to 1642, when the King and Parliament fell out. So home, and did get my wife to read, and so to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and to the office, after having visited Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and walked with him upon the Stone Walk, alone, till other company come to him, and had very

good discourse with him. At noon home, where my wife and Jane gone abroad, and Tom, in order to their buying of things for their wedding, which, upon my discourse the last night, is now resolved to be done, upon the 26th of this month, the day of my solemnity for my cutting of the stone, when my cozen Turner must be with us. My wife, therefore, not at dinner; and comes to me Mr. Evelyn of Deptford, a worthy good man, and dined with me, but a bad dinner; who is grieved for, and speaks openly to me his thoughts of, the times, and our ruin approaching; and all by the folly of the King. His business to me was about some ground of his, at Deptford,[1] next to the King's yard: and after dinner we parted. My sister Michell coming also this day to see us, whom I left there, and I away down by water with W. Hewer to Woolwich, where I have not been I think more than a year or two, and here I saw, but did not go on board, my ship "The Jerzy," she lying at the wharf under repair. But my business was to speak with Ackworth, about some old things and passages in the Navy, for my information therein, in order to my great business now of stating the history of the Navy. This I did; and upon the whole do find that the late times, in all their management, were not more husbandly than we; and other things of good content to me. His wife was sick, and so I could not see her. Thence, after seeing Mr. Sheldon, I to Greenwich by water, and there landed at the King's house,[2] which goes on slow, but is very pretty. I to the Park, there to see the prospect of the hill, to judge of Dancre's picture, which he hath made thereof for me: and I do like it very well: and it is a very pretty place. Thence to Deptford, but staid not, Uthwayte being out of the way:

[1] See note, March 4th, *ante*.

[2] The old palace at Greenwich had just been pulled down, and a new building commenced by Charles II., only one wing of which was completed, at the expense of £36,000, under the auspices of Webb, Inigo Jones's kinsman and executor. In 1694 the unfinished edifice was granted by William and Mary to trustees for the use and service of a Naval Hospital; and it has been repeatedly enlarged and improved till it has arrived at its present splendour.—B.

and so home, and then to the Ship Tavern, Morrice's, and staid till W. Hewer fetched his uncle Blackburne by appointment to me, to discourse of the business of the Navy in the late times; and he did do it, by giving me a most exact account in writing, of the several turns in the Admiralty and Navy, of the persons employed therein, from the beginning of the King's leaving the Parliament, to his Son's coming in, to my great content; and now I am fully informed in all I at present desire. We fell to other talk; and I find by him that the Bishops must certainly fall, and their hierarchy; these people [1] have got so much ground upon the King and kingdom as is not to be got again from them: and the Bishops do well deserve it. But it is all the talk, I find, that Dr. Wilkins, my friend, the Bishop of Chester, shall be removed to Winchester, and be Lord Treasurer.[2] Though this be foolish talk, yet I do gather that he is a mighty rising man, as being a Latitudinarian, and the Duke of Buckingham his great friend. Here we staid talking till 10 at night, where I did never drink before since this man come to the house, though for his pretty wife's sake I do fetch my wine from this, whom I could not nevertheless get para see to-night, though her husband did seem to call for her. So parted here and I home, and to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and by water to see Mr. Wren, and then Mr. Williamson, who did shew me the very original bookes of propositions made by the Commissioners for the Navy, in 1618, to my great content; but no other Navy papers he could now shew me. Thence to Westminster by water and to the Hall, where Mrs. Michell do surprize me with the news that Doll Lane is suddenly brought to bed at her sister's lodging, and gives it out that she is married, but there is no such thing certainly, she never mentioning it before, but I have cause to rejoice that I have not seen her a great while, she having several times desired my company, but I doubt to an evil end.

[1] The anti-church party.

[2] The report could hardly have been believed, considering the bishop's connection with Oliver Cromwell.—B.

Thence to the Exchequer, where W. Hewer come to me, and after a little business did go by water home, and there dined, and took my wife by a hackney to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Coxcomb,"[1] the first time acted, but an old play, and a silly one, being acted only by the young people. Here met cozen Turner and The. So parted there from them, and home by coach and to my letters at the office, where pretty late, and so to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and walked with him a good while in the Stone Walk: and brave discourse about my Lord Chancellor, and his ill managements and mistakes, and several things of the Navy, and thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, and so home to dinner, where my wife mighty finely dressed, by a maid that she hath taken, and is to come to her when Jane goes; and the same she the other day told me of, to be so handsome. I therefore longed to see her, but did not till after dinner, that my wife and I going by coach, she went with us to Holborne, where we set her down. She is a mighty proper maid, and pretty comely, but so so; but hath a most pleasing tone of voice, and speaks handsomely, but hath most great hands, and I believe ugly; but very well dressed, and good clothes, and the maid I believe will please me well enough. Thence to visit Ned Pickering and his lady, and Creed and his wife, but the former abroad, and the latter out of town, gone to my Lady Pickering's in Northamptonshire, upon occasion of the late death of their brother, Oliver Pickering, a youth, that is dead of the smallpox. So my wife and I to Dancre's to see the pictures; and thence to Hyde Park, the first time we were there this year, or ever in our own coach, where with mighty pride rode up and down, and many coaches there; and I thought our horses and coach as pretty as any there, and observed so to be by others.[2] Here staid till night, and so home, and to the office, where busy late, and

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, performed at Court in 1642, and published in the folio edition of their plays, 1647. Genest does not mention the revival of the play before 1682.

[2] See November 29th, *ante*.

so home to supper and to bed, with great content, but much business in my head of the office, which troubles me.

19th. Up, and by water to White Hall, there to the Lords of the Treasury, and did some business, and here Sir Thomas Clifford did speak to me, as desirous that I would some time come and confer with him about the Navy, which I am glad of, but will take the direction of the Duke of York before I do it, though I would be glad to do something to secure myself, if I could, in my employment. Thence to the plaisterer's, and took my face, and my Lord Duke of Albemarle's, home with me by coach, they being done to my mind; and mighty glad I am of understanding this way of having the pictures of any friends. At home to dinner, where Mr. Sheres dined with us, but after dinner I left him and my wife, and with Commissioner Middleton and Kempthorne[1] to a Court-martiall, to which, by virtue of my late Captainship, I am called, the first I was ever at; where many Commanders, and Kempthorne president. Here was tried a difference between Sir L. Van Hemskirke,[2] the Dutch Captain who commands "The Nonsuch," built by his direction, and his Lieutenant; a drunken kind of silly business. We ordered the Lieutenant to ask him pardon, and have resolved to lay before the Duke of York what concerns the Captain, which was striking of his Lieutenant and challenging him to fight, which comes not within any article of the laws martiall. But upon discourse the other day with Sir W. Coventry, I did advise Middleton, and he and I did forbear to give judgment, but after the debate did with-

[1] Sir John Kempthorne, Commissioner of the Navy at Portsmouth in 1675, and at Chatham in 1679. On the commencement of the second Dutch war, being then a rear-admiral of the blue, he hoisted his flag on board the "St. Andrew." For his conspicuous conduct at the battle of Southwold Bay he was made vice-admiral. He died in 1679.

[2] Sir Laurence Van Heemskirk was captain of the "Nonsuch." In a letter from B. Johnson to Williamson, dated "Portsmouth Yard, March 14," we read, "The new 'Nonsuch' is at Spithead, having had some alterations made to advance her sailing. The captain and officers are in London about a difference between him and his lieutenant" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 233).

draw into another cabin, the Court being held in one of the yachts, which was on purpose brought up over against St. Katharine's, it being to be feared that this precedent of our being made Captains, in order to the trying of the loss of "The Defyance," wherein we are the proper persons to enquire into the want of instructions while ships do lie in harbour, evil use might be hereafter made of the precedent by putting the Duke of Buckingham, or any of these rude fellows that now are uppermost, to make packed Courts, by Captains made on purpose to serve their turns. The other cause was of the loss of "The Providence" at Tangier, where the Captain's being by chance on shore may prove very inconvenient to him, for example's sake, though the man be a good man, and one whom, for Norwood's sake, I would be kind to; but I will not offer any thing to the excusing such a miscarriage. He is at present confined, till he can bring better proofs on his behalf of the reasons of his being on shore. So Middleton and I away to the Office; and there I late busy, making my people, as I have done lately, to read Mr. Holland's[1] Discourse of the Navy, and what other things I can get to inform me fully in all; and here late, about eight at night, comes Mr. Wren to me, who had been at the Tower to visit Sir W. Coventry. He come only to see how matters go, and tells me, as a secret, that last night the Duke of York's closet was broken open, and his cabinets, and shut again, one of them: that the rogue that did it hath left plate and a watch behind him, and therefore they fear that it was only for papers, which looks like a very malicious business in design, to hurt the Duke of York; but they cannot know that till the Duke of

[1] John Holland, Paymaster to the Treasurer of the Navy, mentioned before (see vol. i., p. 296, and vol. ii., p. 287). A copy of this work, which has never been printed, is amongst Sir Hans Sloane's MSS., and another, in connection with papers relative to the Navy, formerly belonging to Sir George Duckett, both in the British Museum. In the Pepysian Collection, No. 113, are Two Discourses of Mr. Holland's touching the Government of the Navy; one under the Earl of Northumberland in 1638, probably perused by Pepys, February 14th, *ante*, and April 18th, *post*; the other during the Rebellion, 1659, 2 vols., fol.—B.

York comes to town about the papers, and therefore make no words of it. He gone, I to work again, and then to supper at home, and to bed.

20th. Up, and to the Tower, to W. Coventry, and there walked with him alone, on the Stone Walk, till company come to him; and there about the business of the Navy discoursed with him, and about my Lord Chancellor and Treasurer; that they were against the war [with the Dutch] at first, declaring, as wise men and statesmen, at first to the King, that they thought it fit to have a war with them at some time or other, but that it ought not to be till we found the Crowns of Spain and France together by the eares, the want of which did ruin our war. But then he told me that, a great deal before the war, my Lord Chancellor did speak of a war with some heat, as a thing to be desired, and did it upon a belief that he could with his speeches make the Parliament give what money he pleased, and do what he would, or would make the King desire; but he found himself soon deceived of the Parliament, they having a long time before his removal been cloyed with his speeches and good words, and were come to hate him. Sir W. Coventry did tell me it, as the wisest thing that ever was said to the King by any statesman of his time, and it was by my Lord Treasurer that is dead, whom, I find, he takes for a very great statesman—that when the King did shew himself forward for passing the Act of Indemnity, he did advise the King that he would hold his hand in doing it, till he had got his power restored, that had been diminished by the late times, and his revenue settled in such a manner as he might depend on himself, without resting upon Parliaments, and then pass it. But my Lord Chancellor, who thought he could have the command of Parliaments for ever, because for the King's sake they were awhile willing to grant all the King desired, did press for its being done; and so it was, and the King from that time able to do nothing with the Parliament almost. Thence to the office, where sat all the forenoon, and then home to dinner, and so to the office, where late busy, and so home, mightily pleased with the news brought me to-night, that the

King and Duke of York are come back this afternoon, and no sooner come, but a warrant was sent to the Tower for the releasing Sir W. Coventry; which do put me in some hopes that there may be, in this absence, some accommodation made between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington. So home, to supper, and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and by water over to Southwarke; and then, not getting a boat, I forced to walk to Stangate;[1] and so over to White Hall, in a scull; where up to the Duke of York's dressing-room, and there met Harry Saville, and do understand that Sir W. Coventry is come to his house last night. I understand by Mr. Wren that his friends having, by Secretary Trevor and my Lord Keeper, applied to the King, upon his first coming home, and a promise made that he should be discharged this day, my Lord Arlington did anticipate them, by sending a warrant presently for his discharge, which looks a little like kindness, or a desire of it; which God send! though I fear the contrary: however, my heart is glad that he is out. Thence up and down the House. Met with Mr. May,[2] who tells me the story of his being put by Sir John Denham's place, of Surveyor of the King's Works, who, it seems, is lately dead, by the unkindness of the Duke of Buckingham, who hath brought in Dr. Wren:[3] though, he tells me, he hath been his servant for twenty years together, in all his wants and dangers, saving him from want of bread by his care and management, and with a promise of having his help in his advancement, and an engagement under his hand for £1,000 not yet paid, and yet the Duke of Buckingham is so ungrateful as to put him by: which is an ill thing, though Dr. Wren is a worthy man. But he tells me that the King is kind to him, and hath promised him a pension of £300 a-year out of the Works; which will be of more content to him than the place, which, under their present wants of money, is a place that disobliges most people, being not able to do what they

[1] Lambeth. Stangate extends from the west end of Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Marsh.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] Sir Christopher.

desire to their lodgings. Here meeting with Sir H. Cholmly and Povy, that tell me that my Lord Middleton is resolved in the Cabal that he shall not go to Tangier; and that Sir Edward Harlow [Harley],[1] whom I know not, is propounded to go, who was Governor of Dunkirke, and, they say, a most worthy brave man, which I shall be very glad of. So by water (H. Russell coming for me) home to dinner, where W. Howe comes to dine with me; and after dinner propounds to me my lending him £500, to help him to purchase a place —the Master of the Patent Office, of Sir Richard Piggott. I did give him a civil answer, but shall think twice of it; and the more, because of the changes we are like to have in the Navy, which will not make it fit for me to divide the little I have left more than I have done, God knowing what my condition is, I having not attended, and now not being able to examine what my state is, of my accounts, and being in the world, which troubles me mightily. He gone, I to the office to enter my journall for a week. News is lately come of the Algerines taking £13,000 in money,[2] out of one of our Company's East India ships, outward bound, which will certainly make the war last; which I am sorry for, being so poor as we are, and broken in pieces. At night my wife to read to me, and then to supper, where Pelling comes to see and sup with us, and I find that he is assisting my wife in getting a licence to our young people[3] to be married this Lent,[4] which is

[1] See May 18th, 1660.

[2] Thomas Holden to Williamson, dated "Falmouth, March 15": "The 'Morning Star' has come in, and reports that she was met off Cadiz by an Algiers man-of-war of 30 guns well manned, who came on board and demanded a Moorish boy that they had; having found him they carried him to their own ship, and by beating upon the soles of his feet, and other torments, made him confess to much money on board the 'Star,' which they came and took, amounting to £8,000 to £10,000" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 234).

[3] His servants.

[4] Although marriages during Lent have always been considered unseemly, it is a vulgar error to suppose that a licence is required to solemnize them at that season. See Johnson's "Clergyman's Vade-Mecum," vol. i., p. 167.—B.

resolved shall be done upon Friday next, my great day, or feast, for my being cut of the stone. So after supper to bed, my eyes being very bad.

22nd. Up, and by water, with W. Hewer, to White Hall, there to attend the Lords of the Treasury; but, before they sat, I did make a step to see Sir W. Coventry at his house, where, I bless God! he is come again; but in my way I met him, and so he took me into his coach and carried me to White Hall, and there set me down where he ought not—at least, he hath not yet leave to come, nor hath thought fit yet to ask it, hearing that Henry Saville is not only denied to kiss the King's hand, but the King, being asked it by the Duke of York, did deny it, and directed that the Duke shall not receive him, to wait upon him in his chamber, till further orders. Sir W. Coventry told me that he was going to visit Sir John Trevor, who hath been kind to him; and he shewed me a long list of all his friends that he must this week make visits to, that come to visit him in the Tower; and seems mighty well satisfied with his being out of business, but I hope he will not long be so; at least, I do believe that all must go to rack, if the King do not come to see the want of such a servant. Thence to the Treasury-Chamber, and there all the morning, to my great grief, put to do Sir G. Downing's work of dividing the Customes for this year, between the Navy, the Ordnance, and Tangier: but it did so trouble my eyes, that I had rather have given £20 than have had it to do; but I did thereby oblige Sir Thomas Clifford and Sir J. Duncombe, and so am glad of the opportunity to recommend myself to the former, for the latter I need not, he loving me well already. At it till noon, here being several of my brethren with me, but doing nothing, but I all. But this day I did also represent to our Treasurers, which was read here, a state of the charge of the Navy, and what the expence of it this year would likely be; which is done so as it will appear well done, and to my honour, for so the Lords did take it: and I oblige the Treasurers by doing it, at their request. Thence with W. Hewer at noon to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for me;

and so to the Cocke, where there was no room, and thence to King Street, to several cook's shops, where nothing to be had; and at last to the corner shop, going down Ivy Lane, by my Lord of Salisbury's,[1] and there got a good dinner, my wife, and W. Hewer, and I: and after dinner she, with her coach, home; and he and I to look over my papers for the East India Company, against the afternoon: which done, I with them to White Hall, and there to the Treasury-Chamber, where the East India Company and three Councillors pleaded against me alone, for three or four hours, till seven at night, before the Lords; and the Lords did give me the conquest on behalf of the King, but could not come to any conclusion, the Company being stiff: and so I think we shall go to law with them. This done, and my eyes mighty bad with this day's work, I to Mr. Wren's, and then up to the Duke of York, and there with Mr. Wren did propound to him my going to Chatham to-morrow with Commissioner Middleton, and so this week to make the pay there, and examine the business of "The Defyance" being lost,[2] and other businesses, which I did the rather, that I might be out of the way at the wedding,[3] and be at a little liberty myself for a day or two, to find a little pleasure, and give my eyes a little ease. The Duke of York mightily satisfied with it; and so away home, where my wife troubled at my being so late abroad, poor woman! though never more busy, but I satisfied her; and so begun to put things in order for my journey to-morrow, and so, after supper, to bed.

23rd. Up, and to my office to do a little business there, and

[1] Salisbury House, Strand, built by Sir Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury. Queen Elizabeth was present at the house-warming on December 6th, 1602. It was pulled down in 1695, and Cecil Street built on the site. Ivy Bridge Lane, to the west of the old mansion, still exists, by the side of the new "Hotel Cecil" which has been built on the site of Cecil and Salisbury Streets.

[2] "Petition of Joseph Brown, calker to the Navy Commissioners (March 25, 1669), for some recompense for quenching the fire from burning the 'Defiance's' head, on which service he burnt a Sunday coat and hat."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1668-69, p. 249.

[3] See the day before.

so, my things being all ready, I took coach with Commissioner Middleton, Captain Tinker,[1] and Mr. Huchinson, a hackney coach, and over the bridge, and so out towards Chatham, and dined at Dartford, where we staid an hour or two, it being a cold day; and so on, and got to Chatham just at night, with very good discourse by the way, but mostly of matters of religion, wherein Huchinson his vein lies. After supper, we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afeard to lie alone, but for shame I could not help it; and so to bed; and, being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.

24th. Up, and walked abroad in the garden, and find that Mrs. Tooker has not any of her daughters here as I expected, and so walked to the yard, leaving Middleton at the pay, and there I only walked up and down the yard, and then to the Hill-House, and there did give order for the coach to be made ready; and got Mr. Gibson, whom I carried with me, to go with me and Mr. Coney, the surgeon, towards Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, and took occasion, in my way, at St. Margett's, to pretend to call to see Captain Allen, to see whether Mrs. Jowles,[2] his daughter, was there; and there his wife come to the door, he being at London, and, through a window, I spied Jowles, but took no notice of her, but made excuse till night, and then promised to come and see Mrs. Allen again, and so away, it being a mighty cold and windy, but clear day; and had the pleasure of seeing the Medway running, winding up and down mightily, and a very fine country; and I went a little out of the way to have visited Sir John Bankes, but he at London; but here I had a sight of his seat and house,[3] the outside, which is an old abbey just like Hinchingbroke, and as good at least, and mighty finely placed by the river; and he keeps the grounds about

[1] Captain John Tinker, master attendant at Portsmouth.

[2] See April 1st, 1667.

[3] The Friary, in Aylesford parish, since the property of the Earls of Aylesford, whose ancestor, Heneage Finch, married the eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bankes.—B.

it, and walls and the house, very handsome: I was mightily pleased with the sight of it. Thence to Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, having never been there; and walked all up and down the town, and up to the top of the steeple, and had a noble view, and then down again: and in the town did see an old man beating of flax, and did step into the barn and give him money, and saw that piece of husbandry which I never saw, and it is very pretty: in the street also I did buy and send to our inne, the Bell, a dish of fresh fish. And so, having walked all round the town, and found it very pretty, as most towns I ever saw, though not very big, and people of good fashion in it, we to our inne to dinner, and had a good dinner; and after dinner a barber come to me, and there trimmed me, that I might be clean against night, to go to Mrs. Allen. And so, staying till about four o'clock, we set out, I alone in the coach going and coming; and in our way back, I 'light out of the way to see a Saxon monument,[1] as they say, of a King, which is three stones standing upright, and a great round one lying on them, of great bigness, although not so big as those on Salisbury Plain; but certainly it is a thing of great antiquity, and I mightily glad to see it; it is near to Aylesford, where Sir John Bankes lives. So homeward, and stopped again at Captain Allen's, and there 'light, and sent the coach and Gibson home, and I and Coney staid; and there comes to us Mrs. Jowles, who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. Here was also a gentleman, one Major Manly,[2] and his wife, neighbours; and here we staid, and drank, and talked, and set Coney and him to play while

[1] Kits-Cotty House, a cromlech in Aylesford parish, Kent, on a hill-side adjacent to the river Medway, three and a half miles N. by W. of Maidstone. It consists of three upright stones and an overlying one, and forms a small chamber open in front. It is supposed to have been the centre of a group of monuments indicating the burial-place of the Belgian settlers in this part of Britain. Other stones of a similar character exist in the neighbourhood.

[2] John Manley, M.P. for Bridport; he married Margaret, daughter of the unfortunate Isaak Dorislaus.—B.

Mrs. Jowles and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often, and pull off her glove, where her hand mighty moist, and she mighty free in kindness to me, and je do not at all doubt that I might have had that that I would have desired de elle had I had time to have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my proposing it, was very willing to go, for elle is a whore, that is certain, but a very brave and comely one. Here was a pretty cozen of hers come in to supper also, of a great fortune, daughter-in-law to this Manly, mighty pretty, but had now such a cold, she could not speak. Here mightily pleased with Mrs. Jowles, and did get her to the street door, and there to her su breasts, and baiser her without any force, and credo that I might have had all else, but it was not time nor place. Here staid till almost twelve at night, and then with a lanthorn from thence walked over the fields, as dark as pitch, and mighty cold, and snow, to Chatham, and Mr. Coney with great kindness to me : and there all in bed before I come home, and so I presently to bed.

25th. Up, and by and by, about eight o'clock, come Rear-Admiral Kempthorne and seven Captains more, by the Duke of York's order, as we expected, to hold the Court-martiall about the loss of " The Defyance ; " and so presently we by boat to " The Charles," which lies over against Upnor Castle, and there we fell to the business ; and there I did manage the business, the Duke of York having, by special order, directed them to take the assistance of Commissioner Middleton and me, forasmuch as there might be need of advice in what relates to the government of the ships in harbour. And so I did lay the law open to them, and rattle the Master-Attendants out of their wits almost ; and made the trial last till seven at night, not eating a bit all the day ; only when we had done examination, and I given my thoughts that the neglect of the Gunner of the ship was as great as I thought any neglect could be, which might by the law deserve death, but Commissioner Middleton did declare that he was against giving the sentence of death, we withdrew, as not being of the

Court, and so left them to do what they pleased; and, while they were debating it, the Boatswain of the ship did bring us out of the kettle a piece of hot salt beef, and some brown bread and brandy; and there we did make a little meal, but so good as I never would desire to eat better meat while I live, only I would have cleaner dishes. By and by they had done, and called us down from the quarter-deck; and there we find they do sentence that the Gunner of "The Defyance"[1] should stand upon "The Charles" three hours with his fault writ upon his breast, and with a halter about his neck, and so be made incapable of any office. The truth is, the man do seem, and is, I believe, a good man; but his neglect, in trusting a girl to carry fire into his cabin, is not to be pardoned. This being done, we took boat and home; and there a good supper was ready for us, which should have been our dinner. The Captains, desirous to be at London, went away presently for Gravesend, to get thither by this night's tide; and so we to supper, it having been a great snowy and mighty cold, foul day; and so after supper to bed.

26th. Up, and with Middleton all the morning at the Docke, looking over the storehouses and Commissioner Pett's house, in order to Captain Cox's coming to live there in his stead, as Commissioner. But it is a mighty pretty house; and pretty to see how every thing is said to be out of repair for this new man, though £10 would put it into as good condition in

[1] The Duke of York's order to Sir William Penn, authorizing him to call a court-martial to inquire concerning the loss of the "Defiance," was dated December 29th, 1668. The list of those summoned to form the court-martial are as follows: Sir George Ascue, Sir Jeremy Smith, Sir Robert Holmes, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir John Harman, Thomas Middleton, Esq., Samuel Pepys, Esq., Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, Capt. John Cox, Sir John Chicheley, Capt. John Hubbard, Capt. Willough. Hannam, Capt. William Poole, Capt. John Narbrough, Capt. William Coleman, Capt. Edw. Cotterell, Capt. Thomas Guy, Capt. Rich. Goodlad, Capt. Ben. Young, Capt. Rich. Beach, Capt. Rich. Haddock, Capt. Charles Wylde, Capt. Peter Bowen, Capt. Francis Wilsshaw, Capt. Rob. Sheppard, Capt. Rob. Worden. The order is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 520.

every thing as it ever was in, so free every body is of the King's money. By and by to Mr. Wilson's, and there drank, but did not see his wife, nor any woman in the yard, and so to dinner at the Hill-House; and after dinner, till eight at night, close, Middleton and I, examining the business of Mr. Pett, about selling a boat, and we find him a very knave; and some other quarrels of his, wherein, to justify himself, he hath made complaints of others. This being done, we to supper, and so to talk, Commissioner Middleton being mighty good company upon a journey, and so to bed, thinking how merry my people are at this time, putting Tom and Jane to bed, being to have been married this day, it being also my feast for my being cut of the stone, but how many years I do not remember, but I think it to be about ten or eleven.[1]

27th. Up, and did a little business, Middleton and I, then, after drinking a little buttered ale, he and Huchinson and I took coach, and, exceeding merry in talk, to Dartford: Middleton finding stories of his own life at Barbadoes, and up and down at Venice, and elsewhere, that are mighty pretty, and worth hearing; and he is a strange good companion, and droll upon the road, more than ever I could have thought to have been in him. Here we dined and met Captain Allen of Rochester, who dined with us, and so went on his journey homeward, and we by and by took coach again, and got home about six at night, it being all the morning as cold, snowy, windy, and rainy day, as any in the whole winter past, but pretty clear in the afternoon. I find all well, but my wife abroad with Jane, who was married yesterday, and I to the office busy, till by and by my wife comes home, and so home, and there hear how merry they were yesterday, and I glad at it, they being married, it seems, very handsomely, at Islington; and dined at the old house, and lay in our blue chamber, with much company, and wonderful merry. The. Turner and Mary Batelier bridesmaids, and Talbot Pepys and W. Hewer bridesmen. Anon to supper and to bed, my head a little troubled

[1] It was eleven years, as the operation was performed on March 26th, 1658.

with the muchness of the business I have upon me at present. So to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with pleasure with my wife, and so up and to the Office with Tom, who looks mighty smug upon his marriage, as Jane also do, both of whom I did give joy, and so Tom and I at work at the Office all the morning, till dinner, and then dined, W. Batelier with us; and so after dinner to work again, and sent for Gibson, and kept him also till eight at night, doing much business. And so, that being done, and my Journal writ, my eyes being very bad, and every day worse and worse, I fear: but I find it most certain that stronge drinks do make my eyes sore, as they have done heretofore always; for, when I was in the country, when my eyes were at the best, their stronge beere would make my eyes sore: so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

29th. Up, and by water to White Hall; and there to the Duke of York, to shew myself, after my journey to Chatham, but did no business to-day with him: only after gone from him, I to Sir T. Clifford's; and there, after an hour's waiting, he being alone in his closet, I did speak with him, and give him the account he gave me to draw up, and he did like it very well: and then fell to talk of the business of the Navy: and giving me good words, did fall foul of the constitution [of the Board], and did then discover his thoughts, that Sir J. Minnes was too old, and so was Colonel Middleton, and that my Lord Brouncker did mind his mathematics too much. I did not give much encouragement to that of finding fault with my fellow-officers; but did stand up for the constitution, and did say that what faults there were in our Office would be found not to arise from the constitution, but from the failures of the officers in whose hands it was. This he did seem to give good ear to; but did give me of myself very good words, which pleased me well, though I shall not build upon them any thing. Thence home; and after dinner by water with Tom down to Greenwich, he reading to me all the way, coming and going, my collections out of the Duke of

York's old manuscript of the Navy, which I have bound up, and do please me mightily. At Greenwich I come to Captain Cocke's, where the house full of company, at the burial of James Temple, who, it seems, hath been dead these five days: here I had a very good ring, which I did give my wife as soon as I come home. I spent my time there walking in the garden, talking with James Pierce, who tells me that he is certain that the Duke of Buckingham had been with his wenches all the time that he was absent, which was all the last week, nobody knowing where he was. The great talk is of the King's being hot of late against Conventicles, and to see whether the Duke of Buckingham's being returned will turn the King, which will make him very popular: and some think it is his plot to make the King thus, to shew his power in the making him change his mind. But Pierce did tell me that the King did certainly say, that he that took one stone from the Church, did take two from his Crown. By and by the corpse come out; and I, with Sir Richard Browne and Mr. Evelyn, in their coach to the church, where Mr. Plume preached. But I, in the midst of the sermon, did go out, and walked all alone round to Deptford, thinking para have seen the wife of Bagwell, which I did at her door, but I could not conveniently go into her house, and so lost my labour: and so to the King's Yard, and there my boat by order met me, and home, where I made my boy to finish the reading of my manuscript, and so to supper and to bed. This day my new chamber-maid, that comes in the room of Jane, is come, Jane and Tom lying at their own lodging this night: the new maid's name is Matt, a proper and very comely maid. . . . This day also our cook-maid Bridget went away, which I was sorry for; but, just at her going, she was found to be a thief, and so I was the less troubled for it; but now our whole house will, in a manner, be new, which, since Jane is gone, I am not at all sorry for, for that my late differences with my wife about poor Deb. will not be remembered. So to bed after supper, and to sleep with great content.

30th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to see and discourse with him; and he tells me that he hath lately been with my Lord Keeper, and had much discourse about the Navy; and particularly he tells me that he finds they are divided touching me and my Lord Brouncker; some are for removing, and some for keeping us. He told my Lord Keeper that it would cost the King £10,000 before he hath made another as fit to serve him in the Navy as I am; which, though I believe it is true, yet I am much pleased to have that character given me by W. Coventry, whatever be the success of it. But I perceive they do think that I know too much, and shall impose upon whomever shall come next, and therefore must be removed, though he tells me that Sir T. Clifford is inclined well enough to me, and Sir T. Osborne; by what I have lately done, I suppose. This news do a little trouble me, but yet, when I consider it, it is but what I ought not to be much troubled for, considering my incapacity, in regard to my eyes, to continue long at this work, and this when I think of and talk with my wife do make me the less troubled for it. After some talk of the business of the navy more with him, I away and to the Office, where all the morning; and Sir W. Pen, the first time that he hath been here since his being last sick, which, I think, is two or three months; and I think will be the last that he will be here as one of the Board, he now inviting us all to dine with him, as a parting dinner, on Thursday next, which I am glad of, I am sure; for he is a very villain. At noon home to dinner, where, and at the office, all the afternoon, troubled at what I have this morning heard, at least my mind full of thoughts upon it, and so at night after supper to bed.

31st. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry's, there to talk with him about business of the Navy, and received from him direction what to advise the Duke of York at this time, which was, to submit and give way to the King's naming a man or two, that the people about him have a mind should be brought into the Navy, and perhaps that may stop their fury in running further against the whole; and this, he believes, will do it.

After much discourse with him, I walked out with him into St. James's Park, where, being afeard to be seen with him, he having not leave yet to kiss the King's hand, but notice taken, as I hear, of all that go to him, I did take the pretence of my attending the Tangier Committee, to take my leave, though to serve him I should, I think, stick at nothing. At the Committee, this morning, my Lord Middleton declares at last his being ready to go, as soon as ever money can be made ready to pay the garrison: and so I have orders to get money, but how soon I know not. Thence home, and there find Mr. Sheres, for whom I find my moher of late to talk with mighty kindness; and particularly he hath shewn himself to be a poet, and that she do mightily value him for. He did not stay to dine with us, but we to dinner; and then, in the afternoon, my wife being very well dressed by her new maid, we abroad, to make a visit to Mrs. Pickering; but she abroad again, and so we never yet saw her. Thence to Dancre's, and there saw our pictures which are in doing; and I did choose a view of Rome instead of Hampton Court; and mightily pleased I shall be in them. Here were Sir Charles Cotterell and his son bespeaking something; both ingenious men, I hear. Thence my wife and I to the Park; and pretty store of company; and so home with great content: and so ends the month, my mind in pretty good content for all things, but the designs on foot to bring alterations in the Office, which troubles me.

April 1st. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, at the desire of Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, the President, for our assisting them, to the Court-martiall on board a yacht in the River here, to try the business of the Purser's complaints, Baker against Trevanion, his Commander, of "The Dartmouth." But, Lord! to see what wretched doings there were among all the Commanders to ruin the Purser, and defend the Captain in all his rogueries, be it to the prejudice of the King or Purser, no good man could bear! I confess I was pretty high, which did not at least the young gentlemen Commanders like; and Middleton did the like. But could not bring it

to any issue this day, sitting till two o'clock; and therefore we being sent for, went to Sir W. Pen's by invitation to dine; where my wife was, and my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes and his niece; and here a bad dinner, and little mirth, I being little pleased with my host. However, I made myself sociable; and so, after dinner, my wife and I, with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, they set us down at my cozen Turner's, and there we staid awhile and talked; and particularly here we met with Dr. Ball,[1] the Parson of the Temple, who did tell me a great many pretty stories about the manner of the Parsons being paid for their preaching at Paul's heretofore, and now, and the ground of the Lecture, and heretofore the names of the founders thereof, which were many, at some 5*s*., some 6*s*. per annum towards it: and had their names read in the pulpit every sermon among those holy persons that the Church do order a collect for, giving God thanks for. By and by comes by my desire Commissioner Middleton's coach and horses for us, and we went with it towards the Park, thinking to have met The. Turner and Betty, but did not; so turned back again to their lodging, and there found them and Mr. Batelier, and there, after a little talk, we took leave, and carry Batelier home with us. So to supper, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there with the Office attended the Duke of York, and staid in White Hall till about noon, and so with W. Hewer to the Cocke, and there he and I dined alone with great content, he reading to me, for my memory's sake, my late collections of the history of the Navy, that I might represent the same by and by to the Duke of York; and so, after dinner, he and I to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's lodgings, whither he, by and by, by his appointment come: and alone with him an hour in his closet, telling him mine and W. Coventry's

[1] Dr. Ball was preacher at St. Mary Woolchurch towards the latter end of the Commonwealth, and, according to Newcourt, was much followed by the loyal party. He was made Master of the Temple in 1665.

advice touching the present posture of the Navy, as the Duke of Buckingham and the rest do now labour to make changes therein; and that it were best for him to suffer the King to be satisfied with the bringing in of a man or two which they desire. I did also give the Duke of York a short account of the history of the Navy, as to our Office, wherewith he was very well satisfied: but I do find that he is pretty stiff against their bringing in of men against his mind, as the Treasurers were, and particularly against Child's[1] coming in, because he is a merchant. After much discourse with him, we parted; and [he to] the Council, while I staid waiting for his telling me when I should be ready to give him a written account of the administration of the Navy. This caused me to wait the whole afternoon, till night. In the mean time, stepping to the Duchess of York's side to speak with Lady Peterborough, I did see the young Duchess,[2] a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely, so as almost to ravish me, her ears were so good: taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the King, and all the King's children, and the Queen-Mother herself, who do still dance well. Thence to the council door, and Mr. Chevins took me into the back stairs, and there with his friend, Mr. Fowkes, for whom he is very solicitous in some things depending in this Office, he did make me, with some others that he took in (among others, Alderman Backewell), eat a pickled herring, the largest I ever saw, and drink variety of wines till I was almost merry; but I did keep in good tune; and so, after the Council was up, I home; and there find my wife not yet come home from Deptford, where she hath been all this day to see her mother, but she come by and by, and so to talk, and supper, and to bed. This night I did bring home from the King's potticary's, in White Hall, by Mr. Cooling's direction, a water that he says did him mighty good for his eyes. I pray God it may do me good; but, by his description, his disease was the same as mine, and this do encourage me to use it.

[1] Afterwards Sir Josiah Child.

[2] The Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

3rd. Up, and to the Council of War again, with Middleton: but the proceedings of the Commanders so devilishly bad, and so professedly partial to the Captain, that I could endure it no longer, but took occasion to pretend business at the Office, and away, and Colonel Middleton with me, who was of the same mind, and resolved to declare our minds freely to the Duke of York about it. So to the office, where we sat all the morning. Then home to dinner, and so back to the office, where busy late till night, and so home to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where Alderman Backewell's wife, by my invitation with my head, come up with her mother, and sat with us, and after sermon I did walk with them home, and there left them, and home to dinner, and after dinner with Sir J. Minnes and T. Middleton to White Hall, by appointment; and at my Lord Arlington's the Office did attend the King and Cabal, to discourse the further quantity of victuals fit to be declared for, which was 2,000 men for six months; and so without more ado or stay there, hearing no news but that Sir Thomas Allen is to be expected every hour at home with his fleete, or news of his being gone back to Algier, and so home, where got my wife to read to me; and so after supper to bed. The Queen-Mother hath been of late mighty ill, and some fears of her death.

5th. Up, and by coach, it being very cold, to White Hall, expecting a meeting of Tangier, but it did not. But, however, did wait there all the morning, and, among other things, I spent a little time with Creed walking in the garden, and talking about our Office, and Child's coming in to be a Commissioner; and, being his friend, I did think he might do me a kindness to learn of him what the Duke of Buckingham and the faction do design touching me, and to instil good words concerning me, which he says, and I believe he will: and it is but necessary; for I have not a mind indeed at this time to be put out of my Office, if I can make any shift that is honourable to keep it; but I will not do it by deserting the

Duke of York. At noon by appointment comes Mr. Sheres, and he and I to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for us in our coach, and Betty Turner with her; and we to the Mulberry Garden, where Sheres is to treat us with a Spanish Olio,[1] by a cook of his acquaintance that is there, that was with my Lord in Spain: and without any other company, he did do it, and mighty nobly; and the Olio was indeed a very noble dish, such as I never saw better, or any more of. This, and the discourse he did give us of Spain, and description of the Escuriall, was a fine treat. So we left other good things, that would keep till night, for a collation; and, with much content, took coach again, and went five or six miles towards Branford,[2] the Prince of Tuscany,[3] who comes into England only to spend money and see our country, comes into the town to-day, and is much expected; and we met him, but the coach passing by apace, we could not see much of him, but he seems a very jolly and good comely man. By the way, we overtook Captain Ferrers upon his fine Spanish horse, and he is a fine horse indeed; but not so good, I

[1] An olio is a mixed dish of meat and vegetables, and, secondarily, a mixture or medley.

[2] Brentford.

[3] Cosmo de' Medici, who succeeded his father Ferdinand in the grand-dukedom of Tuscany in 1670. Whilst he was in England in 1669 the prince caused a number of views of places and of scenery to be executed for him. Thirty-nine of these have been engraved on a reduced scale for Mawman's quarto volume of Cosmo's Travels, published in 1821, but those prints being very unsatisfactory, the facsimile copies of the original drawings now at Florence were purchased by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and form part of the splendid library which he bequeathed in 1846 to the British Museum. Readers will remember the use which Lord Macaulay has made of them, that "scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain." Sir John Reresby writes: "April, 1669. The Prince of Tuscany came to London with a retinue and equipage suitable to his quality. The king entertained him magnificently; after some time he kept house at his own charge, where he had all the portable varieties for food and drink Italy could afford. I dined twice with him; he was very kind to me, as he was to all those that had travelled in Italy and knew the language" ("Memoirs," 1634-89, ed. Cartwright, 1875, p. 79).

think, as I have seen some. He did ride by us most of the way, and with us to the Park, and there left us, where we passed the evening, and meeting The. Turner, Talbot, W. Batelier, and his sister, in a coach, we anon took them with us to the Mulberry Garden; and there, after a walk, to supper upon what was left at noon; and very good; only Mr. Sheres being taken suddenly ill for a while, did spoil our mirth; but by and by was well again, and we mighty merry: and so broke up, and left him at Charing Cross, and so calling only at my cozen Turner's, away home, mightily pleased with the day's work, and this day come another new mayd, for a middle mayd, but her name I know not yet; and, for a cook-maid, we have, ever since Bridget went, used a blackmoore of Mr. Batelier's, Doll, who dresses our meat mighty well, and we mightily pleased with her. So by and by to bed.

6th. Up, and to the Office, and thence to the Excise Office about some business, and so back to the office and sat till late, and thence to Mr. Batelier's to dinner, where my cozen Turner and both her daughters, and Talbot Pepys and my wife, and a mighty fine dinner. They at dinner before I come; and, when I had dined, I away home, and thence to White Hall, where the Board waited on the Duke of York to discourse about the disposing of Sir Thomas Allen's fleete, which is newly come home to Portsmouth; and here Middleton and I did in plain terms acquaint the Duke of York what we thought and had observed in the late Court-martiall, which the Duke did give ear to; and though he thinks not fit to revoke what is already done in this case by a Court-martiall, yet it shall bring forth some good laws in the behaviour of Captains to their under Officers for the time to come. Thence home, and there, after a while at the Office, I home, and there come home my wife, who hath been with Batelier's late, and been dancing with the company, at which I seemed a little troubled, not being sent for thither myself, but I was not much so, but went to bed well enough pleased.

7th. Up, and by coach to my cozen Turner's, and invited them to dine at the Cocke to-day, with my wife and me; and

so to the Lords of the Treasury, where all the morning, and settled matters to their liking about the assignments on the Customes, between the Navy Office and Victualler, and to that end spent most of the morning there with D. Gawden, and thence took him to the Cocke, and there left him and my clerk Gibson together evening their reckonings, while I to the New Exchange to talk with Betty,[1] my little sempstress; and so to Mrs. Turner's, to call them to dinner, but my wife not come, I back again, and was overtaken by a porter, with a message from my wife that she was ill, and could not come to us: so I back again to Mrs. Turner's, and find them gone; and so back again to the Cocke, and there find Mrs. Turner, Betty, and Talbot Pepys, and they dined with myself, Sir D. Gawden and Gibson, and mighty merry, this house being famous for good meat, and particularly pease-porridge, and after dinner broke up, and they away; and I to the Council-Chamber, and there heard the great complaint of the City, tried against the gentlemen of the Temple, for the late riot, as they would have it, when my Lord Mayor was there. But, upon hearing the whole business, the City was certainly to blame to charge them in this manner as with a riot: but the King and Council did forbear to determine any thing in it, till the other business of the title and privilege be decided, which is now under dispute at law between them, whether the Temple be within the liberty of the City or no.[2] But I was sorry to see the City so ill advised as to complain in a thing where their proofs were so weak. Thence to my cozen Turner's, and thence with her and her daughters, and her sister Turner, I carrying Betty in my lap, to Talbot's chamber at the Temple, where, by agreement, the poor rogue had a pretty dish of anchovies and sweetmeats for them; and hither come Mr. Eden,[3] who was in his mistress's disfavour ever

[1] Betty Smith. See January 11th, 1668-69 (p. 197).

[2] See March 3rd, 1668-69 (p. 243).

[3] Robert Eden, of West Auckland, Durham, which county he represented in parliament for many years, married the lady here alluded to, Margaret, daughter and heir of John Lambton. He is the direct ancestor

since the other night that he come in thither fuddled, when we were there. But I did make them friends by my buffoonery, and bringing up a way of spelling their names, and making Theophila spell Lamton, which The. would have to be the name of Mr. Eden's mistress, and mighty merry we were till late, and then I by coach home, and so to bed, my wife being ill of those, but well enough pleased with my being with them. This day I do hear that Betty Turner is to be left at school at Hackney, which I am mightily pleased with; for then I shall, now and then, see her. She is pretty, and a girl for that, and her relations, I love.

8th. Up, and to White Hall, to the King's side, to find Sir T. Clifford, where the Duke of York come and found me, which I was sorry for, for fear he should think I was making friends on that side. But I did put it off the best I could, my being there: and so, by and by, had opportunity alone to shew Sir T. Clifford the fair account I had drawn up of the Customes, which he liked, and seemed mightily pleased with me; and so away to the Excise-Office, to do a little business there, and so to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again till the evening, and then with my wife by coach to Islington, to pay what we owe there, for the late dinner at Jane's wedding; and so round by Kingsland and Hogsden [1] home, pleased with my wife's singing with me, by the way, and so to the office again a little, and then home to supper and to bed. Going this afternoon through Smithfield, I did see a coach run over the coachman's neck, and stand upon it, and yet the man rose up, and was well after it, which I thought a wonder.

9th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there, with the Board, attended the Duke of York, and Sir Thomas Allen with us (who come to town yesterday); and it is resolved another fleete shall go to the Streights forthwith, and he command it. But his coming home is mighty hardly talked

of the Lords Auckland. He was created a baronet November 13th, 1672, and died in 1720, his wife surviving till 1730.—B.

[1] Now Hoxton.

on by the merchants, for leaving their ships there to the mercy of the Turks: but of this more in my White-Booke. Thence out, and slipped out by water to Westminster Hall, and there thought to have spoke with Mrs. Martin, but she was not there, nor at home. So back again, and with W. Hewer by coach home and to dinner, and then to the office, and out again with W. Hewer to the Excise-Office, and to several places; among others, to Mr. Faythorne's, to have seen an instrument which he was said to have, for drawing perspectives, but he had it not: but here I did see his work-house, and the best things of his doing he had by him, and so to other places, among others to Westminster Hall, and I took occasion to make a step to Mrs. Martin's, the first time I have been with her since her husband went last to sea, which is I think a year since. . . . But, Lord! to hear how sillily she tells the story of her sister Doll's being a widow and lately brought to bed, and her husband, one Rowland Powell, drowned, that was at sea with her husband, but by chance dead at sea, cast away. When God knows she hath played the whore, and is sillily forced at this time after she was brought to bed, to forge this story. Thence calling at several places by the way, we home, and there to the office, and then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Excise-Office, and thence to White Hall a little, and so back again to the 'Change, but nobody there, it being over, and so walked home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Seymour to visit me, a talking fellow: but I hear by him that Captain Trevanion[1] do give it out everywhere, that I did over-rule the whole Court-martiall against him, as long as I was there; and perhaps I may receive, at this time, some wrong by it: but I care not, for what I did was out of my desire of doing justice. So the office, where late, and then home to supper and to bed.

11th (Lord's day. Easter day). Up, and to Church; where Alderman Backewell's wife, and mother, and boy, and another

[1] Captain Richard Trevanion, of the "Dartmouth."

gentlewoman, did come, and sit in our pew; but no women of our own there, and so there was room enough. Our Parson made a dull sermon, and so home to dinner; and, after dinner, my wife and I out by coach, and Balty with us, to Loton,[1] the landscape-drawer, a Dutchman, living in St. James's Market,[2] but there saw no good pictures. But by accident he did direct us to a painter that was then in the house with him, a Dutchman, newly come over, one Evarelst,[3] who took us to his lodging close by, and did shew us a little flower-pot of his doing, the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life; the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so as I was forced, again and again, to put my finger to it, to feel whether my eyes were deceived or no. He do ask £70 for it: I had the vanity to bid him £20; but a better picture I never saw in my whole life; and it is worth going twenty miles to see it. Thence, leaving Balty there, I took my wife to St. James's, and there carried her to the Queen's Chapel, the first time I ever did it; and heard excellent musick, but not so good as by accident I did hear there yesterday, as I went through the Park from White Hall to see Sir W. Coventry, which I have forgot to set down in my Journal yesterday. And going out of the Chapel, I did see the Prince of Tuscany[4] come out, a comely, black, fat man, in a mourning suit; and my wife and I did see him this afternoon through a window in this Chapel. All that Sir W. Coventry yesterday did tell me new was, that the King would not yet give him leave to come to kiss his hand; and he do believe that he will not in a great while do it, till those about him shall see fit, which I am sorry for. Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our

[1] John Loten, a landscape painter, long established in London, where he died about 1680.

[2] See note to April 1st, 1666 (vol. v., p. 259).

[3] Simon Verelst, a Dutch flower-painter, who practised his art with much success in England. His success turned his head, and he called himself the god of flowers. He died at a great age in Suffolk Street about 1710.

[4] See April 5th (p. 284).

own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time, may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now. So home, and by night home, and so to my office, and there set down my Journal, with the help of my left eye through my tube,[1] for fourteen days past; which is so much, as, I hope, I shall not run in arrear again, but the badness of my eyes do force me to it. So home to supper and to bed.

12th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where I of the whole Office attended the Duke of York at his meeting with Sir Thomas Allen and several flag-officers, to consider of the manner of managing the war with Algiers; and, it being a thing I was wholly silent in, I did only observe; and find that their manner of discourse on this weighty affair was very mean and disorderly, the Duke of York himself being the man that I thought spoke most to the purpose. Having done here, I up and down the house, talking with this man and that, and then meeting Mr. Sheres, took him to see the fine flower-pot I saw yesterday, and did again offer £20 for it; but he [Verelst] insists upon £50. Thence I took him to St. James's, but there was no musique, but so walked to White Hall, and by and by to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her was Jane, and so to the Cocke, where they, and I, and Sheres, and Tom, dined, my wife having a great desire to eat of their soup made of pease, and dined very well, and thence by water to the Bear-Garden, and there happened to sit by Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is still full of his vain-glorious and prophane talk. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country fellow, one Warrell, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to White Hall, mightily pleased, all of us, with

[1] See July 31st, 1668 (p. 73).

this sight, and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting. And there leaving Sheres, we by our own coach home, and after sitting an hour, thrumming upon my viall, and singing, I to bed, and left my wife to do something to a waistcoat and petticoat she is to wear to-morrow. This evening, coming home, we overtook Alderman Backewell's coach and his lady, and followed them to their house, and there made them the first visit, where they received us with extraordinary civility, and owning the obligation. But I do, contrary to my expectation, find her something a proud and vain-glorious woman, in telling the number of her servants and family and expences: he is also so, but he was ever of that strain. But here he showed me the model of his houses that he is going to build in Cornhill and Lumbard Street; but he hath purchased so much there, that it looks like a little town, and must have cost him a great deal of money.[1]

13th. Up, and at the Office a good while, and then, my wife going down the River to spend the day with her mother at Deptford, I abroad, and first to the milliner's in Fenchurch Street, over against Rawlinson's, and there, meeting both him and her in the shop, I bought a pair of gloves, and fell to talk, and found so much freedom that I stayed there the best part

[1] Mr. John Biddulph Martin, in his interesting work on "'The Grasshopper' in Lombard Street," 1892, refers to Alderman Backwell's building operations. He writes (p. 185): "Shortly previous to the Great Fire, Backwell, whose shop was at the Unicorn in Lombard Street, next door to the Grasshopper, conceived the idea of developing the considerable block of property over which he had acquired an interest by opening passages through it from Lombard Street to Cornhill." Again (p. 186): "Backwell possibly took advantage of the catastrophe of the fire to enlarge his views," and then Mr. Martin quotes the passage in the text. Mr. Martin writes: "Alderman Backwell figures largely in the City history of his time, and was certainly eminent among the goldsmiths of the Restoration; but it seems that the 'little town' whose erection he contemplated was built on land in which he had a leasehold interest only. The Great Fire of London destroyed not only the City itself, but also most of its records. It has opposed an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of research into local history previous to its occurrence."

of the morning till towards noon, with great pleasure, it being a holiday, and then against my will away and to the 'Change, where I left W. Hewer, and I by hackney-coach to the Spittle,[1] and heard a piece of a dull sermon to my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and thence saw them all take horse and ride away, which I have not seen together many a-day; their wives also went in their coaches; and, indeed, the sight was mighty pleasing. Thence took occasion to go back to this milliner's [in Fenchurch Street], whose name I now understand to be Clerke; and there, her husband inviting me up to the balcony, to see the sight go by to dine at Cloth-worker's-Hall,[2] I did go up and there saw it go by: and then, there being a good piece of cold roast beef upon the table, and one Margetts, a young merchant that lodges there, and is likely to marry a sister of hers, I staid and eat, and had much good conversation with her, who hath the vanity to talk of her great friends and father, one Wingate, near Welling,[3] that hath been a Parliament-man. Here also was Stapely, the rope-merchant, and dined with us; and, after spending most of the afternoon also, I away home, and there sent for W. Hewer, and he and I by water to White Hall to look, among other things, for Mr. May, to unbespeak his dining with me to-morrow. But here being in the court-yard, as God would have it, I spied Deb., which made my heart and

[1] See April 2nd, 1662, vol. ii., p. 214.

[2] Clothworkers' Hall is situated near the north-east end of Mincing Lane, next to Fenchurch Street. Sir John Robinson, when Lord Mayor in 1663, entertained the king and queen, the queen dowager, and the Duke and Duchess of York in the hall. The original hall was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt shortly afterwards. Sir Owen Roberts, M.A., D.C.L., clerk of the company, informs the editor that the Court, on April 7th, 1669, at the request of Mr. Sheriff Forth, granted the use of the hall and offices thereunto belonging for the entertainment, on April 13th, of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. The restored hall was taken down in 1856-57, and the present capacious edifice erected from the designs of Mr. Samuel Angell, architect.

[3] Edward Wingate, who represented St. Albans in the Long Parliament.—B.

head to work, and I presently could not refrain, but sent W. Hewer away to look for Mr. Wren (W. Hewer, I perceive, did see her, but whether he did see me see her I know not, or suspect my sending him away I know not, but my heart could not hinder me), and I run after her and two women and a man, more ordinary people, and she in her old clothes, and after hunting a little, find them in the lobby of the chapel below stairs, and there I observed she endeavoured to avoid me, but I did speak to her and she to me, and did get her pour dire me où she demeurs now, and did charge her para say nothing of me that I had vu elle, which she did promise, and so with my heart full of surprize and disorder I away, and meeting with Sir H. Cholmley walked into the Park with him and back again, looking to see if I could spy her again in the Park, but I could not. And so back to White Hall, and then back to the Park with Mr. May, but could see her no more, and so with W. Hewer, who I doubt by my countenance might see some disorder in me, we home by water, and there I find Talbot Pepys, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, come to invite us to dinner on Thursday; and, after drinking, I saw them to the water-side, and so back home through Crutched Friars, and there saw Mary Mercer, and put off my hat to her, on the other side of the way, but it being a little darkish she did not, I think, know me well, and so to my office to put my papers in order, they having been removed for my closet to be made clean, and so home to my wife, who is come home from Deptford. But, God forgive me, I hardly know how to put on confidence enough to speak as innocent, having had this passage to-day with Deb., though only, God knows, by accident. But my great pain is lest God Almighty shall suffer me to find out this girl, whom indeed I love, and with a bad amour, but I will pray to God to give me grace to forbear it. So home to supper, where very sparing in my discourse, not giving occasion of any enquiry where I have been to-day, or what I have done, and so without any trouble to-night more than my fear, we to bed.

14th. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there I

did speak with the Duke of York, the Council sitting in the morning, and it was to direct me to have my business ready of the Administration of the Office against Saturday next, when the King would have a hearing of it. Thence home, W. Hewer with me, and then out with my own coach to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw "The Impertinents," a play which pleases me well still; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play, because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me. After the play my wife and I towards the Park, but it being too late we to Creed's, and there find him and her [his wife] together alone, in their new house, where I never was before, they lodging before at the next door, and a pretty house it is; but I do not see that they intend to keep any coach. Here they treat us like strangers, quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat, which is a thing that will spoil our ever having any acquaintance with them; for we do continue the old freedom and kindness of England to all our friends. But they do here talk mightily of my Lady Paulina making a very good end, and being mighty religious in her lifetime; and hath left many good notes of sermons and religion, wrote with her own hand, which nobody ever knew of; which I am glad of: but she was always a peevish lady. Thence home, and there to talk and to supper and to bed, all being very safe as to my seeing of poor Deb. yesterday.

15th. Up, and to the office, and thence before the office sat to the Excise Office with W. Hewer, but found some occasion to go another way to the Temple upon business, and I by Deb.'s direction did know whither in Jewen Street to direct my hackney coachman, while I staid in the coach in Aldgate Street, to go thither just to enquire whether Mrs. Hunt, her aunt, was in town, who brought me word she was not; I thought this was as much as I could do at once, and therefore went away troubled through that I could do no more, but to the office I must go and did, and there all the morning, but coming thither I find Bagwell's wife, who did give me a little note into my hand, wherein I find her para invite

me para meet her in Moorfields this noon, where I might speak with her, and so after the office was up, my wife being gone before by invitation to my cozen Turner's to dine, I to the place, and there, after walking up and down by the windmills, I did find her and talk with her, but it being holiday and the place full of people, we parted, leaving further discourse and doing to another time. Thence I away, and through Jewen Street, my mind, God knows, running that way, but stopped not, but going down Holborne hill, by the Conduit, I did see Deb. on foot going up the hill. I saw her, and she me, but she made no stop, but seemed unwilling to speak to me; so I away on, but then stopped and 'light, and after her and overtook her at the end of Hosier lane in Smithfield, and without standing in the street desired her to follow me, and I led her into a little blind alehouse within the walls, and there she and I alone fell to talk and baiser la and toker su mammailles, but she mighty coy, and I hope modest. . . . I did give her in a paper 20*s*., and we did agree para meet again in the Hall at Westminster on Monday next; and so giving me great hopes by her carriage that she continues modest and honest, we did there part, she going home and I to Mrs. Turner's, but when I come back to the place where I left my coach it was gone, I having staid too long, which did trouble me to abuse the poor fellow, so that taking another coach I did direct him to find out the fellow and send him to me. At my cozen Turner's I find they are gone all to dinner to Povy's, and thither I, and there they were all, and W. Batelier and his sister, and had dined; but I had good things brought me, and then all up and down the house, and mightily pleased to see the fine rooms: but, the truth is, there are so many bad pictures, that to me make the good ones lose much of the pleasure in seeing them. The. and Betty Turner in new flowered tabby gowns, and so we were pretty merry, only my fear upon me for what I had newly done, do keep my content in. So, about five or six o'clock, away, and I took my wife and the two Bateliers, and carried them homeward, and W. Batelier 'lighting, I carried the women round by Islington, and so

down Bishopsgate Street home, and there to talk and sup, and then to bed.

16th. Up, and to my chamber, where with Mr. Gibson all the morning, and there by noon did almost finish what I had to write about the Administration of the Office to present to the Duke of York, and my wife being gone abroad with W. Hewer, to see the new play to-day, at the Duke of York's house, "Guzman," I dined alone with my people, and in the afternoon away by coach to White Hall; and there the Office attended the Duke of York; and being despatched pretty soon, and told that we should not wait on the King, as intended, till Sunday, I thence presently to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the 18*d.* seat, did get room to see almost three acts of the play; but it seemed to me but very ordinary. After the play done, I into the pit, and there find my wife and W. Hewer; and Sheres got to them, which, so jealous is my nature, did trouble me, though my judgment tells me there is no hurt in it, on neither side; but here I did meet with Shadwell, the poet, who, to my great wonder, do tell me that my Lord of [Orrery] did write this play, trying what he could do in comedy, since his heroique plays could do no more wonders. This do trouble me; for it is as mean a thing, and so he says, as hath been upon the stage a great while; and Harris, who hath no part in it, did come to me, and told me in discourse that he was glad of it, it being a play that will not take.[1] Thence home, and to my business at the office, to finish it, but was in great pain about yesterday still, lest my wife should have sent her porter to enquire anything, though for my heart I cannot see it possible how anything could be discovered of it, but yet such is fear as to render me full of doubt and disgust. At night to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he

[1] Downes says that the play took very well ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 28). Genest could not fix the date of presentation nearer than between 1667 and 1672. This comedy was not printed till 1693.

dined with us; and there hearing that "The Alchymist" was acted, we did go, and took him with us to the King's house; and it is still a good play, having not been acted for two or three years before; but I do miss Clun,[1] for the Doctor.[2] But more my eyes will not let me enjoy the pleasure I used to have in a play. Thence with my wife in hackney to Sir W. Coventry's, who being gone to the Park we drove after him, and there met him coming out, and followed him home, and there sent my wife to Unthanke's while I spent on hour with him reading over first my draught of the Administration of the Navy, which he do like very well; and so fell to talk of other things, and among the rest of the story of his late disgrace, and how basely and in what a mean manner the Duke of Buckingham hath proceeded against him—not like a man of honour. He tells me that the King will not give other answer about his coming to kiss his hands, than "Not yet." But he says that this that he desires, of kissing the King's hand, is only to show to the world that he is not discontented, and not in any desire to come again into play, though I do perceive that he speaks this with less earnestness than heretofore: and this, it may be, is, from what he told me lately, that the King is offended at what is talked, that he hath declared himself desirous not to have to do with any employment more. But he do tell me that the leisure he hath yet had do not at all begin to be burdensome to him, he knowing how to spend his time with content to himself; and that he hopes shortly to contract his expence, so as that he shall not be under any straits in that respect neither; and so seems to be in very good condition of content. Thence I away over the Park, it being now night, to White Hall, and there, in the Duchess's chamber, do find the Duke of York; and, upon my offer to speak with him, he did come to me, and withdrew to his closet, and there did hear and approve my paper of the Administration of the Navy, only did bid me alter these words, "upon the rupture between the late King and the

[1] Who had been murdered. See August 4th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 208).

[2] Subtle, the alchymist.

Parliament," to these, "the beginning of the late Rebellion;" giving it me as but reason to shew that it was with the Rebellion that the Navy was put by out of its old good course, into that of a Commission. Having done this, we fell to other talk; he with great confidence telling me how matters go among our adversaries, in reference to the Navy, and that he thinks they do begin to flag; but then, beginning to talk in general of the excellency of old constitutions, he did bring out of his cabinet, and made me read it, an extract out of a book of my late Lord of Northumberland's, so prophetic of the business of Chatham, as is almost miraculous.[1] I did desire, and he did give it me to copy out, which pleased me mightily, and so, it being late, I away and to my wife, and by hackney home, and there, my eyes being weary with reading so much, but yet not so much as I was afeard they would, we home to supper and to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning till 2 o'clock at my Office, with Gibson and Tom, about drawing up fair my discourse of the Administration of the Navy, and then, Mr. Spong being come to dine with me, I in to dinner, and then out to my Office again, to examine the fair draught; and so, borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, he going with Colonel Middleton, I to White Hall, where we all met and did sign it; and then to my Lord Arlington's, where the King, and the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, as also Ormond and the two Secretaries, with my Lord Ashly and Sir T. Clifford, was. And there, by and by, being called in, Mr. Williamson

[1] A copy of the paper here alluded to is in Rawlinson, A. 195, fol. 124. It was an extract from an old book formerly in the library at Petworth, and written by Sir William Monson, the well-known English admiral, who died in 1643. He was the author of several naval tracts, all of which are printed in Churchill's "Voyages," and the passage quoted by Pepys will be found at p. 421 of vol. iii. It seems highly probable that someone in the Dutch interest might have seen Sir William's "Book of Stratagems," and planned the memorable expedition against Chatham; though the fact of the defenceless state of the River Thames, in the event of the Dutch ever becoming superior to us at sea, was too obvious to merit the appellation of a prophecy.—B.

did read over our paper, which was in a letter to the Duke of York, bound up in a book with the Duke of York's Book of Instructions. He read it well; and, after read, we were bid to withdraw, nothing being at all said to it. And by and by we were called in again, and nothing said to that business; but another begun, about the state of this year's action, and our wants of money, as I had stated the same lately to our Treasurers; which I was bid, and did largely, and with great content, open. And having so done, we all withdrew, and left them to debate our supply of money; to which, being called in, and referred to attend on the Lords of the Treasury, we all departed. And I only staid in the House till the Council rose; and then to the Duke of York, who in the Duchess's chamber come to me, and told me that the book was there left with my Lord Arlington, for any of the Lords to view that had a mind, and to prepare and present to the King what they had to say in writing, to any part of it, which is all we can desire, and so that rested. The Duke of York then went to other talk; and by and by comes the Prince of Tuscany to visit him, and the Duchess; and I find that he do still remain *incognito*, and so intends to do all the time he stays here, for avoiding trouble to the King and himself, and expence also to both. Thence I to White Hall Gate, thinking to have found Sir J. Minnes's coach staying for me; but, not being there, and this being the first day of rain we have had many a day, the streets being as dusty as in summer, I forced to walk to my cozen Turner's, and there find my wife newly gone home, which vexed me, and so I, having kissed and taken leave of Betty, who goes to Putney to school to-morrow, I walked through the rain to the Temple, and there, with much ado, got a coach, and so home, and there to supper, and Pelling comes to us, and after much talk, we parted, and to bed.

19th. Up, and with Tom (whom, with his wife, I, and my wife, had this morning taken occasion to tell that I did intend to give him £40 for himself, and £20 to his wife, towards their setting out in the world, and that my wife would give her £20 more, that she might have as much to begin with

as he) by coach to White Hall, and there having set him work in the Robe Chamber, to write something for me, I to Westminster Hall, and there walked from 10 o'clock to past 12, expecting to have met Deb., but whether she had been there before, and missing me went away, or is prevented in coming, and hath no mind to come to me (the last whereof, as being most pleasing, as shewing most modesty, I should be most glad of), I know not, but she not then appearing, I being tired with walking went home, and my wife being all day at Jane's, helping her, as she said, to cut out linen and other things belonging to her new condition, I after dinner out again, and, calling for my coach, which was at the coachmaker's, and hath been for these two or three days, to be new painted, and the window-frames gilt against May-day, went on with my hackney to White Hall, and thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there did beckon to Doll Lane, now Mrs. Powell, as she would have herself called, and went to her sister Martin's lodgings, the first time I have been there these eight or ten months, I think, and her sister being gone to Portsmouth to her husband, I did stay and talk and drink with Doll. . . . So away and to White Hall, and there took my own coach, which was now come, and so away home, and there to do business, and my wife being come home we to talk and to sup, there having been nothing yet like discovery in my wife of what hath lately passed with me about Deb., and so with great content to bed.

20th. Up; and to the Office, and my wife abroad with Mary Batelier, with our own coach, but borrowed Sir J. Minnes's coachman, that so our own might stay at home, to attend at dinner; our family being mightily disordered by our little boy's falling sick the last night; and we fear it will prove the small-pox. At noon comes my guest, Mr. Hugh May,[1] and with him Sir Henry Capell, my old Lord Capell's son, and Mr. Parker; and I had a pretty dinner for them; and both before and after dinner had excellent discourse; and shewed them my closet and my Office, and the method of it,

[1] See note to June 8th, 1665 (vol. iv., p. 428).

to their great content; and more extraordinary, manly discourse and opportunity of shewing myself, and learning from others, I have not, in ordinary discourse, had in my life, they being all persons of worth, but especially Sir H. Capell, whose being a Parliament-man, and hearing my discourse in the Parliament-house, hath, as May tells me, given him a long desire to know and discourse with me. In the afternoon we walked to the Old Artillery-Ground[1] near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now, by Captain Deane's invitation, did go to see his new gun tryed, this being the place where the Officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns; and when we come, did find that the trial had been made; and they going away with extraordinary report of the proof of his gun, which, from the shortness and bigness, they do call Punchinello. But I desired Colonel Legg to stay and give us a sight of her performance, which he did, and there, in short, against a gun more than as long and as heavy again, and charged with as much powder again, she carried the same bullet as strong to the mark, and nearer and above the mark at a point blank than their's, and is more easily managed, and recoyles no more than that, which is a thing so extraordinary as to be admired for the happiness of his invention, and to the great regret of the old Gunners and Officers of the Ordnance that were there, only Colonel Legg did do her much right in his report of her. And so, having seen this great and first experiment, we all parted, I seeing my guests into a hackney coach, and myself, with Captain Deane, taking a hackney coach, did go out towards Bow, and went as far as Stratford, and all the way talking of this invention, and he offering me a third of the profit of the invention; which, for aught I know, or do at present think, may prove matter considerable to us: for either the King will give him a reward for it, if he keeps it to himself, or he will

[1] Henry VIII. gave to the Fraternity of Artillery for their exercise ground a field belonging to the dissolved priory and hospital of St. Mary Spital, beyond Bishopsgate, known as the Teazle Close. The site is now marked by Artillery Lane and Artillery Street, Bishopsgate Street Without.

give us a patent to make our profit of it: and no doubt but it will be of profit to merchantmen and others, to have guns of the same force at half the charge. This was our talk: and then to talk of other things, of the Navy in general: and, among other things, he did tell me that he do hear how the Duke of Buckingham hath a spite at me, which I knew before, but value it not: and he tells me that Sir T. Allen is not my friend; but for all this I am not much troubled, for I know myself so usefull that, as I believe, they will not part with me; so I thank God my condition is such that I can retire, and be able to live with comfort, though not with abundance. Thus we spent the evening with extraordinary good discourse, to my great content, and so home to the Office, and there did some business, and then home, where my wife do come home, and I vexed at her staying out so late, but she tells me that she hath been at home with M. Batelier a good while, so I made nothing of it, but to supper and to bed.

21st. Up; and with my own coach as far as the Temple, and thence sent it to my cozen Turner, who, to ease her own horses, that are going with her out of town, do borrow mine to-day. So I to Auditor Wood's, and there to meet, and met my Lord Bellassis upon some business of his accounts, and having done that did thence go to St. James's, and attended the Duke of York a little, being the first time of my waiting on him at St. James's this summer, whither he is now newly gone; and thence walked to White Hall; and so, by and by, to the Council-Chamber, and heard a remarkable cause pleaded between the Farmers of the Excise of Wiltshire, in complaint against the Justices of Peace of Salisbury: and Sir H. Finch was for the former. But, Lord! to see how he did with his admirable eloquence order the matter, is not to be conceived almost: so pleasant a thing it is to hear him plead. Thence at noon by coach home, and thither by and by comes my cozen Turner, and The., and Joyce, in their riding-clothes, they being come from their lodgings to her husband's chamber, at the Temple, and there do lie, and purpose to go

out of town on Friday next; and here I had a good dinner for them. After dinner by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York did meet our Office, and went with us to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and there we did go over all the business of the state I had drawn up, of this year's action and expence, which I did do to their satisfaction, and convincing them of the necessity of providing more money, if possible, for us. Thence the Duke of York being gone, I did there stay walking with Sir H. Cholmly in the Court, talking of news; where he told me, that now the great design of the Duke of Buckingham is to prevent the meeting, since he cannot bring about with the King the dissolving, of this Parliament, that the King may not need it; and therefore my Lord St. Albans is hourly expected with great offers of a million of money,[1] to buy our breach with the Dutch: and this, they do think, may tempt the King to take the money, and thereby be out of a necessity of calling the Parliament again, which these people dare not suffer to meet again: but this he doubts, and so do I, that it will be to the ruin of the nation if we fall out with Holland. This we were discoursing when my boy comes to tell me that his mistress was at the Gate with the coach, whither I went, and there find my wife and the whole company. So she, and Mrs. Turner, and The., and Talbot, in mine: and Joyce, W. Batelier, and I, in a hackney, to Hyde Park, where I was ashamed to be seen; but mightily pleased, though troubled, with a drunken coachman that did not remember when we come to 'light, where it was that he took us up; but said at Hammersmith, and thither he was carrying of us when we come first out of the Park. So I carried them all to Hercules-Pillars, and there did treat them: and so, about ten at night, parted, and my wife, and I, and W. Batelier, home; and he gone, we to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and Captain Deane with us; and very good discourse, and particularly about my getting a book for

[1] From Louis XIV. See April 28th (p. 308).

him to draw up his whole theory of shipping, which, at my desire, he hath gone far in, and hath shewn me what he hath done therein, to admiration. I did give him a Parallelogram, which he is mightily taken with; and so after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon till night late, and then home. Vexed at my wife's not being come home, she being gone again abroad with M. Batelier, and come not home till ten at night, which vexed me, so that I to bed, and lay in pain awake till past one, and then to sleep.

23rd. Going to rise, without saying anything, my wife stopped me; and, after a little angry talk, did tell me how she spent all day yesterday with M. Batelier and her sweetheart, and seeing a play at the New Nursery, which is set up at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was formerly the King's house. So that I was mightily pleased again, and rose with great content; and so by water to White Hall, and there to the Council-Chamber, and heard two or three causes: among others, that of the complaint of Sir Philip Howard and Watson, the inventors, as they pretend, of the business of varnishing and lackerworke, against the Company of Painters, who take upon them to do the same thing; where I saw a great instance of the weakness of a young Counsel not used to such an audience, against the Solicitor-General and two more able Counsel used to it. Though he had the right of his side, and did prevail for what he pretended to against the rest, yet it was with much disadvantage and hazard. Here also I heard Mr. Papillion[1] make his defence to the King, against some complaints of the Farmers of Excise; but it was so weak, and done only by his own seeking, that it was to his

[1] Thomas Papillon, Esq., of Lubbenham, in Leicestershire, who purchased the manor of Acrise, in Kent, in 1666. He was an eminent merchant of London, and Master of the Mercers' Company in 1698; and was M.P. for Dover, *temp.* Charles II., and for London in the 10th of William III. The case of Mr. Papillon related to a petition of the Company of Wine Merchants, concerning brandy, *alias* strong water, against the Farmers of Excise, of which some account is given in Anchitell Grey's "Debates," vol. i., p. 237.—B.

injury more than profit, and made his case the worse, being ill managed, and in a cause against the King. Thence at noon, the Council rising, I to Unthanke's, and there by agreement met my wife, and with her to the Cocke, and did give her a dinner, but yet both of us but in an ill humour, whatever was the matter with her, but thence to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Generous Portugalls,"[1] a play that pleases me better and better every time we see it; and, I thank God! it did not trouble my eyes so much as I was afeard it would. Here, by accident, we met Mr. Sheres, and yet I could not but be troubled, because my wife do so delight to talk of him, and to see him. Nevertheless, we took him with us to our mercer's, and to the Exchange, and he helped me to choose a summer-suit of coloured camelott, coat and breeches, and a flowered tabby vest very rich; and so home, where he took his leave, and down to Greenwich, where he hath some friends; and I to see Colonel Middleton, who hath been ill for a day or two, or three; and so home to supper, and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, Mr. Sheres dining with us by agreement; and my wife, which troubled me, mighty careful to have a handsome dinner for him; but yet I see no reason to be troubled at it, he being a very civil and worthy man, I think; but only it do seem to imply some little neglect of me. After dinner to the King's house, and there saw "The General"[2] revived—a good play, that pleases me well, and thence, our coach coming for us, we parted and home, and I busy late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. Well pleased to-night to have Lead, the vizard-maker, bring me home my vizard, with a tube fastened in it, which, I think, will do my business, at least in a great measure, for the easing of my eyes.

[1] "The Island Princess," a tragi-comedy by Fletcher, was revived in 1669 as "The Island Princess, or the Generous Portugal." The King of Tidore was acted by Kynaston, and Quisara, the Island Princess, by Mrs. Marshall.

[2] Apparently the play by Lord Orrery, which Pepys first saw acted on September 28th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 252).

25th (Lord's day). Up, and to my Office awhile, and thither comes Lead with my vizard, with a tube fastened within both eyes; which, with the help which he prompts me to, of a glass in the tube, do content me mightily. So to church, where a stranger made a dull sermon, but I mightily pleased to look upon Mr. Buckworth's little pretty daughters, and so home to dinner, where W. Howe come and dined with us; and then I to my Office, he being gone, to write down my Journal for the last twelve days: and did it with the help of my vizard and tube fixed to it, and do find it mighty manageable, but how helpfull to my eyes this trial will shew me. So abroad with my wife, in the afternoon, to the Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her this day also first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the Park, and many very fine ladies, and so home, and after supper to bed.

26th. Up, having lain long, and then by coach with W. Hewer to the Excise Office, and so to Lilly's, the Varnisher, who is lately dead, and his wife and brother keep up the trade, and there I left my French prints to be put on boards: and, while I was there, a fire burst out in a chimney of a house over against his house, but it was with a gun quickly put out. So to White Hall, and did a little business there at the Treasury chamber, and so homeward, calling at the laceman's for some lace for my new suit, and at my tailor's, and so home, where to dinner, and Mr. Sheres dined with us, who come hither to-day to teach my wife the rules of perspective; but I think, upon trial, he thinks it too hard to teach her, being ignorant of the principles of lines. After dinner comes one Colonel Macnachan, one that I see often at Court, a Scotchman, but know him not; only he brings me a letter from my Lord Middleton, who, he says, is in great distress for £500 to relieve my Lord Morton[1] with, but upon what account I know not; and he would have me advance it

[1] William Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton, who had married Lord Middleton's daughter Grizel.—B.

without order upon his pay for Tangier, which I was astonished at, but had the grace to deny him with an excuse. And so he went away, leaving me a little troubled that I was thus driven, on a sudden, to do any thing herein; but Creed, coming just now to see me, he approves of what I have done. And then to talk of general matters, and, by and by, Sheres being gone, my wife, and he, and I out, and I set him down at Temple Bar, and myself and wife went down the Temple upon seeming business, only to put him off, and just at the Temple gate I spied Deb. with another gentlewoman, and Deb. winked on me and smiled, but undiscovered, and I was glad to see her. So my wife and I to the 'Change, about things for her; and here, at Mrs. Burnett's shop, I am told by Betty, who was all undressed, of a great fire happened in Durham-Yard last night, burning the house of one Lady Hungerford,[1] who was to come to town to it this night; and so the house is burned, new furnished, by carelessness of the girl sent to take off a candle from a bunch of candles, which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as is supposed, on fire. The King and Court were here, it seems, and stopped the fire by blowing up of the next house. The King and Court went out of town to Newmarket this morning betimes, for a week. So home, and there to my chamber, and got my wife to read to me a little, and so to supper and to bed. Coming home this night I did call at the coachmaker's, and do resolve upon having the standards of my coach gilt with this new sort of varnish, which will come but to 40*s.*; and, contrary to my expectation, the doing of the biggest coach all over comes not to above £6, which is [not] very much.

27th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At

[1] Margaret, daughter and co-heir of William Hollidaie or Haliday, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, widow of Sir Edward Hungerford, parliamentary commander, who died, s.p., 1648. She survived till 1673. Hungerford House was pulled down by the spendthrift Sir Edward Hungerford, and Hungerford Market was built on the site in 1680. The market was rebuilt in 1831-33, and the Charing Cross station of the South Eastern Railway now marks the site.

noon home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where all the afternoon busy till late, and then home, and got my wife to read to me in the Nepotisme,[1] which is very pleasant, and so to supper and to bed. This afternoon was brought to me a fresh Distringas upon the score of the Tangier accounts, which vexes me, though I hope it will not turn to my wrong.

28th. Up, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly to discourse about some accounts of his, of Tangier: and then to other talk; and I find by him that it is brought almost to effect ([through] the late endeavours of the Duke of York and Duchess, the Queen-Mother, and my Lord St. Alban's, together with some of the contrary faction, my Lord Arlington), that for a sum of money we shall enter into a league with the King of France, wherein, he says, my Lord Chancellor[2] is also concerned; and that he believes that, in the doing hereof, it is meant that he [Clarendon] shall come in again, and that this sum of money will so help the King as that he will not need the Parliament; and that, in that regard, it will be forwarded by the Duke of Buckingham and his faction, who dread the Parliament. But hereby we must leave the Dutch, and that I doubt will undo us; and Sir H. Cholmly says he finds W. Coventry do think the like. My Lady Castlemayne is instrumental in this matter, and, he says, never more great with the King than she is now. But this is a thing that will make the Parliament and kingdom mad, and

[1] The work here mentioned is a bitter satire against the Court of Rome, written in Italian, and attributed to Gregorio Leti. It was first printed in 1667, without the name or place of printer, but it is from the press of the Elzevirs. The book obtained by Pepys was probably the anonymous English translation, "Il Nipotismo di Roma: or the history of the Popes nephews from the time of Sixtus the IV. to the death of the last Pope Alexander the VII. In two parts. Written originally in Italian in the year 1667 and Englished by W. A. London, 1669." 8vo. From this work the word *Nepotism* is derived, and is applied to the bad practice of statesmen, when in power, providing lucrative places for their relations.

[2] Clarendon, then an exile in France.

will turn to our ruine: for with this money the King shall wanton away his time in pleasures, and think nothing of the main till it be too late. He gone, I to the office, where busy till noon, and then home to dinner, where W. Batelier dined with us, and pretty merry, and so I to the office again. This morning Mr. Sheres sent me, in two volumes, Mariana his History of Spaine,[1] in Spanish, an excellent book; and I am much obliged for it to him.

29th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon dined at home, and then to the Office again, there to despatch as much business as I could, that I might be at liberty to-morrow to look after my many things that I have to do, against May-day. So at night home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and by coach to the coachmaker's: and there I do find a great many ladies sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow: they were my Lady Marquess of Winchester,[2] Bellassis,[3] and other great ladies, eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale. I to my coach, which is silvered over, but no varnish yet laid on, so I put it in a way of doing; and myself about other business, and particularly to see Sir W. Coventry, with whom I talked a good while to my great content; and so to other places—among others, to my tailor's: and then to the belt-maker's, where my belt cost

[1] Juan de Mariana, "Historiæ de Rebus Hispaniæ libri xx." First published at Toledo in 1592. Ten books were subsequently added, 1605, and the work was completed to the accession of Philip IV. in 1624. The author was induced by its success to translate his book into Spanish. The first part of the "Historia de España" appeared in 1601, and it was completed in 1609. Frequently reprinted both in Latin and in Spanish since 1624. J. Stevens produced an English translation in 1699.

[2] Isabella, daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, third wife to John Powlett, fifth Marquis of Winchester.—B.

[3] John, Lord Bellassis, was thrice married: first, to Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Boteler, of Woodhall, Herts; secondly, to Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Crane, of Chilton, Suffolk; thirdly, to Lady Anne Powlett, daughter of the above-named Marquis of Winchester (by his second wife, Lady Honora de Burgh), and who is the person referred to by Pepys.—B.

me 55*s.*, of the colour of my new suit ; and here, understanding that the mistress of the house, an oldish woman in a hat, hath some water good for the eyes, she did dress me, making my eyes smart most horribly, and did give me a little glass of it, which I will use, and hope it will do me good. So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12*s.* and a belt of my owne ; and set my own silver-hilt sword a-gilding against to-morrow. This morning I did visit Mr. Oldenburgh,[1] and did see the instrument for perspective made by Dr. Wren,[2] of which I have one making by Browne ; and the sight of this do please me mightily. At noon my wife come to me at my tailor's, and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules' Pillars ; and so about our business again, and particularly to Lilly's, the varnisher, about my prints, whereof some of them are pasted upon the boards, and to my full content. Thence to the frame-maker's, one Norris, in Long Acre, who shewed me several forms of frames to choose by, which was pretty, in little bits of mouldings, to choose by. This done, I to my coach-maker's, and there vexed to see nothing yet done to my coach, at three in the afternoon ; but I set it in doing, and stood by it till eight at night, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing it over do make it more and more yellow ; and it dries as fast in the sun as it can be laid on almost ; and most coaches are, now-a-days, done so, and it is very pretty when laid on well, and not too pale, as some are, even to shew the silver. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oyled ; and, staying among poor people there in the alley, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short. At night home, and there find my wife hath

[1] Henry Oldenburgh, secretary of the Royal Society.

[2] "A Description of an Instrument invented many years ago by Dr. Christopher Wren, for drawing the outlines of any object in Perspective." Published in the "Philosophical Transactions," No. 45, p. 898 (vol. iv., 669) ; reprinted in Hutton's "Abridgment," vol. i., p. 325.

been making herself clean against to-morrow ; and, late as it was, I did send my coachman and horses to fetch home the coach to-night, and so we to supper, myself most weary with walking and standing so much, to see all things fine against to-morrow, and so to bed. God give a blessing to it! Meeting with Mr. Sheres, he went with me up and down to several places, and, among others, to buy a perriwig, but I bought none ; and also to Dancre's, where he was about my picture of Windsor, which is mighty pretty, and so will the prospect of Rome be.

May 1st. Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year ; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeard to be seen in it ; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired ; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty ; and, indeed, was fine all over ; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering ; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us ; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us ; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine : and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant : the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain ; and, what

made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres[1] at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him. But she was out of humour all the evening, and I vexed at her for it, and she did not rest almost all the night, so as in the night I was forced to take her and hug her to put her to rest. So home, and after a little supper, to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and there visit my Lord Sandwich, who, after about two months' absence at Hinchingbroke, come to town last night. I saw him, and very kind; and I am glad he is so, I having not wrote to him all the time, my eyes indeed not letting me. Here with Sir Charles Herbert [Harbord], and my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, we looked upon the picture of Tangier, designed by Charles Herbert [Harbord],[2] and drawn by Dancre, which my Lord Sandwich admires, as being the truest picture that ever he saw in his life: and it is indeed very pretty, and I will be at the cost of having one of them. Thence with them to White Hall, and there walked out the sermon, with one or other; and then saw the Duke of York after sermon, and he talked to me a little; and so away back by water home, and after dinner got my wife to read, and then by coach, she and I, to the Park, and there spent the evening with much pleasure, it proving clear after a little shower, and we mighty fine as yesterday, and people mightily pleased with our coach, as I perceived; but I had not on my fine suit, being really afeard to wear it, it being so fine with the gold lace, though not gay.

[1] See note at January 18th, 1669.

[2] See note to February 25th, 1665-66 (vol. v., p. 232).

So home and to supper, and my wife to read, and Tom, my Nepotisme,[1] and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by coach to my Lord Brouncker's, where Sir G. Carteret did meet Sir J. Minnes and me, to discourse upon Mr. Deering's business, who was directed, in the time of the war, to provide provisions at Hamburgh, by Sir G. Carteret's direction; and now G. Carteret is afeard to own it, it being done without written order. But by our meeting we do all begin to recollect enough to preserve Mr. Deering, I think, which, poor silly man! I shall be glad of, it being too much he should suffer for endeavouring to serve us. Thence to St. James's, where the Duke of York was playing in the Pell Mell; and so he called me to him most part of the time that he played, which was an hour, and talked alone to me; and, among other things, tells me how the King will not yet be got to name anybody in the room of Pen, but puts it off for three or four days; from whence he do collect that they are brewing something for the Navy, but what he knows not; but I perceive is vexed that things should go so, and he hath reason; for he told me that it is likely they will do in this as in other things—resolve first, and consider it and the fitness of it afterward. Thence to White Hall, and met with Creed, and I took him to the Harp and Balls, and there drank a cup of ale, he and I alone, and discoursed of matters; and I perceive by him that he makes no doubt but that all will turn to the old religion, for these people cannot hold things in their hands, nor prevent its coming to that; and by his discourse fits himself for it, and would have my Lord Sandwich do so, too, and me. After a little talk with him, and particularly about the ruinous condition of Tangier, which I have a great mind to lay before the Duke of York, before it be too late, but dare not, because of his great kindness to Lord Middleton, we parted, and I homeward; but called at Povy's, and there he stopped me to dinner, there being Mr. Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower,[2] Mr. Childe, and several others. And

[1] See *ante*, p. 308 (note).

[2] Sir John Robinson.

after dinner, Povy and I together to talk of Tangier; and he would have me move the Duke of York in it, for it concerns him particularly, more than any, as being the head of us; and I do think to do it. Thence home, and at the office busy all the afternoon, and so to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, and then my wife being gone to see her mother at Deptford, I before the office sat went to the Excise Office, and thence being alone stepped into Duck Lane, and thence tried to have sent a porter to Deb.'s, but durst not trust him, and therefore having bought a book to satisfy the bookseller for my stay there, a 12*d.* book, Andronicus of Tom Fuller,[1] I took coach, and at the end of Jewen Street next Red Cross Street I sent the coachman to her lodging, and understand she is gone for Greenwich to one Marys's, a tanner's, at which I was glad, hoping to have opportunity to find her out; and so, in great fear of being seen, I to the office, and there all the morning, dined at home, and presently after dinner comes home my wife, who I believe is jealous of my spending the day, and I had very good fortune in being at home, for if Deb. had been to have been found it is forty to one but I had been abroad, God forgive me. So the afternoon at the office, and at night walked with my wife in the garden, and my Lord Brouncker with us, who is newly come to W. Pen's lodgings; and by and by comes Mr. Hooke; and my Lord, and he, and I into my Lord's lodgings, and there discoursed of many fine things in philosophy, to my great content, and so home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and thought to have gone with Lord Brouncker to Mr. Hooke this morning betimes; but my Lord is taken ill of the gout, and says his new lodgings have infected him, he never having had any symptoms of it till now. So walked to Gresham College, to tell Hooke that my Lord could not come;

[1] "Andronicus, or the Unfortunate Politician: showing Sin slowly punished, Right surely rescued. . . . By Thomas Fuller, B.D." London, 1646; second edition, 1646; third edition, 1649. There is a review of the book in the "Retrospective Review," second series, vol. i., pp. 396-406.

and so left word, he being abroad, and I to St. James's, and thence, with the Duke of York, to White Hall, where the Board waited on him all the morning: and so at noon with Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Edward Scott,[1] and Lord Carlingford,[2] to the Spanish Embassador's,[3] where I dined the first time. The Olio not so good as Sheres's. There was at the table himself and a Spanish Countess, a good, comely, and witty lady—three Fathers and us. Discourse good and pleasant. And here was an Oxford scholar in a Doctor of Law's gowne, sent from the College where the Embassador lay, when the Court was there, to salute him before his return to Spain. This man, though a gentle sort of scholar, yet sat like a fool for want of French or Spanish, but [knew] only Latin, which he spoke like an Englishman to one of the Fathers. And by and by he and I to talk, and the company very merry at my defending Cambridge against Oxford: and I made much use of my French and Spanish here, to my great content. But the dinner not extraordinary at all, either for quantity or quality. Thence home, where my wife ill of those upon the maid's bed, and troubled at my being abroad. So I to the office, and there till night, and then to her, and she read to me the Epistle of Cassandra,[4] which is very good indeed; and the better to her, because recommended by Sheres. So to supper, and to bed.

6th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out. I by water back to the Office, and there all the morning; then to dinner, and then to the Office again, and anon with my wife by coach to take the ayre, it being a noble day, as far as the Greene Man,[5] mightily pleased with our journey,

[1] Sir Edward Scott, made LL.D. at Oxford, 1677.

[2] See May 1st, 1662 (vol. ii., p. 228).

[3] The Conde de Dona.

[4] See *ante*, November 16th, 1668.

[5] Probably on Stroud Green, and known by the name of Stapleton Hall, originally the residence of Sir Thomas Stapleton, of Gray's Court, Oxon, Bart. The building, on which were his initials, with those of his wife, and the date, 1609, was afterwards converted into a public-house,

and our condition of doing it in our own coach, and so home, and to walk in the garden, and so to supper and to bed, my eyes being bad with writing my Journal, part of it, to-night.

7th. Up, and by coach to W. Coventry's; and there to talk with him a great deal with great content; and so to the Duke of York, having a great mind to speak to him about Tangier; but, when I come to it, his interest for my Lord Middleton is such that I dare not. So to the Treasury chamber, and then walked home round by the Excise Office, having by private vows last night in prayer to God Almighty cleared my mind for the present of the thoughts of going to Deb. at Greenwich, which I did long after. I passed by Guildhall, which is almost finished, and saw a poor labourer carried by, I think, dead with a fall, as many there are, I hear. So home to dinner, and then to the office a little, and so to see my Lord Brouncker, who is a little ill of the gout; and there Madam Williams told me that she heard that my wife was going into France this year, which I did not deny, if I can get time, and I pray God I may. But I wondering how she come to know it, she tells me a woman that my wife spoke to for a maid, did tell her so, and that a lady that desires to go thither would be glad to go in her company. Thence with my wife abroad, with our coach, most pleasant weather; and to Hackney, and into the marshes, where I never was before, and thence round about to Old Ford and Bow; and coming through the latter home, there being some young gentlewomen at a door, and I seeming not to know who they were, my wife's jealousy told me pre-

with the sign of the Green Man, and a century ago had in the front the following inscription:

"Ye are welcome all
To Stapleton Hall."

A club, styling themselves "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Stroud Green," formerly met annually at this place, which occasioned a scene similar to that of a country wake or fair.—Lewis's *Hist. of Islington*, p. 281.—B.

sently that I knew well enough it was that damned place where Deb. dwelt, which made me swear very angrily that it was false, as it was, and I carried [her] back again to see the place, and it proved not so, so I continued out of humour a good while at it, she being willing to be friends, so I was by and by, saying no more of it. So home, and there met with a letter from Captain Silas Taylor, and, with it, his written copy of a play that he hath wrote, and intends to have acted. It is called "The Serenade, or Disappointment," which I will read, not believing he can make any good of that kind. He did once offer to show Harris it, but Harris told him that he would judge by one Act whether it were good or no, which is indeed a foolish saying, and we see them out themselves in the choice of a play after they have read the whole, it being sometimes found not fit to act above three times; nay, and some that have been refused at one house is found a good one at the other. This made Taylor say he would not shew it him, but is angry, and hath carried it to the other house, and he thinks it will be acted there, though he tells me they are not yet agreed upon it. But I will find time to get it read to me, and I did get my wife to begin a little to-night in the garden, but not so much as I could make any judgment of it. So home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and to the Office, and there comes Lead to me, and at last my vizards are done, and glasses got to put in and out, as I will; and I think I have brought it to the utmost, both for easiness of using and benefit, that I can; and so I paid him 15*s.* for what he hath done now last, in the finishing them, and they, I hope, will do me a great deal of ease. At the Office all the morning, and this day, the first time, did alter my side of the table, after above eight years sitting on that next the fire. But now I am not able to bear the light of the windows in my eyes, I do begin there, and I did sit with much more content than I had done on the other side for a great while, and in winter the fire will not trouble my back. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon within, with Mr. Hater, Gibson, and W. Hewer, reading over

and drawing up new things in the Instructions of Commanders, which will be good, and I hope to get them confirmed by the Duke of York, though I perceive nothing will effectually perfect them but to look over the whole body of the Instructions, of all the Officers of a ship, and make them all perfect together. This being done, comes my bookseller, and brings me home bound my collection of papers, about my Addresse to the Duke of York in August, which makes me glad, it being that which shall do me more right many years hence than, perhaps, all I ever did in my life: and therefore I do, both for my own and the King's sake, value it much. By and by also comes Browne,[1] the mathematical instrument maker, and brings me home my instrument for perspective, made according to the description of Dr. Wren's, in the late Transactions; and he hath made it, I think, very well, and that, that I believe will do the thing, and therein gives me great content; but have I fear all the content that must be received by my eyes is almost lost. So to the office, and there late at business, and then home to supper and to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Up; and, after dressing in my best suit with gold trimming, I to the Office, and there with Gibson and Tom finishing against to-morrow my notes upon Commanders' Instructions; and, when church-time, to church with my wife, leaving them at work. Dr. Mills preached a dull sermon, and so we home to dinner; and thence by coach to St. Andrew's, Holborne, thinking to have heard Dr. Stillingfleete preach, but we could not get a place, and so to St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there heard a sermon, and did get a place, the first we have heard there these many years, and here at a distance I saw Betty Michell, but she is become much a plainer woman than she was a girl. Thence towards the Park, but too soon to go in, so went on to Knightsbridge, and there eat and drank at "The World's End,"[2] where we had good things, and then back to the Park, and there till night, being fine weather, and much company,

[1] Browne, the instrument-maker in the Minories.

[2] See May 31st, p. 333.

and so home, and after supper to bed. This day I first left off both my waistcoats by day, and my waistcoat by night, it being very hot weather, so hot as to make me break out, here and there, in my hands, which vexes me to see, but is good for me.

10th. Troubled, about three in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up, and rising herself, to go with her coach abroad, to gather May-dew,[1] which she did, and I troubled for it, for fear of any hurt, going abroad so betimes, happening to her; but I to sleep again, and she come home about six, and to bed again all well, and I up and with Mr. Gibson by coach to St. James's, and thence to White Hall, where the Duke of York met the Office, and there discoursed of several things, particularly the Instructions of Commanders of ships. But here happened by chance a discourse of the Council of Trade, against which the Duke of York is mightily displeased, and particularly Mr. Child, against whom he speaking hardly, Captain Cox did second the Duke of York, by saying that he was talked of for an unfayre dealer with masters of ships, about freight: to which Sir T. Littleton very hotly and foolishly replied presently, that he never heard any honest man speak ill of Child; to which the Duke of York did make a smart reply, and was angry; so as I was sorry to hear it come so far, and that I, by seeming to assent to Cox, might be observed too much by Littleton, though I said nothing aloud, for this must breed great heart-burnings. After this meeting done, the Duke of York took the Treasurers into his closet to chide them, as Mr. Wren tells me; for that my Lord Keeper did last night at the Council say, when nobody was ready to say any thing against the constitution of the Navy, that he did believe the Treasurers of the Navy had something to say, which was very foul on their part, to be parties against us. They being gone, Mr. Wren [and I] took boat, thinking to dine with my Lord of Canterbury;[2] but, when we come to Lambeth, the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve

[1] See May 28th, 1667 (vol. vi., p. 341).

[2] On one of the public days.

o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards: so we lost our labour, and therefore back to White Hall, and thence walked, my boy Jacke with me, to my Lord Crew, whom I have not seen since he was sick, which is eight months ago, I think, and there dined with him: he is mightily broke. A stranger, a country gentleman, was with him: and he pleased with my discourse accidentally about the decay of gentlemen's families in the country, telling us that the old rule was, that a family might remain fifty miles from London one hundred years, one hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less years. He also told us that he hath heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that, when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out. Thence to St. James's, and there met the Duke of York, who told me, with great content, that he did now think he should master our adversaries, for that the King did tell him that he was satisfied in the constitution of the Navy, but that it was well to give these people leave to object against it, which they having not done, he did give order to give warrant to the Duke of York to direct Sir Jeremy Smith[1] to be a Commissioner of the Navy in the room of Pen; which, though he be an impertinent fellow, yet I am glad of it, it showing that the other side is not so strong as it was: and so, in plain terms, the Duke of York did tell me, that they were every day losing ground; and particularly that he would take care to keep out Child: at all which I am glad, though yet I dare not think myself secure, as the King may yet be wrought upon by these people to bring changes in our Office, and remove us, ere it be long. Thence I to White Hall, and there took boat to Westminster, and to Mrs. Martin's, who is not come to town from her husband at Portsmouth. So drank only at Cragg's with Doll, and so to the Swan, and there baiser a new maid that is there, and so to White Hall again,

[1] Sir Jeremiah Smith was appointed Comptroller of the Victualling in succession to Sir William Penn, who held that office from 1667 to 1669. The date of Smith's patent is June 17th, 1669.

to a Committee of Tangier, where I see all things going to rack in the business of the Corporation, and consequently in the place, by Middleton's going. Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, it being what I feared: and Povy told me of my gold-lace sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so to my wife at Unthanke's, and coach, and so called at my tailor's to that purpose, and so home, and after a little walk in the garden, home to supper and to bed.

11th. My wife again up by four o'clock, to go to gather May-dew; and so back home by seven, to bed, and by and by I up and to the office, where all the morning, and dined at noon at home with my people, and so all the afternoon. In the evening my wife and I all alone, with the boy, by water, up as high as Putney almost, with the tide, and back again, neither staying going nor coming; but talking, and singing, and reading a foolish copy of verses upon my Lord Mayor's entertaining of all the bachelors, designed in praise to my Lord Mayor, and so home and to the office a little, and then home to bed, my eyes being bad. Some trouble at Court for fear of the Queen's miscarrying; she being, as they all conclude, far gone with child.

12th. Up, and to Westminster Hall, where the term is, and this the first day of my being there, and here by chance met Roger Pepys, come to town the last night: I was glad to see him. After some talk with him and others, and among others Sir Charles Harbord and Sidney Montagu, the latter of whom is to set out to-morrow towards Flanders and Italy, I invited them to dine with me to-morrow, and so to Mrs. Martin's lodging, who come to town last night, and there je did hazer her, she having been a month, I think, at Portsmouth with her husband, newly come home from the Streights. But, Lord! how silly the woman talks of her great entertainment there, and how all the gentry come to visit her, and that

she believes her husband is worth £6 or £700, which nevertheless I am glad of, but I doubt they will spend it as fast. Thence home, and after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the side balcony, over against the musick, did hear, but not see, a new play, the first day acted, "The Roman Virgin,"[1] an old play, and but ordinary, I thought; but the trouble of my eyes with the light of the candles did almost kill me. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, and there had a promise from Sidney to come and dine with me to-morrow; and so my wife and I home in our coach, and there find my brother John, as I looked for, come to town from Ellington,[2] where, among other things, he tells me the first news that my [sister Jackson] is with child, and far gone, which I know not whether it did more trouble or please me, having no great care for my friends to have children, though I love other people's. So, glad to see him, we to supper, and so to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, it being a rainy foul day. But at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, and Sir Charles Harbord, and Roger Pepys, and dined with me; and had a good dinner, and very merry with us all the afternoon, it being a farewell to Sidney; and so in the evening they away, and I to my business at the Office, and so to supper, and talk with my brother, and so to bed.

14th. Up, and to St. James's to the Duke of York, and thence to White Hall, where we met about office business, and then at noon with Mr. Wren to Lambeth, to dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury; the first time I was ever there, and I have long longed for it; where a noble house, and well furnished with good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and great deal of company, though an ordinary day; and exceeding great cheer, no where better, or so much, that ever I think I saw, for an ordinary table: and

[1] "The Roman Virgin, or Unjust Judge," a tragedy, altered by Thomas Betterton from Webster's "Appius and Virginia." Published in 1679.

[2] In Huntingdonshire, the residence of Pepys's brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson.—B.

the Bishop mighty kind to me, particularly desiring my company another time, when less company there. Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentleman-like man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot that ever I heard in my life, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows :[1] and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglinton,[2] till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shewn him as a rarity; and he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there, and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty. So over to White Hall, to a little Committee of Tangier; and thence walking in the Gallery, I met Sir Thomas Osborne, who, to my great content, did of his own accord fall into discourse with me, with so much professions of value and respect, placing the whole virtue of the Office of the Navy upon me, and that for the Comptroller's place, no man in England was fit for it but me, when Sir J. Minnes, as he says it is necessary, is removed : but then he knows not what to do for a man in my place; and in discourse, though I have no mind to the other, I did bring in Tom Hater to be the fittest man in the world for it, which he took good notice of. But in the whole I was mightily pleased, reckoning

[1] Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

[2] The person here alluded to is probably Alexander Montgomery, the sixth Earl of Eglintoun, called Greysteel, who was a rank Presbyterian and a ruling Elder of the General Assembly when the solemn League and Covenant were drawn up. He fought against Charles at Marston Moor, whilst his son and successor was in the king's army; but he afterwards became a Royalist, and died in 1661, aged seventy-three. The son was a consistent supporter of monarchy, and there seems no reason why he should have been made an object of satire. His death occurred only two months before the unseemly scene at Lambeth.—B.

myself now fifty per cent. securer in my place than I did before think myself to be. Thence to Unthanke's, and there find my wife, but not dressed, which vexed me, because of going to the Park, it being a most pleasant day after yesterday's rain, which lays all the dust, and most people going out thither, which vexed me. So home, sullen ; but then my wife and I by water, with my brother, as high as Fulham, talking and singing, and playing the rogue with the Western bargemen,[1] about the women of Woolwich,[2] which mads them, and so back home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and at the Office all the morning. Dined at home, and Creed with me home, and I did discourse about evening some reckonings with him in the afternoon ; but I could not, for my eyes, do it, which troubled me, and vexed him that I would not ; but yet we were friends, I advancing him money without it, and so to walk all the afternoon together in the garden ; and I perceive still he do expect a change in our matters, especially as to religion, and fits himself for it by professing himself for it in his discourse.[3] He gone, I to my business at my Office, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). My wife and I at church, our pew filled with Mrs. Backewell, and six more that she brought with her, which vexed me at her confidence. Dined at home, and W. Batelier with us, and I all the afternoon drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York, about my eyes, for leave to spend three or four months out of the Office, drawing it so as to give occasion to a voyage abroad, which I did, to my pretty good liking ; and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where a good deal of company, and good weather, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to several places doing business, and then home to dinner, and then my wife and I and brother John

[1] For what Addison calls "Thames ribaldry," see "Spectator," No. 383.—B.

[2] See June 2nd, 1668 (p. 37), and May 28th (p. 331).

[3] See May 3rd, 1669 (p. 313).

by coach to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Spanish Curate"[1] revived, which is a pretty good play, but my eyes troubled with seeing it, mightily. Thence carried them and Mr. Gibson, who met me at my Lord Brouncker's with a fair copy of my petition, which I thought to shew the Duke of York this night, but could not, and therefore carried them to the Park, where they had never been, and so home to supper and to bed. Great the news now of the French taking St. Domingo,[2] in Spaniola, from the Spaniards, which troubles us, that they should have it, and have the honour of taking it, when we could not.

18th. Up, and to St. James's and other places, and then to the office, where all the morning. At noon home and dined in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the tooth-ake, and I staid till a surgeon of hers come, one Leeson, who hath formerly drawn her mouth, and he advised her to draw it: so I to the Office, and by and by word is come that she hath drawn it, which pleased me, it being well done. So I home, to comfort her, and so back to the office till night, busy, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. With my coach to St. James's; and there finding the Duke of York gone to muster his men, in Hyde Park, I alone with my boy thither, and there saw more, walking out of my coach as other gentlemen did, of a soldier's trade, than ever I did in my life: the men being mighty fine, and their Com-

[1] "The Spanish Curate," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, was seen by Pepys at the Whitefriars Theatre on March 16th, 1660-61 (see vol. i., p. 360).

[2] This island, the second in size and in population of the West India Islands, was discovered by Columbus on December 6th, 1492. He called it Española, or little Spain, whence the latinized name of Hispaniola. It was afterwards also called Santo Domingo, after its chief town. The island remained entirely a Spanish possession till the seventeenth century. By the treaty of Ryswick in 1697 the western portion of the island was definitely ceded to France. The island is now divided into two negro republics; the western, in which French is the official language, is known as the republic of Haiti, and the eastern, in which Spanish is the official language, is known as Santo Domingo.

manders, particularly the Duke of Monmouth; but methought their trade but very easy as to the mustering of their men, and the men but indifferently ready to perform what was commanded, in the handling of their arms. Here the news was first talked of Harry Killigrew's[1] being wounded in nine places last night, by footmen, in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Greene: they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by, in her coach with six horses; upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had lain with her. Thence by and by to White Hall, and there I waited upon the King and Queen all dinner-time, in the Queen's lodgings, she being in her white pinner[2] and apron, like a woman with child; and she seemed handsomer plain so, than dressed. And by and by, dinner done, I out, and to walk in the Gallery, for the Duke of York's coming out; and there, meeting Mr. May, he took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Chevins's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens, and good wine; and I dined like

[1] Henry Killigrew, son of Thomas Killigrew, talked loudly of his old intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury, and this outrage was done at the instigation of that worthless woman. Killigrew appears to have been continually in trouble, for he was beaten by the Duke of Buckingham in 1667, and soon after was in disgrace at Court. Pepys, on May 30th, 1668, mentions that he had newly come back from France, but in October of the same year he was in Paris again, for Charles II. wrote to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, on October 17th, respecting him: "For Harry Killigrew, you may see him as you please, and though I cannot commende my Lady Shrewsbury's conduct in many things, yett Mr. Killigrew's carriage towards her has been worse than I will repeate, and for his *demelé* with my Lord of Buckingham he ought not to brag of, for it was in all sorts most abominable. I am glad the poor wrech has gott a meanes of subsistence, but have one caution of him, that you beleeve not one word he sayes of us heere, for he is a most notorious lyar and does not want witt to sett forth his storyes plesantly enough" (Julia Cartwright's "Madame," 1894, pp. 273, 274).

[2] "A lady's head-dress, with long flaps hanging down the sides of the cheek" (Randle Holmes). The word pinner was also used to signify an apron with a bib to it.

a prince, being before very hungry and empty. By and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me, these were his words, about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, but pretend that I did go into the country somewhere, which I liked well. Glad of this, I home, and thence took out my wife, and to Mr. Holliard's about a swelling in her cheek, but he not at home, and so round by Islington and eat and drink, and so home, and after supper to bed. In discourse this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell me that he was the most amazed at one thing just now, that ever he was in his life, which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the King was, and much mixed company, and among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death, and his man is quite dead; and [Buckingham] there in discourse did say that he had spoke with some one that was by (which all the world must know that it must be his whore, my Lady Shrewsbury), who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword; so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her, which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased with, and said it might, perhaps, cost him his life in the House of Lords; and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most impudent thing, as well as the most foolish, that ever he knew man do in all his life.

20th. Up and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon, the whole Office—Brouncker, J. Minnes, T. Middleton, Samuel Pepys, and Captain Cox to dine with the Parish, at

the Three Tuns, this day being Ascension-day, where exceeding good discourse among the merchants, and thence back home, and after a little talk with my wife, to my office and did a great deal of business, and so with my eyes mighty weary, and my head full of care how to get my accounts and business settled against my journey, home to supper, and to bed. Yesterday, at my coming home, I found that my wife had, on a sudden, put away Matt upon some falling out, and I doubt my wife did call her ill names by my wife's own discourse; but I did not meddle to say anything upon it, but let her go, being not sorry, because now we may get one that speaks French, to go abroad with us.

21st. I waited with the Office upon the Duke of York, in the morning. Dined at home, where Lewis Phillips, with a friend of his, dined with me. In the afternoon at the Office. In the evening visited by Roger Pepys and Philip Packer; and so home.

22nd. Dined at home, the rest of the whole day at the office.

23rd (Lord's day). Called up by Roger Pepys and his son, who to church with me, and then home to dinner. In the afternoon carried them to Westminster, and myself to St. James's, where, not finding the Duke of York, back home, and with my wife spent the evening taking the ayre about Hackney, with great pleasure, and places we had never seen before.

24th. To White Hall, and there all the morning, and thence home, and giving order for some business and setting my brother to making a catalogue of my books, I back again to W. Hewer to White Hall, where I attended the Duke of York, and was by him led to [the King], who expressed great sense of my misfortune in my eyes, and concernment for their recovery; and accordingly signified, not only his assent to my desire therein, but commanded me to give them rest this summer, according to my late petition to the Duke of York. W. Hewer and I dined alone at the Swan; and thence, having thus waited on the King, spent till four o'clock in St.

James's Park, when I met my wife at Unthanke's, and so home.

25th. Dined at home; and the rest of the day, morning and afternoon, at the Office.

26th. To White Hall, where all the morning. Dined with Mr. Chevins, with Alderman Backewell, and Spragg. The Court full of the news from Captain Hubbert, of "The Milford," touching his being affronted in the Streights, shot at, and having eight men killed him by a French man-of-war, calling him "English dog," and commanding him to strike, which he refused, and, as knowing himself much too weak for him, made away from him. The Queen, as being supposed with child, fell ill, so as to call for Madam Nun, Mr. Chevins's sister, and one of her women, from dinner from us; this being the last day of their doubtfulness touching her being with child; and they were therein well confirmed by her Majesty's being well again before night. One Sir Edmund Bury Godfry,[1] a woodmonger and Justice of Peace in Westminster, having two days since arrested Sir Alexander Frazier[2] for about £30 in firing, the bailiffs were apprehended, committed to the porter's lodge, and there, by the King's command, the last night severely whipped; from which the Justice himself very hardly escaped, to such an unusual degree was the King moved therein. But he lies now in the lodge, justi-

[1] The history of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey is too well known to require any comment, though his tragical end has never been satisfactorily explained. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1848, there are some interesting details about the knight's family, and a description of a silver tankard with inscription and engraved representations of the burials during the Plague and of the Fire of London, now in the possession of the Corporation of Sudbury, Suffolk.—B. See note, vol. vi., p. 299. Several copies of this tankard have been described, and it has been supposed that copies from a possible original given by the king were presented by Godfrey himself to his friends.

[2] Fraizer was one of the king's physicians, and had served him for many years in a political as well as a professional capacity. His character was not very high, and he was mixed up in several discreditable actions. See *ante*, September 19th, 1664 (Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," 1878, vol. i., pp. 232-234).

fying his act, as grounded upon the opinion of several of the Judges, and, among others, my Lord Chief-Justice; which makes the King very angry with the Chief-Justice, as they say; and the Justice do lie and justify his act, and says he will suffer in the cause for the people, and do refuse to receive almost any nutriment.[1] The effects of it may be bad to the Court. Expected a meeting of Tangier this afternoon, but failed. So home, met by my wife at Unthanke's.

27th. At the office all the morning, dined at home, Mr. Hollier with me. Presented this day by Mr. Browne with a book of drawing by him, lately printed,[2] which cost me 20*s.*, to him. In the afternoon to the Temple, to meet with Auditor Aldworth[3] about my interest account, but failed of meeting him. To visit my cozen Creed, and found her ill at home, being with child, and looks poorly. Thence to her husband, at Gresham College, upon some occasions of Tangier; and so home, with Sir John Bankes with me, to Mark Lane.

28th. To St. James's, where the King's being with the Duke of York prevented a meeting of the Tangier Commission. But, Lord! what a deal of sorry discourse did I hear between the King and several Lords about him here! but very mean, methought. So with Creed to the Excise Office, and back to

[1] Godfrey was released after six days' imprisonment.

[2] A curious and uncommon book, entitled, "A Compendious Drawing-Book, composed by Alexander Browne, limner, collected from the drawings of the most celebrated painters in Europe, engraven by Arnold de Jode." A second edition, with letterpress and additions, was published in 1675 under the title of "Ars Pictoria, or an Academy treating of Drawing, Painting, Limning, Etching."

[3] Richard Aldworth, of Stanlake, Berks, then one of the Auditors of the Exchequer, represented Reading in the first parliament after the Restoration, and died in 1680. He was the paternal ancestor of the second and third Lords Braybrooke. In 1762 the auditor's grandson, Richard Neville Aldworth, succeeded to the estates of the Nevilles of Billingbear, in Berkshire, in right of his mother, who was their sole heir, and whose maiden name he assumed. The auditor's portrait, by Lely, is still at Billingbear.—B.

White Hall, where, in the Park, Sir G. Carteret did give me an account of his discourse lately, with the Commissioners of Accounts, who except against many things, but none that I find considerable; among others, that of the Officers of the Navy selling of the King's goods, and particularly my providing him with calico flags, which having been by order, and but once, when necessity, and the King's apparent profit, justified it, as conformable to my particular duty, it will prove to my advantage that it be enquired into. Nevertheless, having this morning received from them a demand of an account of all monies within their cognizance, received and issued by me, I was willing, upon this hint, to give myself rest, by knowing whether their meaning therein might reach only to my Treasurership for Tangier, or the monies employed on this occasion. I went, therefore, to them this afternoon, to understand what monies they meant, where they answered me, by saying, "The eleven months' tax, customs, and prize-money," without mentioning, any more than I demanding, the service they respected therein; and so, without further discourse, we parted, upon very good terms of respect, and with few words, but my mind not fully satisfied about the monies they mean. At noon Mr. Gibson and I dined at the Swan, and thence doing this at Brook house, and thence calling at the Excise Office for an account of payment of my tallies for Tangier, I home, and thence with my wife and brother spent the evening on the water, carrying our supper with us, as high as Chelsea; so home, making sport with the Westerne bargees, and my wife and I singing, to my great content.

29th. The King's birth-day. To White Hall, where all very gay; and particularly the Prince of Tuscany very fine, and is the first day of his appearing out of mourning, since he come. I heard the Bishop of Peterborough[1] preach but dully; but a good anthem of Pelham's. Home to dinner, and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where all the evening; great store of company, and great preparations by the Prince of Tuscany to

[1] Dr. Joseph Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough, 1663-1679. He died suddenly on March 9th, 1678-79.

celebrate the night with fire-works, for the King's birth-day. And so home.

30th (Whitsunday). By water to White Hall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, where all the morning by his bed-side, he being indisposed. Our discourse was upon the notes I have lately prepared for Commanders' Instructions; but concluded that nothing will render them effectual, without an amendment in the choice of them, that they be seamen, and not gentlemen above the command of the Admiral, by the greatness of their relations at Court. Thence to White Hall, and dined alone with Mr. Chevins his sister: whither by and by come in Mr. Progers and Sir Thomas Allen, and by and by fine Mrs. Wells,[1] who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation. Thence to the Duke of York, who, with the officers of the Navy, made a good entrance on my draught of my new Instructions to Commanders, as well expressing his general [views] of a reformation among them, as liking of my humble offers towards it. Thence being called by my wife, Mr. Gibson and I, we to the Park, whence the rain sent us suddenly home.

31st. Up very betimes, and so continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two, hath kept me behindhand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Dined at home, and in the afternoon by water to White Hall, calling by the way at Michell's, where I have not been many a day till just the other day, and now I met her mother there and knew her husband to be out of town. And here je did baiser elle, but had not opportunity para hazer some with her as I would have offered if je had had it. And thence had another meeting with the Duke of York, at White Hall, on yesterday's work, and made

[1] See February 8th, 1662-63.

a good advance: and so, being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, which cannot be much, now my amours to Deb. are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S. P.

May 31, 1669.

END OF THE DIARY.



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